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THE

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A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

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ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER AT NEW YORK.

VERY rural and tranquil is the vicinity of Spuyten Duyvel Creek, at the head of the island of Manhattan. Standing on the bridge here, it is difficult to realize the fact that one is within three hours' walk of a great city. The din of it, and the smoke, and the smells, are shut out from this quiet valley by the intervening ridge of Washington Heights. But to and fro on the blue Hudson go the toiling steamers and the white-sailed river craft, linking the gazer to the city by their commercial associations. The inhabitants near this bridge appear to be unsophisticated and primitive in their ways, but they are only superficially so. They dredge their own oysters, which lends an air of self-support and independence to the place; but then they charge New York prices for them, which shows that with them rural simplicity is but skin-deep. One of the two boys who sit there on the stone-faced bank of the creek, fishing, has no clothes on, which heightens the idea of the primitive, certainly; but then the other wears the traditional red shirt of the New York rowdy, and his expletives just now, when he accidentally baited his hook with his ear, were couched in the choicest profanity of Mackerelville. A rustic damsel comes tripping along a lane that leads to the main road. She is not so rustic on a near view. In size and shape her *chignon* resembles a two-hundred pound conical shell. She wears enormous red ear-rings, and her broad, serviceable feet are bursting through tan-colored French boots. Disgusted with the inconsistencies of the place, I leave it, and, turning cityward, take the road that leads by Washington Heights to New York.

This is the most picturesque route to the city from the land side. It winds past villas that stand on sloping lawns, or, like amateur Rhenish castles, frown from lofty peaks down upon the unresenting river. Evidences of wealth and culture meet the eye everywhere. Gate lodges give an air of European aristocracy to the locality. There is a feudal atmosphere about the place; one can, with due confusion of associations, almost fancy the curfew tolling here at nightfall, from the *campanile* that crowns yon lofty knoll; though it is

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not so easy to conceive that the serfs who dwell hereabouts would extinguish their lamps at its bidding. Trim hedges of beautiful flowering shrubs border the gravel-walks that lead from the road to the villas. Cows of European lineage crop the velvet turf in the glades of the copses. Now and then the river is shut out from view, but only to appear again in scenic vistas, with glimpses of the white villages on the New Jersey shore beyond. But the road becomes less and less rural as it leaves the heights and stretches along the more level ground on its way to the city. Soon it assumes the air of a village street. Indeed, it passes through several villages in its course; and of these it would not be easy to say where any one of them begins and ends, so linked together are they all by a chain of heterogeneous houses. This is a subject on which to be reserved, however, because it might not be safe to confound an inhabitant of Carmansville with one of Manhattanville. It is ever so with "villes." They have conflicting interests and sectional jealousies to keep their borders in a blaze. Who, for instance, could imagine a neighborly feeling between some Temperanceville and the Toddyville that jostles its elbow? Bloomingdale is before us, and from this village the road takes its name, — a name suggestive of buxom damsels and spring blossoms. Bloomingdale is the village nearest to the city, but its surroundings are rural as yet. The banks on either hand are well shaded with trees. Country churches lift their towers at intervals. Large asylums loom up through the old trees, — asylums in which lunatics are cared for, and asylums for orphan children. There are old family mansions that stand away off the road in grounds, — places with more or less family romance in their history no doubt; and huge sign-boards over the gateways of some of these inform us that they have been debased into public gardens, where people congregate in the summer time to smoke and drink beer. Now the chirping of English sparrows is heard on every side, and small flocks of these insolent birds are seen foraging in the dust of the road, or clustering like brown blossoms on the hibiscus-bushes and other low shrubs that skirt it. It is hardly five years since a few dozen of these birds were imported for Central Park. Within two or three years they increased prodigiously, spreading first over the bosky grounds of the villas along the Bloomingdale Road. Thence they found their way townward, — for the sparrow is essentially a bird about town. Now the eaves of up-town houses are musical with their chirps, and most of the city parks are swarming with them. Calling them English sparrows, I ask some question concerning them of a burly policeman who is patrolling here. At once his brow contracts, and he avers, in the mellifluous accent of sea-green Erin, that there ain't no English sparrows here, and folks would n't have 'em; that they are Irish sparrows, descendants of the original ones let loose in Central Park, which, I think he stated, vacated their native egg-shells somewhere in the vicinity of Cork.

The Bloomingdale Road is a continuation of Broadway, taking its rural name at the point where the great city thoroughfare touches the southwestern angle of Central Park. It is Broadway run out into the country, in fact, to enjoy a breath of fresh air. Right under the steep, woody bank that slopes to the west from this road runs the Hudson River Railway, and much of the intervening ground is occupied by market-gardens. So is much of the tract lying between the road and Central Park to the east. It is a bright, balmy October day as I pass by these plots, and the odor of fragrant pot-herbs gives a zest to the air. But the dust will soon be stirred up now, for the fast trotting-horse man is the figure that gives life and movement to the Bloomingdale Road, and people of his tribe are already beginning to whirl past. A fat livery-stable keeper in a spider wagon, drawn by a span of strawberry horses, rushes by tugging upon his nags at arms' length. A sporting butcher in a

sulky is on his track. He ejaculates "Hi! hi!" to his cream-colored pony, and as he does so his teeth gleam like those of a leopard under the cruel curve that he gives to his black-bristled upper lip. Here, at a more leisurely pace, comes a swell, driving tandem with a team of blood bays. Probably he is a gold broker, or a successful gambler in some other branch of the profession. He drives an English sporting "trap," on the hind seat of which his groom insecurely sits, and, somewhat ignominiously, faces to the rear. Superb, nevertheless, is this young man, in his claret-colored livery with huge metal buttons, his knee-breeches and top-boots, and his shiny hat with a cockade on it. Later in the afternoon the road will be crowded with teams, from the one-horse buggy to the heavy drag driven four-in-hand, — most of them come over from the Park on their way by the Bloomingdale to the Kingsbridge Road.

Nearing the city, the aspect of the scene changes, and changes much for the worse. The market-gardens are smaller now, and many of them lie deep down in hollows, — the roofs of the small dwellings that stand in them sometimes being on a level with the road. To the left are seen the rocky knolls of Central Park. Tall, narrow houses lift their heads singly, at intervals, along the streets that bound the Park, blinking right and left with their wistful windows, as if looking out for the advent of other buildings destined to stand shoulder to shoulder with them in the future. The masses of gray rock to the south of the Park, just where the city begins, are very populous. Log shanties, or shanties made of rough boards, crown every boulder, or stick their stove-pipe chimneys out of clefts in the rock. Some of them have their weather-gables and roofs covered with sheets of rusty iron. Lean and hungry dogs, most of them large-sized, but undistinguishable as to breed, roam about the purlieus. Goats enhance the sub-Alpine effect of the place; but it would require some stretch of imagination to make the whitewashed hut on the summit of yon rock a Swiss *châlet*, and the rag-picker who has just emerged from it a chamois-hunter going forth to stalk the familiar kids that cluster on the neighboring peaks. Small children, fluttering with rags, and booted with black mud, riot and tumble everywhere among these free crags. Their parents are mostly away in the city, roaming among the ash-barrels and garbage-boxes, out of the depths of which they make their living by hook and by crook. Soon this little colony of half-savages on the rocks will have lapsed into the past. Blasting-powder is already making havoc in the vicinity, and grand mansions with their appurtenances will erelong cover the ground over which this curious hamlet of squatters is now scattered.

Down to the right now I take my way, where the railway track runs close by the wharfage along the Hudson River. The country begins to merge into the city here, and there is not much of the rural to be seen. A remnant of it may be discerned, however, about some old mansions that stand between the railway and the river. They are surrounded with gardens, and closely shaded with ancient trees. The old box-bushes in the gardens are yet kept trimmed into formal blocks of dark verdure. Gentility of an old-fashioned kind marks these last connecting links between the country and the city, and there is a suggestion about them of former opulence and family pride. Once, as I walked in a bit of dark and damp woodland that runs from the rear of one of these houses down to the beach of the river, I came upon an old weather-stained stone lion, grasping with one paw a stone globe. This might have been the heraldic device of one of the early lords of the soil. Possibly it might have done duty in former days as a guardian at the vestibule of some older mansion than the one that now stands there; and its appearance, as it lay among the dank herbage of the grove, greatly heightened the sense of

neglect and decay that hung about the whole place.

Wealth and poverty, enterprise and squalor, clutch at and jostle each other now, as the road gathers itself for its plunge into the city. Columns of tawny smoke rise upward from the huge chimneys of the factories that abound in this district. Every board of the rough fences along the road-side is used as an advertising medium, and so is every bit of rock that crops up from the barren soil. Superscriptions, in great black or white letters, apprise the world of balms, bitters, baby-jumpers, and a hundred other indispensable things in the way of panaceas and labor-saving inventions. Here, just on the margin of the river, is a field strewn with great blocks of brown stone, out of which many stone-cutters are shaping columns and cornices destined to increase the gloom of an architecture that is already sombre to excess. It must be in brown-studies that the architects of New York work out their designs. A grassy road leads down to the river and at the foot of it some small pleasure-boats are moored; but the place is lonely and still, and no sound is heard save the clink of the stone-cutters' tools, and the steam-whistles of the tug-boats that puff by each other on the river. Passing on along the front, one is led to reflect on the character of the successive streets that run down to the river. The gradual demoralization of these streets, as they near the manufacturing district, is grievous to the observer. Here is one with which I am well acquainted at points near the central ridge of the city, and in the vicinity of the fashionable avenues. It runs between blocks of stately brown-stone houses there, and is of a deportment at once gracious and reserved. In this locality its associations are of the lowest. The block of houses on the right-hand side, as I follow it toward the river, is of brick; and the houses are lofty, conveying the impression that the speculator who built them might have been subject to delirious visions of a future genteel neighborhood in this dreary district. A more dismal spectacle than these old rattle-trap tenements now present it would be difficult to conceive. The shattered blinds dangle half off their hinges from the windows, threatening destruction to the wayfarer who treads the unswept sidewalk below. Most of these houses have low bar-rooms on their ground-floors, with cheap restaurants or oyster-cribs attached. Here and there a few small and meanly appointed shops are to be seen, where miscellaneous goods, ranging from tape to tallow candles, are displayed for sale. The doors of nearly all the houses stand open, revealing dirty, gloomy hall-ways with rickety stairs leading to the upper floors. From many of the windows above pop forth the heads of women and children; for the houses are tenements, with several families dwelling on each floor. Opposite to this depressing row, the whole length of the block is occupied by an immense gas-work concern, the smoke and coal-dust from which begrime all things around; near this are a station for horse-cars of what is called the "'cross-town line," and a wharf from which ferry-boats ply to Weehawken on the New Jersey side. This ferry is not a pleasant one for passengers who cherish prejudice in favor of quiet lives. From Weehawken the boats come generally loaded with cattle of obstreperous New Jersey breeds. Weehawken, for all its romantic name, is nothing but a huddle of low drinking-shops, to which roughs and robbers of the worst class resort from the city. Respectable persons who are rash enough to venture across the river by this route are liable to be maltreated and robbed during the trip,—instances of this kind having more than once occurred.

The explorer who extends his investigations to the edge of the river here will now and then discover that his footsteps have not fallen in pleasant places. At times warning whiffs are wafted to him from some huge wooden *abattoir*, urging him to pass on, nor

seek to penetrate too curiously the mysteries of the place. The sickly stench peculiar to a community of swine comes up here from a great range of sheds along the road by which I go toward the river. On either hand the lots are covered with pens, in which sheep and other market animals await unconsciously the last offices of the butcher. The sheep are crowded together in long sheds on one side of the road; they are very dirty and bedraggled muttons, recalling no pastoral associations of Arcadian shepherdesses with blue-ribboned straw hats on their coquettish heads, and flageolets at their kissable lips. The spruce Verboeckhoven could hardly paint such untidy, demoralized sheep as these, though Jules Breton perhaps might. The space on the opposite side of the road is flooded with feculent ooze, — a Dead Sea of swill, over which a turkey-buzzard might love to hover, perhaps; but no pure dove could fly over it without falling stifled into its pungent slush. The gray, unpainted boards of the immense sheds in which the pigs are kept do not tend to relieve the monotony of the scene. Further on, close by the wharf belonging to the concern, are the slaughter-houses, where passing glimpses may be had of many butchers at work on long rows of carcasses that hang from the beams. It is not a pleasant spot to linger near. Leave the butchers to their tasks; but reflect, as you go, that to be human is to be carnivorous, and let your sentiment for the occasion be, "No butcher, no festive board."

Not much farther on do you go before the place alluringly announced as the "Free Dumping-Ground" appeals to your senses in more ways than one. Worse than the horrible odors of the swine-pens are the fumes that hang over this disgusting acre of city garbage and filth. Pestilence appears to brood upon the place. And yet, in this noisome acre there is a mine of wealth and beauty and health. Fields and market-gardens shall yet rejoice and grow exuberant under the influence of its fertilizing composts. Flowers and grains will be all the richer for it. Man and beast will derive renewed power from it; and so through innumerable channels its benefits will be extended to the painted butterfly and the piping bird.

A black, unsightly tract is that in which the depot of the Hudson River Railway stands, with its grimy buildings and bewildering network of rails. Old men waving flags confuse one with abstruse signals. Wheezy locomotives rush out from enclosures, make short, jerking trips without any obvious purpose, stop suddenly, as though they had forgotten something, — the key to the signals made by the old men, perhaps, — and then run grunting back to the points from which they started. Interminable trains are coming and going, the blackest and dirtiest of them laden with rows of immense tubs. You pass all these, and great mountains of coal piled up within strongly fenced enclosures, where it flashes like steel in the bright sunshine. The posts and chains and cradles of the complicated arrangements for hoisting it stand out sharply against the sky. At the piers near by coal-vessels are discharging their cargoes, the apparatus for which is worked by horses or mules, driven round circular platforms by whistling, unconcerned boys. About the gates of the coal-yards dirty old women lie in wait, watching the carts that go out loaded with coal, the droppings of which they eagerly snatch from the road, and thrust into omnivorous bags, in which they also carry broken victuals, rags, and such rubbish as they can gather from the gutters and garbage-boxes. Old men, armed with shovels, carry on an uncivil war against these, — old men whose function it is to follow the carts to a short distance from the coal-yard gates, and recover such bits of the black diamond as may fall to the ground. The rough clay road now leads through an immense tract of lumber, piled in towering layers upon the ground that lies between town and river. The perfume of the fresh pine

boards is ambrosial after the exhalations of the pigpens and dumping-grounds. Some of these great piles of lumber slope from the perpendicular, like towers of Pisa, and suggest danger to the wight who would seek shelter to the leeward of them in a gale of wind. The buzz of the planing-mills vibrates on the ear, and huge oil-stores vitiate with their odors the woodland perfume of the pine. Here lies a fleet of ice-barges, — or, rather, of floating ice-houses, — rigged out with a forest of little masts fitted with ropes and pulleys for hoisting the ice. Horses are at work making short journeys with this hoisting-tackle; and the clean, prismatic blocks of ice are packed into heavy wagons, in which they are carried through the city. Near by is the ice-office, along the street in front of which a great number of ice-wagons may be seen ranged before and after the working hours of the day. Here, too, are the stables in which the horses of the company are kept. Looking up at this structure, the gazer is apt to be startled by the apparition of horses' heads thrust out of second-story windows. But the ups and downs of equine life are nowhere more marked than in New York, where horses take their ease in cellars, as well as in the more airy apartments up stairs.

Vacant lots where stagnant pools lie reeking have now to be traversed. The ground is covered with heaps of rubbish, — ashes, old iron, rags, decaying animal and vegetable matter, and that omnipresent element of rubbish-heaps, the tangled hoop arrangement of wire by which the lovely feminine shape is even yet sometimes assimilated to the form of the volcanic peak. Round the heaps are squatted groups of ragged children, occupied in sifting cinders from the promiscuous mass. One half of the world may here guess how the other half scantily warms itself. These poor children are expected to be good and honest, of course; and would n't the old man of the coal-yard chop the fingers off any one of them with his shovel, if a dive were made by the shivering, dirty little hand to lift the smallest nugget of his coal?

Such things be; and the sky looks bright and pleasant riverward, and pleasant to watch are the white sea-gulls as they describe concentric circles on their wide wings. Tug-boats are puffing to and fro on the river, towing vessels freighted with lumber. Schooners are discharging their cargoes of cord-wood at the piers. Great sea-going steamers loom up black and grim in the stream. Mean by comparison with these are the canal-boats packed like sardines in the docks, — their lazy hands smoking on their decks, and exchanging scurrilous jokes about the gang of smartly dressed French man-of-war's men passing down the wharf. Sloops loading with stable-manure exhale their fragrance upon the air. Ship-smithies abound, with signs setting forth that therein are "Anchors made and repaired." Old iron chains, and ship iron of all sorts, are scattered around their thresholds. Here is a shipwright and calker, whose sign announces that he also deals in wines, liquors, and cigars. Sloop-stores and rectifying distilleries; spars and masts; blocks and pumps; steering-gear, oars, hand-spikes, and other things in which mariners take an interest, — all these increase more and more as the street leads on past the busier piers. Hay-barges, like great barns somehow got adrift, are discharging their cargoes of litter and fodder, carts for the conveyance of which to the stables throughout the city are crowding to the wharf. The horses that draw the carts appear to take great interest in their job; but more interesting to the human drudge are the long rows of oyster-barges that are moored permanently along the wharves at certain points. Villages of oyster-houses, rather, are they, very compactly built and closely ranged, and painted white. Sloops loaded with oysters are continually arriving for the supply of these depots. On the pier, in front of the gangways that lead to the barges, groups of men sit upon stools, busily engaged in opening the bivalves, which

they throw into pails. On inquiry, I find that large quantities of these oysters are "kagged," as my informant expressed it, for the Western market. They will keep for a couple of weeks, he says, in the neat little ashen kegs in which they are put up. He was a rough but civil man was the oyster-opener to whom I addressed myself for information, and his grim features relaxed into a smile when I told him how the passengers in a railway train that was snowed up on a Western prairie, some years ago, might have been starved to death but for the fact that one of the cars was freighted with oysters thus put up in kegs. His professional pride was tickled by this, and he tendered me an oyster with native, though untutored, affability. The poetry that tinges the life even of the oyster-opener is observable in the old horseshoes nailed to most of the gangways; for superstition is poetry, and there is something mystic and pleasing in the idea of thus exorcising the nocturnal goblins by whom the fresh oysters might be spoiled. Among the heaps of shells accumulated behind the openers unlaved boys of epicurean "proclivities" forage for the oysters that may have been rejected for their suspicious tang.

You now pass the Hoboken ferry-houses, to and from which crowds of men, women, and children are hurrying pell-mell. Stout Germans, dragging their stout wives after them, come thundering down street to catch the boat that will not leave her dock for five minutes yet. People always run to catch ferry-boats, and always try to jump off them before they come within six feet of the wharf. The large fronts of premises belonging to various great steamship companies now display their wild architecture at brief intervals along the street. In some of the docks about these, men in boats are engaged in dragging the turbid waters as I pass. Yesterday there was an awful explosion here at noon. The steam-engine used in hoisting to and from the Liverpool steamers burst, hurling in fragments into the air a wooden building of great size, together with the blacksmith's shop and out-houses attached. Eight unfortunate men, who happened to be on the premises at the time, were blown and scattered far away; some of them falling scalded and shrieking into the water, others coming down in mangled pulp on the neighboring wharves and heaps of coal. As one of the victims swam wildly about in the dock, screaming and yelling in his intense agony, the blood of the spectators ran cold, and many of them had to turn away from the terrible sight. Had the accident not occurred during the dinner hour, when most of the men employed about the pier were absent, the loss of life must have been very great.

Yonder, upon a clumsy tub of a barge, there hangs a sign-board announcing "Boats and Groves for Excursions." And queer picnic parties they are that make up these excursions, and sickly are the groves on the Jersey and Long Island shores to which the excursionists resort! Classical was the grove of Academe. Birnam Wood has memories about it that time cannot kill; in the "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie O," of the Scottish singer there are sweet suggestions of love-making under green and whispering leaves; but to the groves provided for the gay excursionists of New York none of these associations belong, as the present writer, from actual experiences, can aver.

The sailmaking trade looks very flourishing hereabouts. It ought to be flourishing, for see the thousands of white-winged schooners and other craft that are flitting to and fro upon the river. Many clothing-stores for mariners also hang out their attractive goods. Yellow oil-skin jackets, heavy tarpaulin overcoats, with "sou'wester" hats to match, and coarse flannel shirts, are flapping everywhere from the rafters of the wooden awnings that jut out over the greasy sidewalk. Here, too, the oddest little oyster-shops abound. Entering one of these, which presents externally the appear-

ance of a deserted dog-kennel, I find it to be a cell of about twelve feet by eight. There are three small tables in it, clothless, but kept very neat and clean. Over these presides a stout, florid woman. Through a side door there is a glimpse of a little stall of a kitchen beyond, revealing the culinary artist of the establishment, — a leisurely bewhiskered gentleman in Cardigan jacket and checked apron, who reads a newspaper with one eye, while he keeps the other on a simmering oyster-stew. Canaries that pipe in their cages under the low roof impart an element of refinement to this little retreat, and for bouquets there are numerous bundles of aromatic potherbs suspended from the ceiling and on the walls. Leaving all these allurements, I pass on along the wharves. In one of the slimy docks, a "free church for seamen and boatmen" goes undulating up and down to the movement of the lazy tide. It is a very dingy-looking old structure, provided with a belfry and bell. An inscription on its weather-beaten gable informs the observer that the church is open for services on Wednesday and Friday afternoons; but one feels an assurance that the rickety bridge leading to the duck-like old edifice will never be broken down by a rush. The name and address of the watery-grave sexton are also lettered on the hull. Has he a grave-digger in his pay? or does he sew up in heavily shotted hammocks the inanimate forms that come to him in the way of business, and heave them overboard?

Floating steam-mills now tower up from the docks, faced with huge placards advertising "Meal, oats, corn, rye, and general feed." The marine stores begin to swarm along the street, and everything is characteristic of the great seaport town. Numbers of those amphibious beings known as 'longshore-men are working or lounging about the piers. There are stores, on the door-posts of which one reads that such fascinating things as "steam vacuums" and "cop waste" are kept for sale within. There are ship-chandlers, whose establishments are blockaded with ships' compasses, fenders, pullies, blocks, quadrants, binnacles, handspikes, telescopes, and all things that salt and boaty be. There are provision stores, the open fronts and thresholds of which are cumbered with enormous hams sewed up in canvas painted yellow; with herrings in kegs; with boxes of palm-soap and other soaps; with saleratus, smoked fish, "extra cider vinegar," fresh Turkey prunes, molasses, and all other such necessaries and luxuries as are specially laid in for those who "go down to the sea in ships." At the corners of the streets are planted semicircular lunch-tables, from behind which morose proprietors dispense fly-blown oysters and bits of mouldy pie in little plates. Here is a wooden structure over the door of which a board with the word "Dining-Room" painted on it is fixed. Curious in regard to this concern, I inspect it more closely, and find that it is quite full when there is one diner in it at a time. All along the sidewalks are glass-covered cases in which street merchants display their mixed wares. Counterfeit watches, mock jewelry, cheap cutlery, — that would be dear at any price, — brier-wood pipes carved from pine-knots, daggers, pistols, braces, violins, and everything else that can make life tolerable, are to be had at these wonderful street bazaars. Here and there, close by the doors of eating-houses, small cigar cells belonging to the establishments are open to the street. Splendid is the attire of some of the young men who attend to these, with their ambrosial locks, and with their sky-blue cravats, the ends of which are passed through bright metal bands.

Washington Market is a feature of the river-front here, — an old and intricate pile of rickety wooden galleries, and sheds and stalls. It lies on both sides of the street; the portion to riverward being a sort of village of provision stalls, intersected by alleys. The husk of the old place is decayed and shattered to a sad extent, but the kernel is sound. Householders prefer it to most

of the other markets of the city, as well for the excellence as for the comparative cheapness of its produce. Inwardly, it is made as much of as circumstances permit. Outwardly, it would be a disgrace to a community of nest-building apes. Along its festering walls crazy little parasitical stalls grow out everywhere, like the wens on diseased trees. The perennial rat has it much his own way here at all seasons, and in summer the place is rendered noxious by myriads of bloated flies. At the cellar doors that yawn along the walls of the structure outside sit frowzy, sluttish old women, watching over the tinware and crockery laid out for sale. They smoke short but admirably colored pipes, and pass esoteric jokes with old men who come forth from their burrows under the market, every now and then, to sweep out the gutters. The sidewalks of the market square are lumbered up everywhere with barrels of all the edible roots and fruits of the season. The street is thronged with market vehicles of every description. Carts bearing large lath-work cribs full of living fowls for the table are standing by the stalls, and geese poke up their long necks between the laths, and cackle querulously for their native puddles. Round the newspaper stands, planted here and there, idle men and women are grouped, improving their minds between intervals of business by the inspection and perusal of the flash police papers and other obscene trash of the kind by which the city is deluged. Glaring posters, announcing pugilistic encounters and other refined entertainments, are stuck everywhere upon the timbers and boards. The whole place, with its intricate nooks, and crannies, and huge, dirty wooden chests, does not look like one in the purlieus of which it would be safe to pass the night. It is notorious as a resort for pickpockets; and that manly, interesting variety of kleptomaniac known to the police as a "sneak thief" finds in the crowded and tumultuous environs of Washington Market a fertile field for the exercise of his enviable talents.

The shipping and steamship trade along the piers is expanding here, and the view across the broadened river to the Jersey shore is obstructed by forests of masts and spars and smoke-stacks. Bales of cotton are piled along the wharves, or trundled by busy warehousemen to the scales beside which the impartial weighers watch. And now that bald and unsightly conglomerate called Castle Garden looms upon the view, — Castle Garden of the many vicissitudes, where the notes of the Swedish Nightingale first vibrated upon the charmed American ear; where now the wondering emigrants from far-off lands first take their impressions of that Columbia which they have come to hail; and around which the skeleton trees of the Battery point with their ghastly fingers at the jobbers who have allowed a once pleasant resort to go to ruthless ruin and decay.

THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL.

THE land was pale with famine
And racked with fever-pain;
The frozen fiords were fishless,
The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja
Before them come and go,
And, through their dreams, the Urdar-moon
From west to east sailed slow!

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera
At Yule-time made his vow;
On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone
He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her;
To Skuld, the younger Norn,
Who watches over birth and death,
He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter
Took up the sprinkling-rod,
And smeared with blood the temple
And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water
Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er;
Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves,
Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,
Aloft in icy space,
Shone down on the bloody Horg-stones
And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer
Beneath its baleful light
The Jotun shapes of mountains
Came crowding through the night.

The gray-haired Hersir trembled
As a flame by wind is blown;
A weird power moved his white lips,
And their voice was not his own!

"The Æsir thirst!" he muttered;
"The gods must have more blood
Before the tun shall blossom
Or fish shall fill the flood.

"The Æsir thirst and hunger,
And hence our blight and ban;
The mouths of the strong gods water
For the flesh and blood of man!

"Whom shall we give to Asgard?
Not warriors, sword on thigh;
But let the nursling infant
And bedrid old man die."

"So be it!" cried the young men,
"There needs nor doubt nor parle";
But, knitting hard his red brows,
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping
At the temple door was heard;
But the old men bowed their white heads,
And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,
A Vala young and fair,
Sang softly, stirring with her breath
The veil of her loose hair.

She sang: "The winds from Alfheim
Bring never sound of strife;
The gifts for Frey the meetest
Are not of death, but life.

"He loves the grass-green meadows,
The grazing kine's sweet breath;
He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,
Your gifts that smell of death.

"No wrong by wrong is righted,
No pain is cured by pain;
The blood that smokes from Doom-rings
Falls back in redder rain.

"The gods are what you make them,
As earth shall Asgard prove;
And hate will come of hating,
And love will come of love.

"Make dole of skyr and black bread
That old and young may live;
And look to Frey for favor
When first like Frey you give.

"Even now o'er Njord's sea-meadows
The summer dawn begins;
The tun shall have its harvest,
The fiord its glancing fins."

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell:
"By Gimli and by Hel,
O Vala of Thingvalla,
Thou singest wise and well!

"Too dear the Æsir's favors
Bought with our children's lives;
Better die than shame in living
Our mothers and our wives.

"The full shall give his portion
To him who hath most need;
Of curdled skyr and black bread,
Be daily dole decreed."

He broke from off his neck-chain
Three links of beaten gold;
And each man, at his bidding,
Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,
And daughters fed their sires,
And Health sat down with Plenty
Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal;
The Doom-ring still remains;
But the snows of a thousand winters
Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now; the Æsir
Have found their twilight dim;
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old
The Vala sang of Him!

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT night, before many hours had passed over, and Jeanne had sunk from troubled thinking into restless dreams, and from these into deep unbroken slumber, the winds from the north and west had risen from their secret chambers, and were riding through the darkness, and chafing into angry waves the waters of the Channel. And when Jeanne rose, and arrayed herself in her gay holiday dress by the dim lights of the waning crescent moon and the early dawn, she heard the thunderous roll of the surf on the shore, and the echoes that the cliffs sent back, while the house was shaken by the gusts of angry wind. Such storms were not unfrequent, and Jeanne felt little anxiety for her father's safety, deciding in her own mind that he would probably have given up the fishing expedition at the first indication of bad

weather, and put into the harbor at Dieppe, and that there she would in all probability find him during the day.

Poor Jeanne! It was not the *fête* day she had looked forward to. That had been a day all bright in sunshine and pleasant excitement in her anticipations. Gabriel and she were to have gone together, she wearing the dress his mother had given her; they were both to see for the first time the Citadelle and the oyster-garden, but now the storm had come up, and there would certainly be rain, and her father's fishing was spoiled, and — indeed, it must be confessed, that, for Jeanne, the weather within was as bad as that without. The fatal, angry words that had come between Gabriel and herself were still sore in her heart. If she could only feel light-hearted and content again as she had done before this had happened! Gabriel had asked her to marry him. Why should she? That meant to leave her home, to leave her father, to leave the coast. She had not yet thought of marrying. Yes, she had had always a vague prospect before her in the future, that some time she would marry a fisherman, who would help her father, and live in the cottage; but this was different, — altogether different; she was bewildered, perplexed, by the prospect that opened before her. She had said "No" to Gabriel, sure enough; she was glad she had said "No"; but she wished, with a sinking heart, that they had not quarrelled. Gabriel, Gabriel, marry Gabriel, — that all seemed so strange; and yet he was so near, so closely tied by affection and habit to her life, that the thought of estrangement between her and him gave her a bitter pang. What would Aunt Ducrés say? An uneasy suspicion vexed her that she might take her son's part in the matter, — of course a mother always did, and Aunt Ducrés loved Gabriel more than most mothers do their sons. A dismal prospect of alienation and separation seemed to open before her, a maelstrom of perplexity seemed ready to swallow her up. So you see Jeanne's thoughts before her little mirror were by no means in harmony with her gay attire.

There was little to do, when she was dressed, but her bed to make, and her every-day clothes to be laid away; for she had set all the house in order overnight, even to the grooming of her donkey, that, sleek and well conditioned, stood in his stall, and only needed to be saddled and have the pannier of fish slung across his back. This was an easy task to Jeanne's adroit and experienced hands. So, leading her donkey by the bridle, Jeanne walked slowly down the lane towards the Robbes' cottage.

It were hard to imagine a dress more suited and becoming to the strong rounded figure, with its movements of natural grace and dignity, than the short red petticoat, the trim flowered bodice, and the fair white Norman cap, beneath which appeared heavy braids of golden-brown hair. A threefold silver chain encircled Jeanne's neck, to which hung a silver figure of the Madonna; and heavy gold earrings, heirlooms of many generations in her mother's family, completed her costume. In her hand she carried her rosary and missal.

A pleasant greeting met Jeanne, as she neared the Robbes' gate, from the group of neighbors and friends who — all like herself in holiday dress, some on foot and some mounted on their donkeys — were awaiting the assembling of the rest of the little company before starting on their day's pilgrimage. The stream of lively talk ran on with added force after her arrival; for the new *robe de fête* had to be examined and admired, and the girls crowded about her with loud ejaculations of approval, as they fingered the bows of ribbon, and felt the delicate texture of her skirt.

Marie Robbe stood aloof at first, and made an attempt to behave with a becoming degree of coldness in resentment for Jeanne's *brusquerie* of the previous evening. But her assumed dignity was not proof against the good-humored indifference of Jeanne; and her little airs of displeasure melted away

when Jeanne began to arrange the basket of fish on Marie's despised donkey, and then invited her to mount her own handsome beast.

Others of the villagers came up by twos and threes till all were assembled, and the whole company began to move forward, falling into the natural groups that family ties or mutual sympathy dictated. The women chatted together over their household concerns, and the men discussed the prospects of the fishing-season. The children of the company trudged on sturdily by the sides of their mothers, or rode before them on the donkeys, or chased each other through the thymy grass. As the morning wore on, and the blustering wind made the walking more fatiguing, the talk flagged; even Marie Robbe's tongue ceased its chatter, and she allowed her mind to fall back upon the more important business of scheming how it should be her turn to ride on their entrance into the town. This at the present moment was the most ardent wish of her heart, and if to this satisfaction she could have added that of passing François Milette on her triumphal entry, and have poisoned his happiness for the day by some coquettish slight, so that his very holiday wine should become gall and the sweet *fête* cakes wormwood to his taste, perhaps she would have experienced the keenest sense of pleasure of which her nature was capable.

Jeanne, meanwhile, was walking by the side of Épiphanie Milette, whose pretty face did indeed look pale and careworn enough to justify the belief of some people that she had received the ominous greeting from the Fairy. It is true that evil fortune had pursued poor Épiphanie, and things had gone unkindly with her. Her father had, as I said before, been a hard man of no very good character, on whom the more pious surmised the good Saints had laid a ban on account of certain nefarious undertakings under shadow of the night, bringing him more than once into collision with the coast guards. Certain it is that the fickle fortune of the sea had never smiled upon Milette as a fisherman, nay, had most persistently frowned, and yet he had had at times unaccountably large sums of money. Madame Milette, during her husband's lifetime, though she was always well clothed, and had money to spend, had a sour and discontented look. They had always had little to do with other people, and she had a hard life of it, it was said, down in the lonely house on the cliffside with her sickly child and her bad husband; and some of the women, if they did speak tauntingly of her leather shoes and new chain, pitied her, and were ready, when the time came, to do her a good turn.

Jeanne's good aunt had been one of these, and, on the morning after that stormy night when Milette was brought home dead, she went down to the desolate house on the cliffside, and performed the office of good neighbor to the poor widow, who was sitting there alone with her daughter, and feeling, Heaven help her! more bitterly the fact that the world had turned its back on her than that death had robbed her of her husband. For, indeed, the death of her husband confirmed all the suspicions of his evil life.

That stormy winter's morning, just at dawn, when the two fishermen came stumbling up the shingly pathway to the lonely house bearing the body drenched with sea-water, and with a pistol-wound in the breast, the two scared and trembling women dragged him in, and laid him on the bed, asking no questions.

So the shadow of Milette's life grew darker over his death, and people stood aloof from the widow and her daughter. Jeanne's aunt and old Madame Lennet were, for a time, their only friends; and, indeed, on one of those cold, winter days, Madame Lennet had gone up to see Monsieur le Curé himself, to beg him — which she did with tears and the simple eloquence of her compassionate heart — to let Milette's body receive the full rites of Christian burial without question as to the cause of his death, usual in such cases, so that the widow might be spared the additional disgrace

and misery certain to result on investigation.

"Without doubt," argued good Madame Lennet, "Milette had come by that ugly wound in the breast in an affray with some of the smuggling gang to which he belonged, and who were now safely hidden in one of their dens on the coast, or, more probably still, in some English seaport. Their own nefarious traffic led them to the knowledge of many a secret asylum, and swift and sure ways of flight. Inquiry into the means by which Milette had come by his death, while it would almost certainly fail in bringing the murderers to justice, would only make certain and public the facts of the evil doings of the murdered man." And Monsieur le Curé, with his thin, white hands clasped behind him, pacing softly to and fro in his dingy little room, as was his custom when his mind was disturbed, though perplexed by the question in which human pity seemed to confront abstract justice and ecclesiastical duty, did not turn a deaf ear to the good woman's petition. He dismissed her with a promise to accede to her wishes, and with his benediction.

As time went on, the cloud was gradually lifted off the Widow Milette and her daughter, especially as Épiphanie, then growing into womanhood, became a fair and blooming, though somewhat delicate girl. Few had the heart to slight the gentle young creature, who rarely showed her downcast face and brown eyes anywhere but at church.

Jeanne Defére followed her good aunt's example, and remained a firm friend to Épiphanie, who clung to her with the natural instinct which binds the weak and timid to the strong and resolute, and in time their neighborly intimacy ripened into a close and lasting friendship. Good old Madame Lennet, likewise, as we have seen, befriended the widow, and never turned her back upon her from the time when Pierre, her son, then a young man of five-and-twenty, had come home, and told his mother the story of the finding of the bruised and wounded body floating among the rocks on the rising tide, touching her kind heart by the picture of the two pale and trembling women who had met him at the threshold, and taken in the body in unnatural silence, but with looks of dread and terror.

Perhaps the plaintive eyes of the younger woman, then a girl of seventeen, had touched the honest heart of Pierre; he did many a good turn for the widow after that, and often, softening his boisterous tones, would seek to draw Épiphanie from her quiet corner at the village merry-makings, and make her dance among the rest.

Some people said Pierre Lennet would marry the Widow Milette's timid daughter; but years went on, Pierre went voyages and returned, and had many an unlucky turn, and Épiphanie won the heart of a well-to-do grocer from Tréport, and, after a somewhat long wooing, married him, — though with a sad grace, as people thought, and more to please her mother than herself. Madame Milette went to live with her daughter and the honest grocer, in the dingy little shop on the quay at Tréport.

But within two years poor Épiphanie's ill-starred married life came to an end. A sharp fever seized her husband, who died after a few days' illness. His relations, who had always disliked the intruding wife and her mother, took possession of the little stock of goods, and the young widow and her mother returned to their old home at Verangeville, — the mother, a disappointed and embittered woman; her daughter, pale and careworn beyond her years.

Épiphanie's life, however, was brightened by the presence of her baby, — the only token of the brief interlude of her wedded life brought back with her to Verangeville, — and in the care of this child the whole happiness of her days centred.

During the years that had since gone by, they had lived together in the little house at the foot of the cliff, supported partly by the earnings of Épiphanie, who wrought skilfully at the ivory carving for which Dieppe is famous. She

carried in, from time to time, the little packet of thimbles, crosses, and brooches that she had made, and returned with her small earnings. This source of income helped to eke out François's gains as a fisherman. François was a young man now, twenty-three years of age, and had been at home for two years since his last voyage. He was a handsome fellow, and had done well enough as a fisherman, as any one might judge by old Defére's taking him so often in his boat, and sharing the profits of his night's work with him. Indeed, François seemed to bid fair to redeem the shattered fame of his family, and to win back respect to the name of Milette. One indiscretion he certainly had committed, and that was having given his heart to Marie Robbe, who, as we have seen, set small store by the gift.

CHAPTER VII.

"It will be a stormy night, Jeanne, sure enough," said Épiphanie, looking to seaward, as, with the rest of the company, they journeyed across the cliffs towards Dieppe. "See how the clouds are flying, and the wind is driving hard ashore. I wish they had not started last night."

"So do I," said Jeanne.

"François had little heart for the fishing, I know," said Épiphanie; "but I thought it was only because he would miss the *fête* to-day by being at sea. I wonder if he thought of bad weather. O Jeanne, I wish I had begged him to stay!"

"Don't trouble thyself!" said Jeanne. "It was n't that he feared bad weather; he was vexing himself because he could not go with Marie Robbe to Dieppe to-day; and I 'll tell thee, Épiphanie, — and this is my mind on that matter, — he had much better have bad weather at sea than fair weather with Marie; a man may get to know what the worst sea means in time, and learn how to steer through it, but a false heart, — who can ever learn the shiftings of that, without breaking his own?"

Épiphanie shook her head. "She is a coquette, it is true, but — dost thou think she will not marry François after all? I know it is the desire of his heart, and in another year or two he will have saved enough to marry on. Old Robbe is well off too. She has danced with him all summer more than with any other lad; and every *bourrée* after the Angelus last Sunday he was her partner, and she has taken all his gifts."

"Oui dà!" said Jeanne, with contemptuous emphasis; "and she will marry him — if — she marries not some one else — and, as *bonne amie* of François, I wish she would. It might give him a sore heart for a while, but he would learn a good lesson therefrom, that is, that a man ought to choose his wife as he would his friend, — for her good faith, and for the good qualities God has given her, and not for this or that, her dress or her dancing, with which the *bon Dieu* has nothing to do."

"François would take it very hardly," said Épiphanie, leaving the abstract question, with which she had no concern, and returning to the fate of her brother.

"Yes, *pauvre gars*," said Jeanne, sighing; "but I don't think it would hurt him so much as thou thinkest for. He would see what a false heart she had, and that he had been a fool; and to know that is to be wise sometimes. It is a bad thing to marry ill, for either man or woman, but it is worse for a man, I think. A woman is miserable if she has a bad husband, without doubt, — more miserable than a man, perhaps; but then she will think all the more of the *Sainte Vierge* and the saints, and consoles herself with her children; but a man who has a bad wife, for him there is but one road, — c'est au diable."

"But she might not make so bad a wife, after all," said Épiphanie; "some girls that are foolish enough before grow wiser when they are married."

"No, no," said Jeanne, "Marie is stupid because she has a bad heart; she cannot sew, she cannot keep the house, she cannot make the best of

little troubles, she cannot give good counsel, she understands only to do one thing, — to torment; in that she has wit, in that she has sense: she can torment with the patience of a saint and the fury of a devil."

"These are hard words," sighed Épiphanie.

"One ought not to mind hearing the truth," said Jeanne. "It is better to listen when they tell you the tide is going down, than shut your eyes and hope till you find your nets are stranded; for my part, I 'd rather suffer thirst for a while than sicken my stomach by drinking bad cider."

"Thou speakest so strongly, Jeanne," said Épiphanie, almost bitterly. "It makes my heart heavy to think of him. I — I know what is to — to be disappointed, — at least, to have to be contented with what one does not want."

Jeanne looked up at her friend; her eyes lately so fierce in denunciation, so stern in judgment, melted, softened, almost to tears. She laid her arm on Épiphanie's waist.

"Have I not pity?" she said. "O yes, I tell thee; and it is that that makes me feel and speak so hard. It is always so with me; when I feel this sorrow and pity, it grows and grows, and seems to make my heart burn, and then I speak as if I were angry. Tiens, mon amie! when I think of thee and the child, and pray God to give thee some happiness now, when thou hast had so little, when I get up from my knees, my hands ache with clasping them so tightly, so much do I desire it, and so much does thy sorrow pain me."

"Tu es bonne amie, Jeanne, I know it well; but sometimes, — dost thou know? — I think perhaps François and I have an evil fate that will always bring us misfortune?"

"I tell thee no," said Jeanne; "it is only because thou art so full of fears! Thou hast been a good girl always; thou hast done the will of God, thou hast never done evil to any one; if thou hast had sorrows, God sent thee them: they have not been misfortunes; we make our own misfortunes, — voilà la différence! Le bon Dieu t'aime, and he has confidence in thee; for, behold! has he not given thee this child?" and she laid her hand on the sleeping child in Épiphanie's arms.

"Thou always puttest me in good heart, Jeanne, and I begin to think, while thou art talking, that perhaps I may be wrong about Pierre, and that it might be well for the child, too, if I married him; but then I go back again, and think I am too sad, too quiet, that I should not make him happy, and I fear lest he should not love the child. Ah, when one has beaten down one's heart once, Jeanne, and it has ached long enough, it grows heavy, and it is not hard to give up what one desires!"

"I don't know," said Jeanne, "how that may be. I think thou troublest thyself too much with these fears. When one's heart is at peace, and makes one no reproaches, one may take what is offered one, when one knows it is good; and the love of Pierre — is it not good, I ask thee?"

"If I did not think so much of it, I should not be so afraid to take it, I think," she said with a sigh. "It is like a dream, Jeanne, to be thinking again of Pierre after all these years, — and — and maybe it is n't right for me, who am a widow, to feel so towards him whom I knew before I was married. There are many things that make me afraid; but I will tell thee all, that of which I have never spoken before, and thou mayest judge for thyself, — and for me. Long ago, when he first used to come to our house, and used to make me dance, when there were all the other girls ready to dance with him, — for he was always the favorite, — I used to think it was pity that made him kind, and I felt as if my body were stone and my feet lead, and I could dance no more, and speak no more, and he thought me cold. And then sometimes I thought he did not think of pity at all, and cared nothing that I was the smuggler Milette's daughter, and my heart grew warm and light as it had never done before. But he went to sea, and,

when he came back again, I thought, Perhaps he will ask me to be his wife; but he had had ill luck, — he had been wrecked, and lost all he had. The night he came home, I was down at your house, and he came to supper, thou knowest, and told of his voyage; and while we sat round the fire, little Jacques Bignard ran in, crying that a man had fallen from the cliff and was near drowning; and Pierre jumped up and ran out, and thou and thy father followed him with the others, but I stayed, — I dared not see Pierre jump into the dark water among the rocks, for I knew he would be the one to do it, being so much younger than thy father. A dread like death came into my heart, that he might be drowned now, just as he had reached home. I could faintly hear the shouts below on the shore, for the night was still, the men were calling to each other about the rope that Pierre swam out with, but I thought it might be for fresh help, and I was sick with fear. I knelt down before the crucifix, and cried, 'O my God, have pity upon me, and spare his life! I offer thee this love that is the life of my life, but spare his life, which is more dear than my own!' My heart suddenly filled with a great joy and peace, and I stood up, and, behold, voices of rejoicing on the shore, and I knew that God had heard me, and that Pierre was safe. I went to the door, and held the lamp above my head to light them up the path; and I heard them coming slowly and heavily, thy father and Pierre carrying the man who seemed dead. It was just as he had brought home my father, Jeanne! They were busy with the poor drowned man. He was long in coming to himself, and then he could not speak, or at least only English, which none but Pierre could understand, and he but a little. There were others of the neighbors who had come up with them from the beach. I went out to get cider, to make into hot drink for the men who had been in the water; and as I stood in the shed by the barrel, drawing the cider, I heard Madame Robbe and Marie Bignard talking just outside. They were talking of Pierre, — what ill luck he had had, so different from the other Lennets. 'Be sure,' Marie Bignard said, 'there's worse luck in store for him if he is fool enough to marry the smuggler Milette's daughter! Ever since he has had to do with the widow and that girl things have gone wrong with him, — I have observed that!' O Jeanne, I could not help hearing those words, and my heart became as lead while I listened!"

"Malicious gossips!" said Jeanne, with indignant violence; "why shouldst thou have cared what they said, my poor Épiphanie? Madame Robbe speaks the truth but once in the month, and that is when she goes to the confessional and tells her sins; and it is time to cross one's self, and call on the good saints for protection, when Marie Bignard speaks well of one!"

"But they say the dead and listeners hear the truth about themselves," said Épiphanie, smiling sadly. "No, Jeanne, when I heard *that*, I knew how it would all be. The Lennets were honorable people, and had all married well. I was the smuggler's daughter; it could never be otherwise. I could not make myself what I was not, however I might try; I remembered my vow. God required it of me, — I knew that: it was not because the women that loved me not had said this, but because God had let me hear them say this. And I knew what people would say of Pierre, and that it would be like a disgrace to him, and so ill luck would, as they said, stick to him. I hid myself from Pierre all the time he was at home, nor danced, nor went out much at all, and went quickly away from church; but told no one, — neither my mother nor thee, Jeanne, — for fear I might be shaken in my purpose. And I walked on in a sort of dream. And one day they told me that Pierre was going; his ship was ordered to sail suddenly at a few hours' warning. I knew he would come that evening to say good by, and I ran down to the shore, and hid myself in an empty boat; I saw him come down the path on the cliff, and I knew he had been to

our house, and was going; I shut my eyes till he had passed, and then I went home. They said it would be a short voyage, but it was nearly two years before he came back.

"Mais donc, Épiphanie! how couldst thou do it?" said Jeanne, looking with eyes full of tender pity, almost awe, at her friend. "If it had but been for religion, thou wouldst have been a martyr."

Épiphanie crossed herself. "Hush, Jeanne!" she said; "my heart was weak as a reed; but God aided me, I think." After a pause, she continued: "My mother was sick all that winter and the spring, François was away, thou wast with thy aunt at the Vallée d'Allon, and I had no friend beside. It was then Coutelenq came, and was kind to my mother, and helped her in many ways. My mother talked always of Coutelenq, but I thought of Pierre night and day. 'And,' I said to myself, 'if I can make enough money to keep us this winter, when François comes home he will have his wages, and can pay Coutelenq his debt.' So I worked on, sometimes at night, and sometimes early in the morning; but I was sad and sick, and the strength seemed gone from my hands. I set off one day, early in the morning, to take my ivory work into Dieppe, and hoped I might bring back the money with me; but the man at the shop said the work was bad, and he could not give me the full price for it, and two pieces he would not take at all. I cried as I came home. I felt as if the *bon Dieu* himself had thrust me from him. Then I thought, it is because I have forgotten my vow, and think always of Pierre, and desire to be his wife. 'For some there must always be pain, and thou art one,' I said."

"O Épiphanie, Épiphanie! that was too hard!" burst out Jeanne, full of pity and impatience at the same time. "God is good, and does not sell us what we desire, but gives it us through love, and that we may love him in return. He could not desire to make thee so miserable!"

"I don't know; Jeanne, I did my best. My mother was ill; I could not forget her. Coutelenq said, "If thou wilt marry me, Épiphanie, thy mother shalt have no more care; there is room at Tréport for her also." Épiphanie paused. "Thou knowest the rest, Jeanne," she said.

"Yes," said Jeanne, "I know."

"I was better in health at Tréport," continued Épiphanie, "after the child came, for I had him to think of and care for. O mon ange! mon petit marmot! mon seul bonheur!" she cried, suddenly, holding the child closer to her bosom, and pressing kiss after kiss upon his rosy face.

She had told her story hitherto with unaltering tones; her voice now was eager, broken with sudden tenderness. Jeanne, with instinctive sagacity, perceived the omnipotent thought of Épiphanie's heart: in the child her life now centred; her love, her conscience, vibrated to this tender touch with unalterable loyalty; through him all things approached her heart; he was at once the key that opened and the door that barred.

"Épiphanie," said Jeanne, "thou hast told me all thy story, and I will tell thee what I think. Thou hast been as good as an angel, but now I say — and I say it with a good conscience — that thou shouldst not say 'no' to Pierre any more. Thou hast done thy duty without thinking of thy own will; thou hast been good wife, good daughter, good mother, — yes, I say, — let me go on," as Épiphanie appeared about to say something, "I don't say it is always good to give a child a step-father, but thou and Pierre are different from most people. If thou and thy mother were to die, who would be so ready as Pierre to provide for the boy? and whom couldst thou trust so well? I tell thee, Pierre's heart is deep, large as the sea; he loves thee and all things that belong to thee, — thy mother thy child. He has loved thee at home, at sea, in evil fortune and in good; he loved thee then, he loves thee now, and he has loved thee seven long years! No, I have not finished yet, — thou wouldst

say something of thy vow; well, look at it, — thy vow! Hast thou not observed it well? I tell thee, yes. Thou gavest up thy happiness once, and thou madest thy husband happy while he lived; I know thy life at Tréport, and how thou wast always gentle and uncomplaining and kind, till even thy husband's relations were forced to love thee! Now, when the *bon Dieu* has made Pierre faithful to thee still, and offers thee again some happiness, is it thou who must say 'no'? If thou thinkest of thy evil luck, and that thou wilt bring it on Pierre, ma foi! I don't understand that. Look a little, — Pierre is what one may call rich, I tell thee. He has money in Dieppe, he is first mate of his ship, he has never had a bad voyage since the first two, and he cares as much for the Widow Milette and her daughter as ever; 'I have observed that' (with some asperity of tone), as well as Marie Bignard! Thou art no longer 'Milette,' but the Widow Coutelenq, — as good a name as Robbe or Bignard, for example; and, if we call thee 'Milette,' still, it is because we like the old name better. Eh bien! I will tell thee one thing more. Thou hast done thy duty to all, — to thy mother, to thy husband, to me, — always, Épiphanie; but there remains still one whom thou hast wronged; je le dit whom thou hast made to suffer, whom thou hast caused to put himself in danger instead of staying tranquilly at home. It is necessary to make this one amends, and who is this? It is Pierre Lennet!"

Épiphanie smiled. "It sounds like Monsieur le Curé, when he gives one advice," she said, "to hear thee talk. Thou art always so strong and sure about everything; thou always usedst as a child to speak out, and wast always ready to do things that the others held back from out of fear."

"Ah!" said Jeanne, with a sigh, "there 's no great good comes of quick words or quick deeds after all. You should be sure you want to get there before you jump into a hole, because changing your mind when you are down at the bottom is poor work, to my thinking. Look, Épiphanie, there is Dieppe," and she pointed to eastward, where a sudden bend in the line of cliffs showed them a glimpse of the harbor. In another moment the towers of the Citadelle rose above the cliffs, and the sudden clash of bells borne fitfully on the wind met them, and proclaimed that they neared the town.

Marie Robbe, who had diplomatically walked an extra mile to accomplish her object, now mounted the donkey, and rode on triumphantly in front; glancing demurely from under her dark lashes at the crowds that filled the streets, and were now already streaming into the great church of St. Jacques.

CHAPTER VIII.

And now the little company began to separate, — some to visit their friends in the different quarters of the city where they were to spend the day; others to the market-place to do their business before church-time; and the more devout going at once into the church, to spend the time before service in visiting the shrines to the Madonne de Bon Secours and St. Jacques, or to place a votive candle before the shrine of the entombment, an ancient and rude carving in stone, representing the group of mourning women and disciples at the tomb. These figures stand within a deep recess, in a sombre nook near the entrance of the church. They are enclosed, in front, by an iron grating, through which the people pass by a little gate; and, after placing their candles on an iron frame, not unlike an upturned harrow, that stands before the shrine, the votaries may meditate on this ancient and sacred scene of sorrow till their own troubles become ennobled by the fellowship or lessened by the contrast.

Épiphanie Milette was one of these votaries, and left Jeanne at the market-place, going herself at once to the church. Marie Robbe accompanied Jeanne as far as the end of the narrow street where lived her uncle, the ivory-

carver; and Jeanne, as she mounted her donkey once more, looking back, saw her arranging her dress with a face of much discontent at the clouds of dust that were driving along the street.

Jean Farge, at whose house Jeanne was to stay the night, lived in the Pollet, — an ancient part of the town separated from the rest of Dieppe by the intervening harbor and dock. In the Pollet still linger some of the primitive customs of ancient Normandy, nowhere else to be found. The Polletais are a bold, free people, who love the sea, and have held to their own ways with a tenacity that perhaps more strongly than anything else bears witness to their Scandinavian blood. They still pride themselves on their ancient title of *Loups de Mer*, — a title most likely handed down from their ancestors, those veritable sea-wolves, who, sweeping southward from the far away northern forests and rocky shores of Denmark, came down upon the fair coasts of Normandy, and, stealing up the rivers in their black ships, burned and plundered town and village, and drove the miserable inhabitants before them like panic-stricken sheep.

Perhaps there is not in history a more wonderful tale than this of Normandy, — the story of the first coming of those turbulent sea robbers, — those square-browed and yellow-haired Vikings, who, in their fierce and invincible strength, seem to make credible the stories of the Skalds and the superhuman heroes of the Niebelungenlied. They spread over the land, and kept it with the hard grasp of men who could hold as well as win, who could be princes and rulers as well as conquerors and robbers. Then they were gradually softened and ennobled under this sweeter sky, and the dew and sunshine of the Christian faith. Their enterprise and strength and daring had found a new channel; and then rose the noble churches of Rouen, Chartres, and Caen, and an order of knights, who seemed to carry victory and empire before them. When Guaimar, prince of Salerno, and his trembling subjects, were ready to submit to the demands of the haughty Saracens, who besieged his gates, forty Norman pilgrims, who happened to be at the time within the walls, entreated to be allowed to have horses and arms, and liberty to go forth and chastise these insolent pagans. The request was eagerly granted, the gates thrown open, and the band of Normans, like a thunderbolt, descended on the foe. The Saracens, amazed by the furious and unexpected onslaught, fled tumultuously; and the Pilgrims returned to lay down their arms and take up their weeds once more. When Guaimar would have loaded them with presents, they rejected them with scorn: "For the love of God and of the Christian faith," they said, "we have done what we have done; and we can neither accept of wages for such service nor delay our return to our homes." Some say, however, that the Polletais' title to *Loup de Mer* has no such historic meaning, but is simply another name for "Seals," — an appellation which they can certainly claim at this day as entirely characteristic. They love the sea, and follow the seaman's craft with an undivided heart. No Polletais was ever known to be anything but fisherman or sailor, and the best pilots on the coast are found among them.

There is usually some solemnity in the taking up of the hereditary craft, for, before a young man goes his first independent voyage, he is presented by his mother or sister with a new fishing-net, the work of her own hands. This net is his sole capital. His family and neighbors accompany him down to his boat, and there embracing him, and calling down upon him the blessing of God, and the protecting care of St. James, they send him forth upon the sea, which they neither fear nor regard with distrust.

If, on a pleasant summer's evening, about dusk, you walk along the wharf-side of the Pollet, passing the rows of quaint gabled houses that open on the quay, you may see many a picturesque

group sitting in the doorway; the women in their white caps and bright-colored petticoats, knitting, or, shuttle in hand, weaving fishing-nets, as the children play about the pavement, gabbling in the queer Pollet dialect, which ignores the double letters and all j's and g's, and gives a soft and flowing sound to their speech not unlike Italian, and thus does a little to strengthen the theory held by some fantastic antiquarians, that the Pollet is the remains of a Venetian settlement. On the benches by the doorways sit groups of men, smoking and talking, whose dress if it be Sunday or holiday is worth the seeing. It consists of a velvet cap, ornamented with embroideries in silver thread; a vest of blue cloth, also embroidered, and with large buttons; breeches laced at the knee, silk stockings, and low shoes with silver clasps. A little later sounds the curfew, and before it has done ringing the streets become silent and deserted; a light here and there twinkles in the windows, supper is over, the prayer said, and the Pollet by a little after nine is abed. At the corner of a narrow street, as the darkness deepens, glimmers the feeble light of a yellow candle burning at the feet of the Madonna, placed there by some devout Polletais. The sea breaks on the shingly beach below the cliff, the lights of the town twinkle across the harbor, the wind sighs pleasantly through the many masts in the dock, and so the Pollet sleeps till morning.

They tell you strange stories in the Pollet. There it was that I first heard the story of the little wren, that sings on Christmas eve and proclaims the Nativity. Another tale of this kind I heard one day, as I sat sheltered from a pelting shower in a fisherman's cottage, watching through the open doorway the rain sweeping down between me and the masts in the dock, and the rifts of blue sky that widened and widened over the gables of the town as the storm cleared. I asked the fisherman's wife — a pretty young woman, who sat knitting as she rocked her child on her knee — about the Dieppe Lighthouse.

"A fine light," she said, "and an excellent *guetteur* to watch it, without doubt." I had heard of Monsieur Bouzard? — a man of a great courage; the post of watchman to the Dieppe Light had been in his family for more than a hundred years. Old Bouzard, grandfather to the present watchman, (she had often heard her father tell of him,) he had saved one, two, three, four, five, six lives from drowning, — counting them on her fingers with her knitting-needles, — "he was a swimmer for example!" She had been told that some great king" (Louis XVI.) had called him 'Le brave homme Bouzard'; and the great Napoleon, uncle of our Emperor, had made to be built that house for him and his family forever; and on it one can read of all the people they have saved, and there one may see the medals of gold and silver, and learn all the honor of the family Bouzard. "But what is that?" continues the pleasant little fishwife; "I would not be *guetteur* for my part. To be always solitary in the wind and darkness on stormy nights; and then the phantom ship," — with a shudder, — "one might die of fear to see that."

"Phantom ship!" I said; "and what is that?"

Mademoiselle had not heard of the phantom ship? that was strange, but strangers can know so little of the true marvels of a place, to be sure!

At my request she told me the story. "On All-Souls' night the watchman on the pier, as he walks there all alone, just after midnight, sees, approaching, a dark ship, with black sails, without light, without sound, but it makes for the harbor. He hails it, but there is no answer; he shouts to those on board the ship to throw the rope; but then, — then while he watches it, — all slowly, slowly it disappears into the darkness, and he hears the sound of cries for help, and those die away into the darkness also, and his very flesh creeps, for" — suddenly leaning forward with her wide brown eyes fixed on my face,

and her voice dropping to a dramatic whisper — "*he knows the voices; they are those of the sailors who have been drowned that year!*" and the speaker suddenly claps her saboted foot down on the ground, and continues to rock and knit.

It was to one of the houses of the Pollet, then, that Jeanne repaired, after leaving Marie Robbe. Her path lay over the draw-bridge that crosses the dock, and along the wharf, where she had to thread her way among cables, and piles of nets and tackle, that lay about on every side. Her destination was the house of Jean Farge. Jean Farge and his family were old friends of the Deféres; and the quaint little house, built in the side of the cliff, and approached by steps cut in the chalk rock, was always their stopping-place when business or a *fête* day brought Jeanne or her father to Dieppe. As Jeanne passed along, she saw numbers of fishing-boats running into the harbor, seeking shelter from the storm; for there was no doubt now that the wind was rising, and gave it promise of a rough night. How the wind blew! It came sweeping up from the sea, and roaring into the hollows of the cliffs, — said to have been the caves of smugglers in former times, but at present serving for the more innocent, but less interesting, purpose of storing herring-barrels, old spars, and disabled rowing-boats; — it came blustering down the wharf, sending a cloud of dust before it, and swinging the fishing tackle and nets that hung against the sides of the houses, and rattling the rigging of the ships that lay at anchor in the dock.

Jeanne was glad to turn into the sheltered alley that led to Jean Farge's abode. Fastening her donkey at the foot of the steps, she ascended, and knocked at the door. All were from home but old Madame Farge, who sat at her spinning-wheel in the window looking on to the wharf. She held out her hand to Jeanne, and kissed her somewhat ceremoniously on the forehead. "Que Dieu te benisse, ma fille!" she said.

"Que Dieu vous garde, madame!" replied the young girl, stooping, and kissing the proffered hand.

Madame Farge was a true Polletais; and to-day, though she could not attend the service, she was arrayed in her full holiday attire. She was a little old woman, thin and spare, with a wrinkled, sharp-cut face. "Ai, Jeanne! but thou art somewhat late, ma fille," she said; "thou hast missed the others. It is too stormy for me, and I stay by my spinning-wheel."

"Yes," said Jeanne, "it is bad weather on land, let alone the sea; and my father is out in it too; he started last night, with the tide, at seven o'clock. No doubt but he will put into harbor to-day. I saw the boats running in by the dozen as I came along the wharf."

"Yes, yes, that is what he will do," said Madame Farge; "thy father always was a prudent man, and has had good luck; and that means, ma fille, that he has always had a stout heart and a cool head, and watched which way the wind blew, — eh, Jeanne? It is the fools that have always bad luck, — is it not?"

"Maybe," said Jeanne; "but it is not so easy always to be wise. But," she continued, looking through the little window that commanded a view of the harbor, "the men say it won't be much of a storm, only a blow enough to spoil the fish-haul, but not enough to do much damage."

"Well, I hope it may," said the old woman; "but I don't like the whistle of the wind in the cliffs; it brings the gulls about, squalling, and they know more about bad weather than the men do, I fancy. I, for my part, never like a stormy *fête* day, nor dost thou, either, I suppose. When one wears *ruban de soie* like that on one's bodice," she continued, stooping towards Jeanne, and inspecting her attire, "one does not like rain! Ai! a present from thy Aunt Ducrés, — is it? Ah! she knows what is suitable, to be sure. Thy cousin Gabriel was here last night. How was it you did not come together? He told me something about it, but I for-

get; well, he and my grandson have been out since daybreak, I know not for what. Thou wilt meet them at church, most likely, and you can return here together, — or wilt thou wait here awhile?"

"No," said Jeanne, "it is time to go now; I don't wish to be late. Épiphanie Milette is waiting for me at the shrine of Notre Dame. Gabriel can come with the other boys."

"Eh bien, ma fille! fasten thy donkey in the shed, give him some feed, and return soon."

And Jeanne departed, and walked swiftly along the wharf-side, fearing to meet Gabriel by the way. But she had little cause for such concern. Gabriel was far away, and she was destined to meet him under very different circumstances, — not till the quick anguish of despair of ever seeing him again had shown her that his life was dear to her as her own.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME FARGE was right. The gulls did know more about the weather than she or any one else. The wind rose steadily all day, and by afternoon the gleams of light that had brightened the cloudy heavens every now and then during the morning, and given fitful hopes of clearing, had entirely disappeared, and a heavy surging mass of vapor spread sulky and dark from horizon to horizon. The rain began in gusty showers, which abated nothing the violence of the wind. The fishing-boats came in hour by hour, seeking the shelter of the harbor, unwilling to face the storm that now threatened to last all night. Knots of women, blown about by the wind, stood on the pier, watching the coming in of the boats. Some of them, with still a thought to their holiday dress, sheltered themselves under the lea of the sentry-box that stands by the great crucifix at one end of the pier. The more anxious leaned over the low wall of the pier, and gazed out towards the dark, threatening sea and sky, or watched the slow approach of the boats, that one by one, struggling and laboring in the heavy sea, made their way towards the mouth of the harbor. From time to time, when the cry of "A boat comes!" was given, the crowd became suddenly animated; the talk rose by a rapid crescendo into an almost incoherent babel of exclamatory discussion, accompanied by eager gesticulations; and all rushed with one accord to the end of the pier. As the boat entered the narrow mouth of the harbor, the excitement became intensified; all eyes were strained to catch the first sight of the rope thrown out from the vessel by which she was to be towed into dock.

In another moment, with a shrill whir, the rope came, and had scarcely touched the ground when it was seized by the eager crowd, men and women together, who, forming into a double line, to the jubilant clack of their own sabots, trooped along, chattering gayly as they pulled, — the women calling shrill welcomes in reply to the shouts of greeting from the men in the boat below.

Jeanne had watched hour by hour for her father's boat in vain. A little before four o'clock the tide had turned, and begun to rise, and by about ten o'clock it would be high tide; and the men predicted that the storm would abate after that, and go down with the falling tide. But there were six anxious hours to pass over before then, and the storm seemed to grow more violent every moment.

"It was possible," reasoned Jeanne, "that her father might have put back into Verangeville, or, if he had got down as far as Tréport, he might have put in there for the night; her father knew how difficult the harbor at Dieppe was, and would most probably choose another." And, in view of all these contingencies, Jeanne consoled Épiphanie, who thought of her brother's evil luck, and looked out on the grim, desolate sea with despair deepening in her eyes every moment. How much Jeanne's own stout heart misgave her as she

argued thus, and sought to reassure her more disconsolate companion, we need not inquire; but she kept up a brave front to misfortune, at any rate. Jeanne tried to persuade her companion to go back to Madame Farge, to stay there till the evening service, on account of the child, while she herself would remain on the watch, and promised to send her word at the first sight of the boat. Épiphanie did not leave Jeanne willingly; she clung to her hope-giving, cheery presence; but at last reluctantly obeyed, and Jeanne remained to watch and wait alone. As the day wore on to its close, the boats came in at greater intervals, and old Defére's boat was not among them. Jeanne chatted with the other women and one or two men who still remained on the pier, and lent a hand in towing in the boats as they arrived; but, as evening approached, and nearly all of the expected fishing-craft had found safe harborage, the number of spectators gradually diminished, and Jeanne was left with the few watchers who still remained. As it grew dark, the bell began to ring for evening service, and Épiphanie came hurrying along the pier, wrapped in her long cloak, under which the baby lay and slept, sheltered from the wind and rain.

"Come, Jeanne," she said, "it is time to go up to the *office*. I have brought thee some supper down from Madame Farge; thou canst eat it as we go along."

So they went up together, stopping once or twice, with the involuntary curiosity of country women, to look into the shop windows, some of which were already lit up, and displayed their wares under the bright gaslight. As they crossed the market-place, the wind caught them, and, like a malignant spirit, seemed to hold them back from the church-porch. Out of the blustering storm they turned into the silence of the old church. The lights on the high altar faintly illuminated the chancel, but the great body of the nave and side aisles lay in gloom, the tall arches lost themselves in the sombre dimness of the vaulted roof, and the glowing colors of the windows were fading slowly from their lovely twilight splendor.

The two women paused for a moment at the Shrine of the Entombment, and then passed up the church. Taking two of the innumerable chairs piled in a stack round one of the pillars near the chancel, they knelt down to pass the time before service in their private devotions. The church soon began to fill rapidly, the high vaulted roof re-echoing to the constant slamming of the great padded door at the west entrance, as the crowd streamed in. The lights upon the high altar grew into full radiance, the long line of priests and choristers entered the chancel, and the service began.

It was the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels. Round the church beat the storm, howling through the flying buttresses, and lashing the rain against the windows. As the service went on, the monotonous chanting of the priests gave place to the organ and the voices of the choir; the sounds of storm without were drowned in the triumphant tones, and it seemed as if St. Michael and his hosts, "the shining squadrons of the sky," fought with the rebellious spirits of the air, and drove them back with sweet tones of angelic victory.

The two women knelt side by side in the strange companionship and isolation of their devotion. Each joined devoutly in the triumphant service of the church, and yet each poured into it the warm life of her own heart with its individual longings and grief. Jeanne's face was raised, and her eyes were fixed on the high altar and its blazing lights. The warm light, falling full upon her front, made her like some glowing picture as she knelt, with her high, white Norman cap and scarlet bodice, the trembling ear-rings and the chain about her throat, her soft and shining hair that fell beneath her cap, her clasped hands, and fervent, upturned face. Épiphanie cradled her baby in her arms that rested on the top of her chair, and her

pale face was bent over the rosy, sleeping child, that lay against her bosom; her lips moved with her prayers, her brother and the fishing-boats were in her thoughts, and every angry gust that blustered round the church increased the sickening pangs of her anxiety; for years of care had worn away the youthful spring of her spirit, and self-distrust and despondency were almost natural to her.

It had been well for Jeanne that she had had others to think of all day; she had carried the child for Épiphanie, and spoken words of cheer to many an anxious watcher on the pier, and this had given her more comfort than she herself knew of at the time. When Épiphanie took the child from her arms, and knelt down, Jeanne understood that her care was set aside. Épiphanie had thrown herself and her anxieties and sadness on a stronger arm, and for the time needed Jeanne no longer. Poor Jeanne! now she must think of herself and her own troubles, — of her father, — of Gabriel!

She repeated her usual prayers, but they had neither strength nor savor as heretofore, for all was confusion within. There was fear for her father and poor François, and in her heart, bufeted and tossed by doubt and perplexity, rung her angry parting words with Gabriel. She bowed her head, while the floods of a bitter humiliation passed over her. Suddenly a cry rose in her heart with all the vehemence of youth and strength. "Spare his life, spare but his life, O God! His anger may remain; we may never be at peace again any more, if that be thy will; but from the horror of death and danger O save him, Good Lord!" For clear and strong before her had risen a vision of Gabriel encompassed with danger; it impressed itself upon her mind with importunate persistency and the clear horror of reality; and in that moment in which she learned that the withdrawal of his love must be as the darkening of her life, she accepted this if it were the alternative of his death, and prayed for his life alone.

MINOR ELIZABETHAN POETS.

IN the April number of this magazine we ventured some remarks on the genius of Spenser. In the present we propose to speak of a few of his more eminent contemporaries and successors, who were rated as poets in their own generation, however neglected they may be in ours. We shall select those who have some pretensions to originality of character as well as mind; and though there is no space to mention all who claim the attention of students of literary history, we fear we shall gain the gratitude of the reader for those omitted, rather than for those included, in the survey. Sins of omission are sometimes exalted by circumstances into a high rank among the negative virtues.

Among the minor poets of this era were two imitators of Spenser, — Phineas and Giles Fletcher. They were cousins of Fletcher the dramatist, but with none of his wild blood in their veins, and none of his flashing creativeness in their souls, to give evidence of the relationship. "The Purple Island," a poem in twelve cantos, by Phineas, is a long allegorical description of the body and soul of man, perverse in design, melodious in expression, occasionally felicitous in the personification of abstract qualities, but on the whole to be considered as an exercise of boundless ingenuity to produce insufferable tediousness. Not in the dissecting-room itself is anatomy less poetical than in the harmonious stanzas of "The Purple Island." Giles, the

brother of Phineas, was the more potent spirit of the two, but his power is often directed by a taste even more elaborately bad. His poem of "Christ's Victory and Triumph," in parts almost sublime, in parts almost puerile, is a proof that imaginative fertility may exist in a mind without any imaginative grasp. Campbell, however, considers him a connecting link between Spenser and Milton.

Samuel Daniel, another poet of this period, was the son of a music-master, and was born in 1562. Fuller says of him, that "he carried, in his Christian and surname, two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures that he abhorred all profaneness." Amiable in character, gentle in disposition, and with a genius meditative rather than energetic, he appears to have possessed that combination of qualities which makes men personally pleasing if it does not make them permanently famous. He was patronized both by Elizabeth and James, was the friend of Shakespeare and Camden, and was highly esteemed by the most accomplished women of his time. A most voluminous writer in prose and verse, he was distinguished in both for the purity, simplicity, and elegance of his diction. Browne calls him "the well-languaged Daniel." But if he avoided the pedantry and quaintness which were too apt to vitiate the style of the period, and wrote what might be called modern English, it has still been found that modern Englishmen cannot be coaxed into reading what is so lucidly written. His longest work, a versified History of the Civil Wars, dispassionate as a chronicle and unimpassioned as a poem, is now only read by those critics in whom the sense of duty is victorious over the disposition to doze. The best expressions of his pensive, tender, and thoughtful nature are his epistles and his sonnets. Among the epistles, that to the Countess of Cumberland is the best. It is a model for all adulatory addresses to women; indeed, a masterpiece of subtile compliment; for it assumes in its object a sympathy with whatever is noblest in sentiment, and an understanding of whatever is most elevated in thought. The sonnets, first published in 1592, in his thirtieth year, record the strength and the disappointment of a youthful passion. The lady, whom he addresses under the name of Delia, refused him, it is said, for a wealthier lover, and the pang of this baffled affection made him wretched for years, and sent him

> "Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart."

Echo, — he tells us, while he was aiming to overcome the indifference of the maiden, —

> "Echo, daughter of the air,
> Babbling guest of rocks and rills,
> Knows the name of my fierce fair,
> And sounds the accents of my ills."

Throughout the sonnets, the matchless perfection of this Delia is ever connected with her disdain of the poet who celebrates it: —

> "Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
> Her brow shades frowns, although her eyes are sunny;
> Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
> And her disdains are gall, her favors honey.
> A modest maid, decked with a blush of honor,
> Who treads along green paths of youth and love,
> The wonder of all eyes that gaze upon her,
> Sacred on earth, designed a saint above."

This picture of the "modest maid, decked with a blush of honor," is exquisite; but it is still a picture, and not a living presence. Shakespeare, touching the same beautiful object with his life-imparting imagination, suffuses at once the sense and soul with a feeling of the vital reality, when he describes the French princess as a "maiden rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty."

The richest and most elaborately fanciful of these sonnets is that in which the poet calls upon his mistress to give back her perfections to the objects from which she derived them: —

> "Restore thy tresses to the golden ore;
> Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love;
> Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore;
> And to the orient do thy pearls remove.
> Yield thy hand's pride unto the ivory white;
> To Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet;
> Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
> To Thetis give the honor of thy feet.

Let Venus have thy graces, her resigned;
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
So shalt thou cease to plague and I to pain."

There is a fate in love. This man, who could not conquer the insensibility of one country girl, was the honored friend of the noblest and most celebrated woman of his age. Eventually, at the age of forty, he was married to a sister of John Florio, to whom his own sister, the Rosalind who jilted Spenser, is supposed to have been previously united. He died in retirement, in 1619, in his fifty-eighth year.

A more powerful and a more prolific poet than Daniel was Michael Drayton, who rhymed steadily for some forty years, and produced nearly a hundred thousand lines. The son of a butcher, and born about the year 1563, he early exhibited an innocent desire to be a poet, and his first request to his tutor at college was to make him one. Like Daniel, he enjoyed the friendship and patronage of the noble favorers of learning and genius. His character seems to have been irreproachable. Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury," says of him, that among all sorts of people "he is held as a man of virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and well-governed carriage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but roguery in villanous man; and when cheating and craftiness is counted the cleanest wit and soundest wisdom." But the market-value, both of his poetry and virtue, was small, and he seems to have been always on bad terms with the booksellers. His poems, we believe, were the first which arrived at second editions by the simple process of merely reprinting the title-pages of the first, — a fact which is ominous of his bad success with the public. The defect of his mind was not the lack of materials, but the lack of taste to select, and imagination to fuse, his materials. His poem of "The Barons' Wars" is a metrical chronicle; his "Poly-Olbion" is an enormous piece of metrical topography, extending to thirty thousand twelve-syllabled lines. In neither poem does he view his subject from an eminence, but doggedly follows the course of events and the succession of objects. His "Poly-Olbion" is in general so accurate as a description of England, that it is quoted as authority by such antiquaries as Hearne and Wood and Nicholson. Campbell has felicitously touched its fatal defect in saying that Drayton "chained his poetry to the map." The only modern critic who seems to have followed all its wearisome details with loving enthusiasm is Charles Lamb, who speaks of Drayton as that "panegyrist of my native earth who has gone over her soil with the fidelity of a herald and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stepped over) without honorable mention; and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology." But, in spite of this warm commendation, the essential difficulty with the "Poly-Olbion" is, that, with all its merits, it is unreadable. The poetic feeling, the grace, the freshness, the pure, bright, and vigorous diction, which characterize it, appear to more advantage in his minor poems, where his subjects are less unwieldy, and the vivacity of his fancy makes us forget his lack of high imagination. His fairy poem of "Nymphidia," for instance, is one of the most deliciously fanciful creations in the language; and many of his smaller pieces have the point and sparkle of Carew's and Suckling's. In reading, too, his longer poems, we frequently light upon passages as perfect of their kind as this description of Queen Isabella's hand: —

"She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The God's pure sceptres and the darts of love,
That with their touch might make a tiger meek,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove.
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lily for a glove."

A more popular poet than Daniel, or Drayton, or the Fletchers, was William Warner, an attorney of the Common Pleas, who was born about the year

1558, and who died in 1609. His "Albion's England," a poem of some ten thousand verses, was published in 1586, ran through six editions in sixteen years, and died out of the memory of mankind with the last, in 1612. After having conscientiously waded through such immense masses of uninteresting rhyme, as we have been compelled to do in the preparation of these notices, we confess, with a not unmalicious exultation, that we know Warner's poem only by description and extracts. Albion is a general name for both Scotland and England; and Albion's England is a metrical history — "not barren," in the author's own words, "of inventive intermixtures" — of the southern portion of the island, beginning at the deluge, and ending with the reign of James I. As James might have said, anticipating Metternich, "after me the deluge," Warner's poem may be considered as ending in some such catastrophe as it began. The merit of Warner is that of a story-teller, and he reached classes of readers to whom Spenser was hardly known by name. The work is a strange mixture of comic and tragic fact and fable, exceedingly gross in parts, with little power of imagination or grace of language, but possessing the great popular excellence of describing persons and incidents in the fewest and simplest words. The best story is that of Argentile and Curan, and it is told as briefly as though it were intended for transmission by telegraph at the cost of a dollar a word. Warner has some occasional touches of nature and pathos which almost rival the old ballads for directness and intensity of feeling. The most remarkable of these, condensed in two of his long fourteen-syllabled lines, is worth all the rest of his poems. It is where he represents Queen Eleanor as striking the fair Rosamond: —

> "With that she dashed her on the lips, so dyéd double red:
> Hard was the heart that gave the blow, soft were those lips that bled."

It is a rapid transition from Warner, the poet of the populace, to Donne, the poet of the metaphysicians, but the range of the Elizabethan mind is full of contrasts. In the words of the satirist, Donne is a poet, —

> "Whose muse on dromedary trots,
> Wreathes iron pokers into true love-knots;
> Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,
> Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and screw.
> . . . . .
> See lewdness with theology combined, —
> A cynic and a sycophantic mind,
> A fancy shared party per pale between
> Death's heads and skeletons and Aretine! —
> Not his peculiar defect and crime,
> But the true current mintage of the time.
> Such were the established signs and tokens given
> To mark a loyal churchman, sound and even,
> Free from papistic and fanatic leaven."

John Donne, the ludicrous complexity of whose intellect and character is thus maliciously sketched, was one of the strangest of versifiers, sermonizers, and men. He was the son of a wealthy London merchant, and was born in 1573. One of those youthful prodigies who have an appetite for learning as other boys have an appetite for cakes and plums, he was, at the age of eleven, sufficiently advanced in his studies to enter the University of Oxford, where he remained three years. He was then transferred to Cambridge. His classical and mathematical education being thus completed, he, at the age of seventeen, was admitted into Lincoln's Inn to study the law. His relations being Roman Catholics, he abandoned, at the age of nineteen, the law, in order to make an elaborate examination of the points in dispute between the Romanists and the Reformed churches. Having in a year's time exhausted this controversy, he spent several years in travelling in Italy and Spain. On his return to England he was made chief secretary of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, — an office which he held five years. It was probably during the period between his twentieth and thirtieth years that most of his secular poetry was written, and that his nature took its decided eccentric twist. An insatiable intellectual curiosity seems, up to this time, to have been his leading characteristic; and as this led him to all kinds of liter-

ature for mental nutriment, his faculties, in their formation, were inlaid with the oddest varieties of opinions and crotchets. With vast learning, with a subtile and penetrating intellect, with a fancy singularly fruitful and ingenious, he still contrived to disconnect, more or less, his learning from what was worth learning, his intellect from what was reasonable, his fancy from what was beautiful. His poems, or rather his metrical problems, are obscure in thought, rugged in versification, and full of conceits which are intended to surprise rather than to please; but they still exhibit a power of intellect, both analytical and analogical, competent at once to separate the minutest and connect the remotest ideas. This power, while it might not have given his poems grace, sweetness, freshness, and melody, would still, if properly directed, have made them valuable for their thoughts; but in the case of Donne it is perverted to the production of what is *bizarre* or unnatural, and his muse is thus as hostile to use as to beauty. The intention is, not to idealize what is true, but to display the writer's skill and wit in giving a show of reason to what is false. The effect of this on the moral character of Donne was pernicious. A subtile intellectual scepticism, which weakened will, divorced thought from action and literature from life, and made existence a puzzle and a dream, resulted from this perversion of his intellect. He found that he could wittily justify what was vicious as well as what was unnatural; and his amatory poems, accordingly, are characterized by a cold, hard, labored, intellectualized sensuality, worse than the worst impurity of his contemporaries, because it has no excuse in passion for its violations of decency.

But now happened an event which proved how little the talents and accomplishments of this voluptuary of intellectual conceits were competent to serve him in a grapple with the realities of life. Lady Ellesmere had a niece, the daughter of Sir George Moore, with whom Donne fell in love; and as, according to Izaak Walton, his behavior, when it would entice, had "a strange kind of elegant, irresistible art," he induced her to consent to a private marriage, against the wishes and without the knowledge of her father. Izaak accounts for this, on the perhaps tenable ground, that "love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be children of that blind father, a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire." But Sir George Moore, the father of the lady, an arrogant, avaricious, and passionate brute, was so enraged at the match, that he did not rest until he had induced Lord Ellesmere to dismiss Donne from his service, and until he had placed his son-in-law in prison. Although Sir George, compelled to submit to what was inevitable, became at last reconciled to Donne, he refused to contribute anything towards his daughter's maintenance. As Donne's own fortune had been by this time all expended in travel, books, and other dissipation, and as he was deprived of his office, he was now stripped of everything but his power of framing conceits; and accordingly, in a dismal letter to his wife, recounting his miseries, he has nothing but this quibble to support her under affliction: —

"John Donne, Ann Donne, Undone."

A charitable kinsman of the Ellesmeres, however, Sir Francis Wolly, seeing the helplessness of this man of brain, took him and his wife into his own house. Here they resided until the death of their benefactor; Donne occupying his time in studying the civil and canon laws, and probably also in composing his treatise on Self-Murder, — a work in which his ingenuity is thought to have devised some excuses for suicide, but the reading of which, according to Hallam, would induce no man to kill himself, unless he were threatened with another volume.

During his residence with Sir Francis Wolly, Donne, whose acquirements in theology were immense, was offered a benefice by Dr. Morton, then Dean of Gloucester; but he declined to enter the Church from a feeling of spiritual unfitness. It is probable that his habits of intellectual self-indulgence, while they really weakened his conscience, made it morbidly acute. He would not adopt the profession of law or divinity for a subsistence, though he was willing to depend for subsistence on the charity of others. Izaak Walton praises his humility; but his humility was another name for his indisposition to or inability for practical labor, — a humility which makes self-depreciation an excuse for moral laziness, and shrinks as nervously from duty as from pride. Both law and divinity, therefore, he continued to make the luxuries of his existence.

In good time this selfish intellectuality resulted in that worst of intellectual diseases, mental disgust. After the death of his patron, his father-in-law allowed him but £80 a year to support his family. Sickness, and affliction, and comparative poverty came to wake him from his dream, and reveal him to himself. In some affecting letters, which have been preserved, he moans over his moral inefficiency, and confesses to an "over-earnest desire for the next life" to escape from the perplexities of this. "I grow older," he says, "and not better; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do; but to be no part of anybody is as to be nothing: and so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world as by business to contribute some sustenation to the whole. This I made account; I began early, when I undertook the study of our laws; but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages. . . . . Now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters. . . . . I am rather a sickness or disease of the world than any part of it, and therefore neither love it nor life." And he closes with the words, "Your poor friend and God's poor patient, John Donne."

And this was the mental state to which Donne was reduced by thirty years of incessant study, — of study that sought only the gratification of intellectual caprice and of intellectual curiosity, of study without a practical object. From this wretched mood of self-disgust and disgust with existence, this fret of thought at the impotence of will, we may date Donne's gradual emancipation from his besetting sins; for life, at such a point of spiritual experience, is only possible under the form of a new life. His theological studies and meditations were now probably directed more to the building up of character, and less to the pandering to his gluttonous intellectuality. His recovery was a work of years; and it is doubtful if he would ever have chosen a profession, if King James, delighted with his views regarding the questions of supremacy and allegiance, and amazed at his opulence in what then was called learning, had not insisted on his entering the Church. After much hesitation, and long preparation, Donne yielded to the royal command. He was successively made Chaplain in Ordinary, Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn, and Dean of St. Paul's; was soon recognized as one of the ablest and most eloquent preachers of his time; and impressed those who sat under his ministrations, not merely with admiration for his genius, but reverence for his holy life and almost ascetic self-denial. The profession he had adopted with so much self-distrust he came to love with such fervor that his expressed wish was to die in the pulpit, or in consequence of his labors therein. This last wish was granted in 1631, in his fifty-eighth year; "and that body," says Walton with quaint pathos, "which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost" now became

"but a small quantity of Christian dust."

Donne's published sermons are in form nearly as grotesque as his poems, though they are characterized by profounder qualities of heart and mind. It was his misfortune to know thoroughly the works of fourteen hundred writers, most of them necessarily worthless; and he could not help displaying his erudition in his discourses. In what is now called taste he was absolutely deficient. His sermons are a curious mosaic of quaintness, quotation, wisdom, puerility, subtilty, and ecstasy. The pedant and the seer possess him by turns, and in reading no other divine are our transitions from yawning to rapture so swift and unexpected. He has passages of transcendent merit, passages which evince a spiritual vision so piercing, and a feeling of divine things so intense, that for the time we seem to be communing with a religious genius of the most exalted and exalting order; but soon he involves us in a maze of quotations and references, and our minds are hustled by what Hallam calls "the rabble of bad authors" that this saint and sage has always at his skirts, even when he ascends to the highest heaven of contemplation. Doubtless what displeases this age added to his reputation in his own. Donne was more pedantic than his clerical contemporaries only because he had more of that thought-suffocating learning which all of them regarded with irrational respect. One of the signs of Bacon's superiority to his age was the cool audacity with which he treated sophists, simpletons, bigots, and liars, even though they wrote in Latin and Greek.

A poet as intellectual as Donne, but whose intelligence was united to more manliness and efficiency, was Sir John Davies. He was born in 1570, and was educated for the law. The first we hear of him, after being called to the bar, was his expulsion from the society of the Middle Temple, for quarrelling with one Richard Martin, and giving him a sound beating. This was in 1598. The next recorded fact of his biography was the publication, a year afterwards, of his poem on the Immortality of the Soul. A man who thus combined so much pugilistic with so much philosophic power, could not be long kept down in a country so full of fight and thought as England. He was soon restored to his profession, won the esteem both of Elizabeth and James, held high offices in Ireland, and in 1626 was appointed Chief Justice of England, but died of apoplexy before he was sworn in.

The two works on which his fame as a poet rests are on the widely different themes of Dancing and the Immortality of the Soul. The first is in the form of a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers, and most melodiously expresses "the antiquity and excellence of dancing." Only in the Elizabethan age could such a great effort of intellect, learning, and fancy have arisen from the trifling incident of asking a lady to dance. It was left unfinished; and, indeed, as it is the object of the wooer to prove to Penelope that dancing is the law of nature and life, the poem could have no other end than the exhaustion of the writer's ingenuity in devising subtile analogies for the wooer and answers as subtile from Penelope, who aids

> "The music of her tongue
> With the sweet speech of her alluring eyes."

To think logically from his premises was the necessity of Davies's mind. In the poem on Dancing the premises are fanciful; in the poem on the Immortality of the Soul the premises are real; but the reasoning in both is equally exact. It is usual among critics, even such critics as Hallam and Campbell, to decide that the imaginative power of the poem on the Immortality of the Soul consists in the illustration of the arguments rather than in the perception of the premises. But the truth would seem to be that the author exhibits his imagination more in his insight than in his imagery. The poetic excellence of the work comes from the power of clear, steady beholding of

spiritual facts with the spiritual eye, — of beholding them so clearly that the task of stating, illustrating, and reasoning from them is performed with masterly ease. In truth, the great writers of the time *believed* in the soul's immortality, because they were conscious of having souls; the height of their thinking was due to the fact that the soul was always in the premises, and thought, with them, included imaginative vision as well as dialectic skill. To a lower order of minds than Shakespeare, Hooker, and Bacon, than Chapman, Sidney, and Davies, proceed the theories of materialism, for no thinking *from* the soul can deny the soul's *existence*. It is curious to observe the advantage which Davies holds over his materialistic opponents, through the circumstance that, while his logical understanding is as well furnished as theirs, it reposes on central ideas and deep experiences which they either want or ignore. No adequate idea of the general gravity and grandeur of his thinking can be conveyed by short extracts; yet, opening the poem at the fourth section, devoted to the demonstration that the soul is a spirit, we will quote a few of his resounding quartrains in illustration of his manner: —

"For she all natures under heaven doth pass,
Being like those spirits which God's face do see,
Or like himself whose image once she was,
Though now, alas! she scarce his shadow be.

. . . . .

"Were she a body, how could she remain
Within the body which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts containéd be?

"All bodies are confined within some place,
But she all place within herself confines;
All bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the soul's dimensive lines?"

The next poet we shall mention was a link of connection between the age of Elizabeth and Cromwell; a contemporary equally of Shakespeare and Milton; a man whose first work was published ten years before Shakespeare had produced his greatest tragedies; and who, later in life, defended Episcopacy against Milton. We of course refer to Joseph Hall. He was born in 1574, was educated at Cambridge, and, in 1597, at the age of twenty-three, published his satires. Originally intended for the Church, he was now presented with a living by Sir Robert Drury, the munificent patron of Donne. He rose gradually to preferment, was made Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and translated to the see of Norwich in 1641. In 1643 he was deprived of his palace and revenue by the Parliamentary Committee of Sequestration, and died in 1656, in his eighty-second year. As a churchman, he was in favor of moderate measures, and he had the rare fortune to oppose Archbishop Laud, and to suffer under Oliver Cromwell.

As a satirist, if we reject the claim of Gascoigne to precedence, he was the earliest that English literature can boast. In his own words: —

"I first adventure; follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist."

He had two qualifications for his chosen task, — penetrating observation and unshrinking courage. The follies and vices, the manners, prejudices, delusions, and crimes of his time, form the materials of his satires; and these he lashes or laughs at, according as the subject-matter provokes his indignation or his contempt. "Sith," he says in his Preface, "faults loathe nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults," it follows that "what with the nature of the faults, and the faults of the persons," it is impossible "that so violent an appeachment should be quietly brooked." But to those who are offended he vouchsafes but this curt and cutting defence of his plain speaking. "Art thou guilty? Complain not, thou art not wronged. Art thou guiltless? Complain not, thou art not touched." These satires, however, striking as they are for their compactness of language and vigor of characterization, convey but an inadequate idea of the depth, devoutness, and largeness of soul displayed in Hall's theological writings. His "Meditations," especially, have been read by thousands who never heard of him as a tart and caustic wit. But the one characteristic of sententiousness marks

equally the sarcasm of the youthful satirist and the raptures of the aged saint.

The next writer we shall consider, Sir Henry Wotton, possessed one of the most accomplished and enlightened minds of the age; though, unhappily for us, he has left few records of it in literature. He was born in 1568, educated at Oxford, and, leaving the university in his twenty-second year, passed nine years in travelling in Germany and Italy. On his return his conversation showed such wit and information, that it was said to be "one of the delights of mankind." He entered the service of the Earl of Essex, and, on the discovery of the Earl's treason, prudently escaped to the Continent. While in Italy he rendered a great service to the Scottish king; and James, on his accession to the English throne, knighted him, and sent him as ambassador to Venice. He remained abroad over twenty years. On his return he was made provost of Eton College. He died in 1639 in his seventy-first year.

Wotton is one of the few Englishmen who have succeeded in divesting themselves of English prejudices without at the same time divesting themselves of English virtues. He was a man of the world of the kind described by Bacon, — a man "whose heart was not cut off from other men's lands, but a continent that joined to them." One of the ablest and most sagacious diplomatists that England ever sent abroad to match Italian craft with Saxon insight, he was at the same time chivalrous, loyal, and true. Though the author of the satirical definition of an ambassador, as "an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country," his own course was the opposite of falsehood. Indeed, he laid down this as an infallible aphorism to guide an English ambassador, that he should always tell the truth: first, because he will secure himself if called to account; second, because he will never be believed, and he will thus "put his adversaries, who will ever hunt counter, at a loss." One of his many accomplishments was the art in conversation of saying pointed things in pithy language. At Rome, a priest asked him, "Where was your religion before Luther?" To which Wotton answered, "My religion was to be found then where yours is not to be found now, — in the written Word of God." He then put to the priest this question: "Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power, — even those poor Christians, that knew not why they quarrelled? Speak your conscience." The priest's reply was, "Monsieur, excuse me." Wotton's own Protestantism, however, did not consist, like that of too many others of his time and of ours, in hating Romanists. He was once asked "whether a papist may be saved." His answer was: "You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself." The spirit of this reply is of the inmost essence of toleration.

Cowley, in his elegy on Wotton, has touched happily on those felicities of his nature and culture which made him so admired by his contemporaries: —

"What shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who, when he spoke, all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more.
Whom England, now no more returned, must see;
He 's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.

. . . . . .

So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues, that Babel sent into the west,
Spoke them so truly, that he had, you 'd swear,
Not only lived but been born everywhere.

. . . . . .

Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express."

As a poet Sir Henry Wotton is universally known by one exquisite little poem, "The Character of a Happy Life," which is in all hymn-books. The general drift of his poetry is to expose the hollowness of all the objects to which as a statesman and courtier the greater portion of his own life was devoted. His verses are texts for discourses, uniting economy of words with fulness of thought and sentiment. His celebrated epitaph on a married couple is condensed to the point of converting feeling into wit: —

"He first deceased. She, for a little, tried
To do without him, liked it not, and died."

In one of his hymns he has this striking image, —

"No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench their ire."

Excellent, however, of its kind as Wotton's poetry is, it is not equal to that living poem, his life. He was one of those men who are not so much makers of poems as subjects about whom poems are made.

The last poet of whom we shall speak, George Herbert, was one in whom the quaintness of the time found its most fantastic embodiment. He began life as a courtier; and on the disappointment of his hopes, or on his conviction of the vanity of his ambitions, he suddenly changed his whole course of thought and life, became a clergyman, and is known to posterity only as "holy George Herbert." His poetry is the *bizarre* expression of a deeply religious and intensely thoughtful nature, sincere at heart, but strange, far-fetched, and serenely crotchety in utterance. Nothing can be more frigid than the conceits in which he clothes the great majority of his pious ejaculations and heavenly ecstasies. Yet every reader feels that his fancy, quaint as it often is, is a part of the organism of his character; and that his quaintness, his uncouth metaphors and comparisons, his squalid phraseology, his holy charades and pious riddles, his inspirations crystallized into ingenuities, and his general disposition to represent the divine through the exterior guise of the odd, are vitally connected with that essential beauty and sweetness of soul which give his poems their wild flavor and fragrance. Amateurs in sanctity, and men of fine religious taste, will tell you that genuine emotion can never find an outlet in such an elaborately fantastic form; and the proposition, according, as it does, with the rules of Blair and Kames and Whately, commands your immediate assent; but still you feel that genuine emotion is there, and, if you watch sharply, you will find that Taste, entering holy George Herbert's "Temple," after a preliminary sniff of imbecile contempt, somehow slinks away abashed after the first verse at the "Church-porch": —

"Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

And that fine gentleman, Taste, having relieved us of his sweetly scented presence, redolent with the "balm of a thousand flowers," let us, in closing, quote one of the profoundest utterances of the Elizabethan age, George Herbert's lines on Man: —

"Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moon and tides.

"Nothing hath got so farre,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre:
He is in little all the sphere
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

. . . . . .

"The starres have us to bed:
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kinde
In their *descent* and *being*; to our minde
In their *ascent* and *cause*.

. . . . . .

"More servants wait on Man
Than he 'll take notice of; in every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan,
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

"Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be."

SOME CORAL ISLANDS AND ISLANDERS.

THE tropical Pacific is an ocean of many islands. Some of these are high volcanic peaks, others are low coral islets. Some lie crowded in archipelagoes, others in scattered groups of five or six, and a few are solitary specks of dry land or coral reef, the only objects in vast areas that break the monotony of sea and sky.

The "Union Group" is a little cluster of three low coral islands. It is about nine degrees of latitude south of the equator, and near the one hundred and seventy-second meridian. It is three or four hundred miles from any other important group, and the three islands composing it are about forty or fifty miles from each other.

At noon on the tenth day of March, 1860, we reckoned our little schooner to be eighteen miles to windward of Oatafu, the northwestern member of this group; and at three o'clock in the afternoon all on board were earnestly looking for the first signs of land ahead. We only knew of this island, that it was of coral formation. Whether it was inhabited or not we had never learned. Whether it was laid down on the chart correctly we could not tell, and this uncertainty, combined with the fear that we might be the victims of misplaced confidence in our chronometer, caused us to scan the horizon with uncommonly sharp eyes.

By four o'clock our anxiety was removed, and new interest aroused by the cry of "Land, ho!" Looking in the direction indicated by the lookout aloft, to whom belonged the honor of the discovery, we discerned an uneven line of tree-tops,—a kind of dotted line, a little raised above the water, and stretching along the horizon for a few miles. These dots gradually developed into a continuous line of verdure. Approaching still nearer, this line assumed a circular form, enclosing within its limits the quiet waters of a lagoon. Finally the surf, rolling in heavily upon the reef, breaking into foam, dashing up the white coral beach, and contrasting strangely and beautifully with the green foliage above, became clearly visible.

A view from aloft revealed this still more to our admiration. The island, with its enclosed lagoon, appeared perhaps four or five miles long by two or three wide. A belt of reef and land, a hundred rods in width, encircled a lake. Without were the waters of the ocean, the long heavy swells breaking violently on the outer reef; within were the placid, delicately tinted waters of the lagoon, their surface scarcely ruffled by the wind, and dotted here and there with green islets.

An occasional break in the line of foliage marked the place where a narrow channel connected the waters of the ocean and the lake. The outer reef, which first broke the force of the ocean waves, was a level platform three or four hundred feet wide, about even with or very little below the surface of the sea, and over this the snowy breakers were chasing each other towards the shore. Then came the strip of elevated land, a gently rising, snow-white beach, crowned by a bright green belt of shrubbery and trees, the lofty plumes of the cocoanut towering above the whole. This belt of land seemed but a few hundred feet wide, and about ten feet high. On the inner shore, a smooth beach of finest sand was gently washed by the lagoon waters. It lay on the blue ocean before us like a green wreath, with a border of sparkling spray and foam.

All this we saw while approaching and sailing along the southern shore of the island; but in the mean time the wind had become so light, and our progress had been so slow, that when we were fairly under the lee of the land the sun had reached the horizon, and darkness would speedily follow the very

short tropical twilight. It was not only too late to land, but too late to look for anchorage; for the shores of a coral island or reef usually make off so precipitously that the sounding-lead may find a hundred fathoms of water within a ship's length of the breakers, and anchorage, when it exists, must be sought cautiously. Our captain, therefore, determined to test our patience by remaining under sail all night, standing off and on until morning; and in a very few minutes our little schooner found herself close hauled on the wind, and thereupon commenced pitching savagely into the waves, as though she shared our annoyance. Aggravating as this was to those of us who were impatient for a run ashore, there was no appeal, and so we quietly made the best of it. We watched the island from the deck, until it became indistinct in the darkness. Then we went down to tea, and tried, with poor success, to compensate ourselves for a slighted dinner. Then came the inevitable rubber of whist, in which the captain played atrociously, because, as he said, he never could play well when near the land. Finally, having arranged for an earlier breakfast than usual, we laid ourselves upon our respective shelves, and slept.

It is no wonder if our dreams that night were somewhat colored by the experience of the afternoon. The sight of a coral island, especially of the lagoon form, is very impressive. The origin of the material, the formation of the reef, and notably the remarkable annular structure of the island, suggest innumerable inquiries to any thoughtful observer.

No wonder the early voyagers were struck with surprise and admiration at their first view of such an island, with all its beauty of grove and lake, and that they marvelled at beholding an immense ring of rock and dry land, standing in mid-ocean, in almost unfathomable depths, an irresistible barrier to the waves, and enclosing a quiet lake, in whose undisturbed waters vast fields of growing corals flourish.

No wonder that they were puzzled to explain this remarkable feature, and that their speculations gave rise to some strange theories, in which their fancy pictured the "coral worms" as skilful architects, building up reefs and islands as beavers build dams, and invested the animalculæ with truly wonderful instincts, supposed to be especially shown in their choice of the annular form of island, as best adapted to withstand the force of the waves, and provide a secure retreat for themselves and their young.

But Science, in later days, has set aside these vague and erroneous impressions, and given clear ideas of the nature and functions of the coral-making zoöphytes, and of the way in which the reefs are formed. And Mr. Darwin has shown that the annular form of island, instead of being due to the instinct of the polyp, is caused by the slow subsidence of the land on which the coral growth was based. That thus, in few words, a coral reef, beginning in the shallow waters on the shore of an island, and encircling it as a fringing reef, has gradually increased upward, while the land itself has been slowly depressed; and finally, the upward growth having kept pace with the depression, the reef appears as a ring of rock upon the surface, after the last peak of the island or mountain-top has disappeared.

In time the loose fragments of broken coral and shells, ground into sand, are swept together by the waves, and form a narrow strip of land a few feet above the ocean level.

Then floating cocoanuts or seeds, wafted by the winds, or brought by drifting logs, find their mysterious way to the newly made land. Trees spring up, and soon a luxuriant growth of vegetation converts the reef into a habitable islet. In process of time a canoe-load of voyagers, natives of some other island, perhaps drifted off by irresistible currents or violent gales, or, possibly, having set out from an over-populated island in search of a new home, find their way thither, and it becomes the abode of man.

Thus coral lagoons are souvenirs of

lands that have disappeared. They lie like garlands upon the waters, simple memorials of buried islands.

Oatafu, the island before us, on the following morning, wore nothing of a sombre or funereal aspect. The bright green colors of the foliage, the dazzling brilliancy of the snow-white beach, and the sparkling foam of the breakers, were too gay and joyous in their appearance to suggest regret for a departed continent. Moreover, the novelties of the present were too interesting to allow just then a thought of the past. Early in the morning, before we were fairly up and dressed, we had been surprised, and our curiosity excited, by the discovery of two canoes putting off from the lee side of the island towards us. In each canoe were two men, paddling vigorously. As we had no information concerning inhabitants, we were naturally very much interested in knowing what manner of men these might be who were about to pay us a visit. Our unconfiding captain jumped directly to the conclusion that the islanders were a race of man-eaters, and that the four representatives, now approaching us, were a sort of prospecting committee of the commissary department; but as there were only two men in each canoe, we who, with all hands told, were thrice that number, could have no hesitation in receiving them, however carnally minded they might be.

In a few minutes the canoes came alongside. These were each about twenty or twenty-five feet long, and two feet deep and wide, sharpened at both ends, and furnished with out-riggers. Though having at first the appearance of "dug-outs," they proved to be made of many parts, ingeniously fitted, and lashed together with fastenings of native twine. They seemed quite watertight, and behaved very well under the skilful management of the natives, who were paddling with all their force to keep up with the vessel.

The occupants of the two canoes were three men and one boy. They were good-looking fellows, well made, and in excellent condition. The boy was quite naked, and the men wore nothing of enough importance to be described, having only a narrow strip of material, something like cloth, worn above the hips, and passing between the thighs. Their faces were very friendly, and they could hardly restrain their delight at seeing strangers. Although we could hardly understand a word they said, they talked unceasingly, with great earnestness and much gesticulation, occasionally breaking out into an irrepressible song, then a loud laugh, and finally paddling away with a good-humored fury.

Through the interpretation of one of our men, a native of the Sandwich Islands, who found that he could understand a little of their dialect, we made out that they gave us a warm welcome, and invited us to visit their village, which lay on the inner shore of the lagoon, just hidden by the cocoanut-trees. We deferred doing this, however, until after breakfast, and meantime our visitors paddled off for the island, to make their report.

About nine o'clock, as we were preparing to go ashore, we discovered another and much larger canoe coming towards us under sail. In it were seated fifteen or twenty men. As they neared the vessel, one old fellow stood up, and waved in the air over his head a large roll or bundle of matting, fringed at both ends. Exactly what this meant we were left to imagine, but it was doubtless the prerogative of royalty to have it and wave it; for, as soon as they came alongside, our acquaintance of the early morning presented himself, and, pointing to him who held the bundle, gave us to understand that he was the "ariki," or king.

His Coralline Majesty was a well-made man of about fifty years of age. His raiment was as simple as that worn by his ambassadors of the morning. As a mark of royalty, however, he wore a strip of a cocoanut leaf, two or three inches wide, split along the middle, which, being put on over his head, rested upon his shoulders. The upper part of his body, especially his breast,

was profusely tattooed. He was very dignified in manner, not talking much, nor manifesting the great curiosity which took possession of most of his followers. Withal he was a very fair specimen of royalty in the crude state. He sat down at once upon an offered deck chair, and, stretching out his legs, surveyed the assembly with a coolness which quite took me by surprise.

Presently a number of canoes came alongside, and the deck of our schooner was soon crowded by native men and boys. Evidently the arrival and presence among them of a vessel was a great and rare event, and was made the occasion of a general holiday. Many of them had got themselves up for the visit with great care, and were abundantly anointed with oil. Some wore head-dresses of shells, and necklaces of shells or beads; and one fellow put on a great many airs, parading about the deck with a brass button (probably a souvenir of some naval visit) hung round his neck by a piece of twine. But the most remarkable ornament of all, worn by a good-looking man, was nothing else than a common board nail stuck through his ear like an ear-ring. I observed that they all had their ears perforated, though more for utility than ornament, for, having no pockets, they find it convenient to carry small articles stuck through their ears. Some of the older ones had so stretched their ears by use, that the slits in them were larger than a large button-hole. The king, on being presented with two cigars, lit one of them, in imitation of his host, and stuck the other in his ear, to reserve for a future occasion.

Would not an island like this serve well as a kind of Botany Bay for pick-pockets?

Among those who claimed special attention was one who said that he was a native of the Navigators' (Samoan) Islands, and that he had been sent thence to Oatafu as a native missionary. He had, in evidence of this, a single copy of the Bible in the Samoan language. During the visit, however, I saw no other copy of this or any book; and, though I was perhaps unable to judge fairly, it did not appear to me that he had gained much, if any, influence among the people.

We proposed a visit on shore to the chief, to which he earnestly expressed his assent, and, in spite of the captain's warning, three of us prepared to land. Immediately all the canoes started off in advance, as if to advise the remainder of the inhabitants of our coming; and we soon followed them, taking the chief and two other natives with us. Reaching the shore safely under the guidance of the chief, we walked towards the village, which was on the inner or lagoon side of the belt of land. Passing for some distance through a cocoanut grove, we presently came upon a collection of about fifty houses. They were arranged with considerable regularity along an avenue running parallel with the beach. In the middle of the street was a walk paved with smooth slabs of coral beach rock. The houses were of very simple construction, consisting of upright frames five or six feet high, covered by a high-peaked roof of cocoanut thatch. The eaves of the roof extended considerably beyond the sides, and lacked but two or three feet of reaching the ground. The sides of the houses were sometimes open, and in some cases thatched. As we passed along towards the chief's house, troops of young children made their appearance; but the women, none of whom had been on board, remained within their houses, though their manner indicated that their seclusion was not altogether a voluntary act.

The king's house only differed from the more common in being larger. The floor was made of evenly spread gravel or coral pebbles, covered with mats, for which the fibre of the cocoanut husk probably furnished the material. About the house were disposed many and various articles of use or ornament. Fish-hooks of shell and wood, nets, mats, calabashes, grass-rope, fish-lines, twine and cordage, generally were abundant.

On his Majesty's "what-not" was an

empty sardine-box, and a glass bottle marked "Batty and Company's Best Pickles." But we saw no clubs, bows, nor arrows, nor weapons of any kind, excepting two or three old hatchets and sheath-knives, evidently obtained from some visitors like ourselves. On one of the posts I saw a rude figure carved, which had the appearance of being an object of worship. Presently some lads came in, bringing some young cocoanuts and a string of small fish. The latter, by active wriggling and squirming, gave sufficient evidence of having been freshly caught. These were spread before the company, and we were invited to the repast. A draught of the cocoanut water was a luxury not to be despised, but the feast of raw fish was politely declined. Our backwardness, however, was not shared by our hosts; and the sight of the party as they sat upon the ground, each with a piece of cocoanut in one hand, and a nice little fish, held by the tail, in the opposite hand, taking first a mouthful of one and then of the other, was something long to be remembered.

This entertainment being over, we went out for a ramble under the guidance of several of the men. A few steps brought us to a house where many of the women and young children seemed to have congregated. Looking around upon the assembly, with an eye for feminine beauty, and curious to see if the gentler sex were as highly favored as their partners in form and feature, I was much disappointed to remark that most of those present were quite old, and that the very youngest woman in the party was old enough to have been the mother of the damsel of sweet sixteen for whom my eyes were vainly searching. Nevertheless, although pretty well seasoned, the better-looking gave some evidence to the fact that, with the charms of youth, they might have been quite attractive. They were well formed, and had rather pleasing features. Like the men, they were profusely tattooed, though more about the lips and lower part of the face than about the breast. Their only dress was a kind of girdle, made of cocoanut-leaves, so arranged as to hang about the body like a skirt. It was fastened just above the hips; and, though quite short, — hardly more than a foot in length, — was very thick, and so made as to stand out in a bell-shaped form, resembling somewhat the upper part of a large crinoline skirt. As they moved about in this remarkable costume, they suggested the figure of a ballet-dancer with a widely spreading, but somewhat abbreviated, skirt. This suggestion must be understood to refer to ballet-dancers of the more modest sort; as such a comparison with some of the *artistes* of the present day would be a great injustice to the Oatafu ladies. The entire absence of young women from the company seemed quite remarkable, especially because among the men there was a due proportion of youths and young men; and it immediately occurred to us that some unpleasant experience with former visitors might have taught the lords of this part of creation the policy of keeping in seclusion the younger and more attractive members of the community. I was subsequently told, by one who had some means of knowing, that such was the truth; and, further, that, only a few years ago, the islanders had put to death a boat's crew of sailors, who had landed from a whale-ship, and given offence by unwelcome familiarity with the women. The account of the killing of these men was remarkable. Being unused to war, and having no weapons, the natives proceeded on this wise: A number of them, unobserved, climbed to the tops of several cocoanut-trees, that stood together, some sixty or seventy feet high. The white men, of course ignorant of the design, were then gradually led along by other natives until they were directly below those who had climbed the trees, when the men aloft threw down cocoanuts upon them with so great and such well-directed force, that they were at once overcome, and then finished by those on the ground. The natives then took the boat, laid the oars

and other appurtenances in it, shoved it off through the surf, and set it adrift within sight of the vessel to which it belonged. The ship captain — so says the story — understood what had happened; but, fearing to attempt revenge, picked up his boat, and sailed away with all haste.

Whatever of truth or fiction there may be in this story, the islanders evidently had no intention of cocoanutting us, — at least in the same way; for we soon discovered that the greater part of the men were engaged in loading up their canoes with fish, cocoanuts, and shells, and were setting off to the schooner with the desire of trading; and before long we were left with only a few men and several of the women, who joined us on our stroll about the village.

This little strip of coral-made land we found to be about six hundred feet wide, forming an irregularly shaped ring some ten or fifteen miles in circumference. It was composed simply of the accumulations of coral fragments heaped up by the waves on the reef, and was not over eight or ten feet high. In some places, a thin coral soil lay upon the surface; in others, only the blackened and weathered pieces of coral, slowly disintegrating, and forming a kind of gravel. Nevertheless, the whole surface, from the outer to the inner beach, bore a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Cocoanut-trees were very abundant. There seemed to be no sources of fresh water on the island. On some islands of this description fresh water may be obtained by digging down a few feet through the loosely accumulated material to the hard bottom, where a thin stratum of fresh water, the result of rains, is found, and may be scooped up without difficulty. But on this island I saw no evidences of such a supply. The natives showed us their method of collecting rain-water by cutting out an excavation in the trunk of an old cocoanut-tree just above the ground. As the tree stands slightly leaning in the direction of the trade-wind, the water falling upon it trickles down the trunk upon the lower side, and collects at the bottom in the place so hollowed out for its reception. We saw a number of trees so prepared for catching water. Each excavation might have held four or five gallons. But the natives do not depend on this source of water for subsistence. The cocoanut-tree, which supplies them with food, gives them also drink. The young nuts are filled with a thin, watery liquid, which quenches thirst; while the older nuts are their chief resource for food. The uses of the cocoanut-tree are truly wonderful; and in its relations to human life it is certainly without a parallel among trees. Here it is both meat and drink, — and more. It furnishes all the material for the islanders' houses and canoes. Their scanty dress is from the same source. The nutshells are useful as containers and drinking-vessels, while calabashes and other utensils are made from the wood. The fibre of the husk supplies the material for cordage, matting, fish-nets, and lines. The oil, pressed from the ripe nuts, furnishes the evening light, besides supplying other wants. Thus the tree not only sustains the life, but is the source from which every physical need of the islander is supplied.

To these people this little coral island is all the known world. They probably possess less knowledge of other portions of this planet than we do of other planets. They knew, indeed, of the existence of a neighboring island, like their own, and whence they or their ancestors had probably come; but many of the living generation had never seen it. It is difficult clearly to conceive of the moral and intellectual condition of a people whose ideas have never expanded beyond the limits of a coral island; who have no conception of a mountain or a river, of a surface of land greater than their own little belt, or of a slope higher than their own beach; who have but a single mineral, — the coral limestone, — but very few plants, no quadrupeds excepting, perhaps, rats or mice; who live almost without labor, gathering cocoanuts,

without an idea of tilling the soil; whose only arts are the taking of fish, and the making of houses, canoes, and their few utensils; whose unwritten language is only adapted to the expression of the simplest ideas; who have never gone beyond their island horizon and returned again; and whose only intercourse with other human beings has been through the rare and brief visits of passing vessels. After a somewhat extended walk, we returned to the vicinity of the houses, where one or two more of the younger ladies favored us with their company. We, of course, considered this a pleasing indication that they were gradually overcoming the fear, or the restraint, that had kept them away at first. Some of the women prepared to cook a large fish for our benefit; and, while this was going on, the young ones devoted themselves entirely to our entertainment by singing what, I dare say, was a very jolly song, and finally commencing a dance. How this would have ended, if no interruption had occurred, it is impossible to say. Quite likely, one after another, the hidden beauties would have slipped out from their places of concealment to join in the festivities; and, when the canoes returned, the men might, perhaps, have found the whole troop of young things performing the "Black Crook," or some other equally impressive presentation of the Terpsichorean art; but, unhappily, just as one of our new friends was in the midst of an extravagant *pas seul*, a party of a dozen men, who had come ashore unnoticed, suddenly arrived upon the ground, and put an injunction on further proceedings. Moreover, they brought a note from our nervous captain, saying that the vessel was overrun by the natives, who, he feared, would soon begin some mischief; and imploring us, by all the regard we had for his comfort, to come off at once, and let him get under way. We therefore reluctantly took leave of our island friends; and, launching our boat safely through the surf, soon regained the vessel. The captain had spent an uneasy day. Unwilling to put the least trust in the natives, he would gladly have kept his vessel out of their reach, and so not permitted them to come on board; but while we were ashore, he was equally desirous, for our sakes, to keep on good terms. However, as we were now ready to go, and had a good breeze, we gave them notice to clear the deck. The king, who remained to the last, went over the side, I am sorry to say, in quite an unamiable mood, because, having ground up an old hatchet for him, we firmly declined giving him the grindstone. But he recovered his good-nature before we got beyond hearing distance; and we caught our last glimpse of him as he stood up in his canoe, waving the royal insignia with which he had welcomed us in the morning, and shouting, with his companions, an affectionate farewell.

Since the date of this visit I have met with some information that throws a little light on the previous history of the island and its neighbors of the same group. The island of Oatafu was discovered by Commodore Byron, during his voyage round the world, on June 24, 1765. He called it the Duke of York's Island. A party landed to gather cocoanuts, and returned with the report that there were no indications that the island had ever been inhabited. It would thus appear that there were no people there a century ago. He did not see the other islands of the group. These are Nunkunono, or the Duke of Clarence; and Fakaafo, or Bowditch.

The Missionary Chronicle, the published record of the London Missionary Society, printed, in 1847, a letter from one of the resident missionaries at the port of Apia, Upolu, one of the Samoan (or Navigators') Group, dated December, 1846, relating that a whale-ship, just arrived at that place, had picked up, a few days before, a double canoe, containing eleven natives in a very exhausted condition. Their language proved to be somewhat similar to the Samoan, and from their account they were evidently natives of the Union

Group. They had started in their canoe, with twenty other canoes, to go from Nunkunono to Oatafu. A violent gale had blown this unfortunate party off, and they could not tell whether the others reached their destination safely or not. They had been drifting between two and three months, subsisting scantily on cocoanuts, and perhaps some fish, catching rain-water in their open mouths. The letter stated that they would be returned when opportunity offered, and that Samoan converts would accompany them as religious teachers. This statement accounts for the presence of the "missionary" referred to on a foregoing page.

We visited the other islands of the group, Nunkunono and Fakaafo; but our experience there was so much like that already related, that a detailed account would involve too much repetition. I prefer, therefore, to describe a visit to the island of Manihiki, or Humphrey's, which with its neighbor, Rakaanga, or Rierson's, lies some six or seven hundred miles east of the Union Group. These islands closely resemble those already described in natural features, but the combined influences of intercourse with foreigners and the teachings of Christian missionaries have wrought some strange and interesting effects among the people.

We sighted the island of Manihiki at daylight. It lay ten or fifteen miles distant, the broken line of tree-tops just skirting the horizon. Unfortunately the wind had died entirely away, and the flapping sails and lazily rocking vessel promised us a tedious day of waiting for a breeze. Discontented with this, we determined to set out at once in our boat for the island, and leave the captain and crew to bring the schooner up as soon after as possible. Accordingly, prepared with lunch and fresh water, we embarked, and, after three or four hours' rowing, reached the shore, and landed upon one of the little islets of the *atoll*.

We had no previous information concerning the island, and did not even know whether it was inhabited or not. After spending some time on the islet on which we had landed, we brought our boat through the channel from the ocean side to the inner lake, and prepared for a little sail on the lagoon. After a short cruise, we observed on a distant part of the shore what appeared to be a house; and, while looking at it, discovered on the beach a large party of people, and several canoes filled with men just setting off to meet us.

A few minutes later they were closely approaching us, and if we, at first, had any apprehensions of an unfriendly reception, they were removed as soon as the men came near enough to be distinctly visible. They were all dressed in shirts, pantaloons, and straw hats, and their amiable faces bespoke great pleasure at seeing visitors. As soon as we were within hail, they began to speak; and we were glad to discover that our interpreter could communicate much more readily with them than with the natives of the Union Group.

We also made another discovery, which not only enlightened us considerably regarding the people and their condition, but also helped to assure us of a kind welcome.

About a thousand miles from this island there is another large island called Fanning's, abounding in cocoanuts, and uninhabited until recently, when an Englishman took possession of it, and began the manufacture of cocoanut-oil. This we had known before, but we now learned that his necessary laborers were hired from this island and its neighbor; it being his custom to take up a party of men, women, and children once in a year, and then return to exchange them for a fresh lot. He pays their labor in calico and such clothing as they commonly wear, — pantaloons, shirts, and straw hats, — besides tobacco, knives, and other implements. As this had been in operation several years, most of the inhabitants had been engaged in the work at one time or another, and their employer's name had become a household word.

As we claimed acquaintance with the

gentleman, we were at once received as his "brothers." They gave us a hearty welcome, and pointed to the shore, where, they said, the missionary was waiting to receive us; and a part of the company at once paddled off to precede us with a report.

On reaching the shore, we found nearly the whole population of the village, some two or three hundred people, assembled to receive us. Most of the grown people were dressed, — the men in shirts or pantaloons or both, and the women in loose calico robes or gowns. A few of the older and more conservative people, however, seemed to look upon such articles of dress as innovations of the rising and progressive generation, and such held fast to their old-fashioned cocoanut ideas. The young children generally were naked.

The "missionary" came forward to do the honors. He proved to be a native of Raratonga, a large and high island of the Hervey Group, some five or six hundred miles away, where the English missionaries have long been established, and under whose teachings he had become a convert. Having been qualified by them to teach others, he had come thence to Manihiki some ten years before, and had become a very important member of their society.

He received us with much dignity in the midst of the assembled people, all of whom pressed forward to shake hands; and, when these greetings were over, we were invited to the king's house, where his Majesty was expecting us.

Led by the missionary, and followed by the people, we walked along a wide, well-shaded avenue which crossed the belt of land at a right angle to the two beaches. We soon reached the "Palace," — a house similar in construction to those already described, in which we found the king sitting on a high-backed bench, something like an old-fashioned settle. He was a good-natured old fellow, perhaps sixty years of age. He wore a blue woollen shirt and blue pantaloons, such as are common among us for "overalls." Before him was a roughly made table, a specimen of native workmanship. He gave us places beside him on the "throne," and cocoanuts in all their various edible forms were set before us.

After a short interview, during which he invited us to spend the night ashore, as it was already too late to pull back to the vessel, we went out for a walk. To our surprise we came directly upon some stone buildings of very considerable dimensions, built of coral beach and reef rock, and plastered over with lime, made from burning the same rock. The doors and window-spaces were arched, and the latter furnished with roughly made blinds, though without sash. The first of these was pointed out as the church, and over the door was written "Ziona."

Opposite the church was another stone building, which proved to be the missionary's house. Farther on, a third was in process of construction, intended to be the school-house; and opposite the last was a large building, not of stone, but of the primitive style, which served as a hall of assembly for public purposes, and also as a place of confinement for offenders. These four buildings formed the four corners of the two avenues of the village; and at this point we found the cross street, running parallel to the sea-beach, and more than a quarter of a mile long, paved like the other in the middle, well shaded, and having on either side a long row of dwellings. These houses were of the simple native style of construction, and seemed to be neatly kept. About many of the houses were pigs and fowls, which had been introduced upon the island some time before. Before the doors the preparations for the evening meal, or rather the evening cocoanuts, were now going on, some of the people having satisfied their curiosity sufficiently to be able to resume their domestic duties.

During our walk we were taken to see some of their canoes of the larger, sea-going sort. Small canoes for ordinary uses were plenty enough; but these larger ones, which are not often required, were hauled up, and put under

cover. They were between fifty and sixty feet long, made with much care and some attempt at ornamentation, certain parts of the woodwork being inlaid with pearl. They were double canoes, that is, two were joined together by stout cross-pieces of such length that the two canoes were several feet apart. The bow of either canoe was opposite the stern of the other. When used under sail, the sail is set on the lee canoe, while the passengers and freight are in the weather one; and, if it be necessary to tack ship, the masts and sails are shifted to the other canoe, and passengers and cargo transferred accordingly. The natives use these vessels for crossing from Manihiki to the neighboring island, some forty miles distant. This journey, I believe, is not often made, and only attempted under favorable winds, as these canoes are not adapted to beating to windward. It has happened twice within a few years that parties have been blown or currented off while making this journey. Once, previous to the visit herein described, a party of men and women, unable to gain the land, were drifted off, and, after floating several weeks, landed upon an uninhabited island about one thousand miles distant. Here they subsisted on the few cocoanuts they found until they were taken off by a passing vessel, and carried to the Samoan Islands, whence they were, in time, returned to their native home. Some of these survivors we saw at the time of our visit.

Another party, in 1861, were currented off in a similar manner; and, after eight weeks of untold suffering, those who survived landed upon an inhabited island fourteen hundred miles west of their own. There they remained five months, until taken off by the Missionary packet, a vessel devoted to the service of the London Missionary Society. The Chronicle, relating this, adds the interesting fact, that among the survivors of this party were several converts, one of them a deacon of the church on his native island. They had their Bibles with them. Finding that the inhabitants of the island to which they had come had never received a Christian teacher, or any instruction whatever, they began at once to teach them to read, and to preach to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and so prepared the way for further missionary effort after their departure.

When we had finished our walk, the missionary took us to his own house. This was a large stone building, divided into three apartments, of which the middle one was the general reception-room. The floor was covered by mats, and several roughly made tables and seats composed the furniture. On one table was a number of books, chiefly Bibles, hymn-books, and primers. These books were, I believe, in the language of Raratonga, possibly modified to suit the dialect of the islanders. We were told that all the inhabitants could read, and many could write. All possess Bibles and hymn-books, slates and pencils. All the children attend school, and receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The church is regularly organized, and comprises more than a hundred members, and many, if not all, the remaining adults are what are termed "class members." The entire population may be said to have embraced Christianity. A report in the Chronicle of date subsequent to that of this visit states that the islanders of Manihiki had paid more than fifteen pounds for Bibles and books for their own use, and contributed more than ten pounds for missionary work elsewhere, and that four young men, natives of Manihiki, were going to Raratonga to study and qualify themselves as religious teachers among other islanders.

While still with the missionary, a messenger came from the king to invite us to supper with the "royal family." We obeyed immediately. We found our host seated alone behind his table, on which the feast was spread. Cocoanuts were of course in abundance, and flying-fish, partially baked, were not uninviting; but the glory of the occasion was a chicken that had been sacrificed for our good. The king did the honors

gracefully, and seemed much pleased with our expressions of satisfaction. Meantime the queen and princess royal sat on the floor, surrounded by many people of various degrees of distinction, and all much interested in watching the strangers.

This entertainment was scarcely over, when the missionary sent for us to return to his house, where, to our surprise, we found a second repast prepared in much the same style, and a larger congregation of natives assembled to witness our disposal of it. We did all that men of our capacity could, but, unhappily, failed to do full justice to our host's hospitality.

As the evening wore away, and we began to think of bed, we heard a remarkable noise in the street. It was the beating of the Rap Tap. This instrument, as I afterwards discovered, was a piece of wood twelve or fifteen inches long, and three or four thick, hollowed out like a trough, so that, when beaten, it gave a dull, ringing sound. One man, with two attendants, marched through the village, beating this at short intervals, and following the beating, first with a distressing screech, and then a short proclamation to the effect that bed-time had come, and warning all against being found out of doors or with lights burning thereafter. The missionary informed us that this was a very strict rule, and any one offending against it was liable to fine or punishment. He accordingly showed us places to sleep in an adjoining apartment, giving us very comfortable mats for beds, and then bade us good night. A few minutes later, quiet reigned throughout the entire community.

We had learned that the inhabitants of the island, numbering altogether four or five hundred, were divided into two communities, one of which lived in a village similar to this on the other side of the lagoon. We were also told that with this other community were living two white men, who had been on the island several months. A messenger had been sent to these foreigners to report our visit, and in the morning they both made their appearance. They were delighted to see us, and welcomed an opportunity to get away from the island; they lost no time in making known their desire to go with us under any conditions, and to be left anywhere, only asking to be taken away. The reason for this soon became apparent.

Of these two men, one was an Englishman, forty or fifty years of age, and the other an American not over twenty-five. The former had been left on the island about seven months before by a trading-vessel that had called in search of pearls. The American had belonged to the crew of a little vessel that had touched there four months before, on her way from San Francisco to Tahiti; and he, hoping to enjoy an indolent and lawless life among the islanders, had deserted the vessel.

The Englishman, it appeared, had lived for many years by vagrancy. He had wandered all over the Pacific Ocean, and had either visited or lived upon a large number of its islands. It is not improbable that he was an escaped convict, and so, partly from choice, partly from necessity, preferred to spend his life beyond the reach of law. In this way the vagabond had spent a few months, or possibly years, on one island, and then, having exhausted the novelties of the place, and made himself odious to the people, had succeeded, by means of some passing whaler or other vessel, in reaching another, and then another, and so on until he had brought up where we found him, in a very unhappy condition, and ready for still another island. The American was a stout and hearty but demoralized youth, who had chosen to enter upon the same career, but had made what he considered an unhappy beginning on an island and among a people where he felt the rigors of the law in a degree he had never before dreamed of.

They gave a long account of their experience among the people; and their statements, though necessarily to be taken with many grains of allowance, furnished some information concerning

the native character and social condition. The missionary, they said, had been there about ten years, and was not only the religious teacher, but had become the lawgiver. The king and chiefs, who were the ostensible rulers, were entirely under his influence, and did nothing without his approval. The laws, which were rigidly enforced, had been framed by the missionary; they were based generally upon the precepts taught by the English missionaries at Raratonga, and included what additional light he could get from the Mosaic code.

No wonder that a couple of first-class vagabonds, who had felt the inconvenience of law at home, and who were seeking a place where neither Law nor Gospel had ever been heard of, found themselves in very unpleasant circumstances under such an administration.

When they had first come, they were kindly and hospitably received. They were regarded as the representatives of a superior race, and hailed as residents with delight. Everybody was happy to do them a service. They were welcome guests in any house, and were provided with plenty of cocoanuts and fish without even the labor of helping themselves. But after a time the lustre of their superiority began to wear off. Their laziness and worthlessness were properly appreciated, and their various sins of omission and commission, which, at first, had been allowed to pass unnoticed, now gave offence, and the offenders were held responsible at law, precisely as any other member of the community. It was then they began to realize that the way of transgressors is hard.

Whether the missionary had given the islanders a regularly written code, or not, I cannot say; but a few of their regulations will indicate how far their daily walk and conversation were affected by the system of laws.

Absence from church, unless for a satisfactory reason, was a punishable offence. Men were forbidden to smoke on Sunday, and women at any time. Walking out on Sunday was against law. Women were fined for appearing at church without bonnets. (And such bonnets! for some good Christian ladies in London, thinking perhaps, that, next to a new heart, a benighted woman would most need a new bonnet, had sent out a lot of the drollest-fashioned, high-peaked straw bonnets for the poor things to wear. And I will take advantage of this parenthesis to add, that the same considerate people had sent a full suit of black broadcloth, with a black cylinder hat, for the missionary to wear when discharging the duties of his office. As these clothes were wholly unlike those in common use, he had come to regard them somewhat as robes of office, and to put them on as a priest puts on the sacred vestments; and it is truly ludicrous to fancy him, as described by the white men, on *semi-official* occasions, when, in addition to his simple native garments, he would, according to his estimate of the importance of the event, wear now the coat, or the vest, or, perhaps, only the hat alone.) Anything like musical instruments were forbidden, because, I suppose, only associated with dancing. Singing songs which were not in the hymn-book was likewise forbidden. Every member of the community, from the king to the youngest child able to talk, was obliged to recite a verse of Scripture every Sunday, and, in default thereof, was held liable to a fine.

Fines are the usual punishment for offences; and, if their system of laws is peculiar, that of the fines is more so. It seems to have been based on the doctrine, that he that offends in one point of the law is guilty of all; and, further, that, as the second violation of a law is a greater crime than the first offence, the enormity of the sin is measured only by the number of times that the sinner has offended. Whatever the theory, the fact appeared to be, that the first violation of law was punished by a certain fine, the second offence by double the first fine, the third offence, no matter what, whether smoking, dancing, or adultery, by double the second fine, and so on in geometrical progression.

The fines were usually levied in calico, for, as the labor of the people is generally paid in that article, it has become the currency of the country. The unit is one fathom of calico, and is considered the equivalent of fifty cents. Values are expressed in fathoms, and a ten-dollar coin is accordingly a twenty-fathom piece. The fine for the first violation of law is five fathoms; and, according to the foregoing, that of the second, third, or fourth offence is ten, twenty, or forty fathoms. I was told that persons had been fined even one thousand fathoms and over. I naturally inquired what became of all the calico that must from time to time be forfeited by offenders, and was told that all fines were paid over to the "Council," consisting of the king, chief men, and the missionary, who made distribution thereof for the public good or their own; that sometimes fines were paid in pigs, fowls, or cocoanuts, and that this provision was appropriated for refreshments at the meetings of the "Council," and that, when the delinquents and their friends had no more wherewith to pay, the sentence was convertible into work upon the road or public buildings.

Now, as may readily be supposed, our two foreign friends had brought but a small supply of dry goods or any other goods to the island; and, when they became subject to law, a very brief career in vice brought them to the end of their calico. The very first fine exhausted their stock, and took their extra shirts and pants besides; and the Englishman could find no words to express his deep sense of the injustice done him, when the "Council," having taken everything else of the calico kind from him, finally laid out in one straight line his sea-chest, shot-gun, pocket-revolver, straw hat, tobacco-box, pipe, and other personal property, and took them *calico measure*, fathom per fathom, in payment of a fine.

This, at the moment, had been too much for him, and he had attempted resistance, but soon found that worse than useless, for it increased his punishment, which was now converted into work upon the public way, and, at the time of our arrival, both men were under sentence to build an almost incredible number of fathoms of road. Truly the lines had fallen to them in unpleasant places. Much of the foregoing, it must be remembered, is given as the statement of the two white men, who could hardly be expected to be unprejudiced witnesses; but I subsequently had occasion to learn from an intelligent man, who, in connection with the business, before referred to, of making cocoanut-oil, had seen much of these people, that the statements were in the main correct, and, as far as they go, fairly indicate some of the first results of the influences of civilization and the teaching of Christian missionaries among this simplest of all simple folk.

The missionary, who was himself a convert from heathenism, himself instructed in and teaching them from a Bible which, owing to the extreme poverty of their language, must have been a very deficient translation, may have been able to give but very imperfect ideas of Christian doctrines, and of their application to the every-day life and conduct of believers; but he was, I think, a sincere and conscientious man, and honestly gave them such light as he had, imparting to them what he had himself received. Having been their first teacher, and having instructed them in the new religion, he was naturally looked to for guidance and direction in other matters, and so became their Lawgiver.

We spent the following day or two on the island. The schooner arrived, and came to anchor, opposite the village, though not until her apprehensive captain had positively assured himself that we had not been eaten up on the first night of our absence.

Trade for fowls and cocoanuts was opened, and was carried on in the presence of the king and missionary, their approval being necessary for each transaction. We found occasion to visit the village on the other side of the lagoon, where we found a state of affairs precisely similar to that with which we had

already become acquainted. We looked into the church, and found the interior furnished with rather roughly made benches or seats, arranged like pews in an ordinary meeting-house among us. At one end was a high pulpit, reached by steps. The wood-work was ornamented by inlaid pearl. Before the pulpit was a table, where, the white men said, the sacrament was administered monthly. What was used as a substitute for bread and wine in this service I could not learn; but if anything other than cocoanut and water, it must have been imported for the purpose.

On the evening of the second day I had an interesting experience. Among my first acquaintances on the island were two young men who had enjoyed unusual advantages for seeing the world. A year or two previous a whale-ship had called there in passing, whose captain had induced these two youths to join the vessel in a cruise for a year, with the condition that they should be returned at the end of the time. They had accordingly spent one year in the forecastle of this ship, and had acquired a good deal of such knowledge as the associations of the place furnished and their limited capacity enabled them to receive. They came back as travelled men. They could speak a few words of English, and this accomplishment, combined with their comparatively wider experience, made them important members of society. One was called John Allen (possibly the name of the ship), the other was Jeremiah. The latter had married the king's daughter, and John was also connected with some of the first families on the island. John and Jeremiah lived together with their families. They invited me to spend our second night at their house, and I having promised to do so, they asked a number of their aristocratic connections to meet me there in the evening "very sociably." On arriving, I found fifteen or twenty people besides the usual members of the household. The first part of the entertainment was provided in the shape of a roasted chicken and two boiled eggs, which I was desired to eat while the host and the other guests looked on. As the chicken was small and the eggs fresh, I found this a commendable arrangement. After the cloth was removed, the company found great entertainment in asking me as many and various questions as John and Jeremiah, with their small stock of words and ideas, could put into English. Then slates and pencils were introduced, and I was desired to write my name, the name of our vessel, where we came from, and so forth, all of which was very carefully imitated by my observers. They were desirous that I should sing for them, but I was obliged to excuse myself; and, on returning the compliment by asking them for a song, John replied that I should hear them "bime-by." This was soon explained. At eight o'clock the Rap Tap sounded, and immediately all guests left the house to go to their own. When quiet was restored, John took two hymn-books and a Bible from the shelf, and, giving one hymn-book to Jeremiah, the two led off in a hymn, the rest of the family following. The words, of course, were native; and such, I judge, may have been the music, as there was no semblance of a tune. When this was concluded, John read a chapter from the Bible; and then, all kneeling down, he offered up the evening prayer.

After this there was a brief interval, during which preparations for the night's rest were made. A wooden bench or couch, covered by a mat, was appropriated to my use. The rest of the people spread their mats on the floor. John's father and mother occupied one corner. The young children lay in another corner. John and his wife took the corner nearest to me, and Jeremiah and his wife were crowded out, and so lay on their mats just outside the house, under the projecting eaves. In a few minutes everybody was asleep.

As I lay down for the night, I could but think of the position of the two white men among these people. This quiet scene of family worship, and the social and religious conditions which

its observance implied, contrasted most strangely with what they, in their evil imaginations, had expected and hoped to find. Seeking only a country without law, where they could lead lives of indolence and licentiousness, and do the works of the flesh without restraint, they found themselves among a most exacting people, and subject to laws compared with which, in their view, a state-prison discipline appeared altogether lovely. I shall long remember poor Bill, the Englishman, who, stating his grievances, and warming up with the subject, said: "Why, sir, the people are good enough in their way. I've got nothing agin the people. But you see, sir, it's the *law* that I don't like. The *law*, that they pretend to take from the Bible, and that the missionary says is the same as in my country. Now, sir, it's true as how I 'ave n't read the Bible a great deal, but I never found no such laws as theirn in what little I 'ave read. And then, when I tell 'em there's no such laws in my country, in spite of what the missionary says, they just say, 'Fine him ag'in for disputin' the missionary'; and when I say there 's no law for that in the Bible, they up and say, ''Ave 'im up ag'in for sayin' it 's not in the Bible.' But it 's plain their Bible can't be like ourn, for, as you well know, sir, there are four-and-twenty letters in our alphabet, while there are no more than twelve in theirn, and I should just like to know how a language of twenty-four letters can be turned into one of twelve. So it stands to reason that the Bibles can't be all the same." The following day we were to leave. The two men begged to be taken away, and landed on some other island. We told them our next point of destination was an uninhabited island known as Suwarrow's (or Souvoroff's), some hundreds of miles distant. Bill declared that he knew the island of old, and would rather be left there than remain where he was. The American seconded him in this, and we finally consented to take them and two women, who, they declared, were their wives, under condition that they should disembark at Suwarrow's Island. This, they said, was what they most desired; for there they would have an island to themselves, would make their own laws, and raise a colony after their own heart. Immediately they prepared to go, but were at once met by objections on the part of the "Council," who held that the men should work out their sentence on the road before taking their departure. This, however, was finally compromised, and the party came aboard the vessel. As soon as we had said good by to our friends ashore, and completed all other arrangements, we got under way; but just as the sails were filling, and the vessel beginning to move, a cry was heard alongside, and directly a woman was discovered clinging to a rope's end that hung over the gangway. As she not only begged to be taken on board, but refused to return ashore, she was hoisted in. Probably her coming had been previously arranged; but the men, fearing a refusal, had not ventured to ask transportation for a spare wife. So we set out with five colonists. In a few days we reached the designated island. We found it similar in character to the coral islands already described, but much greater in extent, the lagoon being hardly less than twenty miles in diameter. Leading into this lagoon we found a fine channel, through which we sailed, and came to anchor in the waters of the lake. A day or two were spent in examination, during which the colonists were busy in spying out the land with reference to their future happiness. Bill declared himself disappointed. Instead of finding cocoanut-trees in abundance, he had only counted fifty. He had looked for fresh water in vain; and as the time for our departure drew near, he began to realize that the pleasure of being his own law-giver would be attended by some sacrifices. Unwilling to leave the party there against their wish, especially as the island is very rarely visited by vessels, we finally gave them the alternative of returning whence we had

brought them. This decided the matter. Both men declared that, rather than return, they would struggle for existence where they were. Cocoanuts might be scarce, but fish and crabs would abound; and they would at least have their own way, and be happy. So they began at once to build their house. The men cut the wood, and put up a rough frame, while the women gathered branches and prepared the thatch; and before we left they were about ready to go to housekeeping. We gave them a cask of water, one or two barrels of bread, some tools, fish-lines, and hooks, and some other articles very desirable under their circumstances. They professed themselves contented, and well pleased with their prospects, and promised faithfully to preserve our names in their posterity. So we bade them good by, and on the following morning, at sunrise, we hoisted our sails to the breeze and sailed out of the lagoon, while the five colonists stood on the beach, waving hats and hands, and a little red, white, and blue flag, which Bill had somehow managed to conceal or to recover from the never-to-be-forgotten "Council." I have never since heard of them. For aught that I know they are still there. If so, I trust that they get on without the world as well as the world does without them.

The voyage of which the foregoing is a partial account was made in 1860. There is a melancholy item of the subsequent history of the islands referred to which must be added. In 1863 a number of slaving-vessels were fitted out at Callao, in Peru, to cruise among the islands of the Pacific in quest of coolies, or, more properly, slaves, for the Peruvian market. The very islands herein described, and many like them, were visited, and their defenceless inhabitants kidnapped. From Manihiki many were taken; and from Oatafu, it is said, every able-bodied man and woman and the larger children were seized and hurried off, leaving only the aged and helpless behind. There is an additional interest given to the account of this deplorable affair, by the fact that the island of Oatafu had, but a short time before, become the scene of very successful missionary labors. Christian teachers had been sent there in 1861, and the entire population had become converts. They had learned to read and write, and the church and school were in a flourishing condition. The same is true of many of the other islands depopulated by the man-stealers.

The recital of the operations of these slavers, who, in order to secure the natives on board the vessels, used force where strategy failed, in some cases driving them at the point of the bayonet, firing upon and killing many in order to terrify and capture the rest, — of the fearful suffering of all the captives, and the death of many on the voyage, and, finally, of their miserable condition in Peru, — is truly distressing. The French government, on learning the facts, promptly called the Peruvian government to account for depredations committed on islands under French protection. Unfortunately the islands that suffered most are unprotected by any nation. An indignation meeting was held in Sydney, and a memorial addressed to the British government, praying for intervention in the matter; but I have never learned what measures, if any, were adopted by that government to seek redress for this diabolical outrage upon humanity.

THE POOR IN CITIES.

HOW to relieve the poor in our cities without wounding their self-respect, by insuring them employment at fair wages, is a problem that taxes the wits of economists and philanthropists. Private charity assists many over the hard places till they can plant their feet firmly once more, and have the certainty of bread for the day. But when trouble comes in financial circles, thousands of these poor people are thrown out of employment, and, having no bread for the day, are glad of the city's supply of soup. It is no new song of sorrow that we hear, of more seamstresses than shirts, more teachers than pupils, of starvation in attics, or its alternative, infamy in the streets. The intelligence-offices are crowded with applicants for all kinds of labor, and day after day the pressure continues.

This is in Boston, the capital of the State of Massachusetts. Three miles from Boston it is next to impossible to find a woman to do plain needle-work; and in the country, a hundred miles from Boston, everybody does his or her own drudgery, for the simple reason that nobody can be hired to do it. There is plenty of material out of place, and a great scarcity when and where you want it.

It would seem, at first, that the supply would seek the demand. In ordinary cases this would occur without effort or special care, and laborers would be dispersed in such directions as would be most desirable. But the poor in our cities have now become so great in number as to require more assistance than they have ever yet had, to enable them to work out the highest prosperity for themselves and the State. A large proportion of these people are Irish immigrants of a class too ignorant to plan for themselves. Swedes and Germans generally proceed at once to the West, and found or join communities there. The Irish usually stay in the cities where they first land. They seek at once the persons they have previously known in Ireland, and through them endeavor to obtain employment, either in factories or on railroads. Indeed, it can hardly be expected that men with families will voluntarily start off for the distant parts of the country, uncertain of their destination, and unable to do anything but dig. They leave Ireland with understandings almost as limited as their accomplishments, and they need guidance and assistance, as a general rule, from the time they come to this country.

In addition to the Irish element of our population, large numbers of native women and their children crowd in attics and cellars, living from day to day on the smallest means that will sustain life. The man who keeps the slop-shop gives these women only six cents for making a shirt, not because he is a hard-hearted wretch, but because plenty of women in the country will make shirts for six cents, in their leisure hours. It is a waste of breath to urge any of these seamstresses or their daughters to seek employment in the only avenue not already crowded, namely, domestic service. From false, but not the less inveterate, notions of respectability, they decline acting in what they consider a servile capacity. To starve is disagreeable, but to answer bells is dishonorable, and what no free-born American woman will descend to. They have always hopes of an improvement in their fate; they repel the insult of public aid; they feign cheerfulness and assurance to conceal the wasting fear for the morrow; and when the morrow brings death, they leave their children with an inheritance of the same courage, endurance, and false pride which has sustained themselves. It is not easy to see how such persons can be permanently helped, except by the indi-

rect influence of change of place. The circumstances and modes of living in remote country towns often offer pleasant and acceptable openings for industry, without wounding the sensitiveness and pride already spoken of. Many of these American families have hidden themselves in city garrets, rather than face a change from abundance to poverty among those who knew them in prosperity. An entire change of position is often the salvation of families of this description; and any one familiar with the characteristics of this portion of our people can understand how difficult it is for any permanent benefit to be secured to them without this entire change. The strength and the weakness are both useful under new circumstances.

These two classes — the ignorant but industrious emigrant, and the poor, proud American — should be cared for by an association so organized as constantly to command the opportunities they need to better their condition. The work is in different parts of the State. The men and women to do the work, packed close in the attics and cellars of the city, wait for the employment which is not to be had where they are.

It may be said that the State has no right to interfere with the liberty of individuals, by directing their motions, and removing them from place to place. But has not the State the right to protect itself against pauperism, and its consequence, heavy taxation? As things now are, the honest and industrious poor strain every nerve, and live on scanty fare, in order to pay their proportion of a tax to support the idle and profligate in houses of correction or in prisons. Whenever the unemployed poor who are crowded in cities come to utter want the State must take up the burden of their support. Has not the State a right to organize guardianship as well as punishment, prevention as well as cure?

Not to look at the moral or sentimental side of the subject, but only at what good policy requires, it would seem the duty of the State to organize some method of permanent relief for the unemployed portion of its population. The means of relief exist. The right to employ them only is wanting.

A hundred miles from the city, and at a distance from any railway, are many towns where agriculture is carried on with great difficulty, from the impossibility of procuring labor of the commonest sort. In some towns, one man only is skilled in gardening; and when "Mr. Peck" is not to be had, each gentleman must dig his own strawberry-bed, as his wife has already found it necessary to do her own scrubbing. Persons in easy circumstances, who are ready to pay high wages for service, cannot command it. These facts are so familiar to every one, that it is not necessary to repeat them, or to add that the same remarks apply to towns only twenty miles away from large cities, if they are off the great railroad lines, and necessarily at a distance from a Catholic church.

Seeing this state of things, private charity has attempted relief on a small scale, and generally, it must be confessed, with poor success. A family removed from destitution in the city to a country village proves, sometimes, a worthless addition to a small community quick to observe shortcomings, and not over-eager to make allowances for faults. Sometimes the people are unwilling to take the risk of having possible paupers thrust upon them; and the more thrifty and able the community, the greater is the dread of poor hangers-on. Many obvious objections to schemes of private charity would disappear under organized and systematic public management. Much experience, however, would be necessary in order to bring about the greatest good to the parties to be benefited; for it is not too much to say, that the benefit would be as great to the employer as to the employed.

Within three miles of Vanity Fair lives a basket-maker and his wife, with ten children. Of course they are half

starved, and are clothed mostly by charity. Yet when urged to go to Beulah, where were willows enough, room enough, food enough, and probably quite as good a market for baskets, the basket-maker declined to fly to evils that he knew not of; while the inhabitants of Beulah declined, quite as decidedly, the possibilities of pauperism involved in the proposition. No guaranties could be offered on either side. But guaranties would be offered and secured in a public organization; while wise mediation and energetic management, on the part of officers experienced in dealing with the poor, would obviate the difficulties inevitably connected with private schemes of relief. If the basket-maker, who half lives on charity where he is, had his fare paid to Beulah, forty miles off, and if somebody was there ready to receive him, to guarantee his good behavior and his rent, the inhabitants would welcome to their delectable land twelve additions to their working community; while he and his family, being at last in their proper place, would cease to be a burden, and begin to feel that there is some blessedness in living.

Franklin says: "It has been computed that, if every man and woman would work four hours a day in something useful, that labor would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life. Want and misery would be banished from the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours would be leisure and pleasure."

Two things hinder a state of universal contentment, it is said, — one, that labor is not equally shared by all; the other, that the labor of all is not equally rewarded. It is not supposed that any philanthropic or economic schemes will bring about a universal competence. While vice, idleness, and improvidence continue, it is not likely Utopia will come into fashion; but the State can defend itself, and promote the health and happiness of its citizens, by wise authority and effort in their behalf. It can place its redundant poor where they can at least have the chance of working their four hours a day; and where they can supply a want which, of itself, retards the prosperity and progress of a large portion of the community. The impossibility of procuring labor to carry on the farm in New England exists, not because the laborers are not in the State, but because they are lounging in city streets, waiting for those better times that will give them a sewer to dig, or coal to heave, or else famishing in attics, their hearts sick with hope deferred.

Let there be an "Emigrant Agency," to which unemployed persons may go, — not to be sent to Illinois or Kansas, or any far-off place, but to some point on lines radiating from a capital city, and within the State. Let there be officers employed at each extremity of these radiating lines, and at all other points where occupation is secured for the applicants, to receive the families, or the individuals, who want work, and to see that they are housed and employed. Let the emigrants begin to feel at once that the eye of the State is upon them; that they are members of a self-respecting community, and are expected to grow up both useful and ornamental.

If it be objected, that such a plan is too vast, that it requires large means, and a multitude of officers, it may be answered, that the means required would not be equal to those annually employed in the present administration of private and public beneficence in the Northern States. As now made, our great outlay scantily, unequally, and, above all, unseasonably, meets the pressing wants described. The mischief is nearly done before any relief is applied. Destitution has already taken the form of vice, and has offended public opinion and public safety before public charity offers succor. A little care beforehand, and the police-station and house of reformation would not have been needed.

The organization of the Children's Mission presents many features desirable to be copied in any association on a large scale. This Mission is intended

to benefit destitute orphans or vagrants by sending them to homes in the far West, where agents are stationed, and where homes are ready to receive the children. When a sufficient number of the little ones is collected, clothed, and instructed, they make the Western journey under the care of an agent, who delivers them in the appointed places. Correspondence is constantly kept up between these children and the officers at this end of the line. The benefit is mutual. They are saved from vice and vagrancy here, and they are welcome where work is abundant and workers few.

But New England does not want to send away her laborers. On the contrary, she needs them all. There is room enough for all, and more than work enough. In fact, labor is a great deal too well paid, — that is to say, unskilled labor. Following the law of supply and demand, the ignorant housemaid in a country town, who scarcely knows the name of the commonest utensil, and who, in justice, does not earn the bread she eats, requires, and obtains, the same wages that an experienced and competent person in the city receives. The labor must be obtained somehow, at any cost. But if there were ten times as many laborers in the country, work would be ten times better done than it is now. So many of the young men of New England have emigrated to the West, that there is abundant room for the raw material from Ireland, if only the immigrants are wisely directed and apportioned.

As to the objection, that a very large number of officers is necessary to carry on a plan of this kind, it seems hardly worth considering. Perhaps the same men who so skilfully and humanely manage the houses of correction and reformation already mentioned might be employed in a work to supersede either. The foreign population thus brought more directly under purely American influences would be greatly benefited. The Yankee leaven leavens great lumps, and the natural position of employer gives an advantage in requiring and encouraging improvement in habits and character. In Syracuse, New York, some years ago, the writer was shown a row of pretty, white cottages, built alike, and with trim gardens to each. It was a profound surprise to learn that these dwellings were a successful experiment on the part of a large railroad proprietor, and that the houses were all occupied by Irish laborers. They were rent free the first year, on condition that they should be kept in perfect order. The next year they were rented low, but always on the same condition; and for some time the occupants had now paid full rent, and had great pride in keeping their little places with order and neatness. This experiment would seem to prove that progress is possible, under favorable circumstances, even among the reckless and improvident Hibernians.

The late Governor Andrew, when he sent one hundred respectable, well-educated young women to the extreme West, where there were no such luxuries, and provided them with a suitable escort thither, and an assurance of employment at their journey's end, did the right thing in the right way, which might well be imitated on a large scale with the redundant poor who are unemployed in our cities. For these young women were educated to an employment which was already crowded. They were removed, at the expense of the State, to a place where they were needed, to a part of the country where their education would be useful to themselves and those about them. Who shall say what will be the difference between a community formed under such New England influences, and one grown up with casual and possibly barbarous influences? Such power has character that it is believed many hundreds of thousands of impressible Irish men and women might be made into excellent Yankees, if they were so dispersed as to receive fairly, and without prejudice, the unconscious education that would come from daily contact with our own people. There might be a mutual in-

fluence with advantage to both; but the sterner characteristics would be the stronger ones, at least in this bracing climate, and we should see, in the next generation, the vivacious Irish temperament assimilated in outward gravity to that of the Yankee, while he, in his turn, might have possibly borrowed something of the other's hilarity. The unconscious missionaries acting daily at the heads of households are illustrations of this. An Irish girl who has been in an American family for a year will have so much changed her accent, that, when the rest of her family follow her from Ireland, as they generally do by that time, they scarcely recognize her speech. If these people were generally dispersed through the country, and those gregarious habits broken up which are both the cause and effect of poverty, they would soon be visibly affected and changed by the direct social influences that would be brought to bear on them. For every reason, political and religious, it is desirable that the victims of poverty, ignorance, and vice now crowded together in cities, and totally incapable of making any feasible arrangements for their own advantage, should receive the systematic aid of the State in seeking a market for their labor, and the opportunity permanently to better their lot.

MY SHIP AT SEA.

O SAILOR, have you spoken her, and on what distant sea,
The ship, so long expected, that is coming home to me?
When shall I mark the sun and wave break into sparkling spray,
As, laden with my ventures, she comes sailing up the bay?

O sailor, if you have not hailed my ship by sea or shore,
Some word, mayhap, you bring of her, unheard by me before;
For fairer far than all the fleets of India or Cathay
Is the craft that flies my colors, and that cruises far away!

Not Count Arnaldos' shining prow, that sailed with satin sails;
Not Cleopatra's burnished barge, wooed by the lovesick gales;
Nor that famed ship of old which bore the Argonauts from Greece,
By Orphean strains accompanied, to win the Golden Fleece, —

Great Cæsar and his fortunes not that classic bark which bore,
Nor that in which Queen Dido saw Æneas quit the shore;
Nor that wherein, as Horace sings, one half his soul was penned,
Because among her passengers embarked his dearest friend, —

Not those proud galleons of Spain whose bulging hulls we know
Brought tribute to her conquering Crown the wealth of Mexico,
And rivalled all romance of the Old World in the New,
When Pizarro blazed upon her with the plunder of Peru, —

Not that sea-ranger bold whose fame will nevermore be hid,
Whilst 'tween decks sailor-yarns are spun of Captain Robert Kidd,
Nor those which even now excite the merchantman's grim fears
As o'er the Spanish Main he roves, where roved the buccaneers, —

Not that immortal vessel whose memory is as sweet
As was the blessed name she bore when first the Pilgrims' feet
In pious faith and holy zeal her narrow deckways trod,
Self-consecrate to liberty, to justice, and to God,—

Not all the storied stately helms of history or of song,
Not all whose war-set pennants gleam the martial waves along,
Not all the ships, in sooth, that sail, or ever sailed, the sea,—
Are half so fair as that which bears my signals floating free!

From truck to keelson, fore and aft from shapely stem to stern,
The sea reflects no line of hers my heart does not return;
And all my fondest hopes and prayers encircle her around,
As Xerxes' palm on every branch with chains of gold was bound.

More dear to me than silken bales, or wealth of Eastern zones,
Frankincense, myrrh, and ivory, rich gums and precious stones,
She carries for her cargo my life's uncounted years,
With all their hidden mysteries of future smiles and tears.

O speed her, every prospering gale, and every subject sea!
Those solemn stars by whom she steers, O guide her course to me!
For what care I for all the fleets of India or Cathay,
If the ship that bears my fortunes shall cruise so far away?

DE GREY: A ROMANCE.

IT was the year 1820, and Mrs. De Grey, by the same token, as they say in Ireland (and, for that matter, out of it), had reached her sixty-seventh spring. She was, nevertheless, still a handsome woman, and, what is better yet, still an amiable woman. The untroubled, unruffled course of her life had left as few wrinkles on her temper as on her face. She was tall and full of person, with dark eyes and abundant white hair, which she rolled back from her forehead over a cushion, or some such artifice. The freshness of youth and health had by no means faded out of her cheeks, nor had the smile of her imperturbable courtesy expired on her lips. She dressed, as became a woman of her age and a widow, in black garments, but relieved with a great deal of white, with a number of handsome rings on her fair hands. Frequently, in the spring, she wore a little flower or a sprig of green leaves in the bosom of her gown. She had been accused of receiving these little floral ornaments from the hands of Mr. Herbert (of whom I shall have more to say); but the charge is unfounded, inasmuch as they were very carefully selected from a handful cut in the garden by her maid.

That Mrs. De Grey should have been just the placid and elegant old lady that she was, remained, in the eyes of the world at large, in spite of an abundance of a certain sort of evidence in favor of such a result, more or less of a puzzle and a problem. It is true, that every one who knew anything about her knew that she had enjoyed great material prosperity, and had suffered no misfortunes. She was mistress in her own right of a handsome

property and a handsome house; she had lost her husband, indeed, within a year after marriage; but, as the late George De Grey had been of a sullen and brooding humor, — to that degree, indeed, as to incur the suspicion of insanity, — her loss, leaving her well provided for, might in strictness have been accounted a gain. Her son, moreover, had never given her a moment's trouble; he had grown up a charming young man, handsome, witty, and wise; he was a model of filial devotion. The lady's health was good; she had half a dozen perfect servants; she had the perpetual company of the incomparable Mr. Herbert; she was as fine a figure of an elderly woman as any in town; she might, therefore, very well have been happy and have looked so. On the other hand, a dozen sensible women had been known to declare with emphasis, that not for all her treasures and her felicity would they have consented to be Mrs. De Grey. These ladies were, of course, unable to give a logical reason for so strong an aversion. But it is certain that there hung over Mrs. De Grey's history and circumstances a film, as it were, a shadow of mystery, which struck a chill upon imaginations which might easily have been kindled into envy of her good fortune. "She lives in the dark," some one had said of her. Close observers did her the honor to believe that there was a secret in her life, but of a wholly undefined character. Was she the victim of some lurking sorrow, or the mistress of some clandestine joy? These imputations, we may easily believe, are partially explained by the circumstance that she was a Catholic, and kept a priest in her house. The unexplained portion might very well, moreover, have been discredited by Mrs. De Grey's perfectly candid and complacent demeanor. It was certainly hard to conceive, in talking with her, to what part of her person one might pin a mystery, — whether on her clear, round eyes or her handsome, benevolent lips. Let us say, then, in defiance of the voice of society, that she was no tragedy queen. She was a fine woman, a dull woman, a perfect gentlewoman. She had taken life, as she liked a cup of tea, — weak, with an exquisite aroma and plenty of cream and sugar. She had never lost her temper, for the excellent reason that she had none to lose. She was troubled with no fears, no doubts, no scruples, and blessed with no sacred certainties. She was fond of her son, of the church, of her garden, and of her toilet. She had the very best taste; but, morally, one may say that she had had no history.

Mrs. De Grey had always lived in seclusion; for a couple of years previous to the time of which I speak she had lived in solitude. Her son, on reaching his twenty-third year, had gone to Europe for a long visit, in pursuance of a plan discussed at intervals between his mother and Mr. Herbert during the whole course of his boyhood. They had made no attempt to forecast his future career, or to prepare him for a profession. Strictly, indeed, he was at liberty, like his late father, to dispense with a profession. Not that it was to be wished that he should take his father's life as an example. It was understood by the world at large, and, of course, by Mrs. De Grey and her companion in particular, that this gentleman's existence had been blighted, at an early period, by an unhappy love-affair; and it was notorious that, in consequence, he had spent the few years of his maturity in gloomy idleness and dissipation. Mrs. De Grey, whose own father was an Englishman, reduced to poverty, but with claims to high gentility, professed herself unable to understand why Paul should not live decently on his means. Mr. Herbert declared that in America, in any walk of life, idleness was indecent; and that he hoped the young man would — nominally at least — select a career. It was agreed on both sides, however, that there was no need for haste; and that it was proper, in the first place, he should see the world. The world, to Mrs. De Grey, was little more than a name; but to Mr. Herbert, priest as he was, it was

a vivid reality. Yet he felt that the generous and intelligent youth upon whose education he had lavished all the treasures of his tenderness and sagacity, was not unfitted, either by nature or culture, to measure his sinews against its trials and temptations; and that he should love him the better for coming home at twenty-five an accomplished gentleman and a good Catholic, sobered and seasoned by experience, sceptical in small matters, confident in great, and richly replete with good stories. When he came of age, Paul received his walking-ticket, as they say, in the shape of a letter of credit for a handsome sum on certain London bankers. But the young man pocketed the letter, and remained at home, poring over books, lounging in the garden, and scribbling heroic verses. At the end of a year, he plucked up a little ambition, and took a turn through the country, travelling much of the way on horseback. He came back an ardent American, and felt that he might go abroad without danger. During his absence in Europe he had written home innumerable long letters, — compositions so elaborate (in the taste of that day, recent as it is) and so delightful, that, between their pride in his epistolary talent, and their longing to see his face, his mother and his ex-tutor would have been at a loss to determine whether he gave them more satisfaction at home or abroad.

With his departure the household was plunged in unbroken repose. Mrs. De Grey neither went out nor entertained company. An occasional morning call was the only claim made upon her hospitality. Mr. Herbert, who was a great scholar, spent all his hours in study; and his patroness sat for the most part alone, arrayed with a perfection of neatness which there was no one to admire (unless it be her waiting-maid, to whom it remained a constant matter of awe), reading a pious book or knitting under-garments for the orthodox needy. At times, indeed, she wrote long letters to her son, — the contents of which Mr. Herbert found it hard to divine. This was accounted a dull life forty years ago; now, doubtless, it would be considered no life at all. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that finally, one April morning, in her sixty-seventh year, as I have said, Mrs. De Grey suddenly began to suspect that she was lonely. Another long year, at least, was to come and go before Paul's return. After meditating for a while in silence, Mrs. De Grey resolved to take counsel with Father Herbert.

This gentleman, an Englishman by birth, had been an intimate friend of George De Grey, who had made his acquaintance during a visit to Europe, before his marriage. Mr. Herbert was a younger son of an excellent Catholic family, and was at that time beginning, on small resources, the practice of the law. De Grey met him in London, and the two conceived a strong mutual sympathy. Herbert had neither taste for his profession nor apparent ambition of any sort. He was, moreover, in weak health; and his friend found no difficulty in persuading him to accept the place of travelling companion through France and Italy. De Grey carried a very long purse, and was a most liberal friend and patron; and the two young men accomplished their progress as far as Venice in the best spirits and on the best terms. But in Venice, for reasons best known to themselves, they bitterly and irretrievably quarrelled. Some persons said it was over a card-table, and some said it was about a woman. At all events, in consequence, De Grey returned to America, and Herbert repaired to Rome. He obtained admission into a monastery, studied theology, and finally was invested with priestly orders. In America, in his thirty-third year, De Grey married the lady whom I have described. A few weeks after his marriage he wrote to Herbert, expressing a vehement desire to be reconciled. Herbert felt that the letter was that of a most unhappy man; he had already forgiven him; he pitied him, and after a short delay succeeded in obtaining

an ecclesiastical mission to the United States. He reached New York and presented himself at his friend's house, which from this moment became his home. Mrs. De Grey had recently given birth to a son; her husband was confined to his room by illness, reduced to a shadow of his former self by repeated sensual excesses. He survived Herbert's arrival but a couple of months; and after his death the rumor went abroad that he had by his last will settled a handsome income upon the priest, on condition that he would continue to reside with his widow, and take the entire charge of his boy's education.

This rumor was confirmed by the event. For twenty-five years, at the time of which I write, Herbert had lived under Mrs. De Grey's roof as her friend and companion and counsellor, and as her son's tutor. Once reconciled to his friend, he had gradually dropped his priestly character. He was of an essentially devout temperament, but he craved neither parish nor pulpit. On the other hand, he had become an indefatigable student. His late friend had bequeathed to him a valuable library, which he gradually enlarged. His passion for study, however, appeared singularly disinterested, inasmuch as, for many years, his little friend Paul was the sole witness and receptacle of his learning. It is true that he composed a large portion of a History of the Catholic Church in America, which, although the manuscript exists, has never seen, and, I suppose, is never destined to see, the light. It is in the very best keeping, for it contains an immense array of facts. The work is written, not from a sympathetic, but from a strictly respectful point of view; but it has a fatal defect, — it lacks unction.

The same complaint might have been made of Father Herbert's personal character. He was the soul of politeness, but it was a cold and formal courtesy. When he smiled, it was, as the French say, with the end of his lips, and when he took your hand, with the end of his fingers. He had had a charming face in his younger days, and, when gentlemen dressed their hair with powder, his fine black eyes must have produced the very best effect. But he had lost his hair, and he wore on his naked crown a little black silk cap. Round his neck he had a black cravat of many folds, without any collar. He was short and slight, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a handsome pair of hands.

"If it were not for a sad sign to the contrary," said Mrs. De Grey, in pursuance of her resolve to take counsel of her friend, "I should believe I am growing younger."

"What is the sign to the contrary?" asked Herbert.

"I 'm losing my eyes. I can't see to read. Suppose I should become blind."

"And what makes you suspect that you are growing young again?"

"I feel lonely. I lack company. I miss Paul."

"You will have Paul back in a year."

"Yes; but in the mean while I shall be miserable. I wish I knew some nice person whom I might ask to stay with me."

"Why don't you take a companion, — some poor gentlewoman in search of a home? She would read to you, and talk to you."

"No; that would be dreadful. She would be sure to be old and ugly. I should like some one to take Paul's place, — some one young and fresh like him. We 're all so terribly old, in the house. You 're at least seventy; I 'm sixty-five" (Mrs. De Grey was pleased to say); "Deborah is sixty, the cook and coachman are fifty-five apiece."

"You want a young girl then?"

"Yes, some nice, fresh young girl, who would laugh once in a while, and make a little music, — a little sound in the house."

"Well," said Herbert, after reflecting a moment, "you had better suit yourself before Paul comes home. You have only a year."

"Dear me," said Mrs. De Grey; "I

should n't feel myself obliged to turn her out on Paul's account."

Father Herbert looked at his companion with a penetrating glance. "Nevertheless, my dear lady," he said, "you know what I mean."

"O yes, I know what you mean, — and you, Father Herbert, know what I think."

"Yes, madam, and, allow me to add, that I don't greatly care. Why should I? I hope with all my heart that you 'll never find yourself compelled to think otherwise."

"It is certain," said Mrs. De Grey, "that Paul has had time to play out his little tragedy a dozen times over."

"His father," rejoined Herbert, gravely, "was twenty-six years old."

At these words Mrs. De Grey looked at the priest with a slight frown and a flushed cheek. But he took no pains to meet her eyes, and in a few moments she had recovered, in silence, her habitual calmness.

Within a week after this conversation Mrs. De Grey observed at church two persons who appeared to be strangers in the congregation: an elderly woman, meanly clad, and evidently in ill health, but with a great refinement of person and manner; and a young girl whom Mrs. De Grey took for her daughter. On the following Sunday she again found them at their devotions, and was forcibly struck by a look of sadness and trouble in their faces and attitude. On the third Sunday they were absent; but it happened that during the walk, going to confession, she met the young girl, pale, alone, and dressed in mourning, apparently just leaving the confessional. Something in her gait and aspect assured Mrs. De Grey that she was alone in the world, friendless and helpless; and the good lady, who at times was acutely sensible of her own isolation in society, felt a strong and sympathetic prompting to speak to the stranger, and ask the secret of her sorrow. She stopped her before she left the church, and, addressing her with the utmost kindness, succeeded so speedily in winning her confidence that in half an hour she was in possession of the young girl's entire history. She had just lost her mother, and she found herself in the great city penniless, and all but houseless. They were from the South; her father had been an officer in the navy, and had perished at sea, two years before. Her mother's health had failed, and they had come to New York, ill-advisedly enough, to consult an eminent physician. He had been very kind, he had taken no fees, but his skill had been applied in vain. Their money had melted away in other directions, — for food and lodging and clothing. There had been enough left to give the poor lady a decent burial; but no means of support save her own exertions remained for the young girl. She had no relatives to look to, but she professed herself abundantly willing to work. "I look weak," she said, "and pale, but I 'm really strong. It 's only that I 'm tired, — and sad. I 'm ready to do anything. But I don't know where to look." She had lost her color and the roundness and elasticity of youth; she was thin and ill-dressed; but Mrs. De Grey saw that at her best she must be properly a very pretty creature, and that she was evidently, by rights, a charming girl. She looked at the elder lady with lustrous, appealing blue eyes from under the hideous black bonnet in which her masses of soft light hair were tucked away. She assured her that she had received a very good education, and that she played on the piano-forte. Mrs. De Grey fancied her divested of her rusty weeds, and dressed in a white frock and a blue ribbon, reading aloud at an open window, or touching the keys of her old not unmelodious spinnet; for if she took her (as she mentally phrased it) Mrs. De Grey was resolved that she would not be harassed with the sight of her black garments. It was plain that, frightened and faint and nervous as she was, the poor child would take any service unconditionally. She kissed her then tenderly within the sacred precinct, and led her away to her carriage, quite

forgetting her business with her confessor. On the following day Margaret Aldis (such was the young girl's name) was transferred in the same vehicle to Mrs. De Grey's own residence.

This edifice was demolished some years ago, and the place where it stood forms at the present moment the very centre of a turbulent thoroughfare. But at the period of which I speak it stood on the outskirts of the town, with as vast a prospect of open country in one direction as in the other of close-built streets. It was an excellent old mansion, moreover, in the best taste of the time, with large square rooms and broad halls and deep windows, and, above all, a delightful great garden, hedged off from the road by walls of dense verdure. Here, steeped in repose and physical comfort, rescued from the turbid stream of common life, and placed apart in the glow of tempered sunshine, valued, esteemed, caressed, and yet feeling that she was not a mere passive object of charity, but that she was doing her simple utmost to requite her protectress, poor Miss Aldis bloomed and flowered afresh. With rest and luxury and leisure, her natural gayety and beauty came back to her. Her beauty was not dazzling, indeed, nor her gayety obtrusive; but, united, they were the flower of girlish grace. She still retained a certain tenuity and fragility of aspect, a lightness of tread, a softness of voice, a faintness of coloring, which suggested an intimate acquaintance with suffering. But there seemed to burn, nevertheless, in her deep blue eyes the light of an almost passionate vitality; and there sat on her firm, pale lips the utterance of a determined, devoted will. It seemed at times as if she gave herself up with a sensuous, reckless, half-thankless freedom to the mere consciousness of security. It was evident that she had an innate love of luxury. She would sometimes sit, motionless, for hours, with her head thrown back, and her eyes slowly wandering, in a silent ecstasy of content. At these times Father Herbert, who had observed her attentively from the moment of her arrival (for, scholar and recluse as he was, he had not lost the faculty of appreciating feminine grace), — at these times the old priest would watch her covertly and marvel at the fantastic, soulless creature whom Mrs. De Grey had taken to her side. One evening, after a prolonged stupor of this sort, in which the young girl had neither moved nor spoken, sitting like one whose soul had detached itself and was wandering through space, she rose, on Mrs. De Grey's at last giving her an order, and moved forward as if in compliance; and then, suddenly rushing toward the old woman, she fell on her knees, and buried her head in her lap and burst into a paroxysm of sobs. Herbert, who had been standing by, went and laid one hand on her head, and with the other made over it the sign of the cross, in the manner of a benediction, — a consecration of the passionate gratitude which had finally broken out into utterance. From this moment he loved her.

Margaret read aloud to Mrs. De Grey, and on Sunday evenings sang in a clear, sweet voice the chants of their Church, and occupied herself constantly with fine needle-work, in which she possessed great skill. They spent the long summer mornings together, in reading and work and talk. Margaret told her companion the simple, sad details of the history of which she had already given her the outline; and Mrs. De Grey, who found it natural to look upon them as a kind of practical romance organized for her entertainment, made her repeat them over a dozen times. Mrs. De Grey, too, honored the young girl with a recital of her own biography, which, in its vast vacuity, produced upon Margaret's mind a vague impression of grandeur. The vacuity, indeed, was relieved by the figure of Paul, whom Mrs. De Grey never grew weary of describing, and of whom, finally, Margaret grew very fond of thinking. She listened most attentively to Mrs. De Grey's eulogies of her son, and thought it a great pity he was not at

home. And then she began to long for his return, and then, suddenly, she began to fear it. Perhaps he would dislike her being in the house, and turn her out of doors. It was evident that his mother was not prepared to contradict him. Perhaps — worse still — he would marry some foreign woman, and bring her home, and she would turn wickedly jealous of Margaret (in the manner of foreign women). De Grey, roaming through Europe, took for granted, piously enough, that he was never absent from his good mother's thoughts; but he remained superbly unconscious of the dignity which he had usurped in the meditations of her humble companion. Truly, we know where our lives begin, but who shall say where they end? Here was a careless young gentleman whose existence enjoyed a perpetual echo in the soul of a poor girl utterly unknown to him. Mrs. De Grey had two portraits of her son, which, of course, she lost no time in exhibiting to Margaret, — one taken in his boyhood, with brilliant red hair and cheeks, the lad's body encased in a bright blue jacket, and his neck encircled in a frill, open very low; the other, executed just before his departure, a handsome young man in a buff waistcoat, clean shaven, with an animated countenance, dark, close-curling auburn hair, and very fine eyes. The former of these designs Margaret thought a very pretty child; but to the other the poor girl straightway lost her heart, — the more easily that Mrs. De Grey assured her, that, although the picture was handsome enough, it conveyed but the faintest idea of her boy's adorable flesh and blood. In a couple of months arrived a long-expected letter from Paul, and with it another portrait, — a miniature, painted in Paris by a famous artist. Here Paul appeared a far more elegant figure than in the work of the American painter. In what the change consisted it was hard to tell; but his mother declared that it was easy to see that he had spent two years in the best company in Europe.

"O, the best company!" said Father Herbert, who knew the force of this term. And, smiling a moment with inoffensive scorn, he relapsed into his wonted gravity.

"I think he looks very sad," said Margaret, timidly.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Herbert, impatiently. "He looks like a coxcomb. Of course, it 's the Frenchman's fault," he added, more gently. "Why on earth does he send us his picture at all? It 's a great piece of impertinence. Does he think we 've forgotten him? When I want to remember my boy, I have something better to look to than that flaunting bit of ivory."

At these words the two ladies went off, carrying the portrait with them, to read Paul's letter in private. It was in eight pages, and Margaret read it aloud. Then, when she had finished, she read it again; and in the evening she read it once more. The next day, Mrs. De Grey, taking the young girl quite into her confidence, brought out a large packet containing his earlier letters, and Margaret spent the whole morning in reading them over aloud. That evening she took a stroll in the garden alone, — the garden in which *he* had played as a boy, and lounged and dreamed as a young man. She found his name — his beautiful name — rudely cut on a wooden bench. Introduced, as it seemed to her that she had been by his letters, into the precincts of his personality, the mystery of his being, the magic circle of his feelings and opinions and fancies; wandering by his side, unseen, over Europe, and treading, unheard, the sounding pavements of famous churches and palaces, she felt that she tasted for the first time of the substance and sweetness of life. Margaret walked about for an hour in the starlight, among the dusky, perfumed alleys. Mrs. De Grey, feeling unwell, had gone to her room. The young girl heard the far-off hum of the city slowly decrease and expire, and then, when the stillness of the night was unbroken, she came back into the parlor across the long window, and lit one of the great silver candlesticks that decorated the ends of

the mantel. She carried it to the wall where Mrs. De Grey had suspended her son's miniature, having first inserted it in an immense gold frame, from which she had expelled a less valued picture. Margaret felt that she must see the portrait before she went to bed. There was a certain charm and ravishment in beholding it privately by candlelight. The wind had risen, — a warm west wind, — and the long white curtains of the open windows swayed and bulged in the gloom in a spectral fashion. Margaret guarded the flame of the candle with her hand, and gazed at the polished surface of the portrait, warm in the light, beneath its glittering plate of glass. What an immensity of life and passion was concentrated into those few square inches of artificial color! The young man's eyes seemed to gaze at her with a look of profound recognition. They held her fascinated; she lingered on the spot, unable to move. Suddenly the clock on the chimney-piece rang out a single clear stroke. Margaret started and turned about, at the thought that it was already half past ten. She raised her candle aloft to look at the dial-plate; and perceived three things: that it was one o'clock in the morning, that her candle was half burnt out, and that some one was watching her from the other side of the room. Setting down her light, she recognized Father Herbert.

"Well, Miss Aldis," he said, coming into the light, "what do you think of it?"

Margaret was startled and confused, but not abashed. "How long have I been here?" she asked, simply.

"I have no idea. I myself have been here half an hour."

"It was very kind of you not to disturb me," said Margaret, less simply.

"It was a very pretty picture," said Herbert.

"O, it 's beautiful!" cried the young girl, casting another glance at the portrait over her shoulder.

The old man smiled sadly, and turned away, and then, coming back, "How do you like our young man, Miss Aldis?" he asked, apparently with a painful effort.

"I think he 's very handsome," said Margaret, frankly.

"He 's not so handsome as that," said Herbert.

"His mother says he 's handsomer."

"A mother's testimony in such cases is worth very little. Paul is well enough, but he 's no miracle."

"I think he looks sad," said Margaret. "His mother says he 's very gay."

"He may have changed vastly within two years. Do you think," the old man added, after a pause, "that he looks like a man in love?"

"I don't know," said Margaret, in a low voice. "I never saw one."

"Never?" said the priest, with an earnestness which surprised the young girl.

She blushed a little. "Never, Father Herbert."

The priest's dark eyes were fixed on her with a strange intensity of expression. "I hope, my child, you never may," he said, solemnly.

The tone of his voice was not unkind, but it seemed to Margaret as if there were something cruel and chilling in the wish. "Why not I as well as another?" she asked.

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "O, it 's a long story," he said.

The summer passed away and flushed into autumn, and the autumn slowly faded, and finally expired in the cold embrace of December. Mrs. De Grey had written to her son of her having taken Margaret into her service. At this time came a letter in which the young man was pleased to express his satisfaction at this measure. "Present my compliments to Miss Aldis," he wrote, "and assure her of my gratitude for the comfort she has given my dear mother, — of which, indeed, I hope before very long to inform her in person." In writing these good-natured words Paul De Grey little suspected the infinite reverberation they were to have in poor Margaret's heart. A month later arrived a letter, which was handed to Mrs. De Grey at breakfast. "You

will have received my letter of December 3d," it began (a letter which had miscarried and failed to arrive), "and will have formed your respective opinions of its contents." As Mrs. De Grey read these words, Father Herbert looked at Margaret; she had turned pale. "Favorable or not," the letter continued, "I am sorry to be obliged to bid you undo them again. But my engagement to Miss L. is broken off. It had become impossible. As I made no attempt to give you a history of it, or to set forth my motives, so I shall not now attempt to go into the logic of the rupture. But it's broken clean off, I assure you. Amen." And the letter passed to other matters, leaving our friends sadly perplexed. They awaited the arrival of the missing letter; but all in vain; it never came. Mrs. De Grey immediately wrote to her son, urgently requesting an explanation of the events to which he had referred. His next letter, however, contained none of the desired information. Mrs. De Grey repeated her request. Whereupon Paul wrote that he would tell her the story when he had reached home. He hated to talk about it. "Don't be uneasy, dear mother," he added; "Heaven has insured me against a relapse. Miss L. died three weeks ago at Naples." As Mrs. De Grey read these words, she laid down the letter and looked at Father Herbert, who had been called to hear it. His pale face turned ghastly white, and he returned the old woman's gaze with compressed lips and a stony immobility in his eyes. Then, suddenly, a fierce, inarticulate cry broke from his throat, and, doubling up his fist, he brought it down with a terrible blow on the table. Margaret sat watching him, amazed. He rose to his feet, seized her in his arms, and pressed her on his neck.

"My child! my child!" he cried, in a broken voice, "I have always loved you! I have been harsh and cold and crabbed. I was fearful. The thunder has fallen! Forgive me, child. I'm myself again." Margaret, frightened, disengaged herself, but he kept her hand. "Poor boy!" he cried, with a tremulous sigh.

Mrs. De Grey sat smelling her vinaigrette, but not visibly discomposed. "Poor boy!" she repeated, but without a sigh, — which gave the words an ironical sound. — "He had ceased to care for her," she said.

"Ah, madam!" cried the priest, "don't blaspheme. Go down on your knees, and thank God that *we* have been spared that hideous sight!"

Mystified and horrified, Margaret drew her hand from his grasp, and looked with wondering eyes at Mrs. De Grey. She smiled faintly, touched her forefinger to her forehead, tapped it, raised her eyebrows, and shook her head.

From counting the months that were to elapse before Paul's return, our friends came to counting the weeks, and then the days. The month of May arrived; Paul had sailed from England. At this time Mrs. De Grey opened her son's room, and caused it to be prepared for occupation. The contents were just as he had left them; she bade Margaret come in and see it. Margaret looked at her face in his mirror, and sat down a moment on his sofa, and examined the books on his shelves. They seemed a prodigious array; they were in several languages, and gave a deep impression of their owner's attainments. Over the chimney hung a small sketch in pencil, which Margaret made haste to inspect, — a likeness of a young girl, skilfully enough drawn. The original had apparently been very handsome, in the dark style; and in the corner of the sketch was written the artist's name, — *De Grey*. Margaret looked at the portrait in silence, with quickened heartbeats.

"Is this Mr. Paul's?" she asked at last of her companion.

"It belongs to Paul," said Mrs. De Grey. "He used to be very fond of it, and insisted upon hanging it there. His father sketched it before our marriage."

Margaret drew a breath of relief. "And who is the lady?" she asked.

"I hardly know. Some foreign person, I think, that Mr. De Grey had been struck with. There 's something about her in the other corner."

In effect, Margaret detected on the opposite side of the sketch, written in minute characters, the word "*obiit*, 1786."

"You don't know Latin, I take it, my dear," said Mrs. De Grey, as Margaret read the inscription. "It means that she died thirty-four good years ago."

"Poor girl!" said Margaret, softly. As they were leaving the room, she lingered on the threshold and looked about her, wishing that she might leave some little memento of her visit. "If we knew just when he would arrive," she said, "I would put some flowers on his table. But they might fade."

As Mrs. De Grey assured her that the moment of his arrival was quite uncertain, she left her fancied nosegay uncut, and spent the rest of the day in a delightful tremor of anticipation, ready to see the dazzling figure of a young man, equipped with strange foreign splendor, start up before her and look at her in cold surprise, and hurry past her in search of his mother. At every sound of footsteps or of an opening door she laid down her work, and listened curiously. In the evening, as if by a common instinct of expectancy, Father Herbert met Mrs. De Grey in the front drawing-room, — an apartment devoted exclusively to those festivities which never occurred in the annals of this tranquil household.

"A year ago to-day, madam," said Margaret, as they all sat silent among the gathering shadows, "I came into your house. To-day ends a very happy year."

"Let us hope," said Father Herbert, sententiously, "that to-morrow will begin another."

"Ah, my dear lady!" cried Margaret, with emotion; "my good father, — my only friends, — what harm can come to me with you? It was you who rescued me from harm." Her heart was swollen with gratitude, and her eyes with rising tears. She gave a long shudder at the thought of the life that might have been her fate. But, feeling a natural indisposition to obtrude her peculiar sensations upon the attention of persons so devoutly absorbed in the thought of a coming joy, she left her place, and wandered away into the garden. Before many minutes, a little gate opened in the paling, not six yards from where she stood. A man came in, whom, in the dim light, she knew to be Paul De Grey. Approaching her rapidly, he made a movement as if to greet her, but stopped suddenly, and removed his hat.

"Ah, you 're Miss — the young lady," he said.

He had forgotten her name. This was something other, something less felicitous, than the cold surprise of the figure in Margaret's vision. Nevertheless, she answered him, audibly enough: "They are in the drawing-room; they expect you."

He bounded along the path, and entered the house. She followed him slowly to the window, and stood without, listening. The silence of the young man's welcome told of its warmth.

Paul De Grey had made good use of his sojourn in Europe; he had lost none of his old merits, and had gained a number of new ones. He was by nature and culture an intelligent, amiable, accomplished fellow. It was his fortune to possess a peculiar, indefinable charm of person and manner. He was tall and slight of structure, but compact, firm, and active, with a clear, fair complexion, an open, prominent brow, crisp auburn hair, and eyes — a glance, a smile — radiant with youth and intellect. His address was frank, manly, and direct; and yet it seemed to Margaret that his bearing was marked by a certain dignity and elegance — at times even verging upon formalism — which distinguished it from that of other men. It was not, however, that she detected in his character any signs of that strange principle of melancholy which had exerted so powerful an action upon the other members of the house-

hold (and, from what she was able to gather, on his father). She fancied, on the contrary, that she had never known less levity associated with a more exquisite mirth. If Margaret had been of a more analytical turn of mind, she would have told herself that Paul De Grey's nature was eminently aristocratic. But the young girl contented herself with understanding it less, and secretly loving it more; and when she was in want of an epithet, she chose a simpler term. Paul was like a ray of splendid sunshine in the dull, colorless lives of the two women; he filled the house with light and heat and joy. He moved, to Margaret's fancy, in a circle of almost supernatural glory. His words, as they fell from his lips, seemed diamonds and pearls; and, in truth, his conversation, for a month after his return, was in the last degree delightful. Mrs. De Grey's house was *par excellence* the abode of leisure, — a castle of indolence; and Paul in talking, and his companions in listening, were conscious of no jealous stress of sordid duties. The summer days were long, and Paul's daily fund of loquacity was inexhaustible. A week after his arrival, after breakfast, Father Herbert contracted the habit of carrying him off to his study; and Margaret, passing the half-open door, would hear the changeful music of his voice. She begrudged the old man, at these times, the exclusive enjoyment of so much eloquence. She felt that with his tutor, Paul's talk was far wiser and richer than it was possible it should be with two simple-minded women; and the young girl had a pious longing to hear him, to see him, at his best. A brilliant best it was to Father Herbert's mind; for Paul had surpassed his fondest hopes. He had amassed such a store of knowledge; he had learned all the good that the old man had enjoined upon him; and, although he had not wholly ignored the evil against which the priest had warned him, he judged it so wisely and wittily! Women and priests, as a general thing, like a man none the less for not being utterly innocent. Father Herbert took an unutterable satisfaction in the happy development of Paul's character. He was more than the son of his loins: he was the child of his intellect, his patience, and devotion.

The afternoons and evenings Paul was free to devote to his mother, who, out of her own room, never dispensed for an hour with Margaret's attendance. This, thanks to the young girl's delicate tact and sympathy, had now become an absolute necessity. Margaret sat by with her work, while Paul talked, and marvelled at his inexhaustible stock of gossip and anecdote and forcible, vivid description. He made cities and churches and galleries and playhouses swarm and shine before her enchanted senses, and reproduced the people he had met and the scenery through which he had travelled, until the young girl's head turned at the rapid succession of images and pictures. And then, at times, he would seem to grow weary, and would sink into silence; and Margaret, looking up askance from her work, would see his eyes absently fixed, and a faint smile on his face, or else a cold gravity, and she would wonder what far-off memory had called back his thoughts to that unknown European world. Sometimes, less frequently, when she raised her eyes, she found him watching her own figure, her bent head, and the busy movement of her hands. But (as yet, at least) he never turned away his glance in confusion; he let his eyes rest, and justified his scrutiny by some simple and natural remark.

But as the weeks passed by, and the summer grew to its fulness, Mrs. De Grey contracted the habit of going after dinner to her own room, where, we may respectfully conjecture, she passed the afternoon in dishabille and slumber. But De Grey and Miss Aldis tacitly agreed together that, in the prime and springtime of life, it was stupid folly to waste in any such fashion the longest and brightest hours of the year; and so they, on their side, contracted the habit of sitting in the darkened drawing-room,

and gossiping away the time until within an hour of tea. Sometimes, for a change, they went across the garden into a sort of summer-house, which occupied a central point in the enclosure, and stood with its face averted from the mansion, and looking to the north, and with its sides covered with dense, clustering vines. Within, against the wall, was a deep garden bench, and in the middle a table, upon which Margaret placed her work-basket, and the young man the book, which, under the pretence of meaning to read, he usually carried in his hand. Within was coolness and deep shade and silence, and without the broad glare of the immense summer sky. When I say there was silence, I mean that there was nothing to interrupt the conversation of these happy idlers. Their talk speedily assumed that desultory, volatile character, which is the sign of great intimacy. Margaret found occasion to ask Paul a great many questions which she had not felt at liberty to ask in the presence of his mother, and to demand additional light upon a variety of little points which Mrs. De Grey had been content to leave in obscurity. Paul was perfectly communicative. If Miss Aldis cared to hear, he was assuredly glad to talk. But suddenly it struck him that her attitude of mind was a singular provocation to egotism, and that for six weeks, in fact, he had done nothing but talk about himself, — his own adventures, sensations, and opinions.

"I declare, Miss Aldis," he cried, "you 're making me a monstrous egotist. That 's all you women are good for. I shall not say another word about Mr. Paul De Grey. Now it 's your turn."

"To talk about Mr. Paul De Grey?" asked Margaret, with a smile.

"No, about Miss Margaret Aldis, — which, by the way, is a very pretty name."

"By the way, indeed!" said Margaret. "By the way for you, perhaps. But for me, my pretty name is all I have."

"If you mean, Miss Aldis," cried Paul, "that your beauty is all in your name — "

"I 'm sadly mistaken. Well, then, I don't. The rest is in my imagination."

"Very likely. It 's certainly not in mine."

Margaret was, in fact, at this time, extremely pretty; a little pale with the heat, but rounded and developed by rest and prosperity, and animated — half inspired, I may call it — with tender gratitude. Looking at her as he said these words, De Grey was forcibly struck with the interesting character of her face. Yes, most assuredly, her beauty was a potent reality. The charm of her face was forever refreshed and quickened by the deep loveliness of her soul.

"I mean literally, Miss Aldis," said the young man, "that I wish you to talk about yourself. I want to hear *your* adventures. I demand it, — I need it."

"My adventures?" said Margaret. "I have never had any."

"Good!" cried Paul; "that in itself is an adventure."

In this way it was that Margaret came to relate to her companion the short story of her young life. The story was not all told, however, short as it was, in a single afternoon; that is, a whole week after she began, the young girl found herself setting Paul right with regard to a matter of which he had received a false impression.

"Nay, he is married," said Margaret; "I told you so."

"O, he is married?" said Paul.

"Yes; his wife 's an immense fat woman."

"O, his wife 's an immense fat woman?"

"Yes; and he thinks all the world of her."

"O, he thinks all the world of her!"

It was natural that, in this manner, with a running commentary supplied by Paul, the narrative should proceed slowly. But, in addition to the observations here quoted, the young man maintained another commentary, less

audible and more profound. As he listened to this frank and fair-haired maiden, and reflected that in the wide world she might turn in confidence and sympathy to other minds than his, — as he found her resting her candid thoughts and memories on his judgment, as she might lay her white hand on his arm, — it seemed to him that the pure intentions with which she believed his soul to be peopled took in her glance a graver and higher cast. All the gorgeous color faded out of his recent European reminiscences and regrets, and he was sensible only of Margaret's presence, and of the tender rosy radiance in which she sat and moved, as in a sort of earthly halo. Could it be, he asked himself, that while he was roaming about Europe, in a vague, restless search for his future, his end, his aim, these things were quietly awaiting him at his own deserted hearth-stone, gathered together in the immaculate person of the sweetest and fairest of women? Finally, one day, this view of the case struck him so forcibly, that he cried out in an ecstasy of belief and joy.

"Margaret," he said, "my mother found you in church, and there, before the altar, she kissed you and took you into her arms. I have often thought of that scene. It makes it no common adoption."

"I 'm sure I have often thought of it," said Margaret.

"It makes it sacred and everlasting," said Paul. "On that blessed day you came to us for ever and ever."

Margaret looked at him with a face tremulous between smiles and tears. "For as long as you will keep me," she said. "Ah, Paul!" For in an instant the young man had expressed all his longing and his passion.

With the greatest affection and esteem for his mother, Paul had always found it natural to give precedence to Father Herbert in matters of appeal and confidence. The old man possessed a delicacy of intellectual tact which made his sympathy and his counsel alike delightful. Some days after the conversation upon a few of the salient points of which I have lightly touched, Paul and Margaret renewed their mutual vows in the summer-house. They now possessed that deep faith in the sincerity of their own feelings, and that undoubting delight in each other's reiterated protests, which left them nothing to do but to take their elders into their confidence. They came through the garden together, and on reaching the threshold Margaret found that she had left her scissors in the garden hut; whereupon Paul went back in search of them. The young girl came into the house, reached the foot of the staircase, and waited for her lover. At this moment Father Herbert appeared in the open doorway of his study, and looked at Margaret with a melancholy smile. He stood, passing one hand slowly over another, and gazing at her with kindly, darksome looks.

"It seems to me, Mistress Margaret," he said, "that you keep all this a marvellous secret from your poor old Doctor Herbert."

In the presence of this gentle and venerable scholar, Margaret felt that she had no need of vulgar blushing and simpering and negation. "Dear Father Herbert," she said, with heavenly simpleness, "I have just been begging Paul to tell you."

"Ah, my daughter," — and the old man but half stifled a sigh, — "it 's all a strange and terrible mystery."

Paul came in and crossed the hall with the light step of a lover.

"Paul," said Margaret, "Father Herbert knows."

"Father Herbert knows!" repeated the priest, — "Father Herbert knows everything. You 're very innocent for lovers."

"You 're very wise, sir, for a priest," said Paul, blushing.

"I knew it a week ago," said the old man, gravely.

"Well, sir," said Paul, "we love you none the less for loving each other so much more. I hope you 'll not love us the less."

"Father Herbert thinks it 's 'terrible,'" said Margaret, smiling.

"O Lord!" cried Herbert, raising his hand to his head as if in pain. He turned about, and went into his room.

Paul drew Margaret's hand through his arm and followed the priest. "You suffer, sir," he said, "at the thought of losing us, — of our leaving you. That certainly need n't trouble you. Where should we go? As long as you live, as long as my mother lives, we shall all make but a single household."

The old man appeared to have recovered his composure. "Ah!" he said; "be happy, no matter where, and I shall be happy. You 're very young."

"Not so young," said Paul, laughing, but with a natural disinclination to be placed in too boyish a light. "I 'm six-and-twenty. *J'ai vécu*, — I 've lived."

"He 's been through everything," said Margaret, leaning on his arm.

"Not quite everything." And Paul, bending his eyes, with a sober smile, met her upward glance.

"O, he 's modest," murmured Father Herbert.

"Paul is been all but married already," said Margaret.

The young man made a gesture of impatience. Herbert stood with his eyes fixed on his face.

"Why do you speak of that poor girl?" said Paul. Whatever satisfaction he may have given Margaret on the subject of his projected marriage in Europe, he had since his return declined, on the plea that it was extremely painful, to discuss the matter either with his mother or with his old tutor.

"Miss Aldis is perhaps jealous," said Herbert, cunningly.

"O Father Herbert!" cried Margaret.

"There is little enough to be jealous of," said Paul.

"There 's a fine young man!" cried Herbert. "One would think he had never cared for her."

"It 's perfectly true."

"Oh!" said Herbert, in a tone of deep reproach, laying his hand on the young man's arm. "Don't say that."

"Nay, sir, I shall say it. I never said anything less to her. She enchanted me, she entangled me, but, before Heaven, I never loved her!"

"O, God help you!" cried the priest. He sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

Margaret turned deadly pale, and recalled the scene which had occurred on the receipt of Paul's letter, announcing the rupture of his engagement. "Father Herbert," she cried, "what horrible, hideous mystery do you keep locked up in your bosom? If it concerns me, — if it concerns Paul, — I demand of you to tell us."

Moved apparently by the young girl's tone of agony to a sense of the needfulness of self-control, Herbert uncovered his face, and directed to Margaret a rapid glance of entreaty. She perceived that it meant that, at any cost, she should be silent. Then, with a sublime attempt at dissimulation, he put out his hands, and laid one on each of his companions' shoulders. "Excuse me, Paul," he said, "I 'm a foolish old man. Old scholars are a sentimental, a superstitious race. We believe still that all women are angels, and that all men — "

"That all men are fools," said Paul, smiling.

"Exactly. Whereas, you see," whispered Father Herbert, "there are no fools but ourselves."

Margaret listened to this fantastic bit of dialogue with a beating heart, fully determined not to content herself with any such flimsy explanation of the old man's tragical allusions. Meanwhile, Herbert urgently besought Paul to defer for a few days making known his engagement to his mother.

The next day but one was Sunday, the last in August. The heat for a week had been oppressive, and the air was now sullen and brooding, as if with an approaching storm. As she left the breakfast-table, Margaret felt her arm touched by Father Herbert.

"Don't go to church," he said, in a low voice. "Make a pretext, and stay at home."

"A pretext? —"

"Say you 've letters to write."

"Letters?" and Margaret smiled half bitterly. "To whom should I write letters?"

"Dear me, then say you 're ill. I give you absolution. When they 're gone, come to me."

At church-time, accordingly, Margaret feigned a slight indisposition; and Mrs. De Grey, taking her son's arm, mounted into her ancient deep-seated coach, and rolled away from the door. Margaret immediately betook herself to Father Herbert's apartment. She saw in the old man's face the portent of some dreadful avowal. His whole figure betrayed the weight of an inexorable necessity.

"My daughter," said the priest, "you are a brave, pious girl —"

"Ah!" cried Margaret, "it 's something horrible, or you would n't say that. Tell me at once!"

"You need all your courage."

"Does n't he love me? — Ah, in Heaven's name, speak!"

"If he did n't love you with a damning passion, I should have nothing to say."

"O, then, say what you please!" said Margaret.

"Well then, — you must leave this house."

"Why? — when? — where must I go?"

"This moment, if possible. You must go anywhere, — the further the better, — the further from *him*. Listen, my child," said the old man, his bosom wrung by the stunned, bewildered look of Margaret's face; "it 's useless to protest, to weep, to resist. It 's the voice of fate!"

"And pray, sir," said Margaret, "of what do you accuse me?"

"I accuse no one. I don't even accuse Heaven."

"But there 's a reason, — there 's a motive —"

Herbert laid his hand on his lips, pointed to a seat, and, turning to an ancient chest on the table, unlocked it, and drew from it a small volume, bound in vellum, apparently an old illuminated missal. "There 's nothing for it," he said, "but to tell you the whole story."

He sat down before the young girl, who held herself rigid and expectant. The room grew dark with the gathering storm-clouds, and the distant thunder muttered.

"Let me read you ten words," said the priest, opening at a fly-leaf of the volume, on which a memorandum or register had been inscribed in a great variety of hands, all minute and some barely legible. "God be with you!" and the old man crossed himself. Involuntarily, Margaret did the same. "'George De Grey,'" he read, "'met and loved, September, 1786, Antonietta Gambini, of Milan. She died October 9th, same year. John De Grey married, April 4th, 1749, Henrietta Spencer. She died May 7th. George De Grey engaged himself October, 1710, to Mary Fortescue. She died October 31st. Paul De Grey, aged nineteen, betrothed June, 1672, at Bristol, England, to Lucretia Lefevre, aged thirty-one, of that place. She died July 27th. John De Grey, affianced January 10th, 1649, to Blanche Ferrars, of Castle Ferrars, Cumberland. She died, by her lover's hand, January 12th. Stephen De Grey offered his hand to Isabel Stirling, October, 1619. She died within the month. Paul De Grey exchanged pledges with Magdalen Scrope, August, 1586. She died in childbirth, September, 1587.'" Father Herbert paused. "Is it enough?" he asked, looking up with glowing eyes. "There are two pages more. The De Greys are an ancient line; they keep their records."

Margaret had listened with a look of deepening, fierce, passionate horror, — a look more of anger and of wounded pride than of terror. She sprang towards the priest with the lightness of a young cat, and dashed the hideous record from his hand.

"What abominable nonsense is this!" she cried. "What does it mean? I barely heard it; I despise it; I laugh at it!"

The old man seized her arm with a

firm grasp. "Paul De Grey," he said, in an awful voice, "exchanged pledges with Margaret Aldis, August, 1821. She died — with the falling leaves."

Poor Margaret looked about her for help, inspiration, comfort of some kind. The room contained nothing but serried lines of old parchment-covered books, each seeming a grim repetition of the volume at her feet. A vast peal of thunder resounded through the noonday stillness. Suddenly her strength deserted her; she felt her weakness and loneliness, the grasp of the hand of fate. Father Herbert put out his arms, she flung herself on his neck, and burst into tears.

"Do you still refuse to leave him?" asked the priest. "If you leave him, you 're saved."

"Saved?" cried Margaret, raising her head; "and Paul?"

"Ah, there it is. — He 'll forget you."

The young girl pondered a moment. "To have him do that," she said, "I should apparently have to die." Then wringing her hands with a fresh burst of grief, "Is it certain," she cried, "that there are no exceptions?"

"None, my child"; and he picked up the volume. "You see it 's the first love, the first passion. After that, they 're innocent. Look at Mrs. De Grey. The race is accursed. It 's an awful, inscrutable mystery. I fancied that you were safe, my daughter, and that that poor Miss L. had borne the brunt. But Paul was at pains to undeceive me. I 've searched his life, I 've probed his conscience: it 's a virgin heart. Ah, my child, I dreaded it from the first. I trembled when you came into the house. I wanted Mrs. De Grey to turn you off. But she laughs at it, — she calls it an old-wife's tale. *She* was safe enough; her husband did n't care two straws for her. But there 's a little dark-eyed maiden buried in Italian soil who could tell her another story. She withered, my child. She was life itself, — an incarnate ray of her own Southern sun. She died of De Grey's kisses. Don't ask me how it began, it 's always been so. It goes back to the night of time. One of the race, they say, came home from the East, from the crusades, infected with the germs of the plague. He had pledged his love-faith to a young girl before his departure, and it had been arranged that the wedding should immediately succeed his return. Feeling unwell, he consulted an elder brother of the bride, a man versed in fantastic medical lore, and supposed to be gifted with magical skill. By him he was assured that he was plague-stricken, and that he was in duty bound to defer the marriage. The young knight refused to comply, and the physician, infuriated, pronounced a curse upon his race. The marriage took place; within a week the bride expired, in horrible agony; the young man, after a slight illness, recovered; the curse took effect."

Margaret took the quaint old missal into her hand, and turned to the grisly register of death. Her heart grew cold as she thought of her own sad sisterhood with all those miserable women of the past. Miserable women, but ah! tenfold more miserable men, — helpless victims of their own baleful hearts. She remained silent, with her eyes fixed on the book, abstractedly; mechanically, as it were, she turned to another page, and read a familiar orison to the blessed Virgin. Then raising her head, with her deep-blue eyes shining with the cold light of an immense resolve, — a prodigious act of volition, — "Father Herbert," she said, in low, solemn accents, "I revoke the curse. I undo it. *I curse it!*"

From this moment, nothing would induce her to bestow a moment's thought on salvation by flight. It was too late, she declared. If she was destined to die, she had already imbibed the fatal contagion. But they should see. She cast no discredit on the existence or the potency of the dreadful charm; she simply assumed, with deep self-confidence which filled the old priest with mingled wonder and anguish, that it would vainly expend its mystic force once and forever upon her own devoted, impas-

sioned life. Father Herbert folded his trembling hands resignedly. He had done his duty; the rest was with God. At times, living as he had done for years in dread of the moment which had now arrived, with his whole life darkened by its shadow, it seemed to him among the strange possibilities of nature that this frail and pure young girl might indeed have sprung, at the command of outraged love, to the rescue of the unhappy line to which he had dedicated his manhood. And then at other moments it seemed as if she were joyously casting herself into the dark gulf. At all events, the sense of peril had filled Margaret herself with fresh energy and charm. Paul, if he had not been too enchanted with her feverish gayety and grace to trouble himself about their motive and origin, would have been at loss to explain their sudden morbid intensity. Forthwith, at her request, he announced his engagement to his mother, who put on a very gracious face, and honored Margaret with a sort of official kiss.

"Ah me!" muttered Father Herbert, "and now she thinks she has bound them fast." And later, the next day, when Mrs. De Grey, talking of the matter, avowed that it really did cost her a little to accept as a daughter a girl to whom she had paid a salary, — "A salary, madam!" cried the priest with a bitter laugh; "upon my word, I think it was the least you could do."

"*Nous verrons*," said Mrs. De Grey, composedly.

A week passed by, without ill omens. Paul was in a manly ecstasy of bliss. At moments he was almost bewildered by the fulness with which his love and faith had been requited. Margaret was transfigured, glorified, by the passion which burned in her heart. "Give a plain girl, a common girl, a lover," thought Paul, "and she grows pretty, charming. Give a charming girl a lover —" and if Margaret was present, his eloquent eyes uttered the conclusion; if she was absent, his restless steps wandered in search of her. Her beauty within the past ten days seemed to have acquired an unprecedented warmth and richness. Paul went so far as to fancy that her voice had grown more deep and mellow. She looked older; she seemed in an instant to have overleaped a year of her development, and to have arrived at the perfect maturity of her youth. One might have imagined that, instead of the further, she stood just on the hither verge of marriage. Meanwhile Paul grew conscious of he hardly knew what delicate change in his own emotions. The exquisite feeling of pity, the sense of her appealing weakness, her heavenly dependence, which had lent its tender strain to swell the concert of his affections, had died away, and given place to a vague, profound instinct of respect. Margaret was, after all, no such simple body; her nature, too, had its mysteries. In truth, thought Paul, tenderness, gentleness, is its own reward. He had bent to pluck this pallid flower of sunless household growth; he had dipped its slender stem in the living waters of his love, and lo! it had lifted its head, and spread its petals, and brightened into splendid purple and green. This glowing potency of loveliness filled him with a tremor which was almost a foreboding. He longed to possess her; he watched her with covetous eyes; he wished to call her utterly his own.

"Margaret," he said to her, "you fill me with a dreadful delight. You grow more beautiful every day. We must be married immediately, or, at this rate, by our wedding-day, I shall have grown mortally afraid of you. By the soul of my father, I did n't bargain for this! Look at yourself in that glass." And he turned her about to a long mirror; it was in his mother's dressing-room; Mrs. De Grey had gone into the adjoining chamber.

Margaret saw herself reflected from head to foot in the glassy depths, and perceived the change in her appearance. Her head rose with a sort of proud serenity from the full curve of her shoulders; her eyes were brilliant,

her lips trembled, her bosom rose and fell with all the insolence of her deep devotion. "Blanche Ferrars, of Castle Ferrars," she silently repeated, "Isabel Stirling, Magdalen Scrope, — poor foolish women! You were not women, you were children. It 's your fault, Paul," she cried, aloud, "if I look other than I should! Why is there such a love between us?" And then, seeing the young man's face beside her own, she fancied he looked pale. "My Paul," she said, taking his hands, "you 're pale. What a face for a happy lover! You 're impatient. Well-a-day, sir! it shall be when you please."

The marriage was fixed for the last of September; and the two women immediately began to occupy themselves with the purchase of the bridal garments. Margaret, out of her salary, had saved a sufficient sum to buy a handsome wedding gown; but, for the other articles of her wardrobe, she was obliged to be indebted to the liberality of Mrs. De Grey. She made no scruple, indeed, of expending large sums of money, and, when they were expended, of asking for more. She took an active, violent delight in procuring quantities of the richest stuffs. It seemed to her that, for the time, she had parted with all flimsy dignity and conventional reticence and coyness, as if she had flung away her conscience to be picked up by vulgar, happy, unimperilled women. She gathered her marriage finery together in a sort of fierce defiance of impending calamity. She felt excited to outstrip it, to confound it, to stare it out of countenance.

One day she was crossing the hall, with a piece of stuff just sent from the shop. It was a long morsel of vivid pink satin, and, as she held it, a portion of it fell over her arm to her feet. Father Herbert's door stood ajar; she stopped, and went in.

"Excuse me, reverend sir," said Margaret; "but I thought it a pity not to show you this beautiful bit of satin. Is n't it a lovely pink? — it 's almost red, — it 's carnation. It 's the color of our love, — of my death. Father Herbert," she cried, with a shrill, resounding laugh, "*it 's my shroud!* Don't you think it would be a pretty shroud? — pink satin, and blond-lace, and pearls?"

The old man looked at her with a haggard face. "My daughter," he said, "Paul will have an incomparable wife."

"Most assuredly, if you compare me with those ladies in your prayer-book. Ah! Paul shall have a wife, at least. That 's very certain."

"Well," said the old man, "you 're braver than I. You frighten me."

"Dear Father Herbert, did n't you once frighten me?"

The old man looked at Margaret with mingled tenderness and horror. "Tell me, child," he said, "in the midst of all this, do you ever pray?"

"God forbid!" cried the poor creature. "I have no heart for prayer."

She had long talks with Paul about their future pleasures, and the happy life they should lead. He declared that he would set their habits to quite another tune, and that the family should no longer be buried in silence and gloom. It was an absurd state of things, and he marvelled that it should ever have come about. They should begin to live like other people, and occupy their proper place in society. They should entertain company, and travel, and go to the play of an evening. Margaret had never seen a play; after their marriage, if she wished, she should see one every week for a year. "Have no fears, my dear," cried Paul, "I don't mean to bury you alive; I 'm not digging your grave. If I expected you to be content to live as my poor mother lives, we might as well be married by the funeral service."

When Paul talked with this buoyant energy, looking with a firm, undoubting gaze on the long, blissful future, Margaret drew from his words fortitude and joy, and scorn of all danger. Father Herbert's secret seemed a vision, a fantasy, a dream, until, after a while, she found herself again face to face with the old man, and read in his haggard features that to him, at least, it was a deep reality. Nevertheless,

among all her feverish transitions from hope to fear, from exaltation to despair, she never, for a moment, ceased to keep a cunning watch upon her physical sensations, and to lie in wait for morbid symptoms. She wondered that, with this ghastly burden on her consciousness, she had not long since been goaded to insanity, or crushed into utter idiocy. She fancied that, sad as it would have been to rest in ignorance of the mystery in which her life had been involved, it was yet more terrible to know it. During the week after her interview with Father Herbert, she had not slept half an hour of the daily twenty-four; and yet, far from missing her sleep, she felt, as I have attempted to show, intoxicated, electrified, by the unbroken vigilance and tension of her will. But she well knew that this could not last forever. One afternoon, a couple of days after Paul had uttered those brilliant promises, he mounted his horse for a ride. Margaret stood at the gate, watching him regretfully, and, as he galloped away, he kissed her his hand. An hour before tea she came out of her room, and entered the parlor, where Mrs. De Grey had established herself for the evening. A moment later, Father Herbert, who was in the act of lighting his study-lamp, heard a piercing shriek resound through the house.

His heart stood still. "The hour is come," he said. "It would be a pity to miss it." He hurried to the drawing-room, together with the servants, also startled by the cry. Margaret lay stretched on the sofa, pale, motionless, panting, with her eyes closed and her hand pressed to her side. Herbert exchanged a rapid glance with Mrs. De Grey, who was bending over the young girl, holding her other hand.

"Let us at least have no scandal," she said, with dignity, and straightway dismissed the servants. Margaret gradually revived, declared that it was nothing, — a mere sudden pain, — that she felt better, and begged her companions to make no commotion. Mrs. De Grey went to her room, in search of a phial of smelling-salts, leaving Herbert alone with Margaret. He was on his knees on the floor, holding her other hand. She raised herself to a sitting posture.

"I know what you are going to say," she cried, "but it's false. Where's Paul?"

"Do you mean to tell him?" asked Herbert.

"Tell him?" and Margaret started to her feet. "If I were to die, I should wring his heart; if I were to tell him, I should break it."

She started up, I say; she had heard and recognized her lover's rapid step in the passage. Paul opened the door and came in precipitately, out of breath and deadly pale. Margaret came towards him with her hand still pressed to her side, while Father Herbert mechanically rose from his kneeling posture. "What has happened?" cried the young man. "You've been ill!"

"Who told you that anything has happened?" said Margaret.

"What is Herbert doing on his knees?"

"I was praying, sir," said Herbert.

"Margaret," repeated Paul, "in Heaven's name, what *is* the matter?"

"What's the matter with you, Paul? It seems to me that I should ask the question."

De Grey fixed a dark, searching look on the young girl, and then closed his eyes, and grasped at the back of a chair, as if his head were turning. "Ten minutes ago," he said, speaking slowly, "I was riding along by the river-side; suddenly I heard in the air the sound of a distant cry, which I knew to be yours. I turned and galloped. I made three miles in eight minutes."

"A cry, dear Paul? what should I cry about? and to be heard three miles! A pretty compliment to my lungs."

"Well," said the young man, "I suppose, then, it was my fancy. But my horse heard it too; he lifted his ears, and plunged and started."

"It must have been his fancy too!

It proves you an excellent rider, — you and your horse feeling as one man!"

"Ah, Margaret, don't trifle!"

"As one horse, then!"

"Well, whatever it may have been, I'm not ashamed to confess that I'm thoroughly shaken. I don't know what has become of my nerves."

"For pity's sake, then, don't stand there shivering and staggering like a man in an ague-fit. Come, sit down on the sofa." She took hold of his arm, and led him to the couch. He, in turn, clasped her arm in his own hand, and drew her down beside him. Father Herbert silently made his exit, unheeded. Outside of the door he met Mrs. De Grey, with her smelling-salts.

"I don't think she needs them now," he said. "She has Paul." And the two adjourned together to the tea-table. When the meal was half finished, Margaret came in with Paul.

"How do you feel, dear?" said Mrs. De Grey.

"He feels much better," said Margaret, hastily.

Mrs. De Grey smiled complacently. "Assuredly," she thought, "my future daughter-in-law has a very pretty way of saying things."

The next day, going into Mrs. De Grey's room, Margaret found Paul and his mother together. The latter's eyes were red, as if she had been weeping; and Paul's face wore an excited look, as if he had been making some painful confession. When Margaret came in, he walked to the window and looked out, without speaking to her. She feigned to have come in search of a piece of needle-work, obtained it, and retired. Nevertheless, she felt deeply wounded. What had Paul been doing, saying? Why had he not spoken to her? Why had he turned his back upon her? It was only the evening before, when they were alone in the drawing-room, that he had been so unutterably tender. It was a cruel mystery; she would have no rest until she learned it, — although, in truth, she had little enough as it was. In the afternoon, Paul again ordered his horse, and dressed himself for a ride. She waylaid him as he came down stairs, booted and spurred; and, as his horse was not yet at the door, she made him go with her into the garden.

"Paul," she said, suddenly, "what were you telling your mother this morning? Yes," she continued, trying to smile, but without success, "I confess it, — I'm jealous."

"O my soul!" cried the young man, wearily, putting both his hands to his face.

"Dear Paul," said Margaret, taking his arm, "that's very beautiful, but it's not an answer."

Paul stopped in the path, took the young girl's hands and looked steadfastly into her face, with an expression that was in truth a look of weariness, — of worse than weariness, of despair. "Jealous, you say?"

"Ah, not now!" she cried, pressing his hands.

"It's the first foolish thing I have heard you say."

"Well, it was foolish to be jealous of your mother; but I'm still jealous of your solitude, — of these pleasures in which I have no share, — of your horse, — your long rides."

"You wish me to give up my ride?"

"Dear Paul, where are your wits? To wish it is — to wish it. To say I wish it is to make a fool of myself."

"My wits are with — with something that's forever gone!" And he closed his eyes and contracted his forehead as if in pain. "My youth, my hope, — what shall I call it? — my happiness."

"Ah!" said Margaret, reproachfully, "you have to shut your eyes to say that."

"Nay, what is happiness without youth?"

"Upon my word, one would think I was forty," cried Margaret.

"Well, so long as I'm sixty!"

The young girl perceived that behind these light words there was something very grave. "Paul," she said, "the trouble simply is that you're unwell."

He nodded assent, and with his assent it seemed to her that an unseen

hand had smitten the life out of her heart.

"That is what you told your mother?"

He nodded again.

"And what you were unwilling to tell me?"

He blushed deeply. "Naturally," he said.

She dropped his hands and sat down, for very faintness, on a garden bench. Then rising suddenly, "Go, and take your ride," she rejoined. "But, before you go, kiss me once."

And Paul kissed her, and mounted his horse. As she went into the house, she met Father Herbert, who had been watching the young man ride away, from beneath the porch, and who was returning to his study.

"My dear child," said the priest, "Paul is very ill. God grant that, if you manage not to die, it may not be at his expense!"

For all answer, Margaret turned on him, in her passage, a face so cold, ghastly, and agonized, that it seemed a vivid response to his heart-shaking fears. When she reached her room, she sat down on her little bed, and strove to think clearly and deliberately. The old man's words had aroused a deep-sounding echo in the vast spiritual solitudes of her being. She was to find, then, after her long passion, that the curse was absolute, inevitable, eternal. It could be shifted, but not eluded; in spite of the utmost strivings of human agony, it insatiably claimed its victim. Her own strength was exhausted; what was she to do? All her borrowed splendor of brilliancy and bravery suddenly deserted her, and she sat alone, shivering in her weakness. Deluded fool that she was, for a day, for an hour, to have concealed her sorrow from her lover! The greater her burden, the greater should have been her confidence. What neither might endure alone, they might have surely endured together. But she blindly, senselessly, remorselessly drained the life from his being. As she bloomed and prospered, he drooped and languished. While she was living for him, he was dying of her. Execrable, infernal comedy! What would help her now? She thought of suicide, and she thought of flight; — they were about equivalent. If it were certain that by the sudden extinction of her own life she might liberate, exonerate Paul, it would cost her but an instant's delay to plunge a knife into her heart. But who should say that, enfeebled, undermined as he was, the shock of her death might not give him his own quietus? Worse than all was the suspicion that he had begun to dislike her, and that a dim perception of her noxious influence had already taken possession of his senses. He was cold and distant. Why else, when he had begun really to feel ill, had he not spoken first to her? She was distasteful, loathsome. Nevertheless, Margaret still grasped, with all the avidity of despair, at the idea that it was still not too late to take him into her counsels, and to reveal to him all the horrors of her secret. Then at least, whatever came, death or freedom, they should meet it together.

Now that the enchantment of her fancied triumph had been taken from her, she felt utterly exhausted and overwhelmed. Her whole organism ached with the desire for sleep and forgetfulness. She closed her eyes, and sank into the very stupor of repose. When she came to her senses, her room was dark. She rose, and went to her window, and saw the stars. Lighting a candle, she found that her little clock indicated nine. She had slept five hours. She hastily dressed herself, and went down stairs.

In the drawing-room, by an open window, wrapped in a shawl, with a lighted candle, sat Mrs. De Grey.

"You 're happy, my dear," she cried, "to be able to sleep so soundly, when we are all in such a state."

"What state, dear lady?"

"Paul has not come in."

Margaret made no reply; she was listening intently to the distant sound of a horse's steps. She hurried out of the room, to the front door, and across

the court-yard to the gate. There, in the dark starlight, she saw a figure advancing, and the rapid ring of hoofs. The poor girl suffered but a moment's suspense. Paul's horse came dashing along the road — riderless. Margaret, with a cry, plunged forward, grasping at his bridle; but he swerved, with a loud neigh, and, scarcely slackening his pace, swept into the enclosure at a lower entrance, where Margaret heard him clattering over the stones on the road to the stable, greeted by shouts and ejaculations from the hostler.

Madly, precipitately, Margaret rushed out into the darkness, along the road, calling upon Paul's name. She had not gone a quarter of a mile, when she heard an answering voice. Repeating her cry, she recognized her lover's accents.

He was upright, leaning against a tree, and apparently uninjured, but with his face gleaming through the darkness like a mask of reproach, white with the phosphorescent dews of death. He had suddenly felt weak and dizzy, and in the effort to keep himself in the saddle had frightened his horse, who had fiercely plunged, and unseated him. He leaned on Margaret's shoulder for support, and spoke with a faltering voice.

"I have been riding," he said, "like a madman. I felt ill when I went out, but without the shadow of a cause. I was determined to work it off by motion and the open air." And he stopped, gasping.

"And you feel better, dearest?" murmured Margaret.

"No, I feel worse. I 'm a dead man."

Margaret clasped her lover in her arms with a long, piercing moan, which resounded through the night.

"I 'm yours no longer, dear unhappy soul, — I belong, by I don't know what fatal, inexorable ties, to darkness and death and nothingness. They stifle me. Do you hear my voice?"

"Ah, senseless clod that I am, I have killed you!"

"I believe it 's true. But it 's strange. What is it, Margaret? — you 're enchanted, baleful, fatal!" He spoke barely above a whisper, as if his voice were leaving him; his breath was cold on her cheek, and his arm heavy on her neck.

"Nay," she cried, "in Heaven's name, go on! Say something that will kill me."

"Farewell, farewell!" said Paul, collapsing.

Margaret's cry had been, for the startled household she had left behind her, an index to her halting-place. Father Herbert drew near hastily, with servants and lights. They found Margaret sitting by the roadside, with her feet in a ditch, clasping her lover's inanimate head in her arms, and covering it with kisses, wildly moaning. The sense had left her mind as completely as his body, and it was likely to come back to one as little as to the other.

A great many months naturally elapsed before Mrs. De Grey found herself in the humor to allude directly to the immense calamity which had overwhelmed her house; and when she did so, Father Herbert was surprised to find that she still refused to accept the idea of a supernatural pressure upon her son's life, and that she quietly cherished the belief that he had died of the fall from his horse.

"And suppose Margaret had died? Would to Heaven she had!" said the priest.

"Ah, suppose!" said Mrs. De Grey. "Do you make that wish for the sake of your theory?"

"Suppose that Margaret had had a lover, — a passionate lover, — who had offered her his heart before Paul had ever seen her; and then that Paul had come, bearing love and death."

"Well, what then?"

"Which of the three, think you, would have had most cause for sadness?"

"It 's always the survivors of a calamity who are to be pitied," said Mrs. De Grey.

"Yes, madam, it 's the survivors, — even after fifty years."

STAGE-STRUCK.

"Though this may be play to you,
'T is death to us."

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

DURING the early part of the last century the society of an English town was spared the homilies that the then uncared-for Province of Maine was one day to incarnate in the person of Neal Dow. Worthy people got drunk every night, and were not thought the worse for it, as Dr. Johnson tells us of the Lichfieldians; indeed, his townsmen were esteemed the decentest people in the kingdom; and, when they could talk without a lisp, spoke, as the great lexicographer declared, the purest English. The ecclesiastics of the Chapter were a most pious body, and it was not their fault if the neighboring gentry courted their learning and warmed their eloquence upon occasions. Farquhar, in the opening scenes of his "Beaux' Stratagem," seems to leave us to infer that the good people of Lichfield had something of a fame for strong drink. The Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court was the finest gentleman among them; he set a bountiful table, liked to see its places well filled, was politely deferential to all, could talk like a learned Pundit, or be as volatile as Mercutio, over his port. Gilbert Walmesley was too well-bred to be exclusive, too humane to be exacting; and the attractions of an accomplished wife — when he abandoned in ripe years his bachelorhood — added to the zest of his hospitality.

Quite a different sort of man was Master Hunter, who kept the free school at Lichfield in the low, dingy building, where the doors, likely enough, showed the marks of the *barrings-out* which Addison, some years before, had been concerned in. A severe, stern-eyed, pompous man was Master Hunter. He plied the birch with a most complacent air, and, as he strutted into school, arrayed in gown and cassock and full-dressed wig, a titter of mirth, despite the fear he engendered, would sibilate along the benches. Yet, as such men sometimes do, he beat no small share of learning into his pupils, and filled up the pauses with depicting the gallows they were all coming to. We do not read that any of his scholars ever came nearer to it than the seven who, as luck would have it, became contemporary justices of Westminster, and laughed together very injudicially at the thoughts of the floggings he had given them every one.

There never yet was a master so brutal but some lucky little fellow knew how to bring a smile upon his harsh features, and give the school a moment for a good long breath. Master Hunter had such a boy in his forms, — a merry, black-eyed urchin, quick as a flash to catch the very minute, and as nimble as a squirrel zigzagging the thither side of a tree, and keeping it between himself and danger. Among other things, Master Hunter had a liking for partridges; and cunning little Davy knew well enough where to disclose his secret, when he had, perchance, discovered a covey. Some small favor always followed. His fellows saw that their merry little companion could "miss" with impunity; and if Master Hunter bethought him of a new book that old Michael Johnson was to procure for him from London, Davy was sure to be despatched to go and fetch it. As it happened, the staid old bibliopole had a son of his own in Master Hunter's forms. A gross, misshapen, lubberly boy was Sam, and, as he was some seven years the elder of the other, Davy held only a sort of deferential intimacy with him. Sam had a forbidding aspect, except to those who knew him well; and Master Hunter, who had many a time whipped him for idleness,

held his pupil, nevertheless, in a forced esteem. The boy's face was scarred with the scrofula, and ceaselessly twitched into wry contortions; yet he was an oracle among the youngsters, and his word had an impressiveness that made it law. Strange was he, too, at times; and the good women of the town talked darkly of Sam Johnson's going off so much by himself, and wandering about the fields. Yet this lazy, uncouth fellow and the agile, laughing little Davy formed a companionship that was not thought so strangely of, in view of their being considered lads of wonderful ability, and each a sort of half-prodigy.

Gilbert Walmesley was a man of the true Mæcenas stamp, and Sam and Davy were both welcome visitors at his hospitable home. He liked to see this strange commingling of spirits. Sam delivered his opinions with such a judicial shake of the head, and could even, at fit moments, bow to the addresses of the ladies of his household with so much complaisance, that you would never think him the youth old Michael, his father, sometimes found so refractory. Gilbert Walmesley knew the true provocative of the most genial converse, and yielded to the gathering faculties of his young guest with a hearty relish for his talk. Little Davy was too cunning not to be cautious, but he accompanied the graver dissertations of his elder with such a buzz of comment and merry sport as served only to appetize the listeners, without impeding the humor of the steadier Sam.

The strolling players frequently set up their booths in the Lichfield market-place, to the great consternation of sundry of the good townsfolk, who placed on different sides of the dividing line between innocence and sin the sleep that was disturbed with visions of tragic situations and that which was too heavy with Staffordshire strong drink. The tent of the players, and the *bruit* of their accomplishments which went through the town, had already before this made a stir in the family of a certain half-pay officer, whose rank, and marriage with a daughter of one of the vicars of the cathedral, made their position in society one of the best. Their income, however, was very moderate; and their study, as Sam Johnson had afterwards to say of them, was to make fourpence do what others did with fourpence half-penny. Davy's curiosity — he was one of this household — was excited to the highest pitch by recitals of the other boys, who had seen other companies of strollers; and he doubtless importuned his elder brother, Peter, to intercede with their mother for permission to see the play. Peter's disposition was very different. He was graver, and seemed to inherit the soberer qualities of his mother. Davy was more like his father, whose looks did not belie the French origin that was ascribed to the family. He was a small, sprightly, dark-eyed man, and Davy was very plainly his likeness. It would not have been so natural for him to refuse the indulgence; and, the mother's hesitancy giving way before an appeal to her good-nature, Davy was allowed to run off to the market-place.

There is little in boyish experiences so indelibly put in our memory as the impressions from seeing our first play. We know how genially the essayist Elia has depicted all those fresh sensations. Many an autobiographer has dwelt lovingly on the recital. Had we a diary of Shakespeare, we might read of his flushed exultation in his first play at Kenilworth. Scott recounts with delight the story of his earliest acquaintance with the scene. Southey tells us how rapturously he doubted the fictitiousness of the action. Leigh Hunt looks back upon it, and exclaims, "Then I was not critical, and could enjoy." The elder Mathews tells of the glorious two shillings' worth of stealthy disobedience of that first night. Hans Andersen, just from the delineation of Lear, fashions in his joy some little puppets, and, dressing them in costume, reproduces the mimic scene; while, as he cuts and sews their dresses, his mother, good soul! having destined him to a tailor's stool, rejoices at his precocious snip-

ping! The theatre of Ludwigsburg opened to the rapturous Schiller, a boy of nine, a vision of his future glory. In the memoirs of Iffland and Kotzebue, of Henderson, of Frederic Reynolds and George Frederic Cooke, we have the same tale of heated joy and a determinate future.

The talk at Walmesley's fireside often turned on the theatrical experiences of our friends. Sam criticised the play, but Davy dwelt upon the acting. Any little irregularity of the plot or flattening of the dialogue was sure to receive the censure of the elder, who had a way of mouthing through a passage with his own substitutions. Davy's bright eye glimmered at this, and a droll look at see-sawing Sam would not escape the notice of their host; but what was more remarkable was the way in which the younger lad would accompany the other's recital with a pantomimic action.

One day, in bringing up such matters in this circle, Davy related how he had prevailed upon his mother to grant him liberty to perform a play on his own account, and how all that was wanted to complete the arrangements was a prologue from a friendly hand; and as Samuel not long before had come to the assistance of some young ladies in a like emergency, the boyish manager intimated that the poet might now show his friendship, if not his gallantry. Sam, however, for some reason not to us known, refused the assistance, and Davy had no other resource but patching up an old prologue to his liking. A room was procured and arranged; and, perhaps because it reminded him of occasional duties of his father, "The Recruiting Officer" of Farquhar was selected, and the parts distributed among his mates and his sisters with managerial tact. The little actor reserved for himself the part of the recruiting sergeant Kite, and, we are assured, plied his crafty intrigues with approved sprightliness; and soon everybody in the town had heard the rumor of the capital acting of little Davy Garrick. We are not told if lazy Samuel witnessed the triumph of his companion. Walmesley was a near friend to the family, and was doubtless there, to enjoy in the highest degree the vivacious bluster of his young friend. Davy's well-wishers could have no reason to fear that this was opening a vista to the future of a great actor. To play plays in boyhood is too natural an excitement. It is the precocity, and not the inclination, that surprises us in Pope, at twelve, turning the siege of Troy into a play, making his school-fellows the actors, and summoning the gardener for his Ajax. That Ariosto fashioned the story of Pyramus and Thisbe into a drama, and drilled his brothers and sisters to the performance of it, could not alone point to Ariosto's future. The young Cumberland, when he was mulcted in a translation from Juvenal, for stealthily assisting at a representation of Cato, thought of the penalty, and not of the augury. These first triumphs of a boy-actor have a flush of delight that no subsequent success can thoroughly equal. Barton Booth felt himself to be without a rival — as he was — in the Latin comedy of his school-days. Some theatricals got up in his neighborhood were a prophecy for Macklin. Kean was a garret Richard in his childish revels. Talma's paroxysms of acted grief began in his school-days. Elliston was the boast of his mates. Edwin ranted in Alexander, and Cooke was the tragic hero, while they were yet in their jackets.

Davy was accordingly a frequent attendant on the strollers' performances, without exciting any solicitude among his good relatives in the Church. He, not unfrequently, was accompanied by Samuel; and we can imagine his hilarity, tempered with something of awe, as he heard the rather gruffly whispered comments of his neighbor. One night it was Colley Cibber's roistering farce of "Hob in a Well" they were sitting before. A certain actress played Flora in such a way that she bewitched Samuel, and Davy never forgot his companion's uncouth symptoms of devotion. Again, some Sir Harry Wildair sported his gay hour

on the stage. "What courtly vivacity!" exclaimed Samuel; but Davy laid it up in his memory, and years afterwards he whispered it about that Johnson's courtier was as vulgar a ruffian as ever trod the boards. However Sam's visual or mental perceptions may have been at fault, those long, sinewy limbs of his could make certain amends for their ungainliness. It was not the folio alone that in after life knocked down Osborne, nor the oaken staff that would have done the same office by Foote, but an indomitable will that never brooked an insult or suffered any interference. The youth Samuel foreshadowed the man. Davy long afterwards was wont to recall a certain evening, when he and Johnson had taken stools upon the player's platform, and Sam had left his for a moment, when it was occupied by another. Remonstrance produced no effect on the interloper, and so the redoubtable bookseller's son took stool and man, and tossed both into the pit!

The years went on, and Johnson was at Oxford. Davy, now thirteen or fourteen years old, must fix upon some destined avocation. The stage could not, of course, be thought of,—that was on the wrong side of the dividing line between innocence and sin. On the other side of it, an uncle of his, a wine-merchant in Lisbon, had acquired a fortune that looked splendid in the eyes of the family of our half-pay officer. He had heard what a promising nephew he had at Lichfield, and, several years before this, he had written to have him sent out, to be trained in so lucrative a business. So Davy went. The rich uncle was a good liver, entertained great company, and Davy was not long in discovering that he enjoyed life much more mounted on the table after dessert, and gaining the plaudits of the guests by his declamations and drolleries, than by any drilling of the counting-house. His uncle soon discovered the same thing for himself; and Davy, after a year's trial, was sent home, to seek another sphere for his life's business.

This brought him back again to the charge of Master Hunter. But a change was coming to his father's house. An increasing family had made the half-pay officer of late see the necessity of resuming the active duties of his rank to meet the increased expenditures of his household; and he had accordingly been ordered to Gibraltar, leaving his family to the pursuit of their accustomed economical shifts. Davy became the filial correspondent of the soldier abroad. There is a kind of humorous sadness in the boy's epistles to his absent father. He writes of the shabby wardrobe of the family, of his sick mother, and the cost of buying her wine, of the laces that sisters Magdalene and Jane, poor souls! ought to have for their head-dresses. Then again, he tells of some new silver buckles, a present he had had, and declares how admirable they would look if he only had a pair of velvet breeches. "They tell me," he adds, slyly, "velvet is very cheap at Gibraltar. Amen, and so be it!" Then again—the little actor that he was—the next post takes the far-away soldier a rhapsody about a certain miniature painted by Le Grout, which he declares a better feast to look at than anything of Apelles could be. "It is a figure of a gentleman," he adds, "and I suppose military by the dress. I think Le Grout told me his name was one Captain Peter Garrick; perhaps, as you are in the army, you may know him; he is pretty jolly, and I believe not very tall." Not a word about the velvet breeches; but a wager that he got them! Davy, the boy, and David Garrick, Esq., the man, had a wonderful luck in getting through life more than a mortal's share of everything he wanted. There was a certain grand house in the neighborhood, but to visit a grand house then one must have a purse in hand, or the servants ignored their vocation, much to the guest's discomfiture. This neglect was something that even velvet breeches and silver buckles could not protect one from; but Gilbert Walmesley could, and when he had

slipped a couple of half-crowns in the boy's hands, off started the dapper little Davy, and lavished his fees with as genteel an air as the best of them.

Not many of the lads of Lichfield in those days could go up to London town as Davy did. Captain Garrick was a man of many friends, and Master David knew their accessible sides; and so if business called them to the metropolis, ten to one they assured Madam Garrick that Davy was a good boy, that they should be gone but a few days, and that it would delight them very much to take Davy along. The playhouses of London opened new visions to the boy. He could see Quin, who then upheld the reputation of the stage with a good voice and a majestic mien, and whose Falstaff and Cato posterity is taught to believe it were a difficult matter to excel. Unfortunately, Othello had but a few years before quitted the scene in Barton Booth; but Colley Cibber still occasionally returned to a stage he had formally left, to be the most exquisite fop the theatre has perhaps ever seen. The laureate's worthless son had just taken to wife the daughter of an upholsterer, and old Colley himself was drilling her for the stage. In the rooms of Aaron Hill in Villiers Street, Davy may have seen the early performances of "Zara"; but as he saw the grace and dignity of its heroine, this new actress, he little thought of the triumphs in this same play that were to join the names of Garrick and Mrs. Cibber.

Meanwhile the gossips of Lichfield had a subject to their liking. Johnson, leaving Oxford, had had sundry hard experiences as a bookseller's hack, and usher; but he had found a widow, during his absence, double his own age, who was wofully ugly to all eyes but his own, and who had decided that Samuel was the most sensible man she ever knew. He, on his part, had determined on making Tetty his wife; and, in consideration of the little property she had, he hurried to Lichfield to tell his mother, and make arrangements for setting up a boarding-school. His old mentor and Davy's, Walmesley, now prevailed on Mrs. Garrick to put her son at Edial Hall, as the new seminary was called; and there young Garrick passed a half-year, till his father's return from Gibraltar, — and a half-year of curious experiences it was! We can picture Samuel Johnson more readily in any other light than as a teacher of youth. The condition is quite as anomalous as his adulatory caresses of his Tetty of sixty, — fat, painted, patched, fantastic, as she was. Keyhole observations afforded for his four or five scholars a world of fun, and if the scene of love-making was genuine within, the mock reproduction without raised a titter that sent the lads scampering to their rooms. This could not last long. Davy's compositions were sure to be farces, in a double sense; and the master had his head full of "Irene," and of a future in London. Walmesley again arranged matters. He approved of Johnson's tragedy, and told Captain Garrick he could pave the way for Davy's study of the law, to which his good father, thankful the boy had not gone into the army, as he at one time inclined to do, destined him. A university course was beyond the means of the Garricks, but Walmesley had bethought him of a friend at Rochester, the Rev. Mr. Colson; and so the post takes this gentleman a letter, recommendatory of David, and, arrangements apparently being made, Walmesley, under date of March 2, 1737, again writes: "David and another friend of mine, one Mr. Johnson, set out this morning for London together, — Davy to be with you early next week, and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy." Thus was heralded the advent of one Johnson and the favorite Davy to London! And never before among

> "The brave spirits who go up to woo
> That terrible city, whose neglect is death,
> Whose smile is fame,"

was there a pair whose future was of more significance. To become a sovereign in literature and a monarch of the stage was a fulfilment not granted before to twain adventurers!

Douglas Jerrold has exclaimed about the golden volume to be written of the first struggles of forlorn genius in that great metropolis. Brilliant essayists have pictured the deplorable prospects of a new man of letters, at that time particularly. And Johnson came as such to London almost without a friend. St. John's Gate bounded his aspirations. His companion looked with hardly better hopes to the future. Their pockets were so empty that they had almost immediately to give their joint note for five pounds to a bookseller in the Strand, who kindly forewarned the man with a tragedy in his pocket, that a porter's knot was a surer dependence than letters, in London. Perhaps, too, Johnson saw in the print-shop windows the sketch of "The Distressed Poet," which Hogarth had just published, — a pitiable but too true prophecy, alas! There is an awkward whimsicality in Johnson's attempt to note the advantages of living in a garret, years afterwards, when he had not forgotten these first years in London. It was a time when the sponging-house and the King's Bench were the haunts of genius; and it was deemed most consistent for an author to be reckless and eccentric, and to pass for a bully or a blood, who took, but never gave, the wall. There was scarcely one of the craft that the bailiffs had not measured wits and legs with, if w except Lillo, who had just produced s best play, and who cut jewels in hi op, that his shop might not cut him d Richardson, who was wise eno to be his own publisher.

To Garrick, too, came disappointments. Colson's terms proved beyond his means, and, in a week's time after his arrival in London, we find his name entered with the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. He was not the first of his profession who had been consigned originally to the dry study of the law. It is not long since a Lord Chancellor of England thought it worth while to show the probability of Shakespeare's having been articled to an attorney. We read of a certain novice of the courts, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who could not appease the offended dignity of a father, even by assuming the disguise of "Molière" and making it immortal. And we have further instances of an importunity in the drama superior to that of the pandects and the codes in the lives of Ariosto and Lessing, of Congreve, Wycherley, and Rowe, of Quin, Foote, King, Colman, and Macready.

But a change was at hand. The Lisbon uncle returned to England, died, and left David a thousand pounds, which warranted the acceptance of Colson's terms, and to him the law student now went. During the first weeks in London, David had lost his father, who left a numerous family slenderly provided for; and, in view of the sacred charge imposed on the elder sons, he gave up all hopes of the bar, and, after a year's time, joined his brother in London, and, hiring vaults in Durham Yard, the two commenced partnership as wine-merchants, — still on the side of innocence. Their transactions were probably small enough to give color to the smart insinuation of Foote, long afterwards, that he remembered the great actor living in Durham Yard with three quarts of vinegar in his cellar, and calling himself a wine-merchant! Somehow Foote always himself forgot his days of partnership as a small-beer brewer.

The stalls of the play-venders had intercepted David's walks from the Temple. The clubs and coffee-houses, haunts of the poets and players, were now in his immediate vicinity. The young vintner soon made himself the centre of their circles. He could bandy wit with the sharpest, and print in the journals as good a criticism on the players as the deftest penman of them all.

The power of the coffee-houses was an acknowledged estate of the realm. Scandal and news here acquired a potency. Faction ran high in so motley a crowd, made up of notables, invulnerables, bravoes, and critics. The wits made the poor devil of an author wince beneath his incognito. Tom Puzzles

were abundant, with knowledge enough to raise a doubt, but not to clear one. The liar met the truth-stickler at a tilt, and the fashionable booby looked on with a *haw*, tapped his red-heeled shoes, and twisted his gold-embroidered hose. Here, too, was the spruce young Templar, —

"Deep in the drama, shallow in the law."

But it was the circles of The Bedford that held oracular sway over everything pertaining to the drama. The actors and playwrights made this tavern their great resort, and with them David was not long in establishing terms of intimacy, — much, however, to the dislike of his elder brother, who had a very keen perception of the line of respectability and innocence running between their cellars and the green-rooms. David was good at propitiatory manœuvres, and he induced Giffard, the manager of Goodman's Field, to persuade the proprietors of The Bedford to supply themselves from the new vintners. Peter Garrick rejoiced at the increased run of custom, but he still kept a wary eye on the bodeful line. He had a horror of brother Davy's being stage-struck! He felt himself, in view of such an event, the embodiment of a most eminent respectability. He felt for the memory of his father, for the sensibility of his mother, for the happiness of himself. Meanwhile, David preserved the most discreet silence about such reprehensible intentions; but, when Peter lost him from under his eye, he could most surely find him over at The Bedford.

Prominent at this place was to be seen the strong, rugged face of Charles Macklin, then in the vigor of mature life, and, by a change in the style of acting, preparing the way for a greater. David soon was fixed in his good graces. Here, too, came Havard and Woodward, both comedians of mark, — the one destined to be commemorated in an epitaph from the great manager's pen, and the other to dispute his claim to a universal supremacy by his admirable Bobadil. Here, too, came a man of established reputation in a kindred art, — likely enough to sketch a caricature on his thumb-nail, — whose name was Hogarth. Another noted man came from the Inns of Court; a clever playwright he was accounted, — for the name of Fielding was not yet associated with his novels. A gentleman by birth, he had commanded distinguished patrons; and he had possessed an easy disposition to make the best of life, although his plays were often damned as easily as he wrote them. A handsome, stalwart fellow he was; but a life of dissipation, to which he had added the trials of managing a company of players and editing a magazine, had already marked him with disease, although he was hardly turned of thirty. He had taken a wife, however, who incited him to study, and his student's gown, at this time, was no incongruity. Yet he could not resist mixing occasionally with his old companions of the playhouse; and as Macklin was his next friend, and Garrick's also, the playwright and the vintner were thus brought into terms of a like relationship. Perhaps still more noticeable was a certain short, stout fellow, who spent his mornings lounging at The Grecian, but was sure to saunter in at The Bedford as the evening came, and startle all ears with the laugh he raised. It was said he also had chambers in the Temple, and was quite the madcap Ranger a gownsman was afterwards dramatically represented to be by Hoadley; and he did not much depart from the standard of a Templar which Fielding had already portrayed in one of his pieces. He had a broad and rather vulgar face, only redeemed by a flexible mouth and a sparkling eye. This was Samuel Foote; and people had little doubt he studied the chances of the gaming-table more than the abstrusities of the law.

Such was the assembly of wits that made The Bedford the centre of dramatic interest. Here each new play was canvassed, and every innovation of the managers criticised. The talk was now of Quin, — how he had done this in Lear,

or that in Julius Cæsar; — now of old Cibber, who had again resumed the sock, in Shallow to Quin's Falstaff; and who, it was rumored one night, when he played in Richard, had found his old vigor gone, and had declared, behind the scenes, that he would give fifty guineas to be at home in his easy-chair. Faction was exasperated when it was reported that the Lord Chamberlain had stopped the rehearsal of Brook's "Gustavus Vasa," at Drury Lane, because there were words in it that had an ugly meaning for the government; and the question ran round, where now are Pope, Pitt, and Lyttelton, who have heretofore befriended this man? Then there came out a new tragedy, written, as the bills gave out, "in imitation of Shakespeare"; and Billy Havard, as the good soul was called familiarly, was forced to acknowledge the paternity of "Charles the First." There was, too, a new actress, just from Dublin, young and handsome, announced for Sylvia in "The Recruiting Officer," and all the town was wild about her, — the merry young vintner not the least so, — and the excitement only increased when, a few nights after, she dashed upon them in "Sir Harry Wildair." Garrick was not long in making himself one of the most favored of Peg Woffington's admiring circle. He had likewise, by this time, aspired to be an author, and the frequenters of the coffee-houses knew that the lively little wine-merchant of Durham Yard had written the unique after-piece of Lethe, which Giffard had brought out for his benefit; though Peter did not know a word of it, but was only troubled with vague surmises. Then, again, Walmesley sends down from Lichfield a patriotic song, to which David adds a verse; and it is sung one night at Drury Lane, after a benefit play for an English crew who had fought the Spaniards. But the event that was causing most comment and misgivings was the promised Shylock of Macklin. For forty years the town had had nothing but a farcical alteration of Shakespeare's play, in which the Jew was laboriously comic, and played all sorts of fooleries; and yet the club-rooms rang with a laugh when it was announced that Macklin was to make Shylock a serious part. The manager was frightened, and begged his actor to desist; but Macklin was not a man to retreat. He paid, in those days, an unwonted attention to costume, and caused a stare and winks in the green-room when he appeared for the stage, arrayed in a loose black gown, a peaked beard, and a red hat. "I was Charles the Great for that night," he cried, when narrating his success afterwards; and whether Pope really did or did not compliment him in the celebrated distich,

> "This is the Jew
> That Shakespeare drew,"

it is certain he commended his pains in the appointments of the play; and, for that and many subsequent seasons, to see Macklin in Shylock was one of the sights of the metropolis.

While Garrick was living in this round of excitement, his old friend Johnson was drudging for the booksellers, dating time from his clean-shirt day, and now and then getting a lift through Walmesley's influence, but knowing London as he wrote about it in his poem of that name. He had managed to make his approach to Cave, the potentate of St. John's Gate and the Gentleman's Magazine, — taciturn, distant, but good-hearted man as he was, — dispenser of all the bounty a poor hackney writer hoped for. It was at his table that Johnson told of the inimitable powers of mirth in his townsman who kept the wine-vaults in Durham Yard, and the magnanimous Cave resolved to see for himself. In the room over the arch a stage was hastily prepared, and, with such decorations and dresses as could be easily improvised, Garrick assumed a manager's direction, with an audience of the literary handicraftsmen of the magazine. There was much of a likeness among these dangling hirelings, — needy poets, improvident wits, skulking essayists, — hunted of the bailiffs, all. A long, thin face, upon whose coarse features gravity sat as in mockery, told the miserable life that

was led by Richard Savage. Johnson and he had but lately walked St. James Square all night for want of means to hire a lodging. Too profligate to hold his friends, he was to find the only two vindicators of his memory in this company, — Johnson was to write his life; and Garrick, when its author was long dead, was to befriend a straggling tragedy that about this very time in his despondency its author had sold to Cave. There was another among this audience whom the transient manager may have liked to propitiate; for it was thought a certain slovenly, near-sighted fellow present had a talent for the drama, and it was nothing incongruous that his lodging was too often in a sponging-house. This was Samuel Boyse, whose poem of "The Deity," published soon after, is not rightfully forgotten, if we have faith in the judgment of the author of "Tom Jones."

On the night in question it was Fielding's farce of "The Mock Doctor" they were to play; and Garrick, taking Gregory to himself, distributed the parts among the journeyman printers of the establishment. He could not have had a better vehicle for broad farcical humor; and the applause he gained only sent him back to his wine-vaults more dissatisfied than ever, and open to the admonitions of Peter, still persistent in his reproofs.

It was not long before his constancy was put to another test. The Eton boys got up "The Orphan" at the little York-building theatre; and Garrick, being cast with them for Chamont, so fascinated the ladies who attended, that they offered him their purses and trinkets from the boxes. This attempt led to another. One night manager Giffard was distressed because his harlequin was suddenly taken ill, and the flushed amateur quickly donned the jacket, and nobody in the house ever suspected the change; and Peter, too, was for a long time spared the mortification of knowing it.

David was thus fast making up his mind that he must openly cross the fatal boundary of respectability, and rely upon his powers to retrieve his good name. He dared not break the matter to his brother. Peter had already frowned dreadfully at the mere surmise; and he could but now mark that a cloud was over his brother's spirits, when in his presence. He spoke to him of their good family name, and portrayed the sure displeasure which their parents, if surviving, would manifest. His mother, David often acknowledged, had fortunately been so dear to him, that the thought of her restrained him at many a critical moment. He lived to account it a great advantage that this restraint gave his powers time to ripen. He was in his twenty-fifth year when restraint was no longer effectual. It is not within the scope of this paper to picture the realization of his long-indulged hopes. He went through a brief probationary incognito at a provincial theatre, and came back to London, reassured, and undertook that most remarkable first season, which began a long career without a parallel in the history of the stage, proving for thirty-five successive years that he had not in vain been stage-struck!

That life has been often told, but never yet as it should be. Tom Davies, the actor, — whose relations with his manager were not always the happiest, and whose shop, when he became, after Churchill's "Rosciad" stung him, a bookseller, was the rendezvous of a set of men fond of saying savage things about the Drury Lane potentate, — was the first to tell the story of the great actor. He published it the year after Garrick's death; and, though he is supposed to have had Johnson's countenance and aid, he received no assistance from the actor's widow and the guardians of his papers. His book is lively, and cannot be overlooked by any subsequent biographer, though Davies's memory was not exact, and he trusted to it too freely. The next attempt was made by Arthur Murphy, when Garrick had been dead twenty-one years; and the interval had not been long enough for Murphy to forget how he had practised the

astutest arts a disappointed playwright could summon to harass the most sensitive of managers. His book is dull, full of errors, and affords but little that is complementary to the earlier life. Next came Boaden, who, ten years later, and thirty-six years ago, presented in two plethoric quartos, a large mass of Garrick's correspondence, very carelessly arranged and heedlessly selected, and, for the first time, in the rather meagre memoir prefixed, gave something of authority to the recital of this busy life.

It has been for some years known that there was still a considerable portion of Garrick's papers not used by Boaden, particularly letters illustrating his Lichfield life; and Forster gave us in the second edition of his admirable "Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith," a chapter on this part of the actor's career that made some new revelations. Those who fancied there had been an equal reservation of papers regarding Garrick's riper years, had hopes of much additional illustration, when it was announced that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald would have access to the inedited manuscripts in writing a new biography. These hopes have not been fully met, and a thorough life of Garrick is still to be written. The new biographer casts a slur upon Boaden's editorial labors, but he does not make good his assertion that there was much of the best in reservation, beyond what Mr. Forster had already eliminated. His "Life of Garrick" has two grand faults. It is carelessly, and sometimes awkwardly, put together; and it slights many points of the first importance in understanding Garrick, because the author could not find much to add to what was currently known, while passages of inferior interest are dilated. To such, then, as are not previously versed in the story of that wonderful theatrical and social career, this last narrative will seem disjointed and out of perspective; although much has been done in the bringing together of data and memoranda to make the book an entertaining one for the general reader, and a useful one for the student of English social history of the last century.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTING.

A GOOD model, badly posed, lends itself to very awkward studies, and does not instruct the eye as it should. French art is a subject that for a long time has been badly posed before Americans. Those of us who have been infatuated with it have not been very respectful to native talent; those who have derided it as superficial have only considered it as it appears in its most recent form.

French art is made of a great many diverse things. It is one thing in Ingres, and another in Delacroix; it is one thing in Gérôme, and another in Flandrin; it is one thing in Hamon, and another in Millet; it is one thing in Théodore Rousseau, and another in Corot.

The only common ground for a characterization under the general head "French Art," presenting itself to my judgment, is that each of these painters has a style which adequately corresponds with his subject; that the short-coming of his work is never in a bad understanding of his means of expression, as is so often the case with the work of our painters, whose average power of representation is lower than the average value of their subject, — lower than that of the painters who make Paris the centre of arts.

Any generalization about French art,

either for or against its ascendency, must be considered simply as a hasty dash of the mind to cover a vast and varied subject, without due consideration of the meaning and value of its parts. I do not believe it judicious, and it is not very instructive.

At the present hour French art is not maintained at its highest level. It has lost its great representative men. The ebb is so great at this moment, that all the barrenness of the French mind, when not fed from the fecund, outlying, elemental forces, is revealed; the present is the thin and shallow and corrupt hour of French art. It is beginning to correspond very well with the epoch of the Regency, which gave to France the art and literature and sentiment of courtesans. We may admire France very much, but we must admit that France is very barren in great things when it is dominated by the Parisian sentiment, and does not derive its ideas from the Continent and England, rather than from its own characteristic life. The characteristic life of France is in action and in pleasure.

But yesterday France held the great representative painters of the nineteenth century, — men who were fed by all the great springs of intellectual and moral life outside of France; to-day she has a group of figure-painters, who represent the pleasures and tragedies of Roman civilization, and seek to make France repeat the cruel, arbitrary, centralized life of the ancient imperial world.

Yesterday, France had Delacroix exercising his genius in the highest realms of imagination, and dedicating his art to the suffering of humanity; she had Ingres, in the reasoned, restrained, monotonous, and classic world; she had Flandrin, devout and elevated in sentiment, thorough in his work, positive in his style; she had Scheffer, in poetry and religious sentiment; she had Delaroche, in the historical and literary; she had Decamps, in the picturesque of subject, the caprice of effect, the vivid of natural color; — then Troyon, the great, simple, natural colorist; Rousseau, the landscapist, rich and subtile in his color; and to-day, last members of the same group, Corot, the dreamy poet; and Millet, the profoundly impressive and simple painter of the peasants of France.

The decadence of French art — save where it is checked by such men as the landscapists of France, and Courbet in his best efforts — has been rapid since the death of Troyon. For the most part, the landscape painters are outside of imperial France.

I propose that we go back a few years, to the time when society was in ferment, and the forces of life were not suppressed by the imperial *régime*. The splendid outburst of thirty years ago in France was a reaction against authority; it was the substitution of the will or caprice of the individual for the fixed law of a school; it was a revolt. It was a revolt that had Victor Hugo, Dumas, George Sand, Delacroix, Géricault, and Decamps, and all the succeeding landscape and genre painters for its leaders and supporters. They resisted the Academy of Beaux-Arts and the Academy of Belles-Lettres.

To-day France is again quiet, — the last wave of revolt has nearly spent itself, the tide is low, the shore barren. To-day France is again contented with authority, and accepts tradition. The Institute and Tuileries are well guarded; both have succeeded in convincing the cultivated classes that a nation is best when its people are kept as minors, not recognized as lords of the estate. Victor Hugo is in exile; the forms of constitutional government are maintained only as so many tribunes from which the hireling deputies throw a dust of words between the people and the arbitrary acts of a ruler, who closes his hand tighter and tighter on the nation.

Understand well, that the epoch of constitutional government and of revolution in France is represented in painting by Géricault, Delacroix, Scheffer, Delaroche, Decamps, and the overrated Vernet. The Second Empire is represented by Gérôme, Meissonier, Caba-

nel, Baudry, Chaplin, Diaz, and Hamon; in literature, by Gautier, Houssaye, Féval, Feydeau, Baudelaire, and Dumas *fils*. These men illustrate art detached from the moral, — the artistic emancipated from ideas of morality and ideas of democracy. They represent the cruelty, the corruption, and sometimes the splendor, of the purely artistic; but, on the whole, they may be taken as illustrations of the artistic in excess.

The epoch of revolution and constitutional government had a group of writers of greater reach, nobler purpose, and more profound genius. It had Guizot, Lamartine, Béranger, George Sand, Auguste Comte, Victor Hugo, Balzac, and De Musset, — the great names of modern France. De Musset, however, did not hold either the revolutionary or republican spirit. He was simply an unhappy soul with a rare artistic sense.

Men like Sainte-Beuve and Ingres, who exalted authority and tradition in letters and in arts as opposed to the individual genius or wilfulness, easily found their place, cushioned, under the Empire. So true it is that the mind which relies upon an external fact is always consistent, always ready for a master. Sainte-Beuve, who never had any convictions; and Ingres, who only had one, — that is, that Phidias and Raphael fixed, for all time, the one perfect form of art, — gravitated towards the paternal government; and both have given *éclat* to art and letters under the imperial *régime*.

If my thought is true, I have indicated the place which the leading masters of painting, in France, hold in the scale of its political development. But we must go still nearer to the great masters who came after the first revolution.

No modern nation has a group of men comparable to the French painters of the last thirty years. In the art of painting, as understood by painters, they have no peers, save in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their science of art is French; their ideas are universal, — do not belong exclusively to the French mind. To-day, French art is more local, less universal; therefore, not great. It has again fallen to the level of the average French mind. The average French mind — or genius — is exact like Gérôme, light like Chaplin, pagan and sensual like Cabanel, full of exaggeration like Doré, bold and prosaic like Vernet, whose popularity "is the accusation of a whole nation." But, back of all these traits, which are so characteristic of the French, there is a genuine love of out-of-door life; and the modern French landscape painters are the artistic correspondence of that love. That love is universal; therefore the French landscapists have a public outside of France. They are not localized. Great men are not local. They do not correspond with the average men of their nation; they correspond with the superior men of the world.

The average of French art, like the average of French literature, is exclusively a matter of expression, which is generally attractive, and disengages the mind from the subject to please it with the execution. The average work of the French painter is too artistic, and outside of reality; the average work of the English painter is not in the least artistic, but awkward, yet holding a certain fixed relation to the domestic sentiment and poetic feeling of the English people.

But in arts and in letters we are not concerned with the average power of a people. We ask to know the highest or characteristic development reached by the genius of a people. It is Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley; it is Hogarth, Reynolds, and Turner; in France, it is Molière, Voltaire, and George Sand; it is Claude Lorraine, Delacroix, Gowarnic.

None of Delacroix's works have any value as studies of manners, or as realistic renderings of the subject. If you are in the habit of occupying your mind with details; if you follow the contemporary method in art, — in which the observation is everything, and the dream nothing, — in a word, if Balzac and Thackeray are your best types, you

will not understand, much less appreciate, Delacroix.

Delacroix is properly the subject of a special study; it is not within my purpose to write a commentary on his genius. I notice his work only so far as is necessary to make apparent that his is the first name in my classification of French painters. Delacroix and Géricault are the *first*, among Frenchmen, who treated things with the brush of the Venetians, and in the large epic style that to-day is without any illustration in the works of living painters.

It has been Delacroix's glory and reproach, that he spontaneously gave being to purely personal impressions, lifted the subject out of a cold, lifeless, artistic form, and hurled it, as it were, palpitating with all the emotions of his heart, to an inert public.

The aggressive Proudhon, who opposes the whole spirit and fact of French art as being anti-democratic and anti-realistic, says: "Delacroix has a lining of Lord Byron, of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo, of George Sand; he is also the illustrator of Shakespeare and Goethe." And then he asks: "But what do I care for all these declaimers and weepers?"

No doubt these are appropriate and expressive words in the mouth of a democrat. No doubt the man occupied with the question of labor and emancipation has no respect for the romantic dreams, the spiritual and moral disorders of men and women whom excess of sensibility and passion for the ideal forbid to mix in the hurly-burly of life, but place before the spectacle of the human soul, in its body of flesh, enacting the perpetual drama of its desires and its debasements.

Proudhon's book is a running, aggressive, democratic commentary on art. It is the only book that I know which is a brave and sturdy effort to refute the artistic idea as it is understood by the artists; it aims to substitute a purely democratic idea of the painter's function. The only art that can hold a place in Proudhon's emancipated society is the modern landscapist's; or the art of the painter who flatly outrages the classic ideal and the studied form, — like Courbet.

If I should speak from Proudhon's book about French art in the nineteenth century, I should be perfectly well understood by every American; and the average reader would recognize good sense, and wonder why he ever admitted the metaphysical talk about "art" and "beauty" and "the ideal" to impose itself upon his mind and convict him of ignorance. I should be thought sensible and convincing with Proudhon's thought on my lips; but, let me hasten to add, I should be at once outside of the idea of art as it is understood by artists. I should be speaking from the very lapse of the artistic sense. I should be honoring common sense, which in Proudhon, as never before, does its iconoclastic work upon the beautiful world, cherished at the cost of the comfort of the people.

Proudhon's book is the gospel of modern art as it must be developed in America; that is, free from tradition, free from the voluptuous, based wholly on the common life of the democratic man, who develops his being on a free soil, and in the midst of a vast country.

At this moment the national galleries of France contain the most perfect examples of the art of painting that have been produced in the world since 1789; at this moment they contain works the most varied in style and subject, and the most illustrative of the resources of the palette of any modern art save that of Turner; at this moment French art is most universal in its influence, and the most expressive of art as art. But at this moment the leading men of the French school — Gérôme, Meissonier, Cabanel — do not entertain universal ideas and elevated sentiments corresponding with the ideas and sentiments of Delacroix, Scheffer, and Delaroche.

French art has become Parisian, and in becoming Parisian it has fallen to the level of a corrupt and luxurious world, — a world in which taste and voluptuousness are exacted in the work

of every figure-painter. It still remains true to the idea of art for art. Need we say it gained its ascendency over the modern world when it was less local, and at a time when art was not pursued for its own sake, but because it was believed to be a beautiful and special means of expressing the sentiments and passions, and depicting the noblest and most beautiful parts of nature and the life of man?

When France was thrown open by the Revolution, and was accessible to foreign influences, she was greater than to-day; now she is shut within herself by imperialism. When her literary and artistic genius was fed with Shakespeare, with Oriental dreams, with mediæval imaginations, it was enriched by external things. To-day France has become more Parisian, — that is, local, — and, in becoming more Parisian, she has fallen in the scale of greatness.

So far we can generalize and render truthfully the leading facts of French art, and therefore of France itself. But we have reached our limit, and we must look more closely at the actual men of the hour, and ask in what manner they sustain the glory made for French art by the splendid group of artists whom I have so often named.

I have said that they are not imbued with the large spirit, and do not show the general aim of their great predecessors; that the ablest and simplest men who yet live are a part of that great outburst of artistic power that began with Géricault, and seems now almost spent. Who are these men? Certainly not the fashionable painters. Meissonier is not of them, nor Gérôme, nor Cabanel, nor even the elegant and delicate Fromentin.

Gérôme, who is the most exact and intellectual, and the most reasonable, — the man whose pictures have all the dignity that mind can give to a work of art, — is well known; and likewise so known is Meissonier; and Cabanel, who paints to charm the senses just as they are charmed at the Jardin Mabille or the Porte Saint Martin.

Properly speaking, Gérôme and Meissonier are not painters. They are simply draughtsmen or designers, who have acquired all of the art of painting that can be taught. Their limitations are limitations of organization. And yet their method of characterizing their work by the line and the design, and limiting the play of the brush and the flow of color, is in keeping with the exact and positive ideas that have taken the first place in current criticism. But the masters of painting have always made less of the refinements of the line or the form, and more of the splendid and fleeting impression of color and effect.

I have to speak of Théodore Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, Fromentin, Corot, Jules Duprez, Daubigny, and Courbet. These men represent the most healthful phase of French art, and show that, however much they may be below the epic greatness of Delacroix and Géricault, they carry forward the work so splendidly begun by those two great dramatic painters. They react against tradition, and give the ascendency to individual genius, rather than train it in classic or academic forms, according to the example of Flandrin, Ingres, and even Gérôme.

Rousseau, who died but yesterday in the poetical village of Barbison, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, represents the richest and strongest genius in landscape art. His work has strength, force, and luxuriance, and all these traits and qualities are held in a rich and solid style of painting. He was varied in his subjects, and had two distinct manners; but his proper style was solid, rich, and close. The landscapes of our own Inness, without being as firmly designed as Rousseau's, without having the same depth and clearness of tone, yet are not unlike those of the great French landscapist.

Another painter is Corot, an old man now, and an old favorite. He paints — in a manner just the reverse of Rousseau — with a light, quick, loose touch, and makes a vague, floating, dreamy effect. He paints like no one else, because he finds in nature everything but

the obvious and positive forms that we know by experience. His pictures are to me the most charming reveries, — all light and air, fresh like the morning, and, suggesting I know not what pensive and veiled idyllic beings to correspond with his fresh and idyllic nature. Corot is one of the most disputed talents in France. I suppose precisely because he is not commonplace, — precisely because he has a way of seeing and rendering nature not cognizable to the vulgar. The man is charming, sincere, *naïf*. The studios are full of delightful stories about him. He is a man of sensibility; say, just like his pictures, — all tender and fresh and floating.

One day, standing before a picture by Delacroix, he said: "He is an eagle; I am but a lark, throwing my little song into my gray clouds." What a charming way of saying his thought! One of those delightful words that open a window, and let fresh air into the stale atmosphere of our academic or hospital life!

Corot is reproached for being vague and sketchy. I consider the criticism shallow; and generally it is the outflow of a common mind. But it is worth while to make apparent, that he may be both vague and sketchy, and yet a true and uncommon landscape painter. Corot understands that nature is an influence; most landscapists have not gone beyond the idea that she is a form. Corot understands that nature is a depth lighted by a sun; most landscapists understand her as a surface against which objects are not only inevitably defined, but "made out," like so many pieces of needle-work. Corot understands that nature, to the eye, is not a fixed fact, but a fleeting impression; most landscapists understand nature as a vast piece of still-life which they must imitate, and an agglomeration of facts that they are to photograph. But Corot, being a poet, understands nature as a *life*, as one thing, and he aims to express it. Without being a man of great reach or varied power, he is sympathetic and true; he is penetrated with the quality and the spirit of his subject. He never delineates; he expresses. The depth of air, the fulness of light, the penetrability of masses of foliage, the loosening of the wind, and the scattered aspect of vegetation on his canvases, are rendered with a free and light brush which gives to his work an indescribable charm.

Like a man who always looks at the distance and the floating clouds, his eye is not filled with the vivid color of the grass close to him, nor does he notice the plants that lift themselves, each after their own fashion, by his feet. No; Corot is a dreamer who sometimes even forgets the soil on which he stands, but never the look of the remote country at the horizon, or the low clouds that float over the water. Happily he is *one man* who has not the pretension to exhaust nature on his canvas; he has not the pedantry implied in the so-called complete, systematic, detailed, in the midst of wonderful and inexhaustible and infinite nature! Who can help loving his delightful suggestions of the aspect of things, his breathing harmony of color? He is the good gray landscape painter of France.

François Millet is a grand and simple painter, with something of Rembrandt and everything else of himself, — the one man in France among the artists who has made the despised peasant — broken with labor, and brown like the soil — look on the full impressiveness of his humanity in the midst of his silent and laborious life.

I cannot express to you the profound spirit, the simple and large form, of Millet's pictures. He makes you feel the common and mysterious unity of the universal life that is in man. Millet is the poet of the peasant. He aggrandizes the traits of his subject, but never seeks for, rather avoids, the feminine graces, and the pretty parts that painters love to find even in the homeliest conditions of life. Millet is a *man*, not a dainty lover of the pretty. He disengages his subject from the prosaic

without destroying its real character. He is more than Jules Breton, because of the trait of grandeur, because of the simpler form of his art, and because he is more profound; and, finally, he first devoted himself to paint the peasant as he is. He is the sincerest and most truly poet of any living figure-painter in France. He alone is a protest against the false, dazzling, polished, and sensual art of the *salons* of Paris to-day. But I am too hasty; the sturdy and prosaic and unequal Courbet is also a protest against the corrupt and the classic art patronized by the officials of the Second Empire.

Last we are to speak of Diaz, who is an extraordinary colorist, a maker of rose-dreams, and creamy-tinted, flower-soft women, and also a painter of the deep, dark forest. He renders a rich and vagabond vegetation, — woods sturdy and dense, — the very home of silence and solitude.

Without defining or drawing a line, by mere combination of lights and darks, warmed and enriched with the colors of his Spanish palette, on which all soft, pulpy, juicy, mellow things have been crushed, — in one word, the palette of Keats, — he makes his canvas glow and shine, and you behold, in brown or golden shadows, Cupids and Nymphs and Fauns, or the light ladies of the Decameron; loose, falling robes, the dazzle of shoulders; a luminous group of beautiful nude beings, neither Greek nor Parisian, belonging wholly to the ideal, — perhaps the bastard ideal, — which gave us Shakespeare's fairies and Keats's Endymion. His is an art that gives pleasure to the ordinary artistic sense; it is the other side of the cold, exact, passionless, serious sensualities that have so much place in the work of a man so dignified and able as Gérôme.

Another positive talent is that of Eugène Fromentin, — a writer who, as such, has won from Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, and Théophile Gautier alike, carefully chosen words expressive of the superiority of his talent, and a painter to whom all current criticism gives a first rank. His picture of *La Smala en Voyage* is a beautiful example of all the finest and most elegant artistic traits proper to the subject; the color is clear and brilliant, the touch neat and rapid, the form delicate and pure. The tribe of the Smala are just crossing a shallow stream, and ascending a spur of the mountain in front of them, — the chiefs, in advance, mounted on supple and fiery Arab horses, of varied and lovely colors, with manes silken and combed like the hair of women. Negroes laden with baggage, women and children in picturesque disorder, cross the ford. The white haiks and colored bernouses of the chiefs, blown apart, reveal their sleeves and vests embroidered with jewels and gold sparkling in the light. The haughty and noble grace and grave aspect of the chiefs, the movement and character of the people of the tribe, are rendered in a vivid and picturesque, and also in an elegant manner. It is one of the many pictures that confirms Fromentin as a master in his art. In some of his earlier works I noticed a manifest artificiality of color which detracted from their value. But his is a superior and special talent, and he has as many imitators as Decamps or Gérôme.

The remaining actual workers who hold a first rank in the French school are Couture, Gustave Moreau, Isabey, Zeim, Emile Breton, and Jules Breton. They are of the first rank in power of execution, and they complete the remarkable group of French artists of the nineteenth century; they have no living superiors in mastery of the resources of the palette. They illustrate every phase of art save that of the vast and grand in landscape art of which Turner is the unrivalled master. Not one painter in France among the landscapists has ever reached the height of power that characterizes Turner's pictures; by the subject and the composition, they occupy a place above all contemporary landscape art. The French landscapists have rendered certain simple phases of color and effect with a brush more fed and a hand

more vigorous than Turner's. But Turner excels them by his Shakespearian imagination, and the Shakespearian correspondence with fact at the same time that he exercises a most extraordinary imagination. He has no peer among the French landscapists.

It is among the figure-painters that we must go to find the peer of Turner. Delacroix and Turner are the two great epic poets of the nineteenth century; the one French, the other English. Both correspond with the national genius, while they rise above its purely local character. Delacroix seems like the last effort of the genius of painting, while Turner is the magician who covers the whole future of art: from Turner dates the gradual but inevitable ascendency of nature over humanity in the *painter's* world. The immense fund of human passion, the invention, the unrestrained force, the fecundity of Delacroix's genius is without a modern parallel. He is brother of Tintorett in energy, and a colorist like Velasquez.

Judge, then, how it becomes us to speak carelessly or irreverently of French art; judge, then, if we dare depreciate the work of that versatile, often superficial, but sometimes grand people, who riot in Paris and are ambitious to make themselves the *gendarmes* of all Europe!

No; that feminine race has the genius of art; and although its average work belongs wholly to the domain of *taste*, and is meant only to flatter the eye, it has given us great examples, made in its great days, when, nourished by Continental genius, open on every side, it appropriated and aggrandized the ideas that belong to our common humanity; then it produced works that match the best of the great masters of the great age of painting.

Liberate France from imperialism, — which shuts her from the play of foreign minds, — inundate her with the revolutionary spirit, and she gives us Mirabeau, George Sand, and Delacroix. Imprison her within the bounds of the Parisian idea, which is Cæsarism, — an organizing, centralizing, arbitrary spirit, — and she is only capable of producing works especially French. Gérôme, Baudry, Cabanel, to-day; in the past, Watteau, Boucher, and Mignard.

It is because England and America have always been so open-minded that their productive force has been so noble and great. Place the French people in the same condition, and their artistic and literary forms must embody ideas and thoughts and sentiments that appeal to the human race, instead of the local taste of the Parisian public, and the luxurious rich corresponding with that public who exist in all large cities.

At this moment we are misled by the mechanical dexterities of a Meissonier, or the delicate sensualities of a Cabanel, or the cruel, passionless, polished nudities of Gérôme, — or perhaps we fall down to the tiresome level of Frère. But these are not the masters of French art in the nineteenth century, they are simply the able men of the hour. When you say French art, base your thought upon Delacroix, Millet, Rousseau, and Corot, — for they are not local, or Parisian, but French, that is, Continental, universal. When you wish to know Parisian art, you should ask about Cabanel, Baudry, Dejonghe, and, as at its highest intellectual level, Gérôme.

The traditional or classic of French art remains in the works of David, Ingres, Gleyre; and, at its best, in Flandrin's frescos. We must respect it because it is venerable; we must respect it, because, like a graveyard, it holds a great many dead bodies and a great many melancholy epitaphs. But it would be folly to expect to see it exercising any marked influence upon the modern or democratic form of art. The people do not even sympathize with, much less understand, its frigid, abstract forms, sometimes beautiful, but always disengaged from the passionate, suffering, actual life of men and women in the nineteenth century. It is the official, and therefore false, side of modern French art.

TONELLI'S MARRIAGE.

THERE was no richer man in Venice than Tommaso Tonelli, who had enough on his florin a day; and none younger than he, who owned himself forty-seven years old. He led the cheerfullest life in the world, and was quite a monster of content; but, when I come to sum up his pleasures, I fear that I shall appear to the readers of this magazine to be celebrating a very insipid and monotonous existence. I doubt if even a summary of his duties could be made attractive to the conscientious imagination of hard-working people; for Tonelli's labors were not killing, nor, for that matter, were those of any Venetian that I ever knew. He had a stated employment in the office of the notary Cenarotti; and he passed there so much of every working-day as lies between nine and five o'clock, writing upon deeds and conveyances and petitions, and other legal instruments, for the notary, who sat in an adjoining room, secluded from nearly everything in this world but snuff. He called Tonelli by the sound of a little bell; and, when he turned to take a paper from his safe, he seemed to be abstracting some secret from long-lapsed centuries, which he restored again, and locked back among the dead ages, when his clerk replaced the document in his hands. These hands were very soft and pale, and their owner was a colorless old man, whose silvery hair fell down a face nearly as white; but, as he has almost nothing to do with the present affair, I shall merely say that, having been compromised in the last revolution, he had been obliged to live ever since in perfect retirement, and that he seemed to have been blanched in this social darkness as a plant is blanched by growth in a cellar. His enemies said that he was naturally a timid man, but they could not deny that he had seen things to make the brave afraid, or that he had now every reason from the police to be secret and cautious in his life. He could hardly be called company for Tonelli, who must have found the day intolerably long but for the visit which the notary's pretty granddaughter contrived to pay every morning in the cheerless *mezzà*. She commonly appeared on some errand from her mother, but her chief business seemed to be to share with Tonelli the modest feast of rumor and hearsay which he loved to furnish forth for her, and from which doubtless she carried back some fragments of gossip to the family apartments. Tonelli called her, with that mingled archness and tenderness of the Venetians, his Paronsina; and, as he had seen her grow up from the smallest possible of Little Mistresses, there was no shyness between them, and they were fully privileged to each other's society by her mother. When she flitted away again, Tonelli was left to a stillness broken only by the soft breathing of the old man in the next room, and by the shrill discourse of his own loquacious pen, so that he was commonly glad enough when it came five o'clock. At this hour he put on his black coat, that shone with constant use, and his faithful silk hat, worn down to the pasteboard with assiduous brushing, and caught up a very jaunty cane in his hand. Then, saluting the notary, he took his way to the little restaurant where it was his custom to dine, and had his tripe soup, and his *risotto*, or dish of fried liver, in the austere silence imposed by the presence of a few poor Austrian captains and lieutenants. It was not that the Italians feared to be overheard by these enemies; but it was good *dimostrazione* to be silent before the oppressor, and not let him know that they even enjoyed their dinners well enough, under his government, to chat sociably over them. To tell the truth, this duty was an irksome one to Tonelli, who liked far better to dine, as he sometimes did,

at a cook-shop, where he met the folk of the people (*gente del popolo*), as he called them; and where, though himself a person of civil condition, he discoursed freely with the other guests, and ate of their humble but relishing fare. He was known among them as Sior Tommaso; and they paid him a homage, which they enjoyed equally with him, as a person not only learned in the law, but a poet of gift enough to write wedding and funeral verses, and a veteran who had fought for the dead Republic of 'Forty-eight. They honored him as a most travelled gentleman, who had been in the Tyrol, and who could have spoken German, if he had not despised that tongue as the language of the ugly Croats, like one born to it. Who, for example, spoke Venetian more elegantly than Sior Tommaso? or Tuscan, when he chose? And yet he was poor, — a man of that genius! Patience! When Garibaldi came, we should see! The *facchini* and gondoliers, who had been wagging their tongues all day at the church-corners and ferries, were never tired of talking of this gifted friend of theirs, when, having ended some impressive discourse or some dramatic story, he left them with a sudden adieu, and walked quickly away toward the Riva degli Schiavoni.

Here, whether he had dined at the cook-shop, or at his more genteel and gloomy restaurant of the Bronze Horses, it was his custom to lounge an hour or two over a cup of coffee, and a Virginia cigar, at one of the many *caffè*, and to watch all the world as it passed to and fro on the quay. Tonelli was gray, he did not disown it; but he always maintained that his heart was still young, and that there was, moreover, a great difference in persons as to age, which told in his favor. So he loved to sit there, and look at the ladies; and he amused himself by inventing a pet name for every face he saw, which he used to teach to certain friends of his, when they joined him over his coffee. These friends were all young enough to be his sons, and wise enough to be his fathers; but they were always glad to be with him, for he had so cheery a wit and so good a heart that neither his years nor his follies could make any one sad. His kind face beamed with smiles, when Pennellini, chief among the youngsters in his affections, appeared on the top of the nearest bridge, and thence descended directly towards his little table. Then it was that he drew out the straw which ran through the centre of his long Virginia, and lighted the pleasant weed, and gave himself up to the delight of making aloud those comments on the ladies which he had hitherto stifled in his breast. Sometimes he would feign himself too deeply taken with a passing beauty to remain quiet, and would make his friend follow with him in chase of her to the Public Gardens. But he was a fickle lover, and wanted presently to get back to his *caffè*, where at decent intervals of days or weeks he would indulge himself in discovering a spy in some harmless stranger, who, in going out, looked curiously at the scar Tonelli's cheek had brought from the battle of Vicenza in 1848.

"Something of a spy, no?" he asked at these times of the waiter, who, flattered by the penetration of a frequenter of his caffè, and the implication that it was thought seditious enough to be watched by the police, assumed a pensive importance, and answered, "Something of a spy, certainly."

Upon this Tonelli was commonly encouraged to proceed: "Did I ever tell you how I once sent one of those ugly muzzles out of a caffè? I knew him as soon as I saw him, — I am never mistaken in a spy, — and I went with my newspaper, and sat down close at his side. Then I whispered to him across the sheet, 'We are two.' 'Eh?' says he. 'It is a very small caffè, and there is no need of more than one,' and then I stared at him, and frowned. He looks at me fixedly a moment, then gathers up his hat and gloves, and takes his pestilency off."

The waiter, who had heard this story, man and boy, a hundred times, made a quite successful show of enjoying it, as

he walked away with Tonelli's fee of half a cent in his pocket. Tonelli then had left from his day's salary enough to pay for the ice which he ate at ten o'clock, but which he would sometimes forego, in order to give the money in charity, though more commonly he indulged himself, and put off the beggar with, "Another time, my dear. I have no leisure now to discuss those matters with thee."

On holidays this routine of Tonelli's life was varied. In the forenoon he went to mass at St. Mark's, to see the beauty and fashion of the city; and then he took a walk with his four or five young friends, or went with them to play at bowls, or even made an excursion to the main-land, where they hired a carriage, and all those Venetians got into it, like so many seamen, and drove the horse with as little mercy as if he had been a sail-boat. At seven o'clock Tonelli dined with the notary, next whom he sat at table, and for whom his quaint pleasantries had a zest that inspired the Paronsina and her mother to shout them into his dull ears, that he might lose none of them. He laughed a kind of faded laugh at them, and, rubbing his pale hands together, showed by his act that he did not think his best wine too good for his kindly guest. The signora feigned to take the same delight shown by her father and daughter in Tonelli's drolleries; but I doubt if she had a great sense of his humor, or, indeed, cared anything for it save as she perceived that it gave pleasure to those she loved. Otherwise, however, she had a sincere regard for him, for he was most useful and devoted to her in her quality of widowed mother; and if she could not feel wit, she could feel gratitude, which is perhaps the rarer gift, if not the more respectable.

The Little Mistress was dependent upon him for nearly all the pleasures, and for the only excitements, of her life. As a young girl she was at best a sort of caged bird, who had to be guarded against the youth of the other sex as if they, on their part, were so many marauding and ravening cats. During most days of the year the Paronsina's parrot had almost as much freedom as she. He could leave his gilded prison when he chose, and promenade the notary's house as far down as the marble well in the sunless court, and the Paronsina could do little more. The signora would as soon have thought of letting the parrot walk across their campo alone as her daughter, though the local dangers, either to bird or beauty, could not have been very great. The green-grocer of that sequestered campo was an old woman, the apothecary was gray, and his shop was haunted by none but superannuated physicians; the baker, the butcher, the waiters at the caffè, were all professionally, and as purveyors to her family, out of the question; the sacristan, who sometimes appeared at the perruquier's to get a coal from under the curling-tongs to kindle his censer, had but one eye, which he kept single to the service of the Church, and his perquisite of candle-drippings; and I hazard little in saying that the Paronsina might have danced a polka around Campo San Giuseppe without jeopardy so far as concerned the handsome wood-carver, for his wife always sat in the shop beside him. Nevertheless, a custom is not idly handed down by mother to daughter from the dawn of Christianity to the middle of the nineteenth century; and I cannot deny that the local perruquier, though stricken in years, was still so far kept fresh by the immortal youth of the wax beads in his window as to have something beauish about him; or that, just at the moment the Paronsina chanced to go into the campo alone, a *leone* from Florian's, might not have been passing through it, when he would certainly have looked boldly at her, perhaps spoken to her, and possibly pounced at once upon her fluttering heart. So by day the Paronsina rarely went out, and she never emerged unattended from the silence and shadow of her grandfather's house.

If I were here telling a story of the Paronsina, or indeed any story at all, I might suffer myself to enlarge some-

what upon the daily order of her secluded life, and show how the seclusion of other Venetian girls was the widest liberty as compared with hers; but I have no right to play with the reader's patience in a performance that can promise no excitement of incident, no charm of invention. Let him figure to himself, if he will, the ancient and half-ruined palace in which the notary dwelt, with a gallery running along one side of its inner court, the slender pillars supporting upon the corroded sculpture of their capitals a clinging vine, that dappled the floor with palpitant light and shadow in the afternoon sun. The gate, whose exquisite Saracenic arch grew into a carven flame, was surmounted by the armorial bearings of a family that died of its sins against the Serenest Republic long ago; the marble cistern which stood in the middle of the court had still a ducal rose upon either of its four sides, and little lions of stone perched upon the posts at the head of the marble stairway climbing to the gallery, — their fierce aspects worn smooth and amiable by the contact of hands that for many ages had mouldered in tombs. Toward the canal the palace windows had been immemorially bricked up for some reason or caprice, and no morning sunlight, save such as shone from the bright eyes of the Paronsina, ever looked into the dim halls. It was a fit abode for such a man as the notary, exiled in the heart of his native city, and it was not unfriendly in its influences to a quiet vegetation like the signora's; but to the Paronsina it was sad as Venice itself, where, in some moods, I have wondered that any sort of youth could have the courage to exist. Nevertheless, the Paronsina had contrived to grow up here a child of the gayest and archest spirit, and to lead a life of due content, till after her return home from the comparative freedom and society of Madame Prateux's school, where she spent three years in learning all polite accomplishments, and whence she came with brilliant hopes, and romances ready imagined for any possible exigency of the future. She adored all the modern Italian poets, and read their verse with that stately and rhythmical fulness of voice which often made it sublime and always pleasing. She was a relentless patriot, an Italianissima of the vividest green, white, and red; and she could interpret the historical novels of her countrymen in their subtilest application to the modern enemies of Italy. But all the Paronsina's gifts and accomplishments were to poor purpose, if they brought no young men a-wooing under her balcony; and it was to no effect that her fervid fancy peopled the palace's empty halls with stately and gallant company out of Marco Visconti, Nicolò de' Lapi, Margherita Pusterla, and the other romances, since she could not hope to receive any practicable offer of marriage from the heroes thus assembled. Her grandfather invited no guests of more substantial presence to his house. In fact, the police watched him too narrowly to permit him to receive society, even had he been so minded, and for kindred reasons his family paid few visits in the city. To leave Venice, except for the autumnal *villeggiatura*, was almost out of the question; repeated applications at the Luogotenenza won the two ladies but a tardy and scanty grace; and the use of the passport allowing them to spend a few weeks in Florence was attended with so much vexation, in coming and going, upon the imperial confines, — and when they returned home they were subject to so great fear of perquisition from the police, — that it was after all rather a mortification than a pleasure that the government had given them. The signora received her few acquaintances once a week; but the Paronsina found the old ladies tedious over their cups of coffee or tumblers of lemonade, and declared that her mamma's reception-days were a martyrdom, actually a martyrdom, to her. She was full of life and the beautiful and tender longing of youth; she had a warm heart and a sprightly wit; but she led an existence scarce livelier than a ghost's, and she was so poor in friends and resources that she shud-

dered to think what must become of her if Tonelli should die. It was not possible, thanks to God! that he should marry.

The signora herself seldom cared to go out, for the reason that it was too cold in winter and too hot in summer. In the one season she clung all day to her wadded arm-chair, with her *scaldino* in her lap; and in the other season she found it a sufficient diversion to sit in the great hall of the palace, and be fanned by the salt breeze that came from the Adriatic through the vine-garlanded gallery. But besides this habitual inclemency of the weather, which forbade out-door exercise nearly the whole year, it was a displeasure to walk in Venice on account of the stairways of the bridges; and the signora much preferred to wait till they went to the country in the autumn, when she always rode to take the air. The exceptions to her custom were formed by those after-dinner promenades which she sometimes made on holidays, in summer. Then she put on her richest black, and the Paronsina dressed herself in her best, and they both went to walk on the Molo, before the pillars of the lion and the saint, under the escort of Tonelli.

It often happened that, at the hour of their arrival on the Molo, the moon was coming up over the low bank of the Lido in the east, and all that prospect of ship-bordered quay, island, and lagoon, which, at its worst, is everything that heart can wish, was then at its best, and far beyond words to paint. On the right stretched the long Giudecca, with the domes and towers of its Palladian church, and the swelling foliage of its gardens, and its line of warehouses — painted pink, as if even Business, grateful to be tolerated amid such lovely scenes, had striven to adorn herself. In front lay San Giorgio, picturesque with its church, and pathetic with its political prisons; and, farther away to the east again, the gloomy mass of the madhouse at San Servolo, and then the slender campanili of the Armenian Convent rose over the gleaming and tremulous water. Tonelli took in the beauty of the scene with no more consciousness than a bird; but the Paronsina had learnt from her romantic poets and novelists to be complimentary to prospects, and her heart gurgled out in rapturous praises of this. The unwonted freedom exhilarated her; there was intoxication in the encounter of faces on the promenade, in the dazzle and glimmer of the lights, and even in the music of the Austrian band, playing in the Piazza, as it came purified to her patriotic ear by the distance. There were none but Italians upon the Molo, and one might walk there without so much as touching an officer with the hem of one's garment; and, a little later, when the band ceased playing, she should go with the other Italians and possess the Piazza for one blessed hour. In the mean time, the Paronsina had a sharp little tongue; and, after she had flattered the landscape, and had, from her true heart, once for all, saluted the promenaders as brothers and sisters in Italy, she did not mind making fun of their peculiarities of dress and person. She was signally sarcastic upon such ladies as Tonelli chanced to admire, and often so stung him with her jests, that he was glad when Pennellini appeared, as he always did exactly at nine o'clock, and joined the ladies in their promenade, asking and answering all those questions of ceremony which form Venetian greeting. He was a youth of the most methodical exactness in his whole life, and could no more have arrived on the Molo a moment before or after nine than the bronze giants on the clock-tower could have hastened or lingered in striking the hour. Nature, which had made him thus punctual and precise, gave him also good looks, and a most amiable kindness of heart. The Paronsina cared nothing at all for him in his quality of handsome young fellow; but she prized him as an acquaintance whom she might salute, and be saluted by, in a city where her grandfather's isolation kept her strange to nearly all the faces she saw. Sometimes her evenings on the Molo wasted away without the ex-

change of a word save with Tonelli, for her mother seldom talked; and then it was quite possible her teasing was greater than his patience, and that he grew taciturn under her tongue. At such times she hailed Pennellini's appearance with a double delight; for, if he never joined in her attacks upon Tonelli's favorites, he always enjoyed them, and politely applauded them. If his friend reproached him for this treason, he made him every amend in answering, "She is jealous, Tonelli,"— a wily compliment which had the most intense effect in coming from lips ordinarily so sincere as his.

The signora was weary of the promenade long before the Austrian music ceased in the Piazza, and was very glad when it came time for them to leave the Molo, and go and sit down to an ice at the Caffè Florian. This was the supreme hour to the Paronsina, the one heavenly excess of her restrained and eventless life. All about her were scattered tranquil Italian idlers, listening to the music of the strolling minstrels who had succeeded the military band; on either hand sat her friends, and she had thus the image of that tender devotion without which a young girl is said not to be perfectly happy; while the very heart of adventure seemed to bound in her exchange of glances with a handsome foreigner at a neighboring table. On the other side of the Piazza a few officers still lingered at the Caffè Quadri; and at the Specchi sundry groups of citizens in their dark dress contrasted well with these white uniforms; but, for the most part, the moon and gas-jets shone upon the broad, empty space of the Piazza, whose loneliness the presence of a few belated promenaders only served to render conspicuous. As the giants hammered eleven upon the great bell, the Austrian sentinel under the Ducal Palace uttered a long, reverberating cry; and soon after a patrol of soldiers clanked across the Piazza, and passed with echoing feet through the arcade into the narrow and devious streets beyond. The young girl found it hard to rend herself from the dreamy pleasure of the scene, or even to turn from the fine impersonal pain which the presence of the Austrians in the spectacle inflicted. All gave an impression something like that of the theatre, with the advantage that here one was one's self part of the pantomime; and in those days, when nearly everything but the puppet-shows was forbidden to patriots, it was altogether the greatest enjoyment possible to the Paronsina. The pensive charm of the place imbued all the little company so deeply that they scarcely broke it, as they loitered slowly homeward through the deserted Merceria. When they reached the Campo San Salvatore, on many a lovely summer's midnight, their footsteps seemed to waken a nightingale whose cage hung from a lofty balcony there; for suddenly, at their coming, the bird broke into a wild and thrilling song, that touched them all, and suffused the tender heart of the Paronsina with an inexpressible pathos.

Alas! she had so often returned thus from the Piazza, and no stealthy footstep had followed hers homeward with love's persistence and diffidence! She was young, she knew, and she thought not quite dull or hideous; but her spirit was as sole in that melancholy city as if there were no youth but hers in the world. And a little later than this, when she had her first affair, it did not originate in the Piazza, nor at all respond to her expectations in a love-affair. In fact, it was altogether a business affair, and was managed chiefly by Tonelli, who, having met a young doctor laurelled the year before at Padua, had heard him express so pungent a curiosity to know what the Paronsina would have to her dower, that he perceived he must be madly in love with her. So with the consent of the signora he had arranged a correspondence between the young people; and all went on well at first,—the letters from both passing through his hands. But his office was anything but a sinecure, for while the Doctor was on his part of a cold temperament, and

disposed to regard the affair merely as a proper way of providing for the natural affections, the Paronsina cared nothing for him personally, and only viewed him favorably as abstract matrimony, — as the means of escaping from the bondage of her girlhood and the sad seclusion of her life into the world outside her grandfather's house. So presently the correspondence fell almost wholly upon Tonelli, who worked up to the point of betrothal with an expense of finesse and sentiment that would have made his fortune in diplomacy or poetry. What should he say now? that stupid young Doctor would cry in a desperation, when Tonelli delicately reminded him that it was time to answer the Paronsina's last note. Say this, that, and the other, Tonelli would answer, giving him the heads of a proper letter, which the Doctor took down on square bits of paper, neatly fashioned for writing prescriptions. "And for God's sake, caro Dottore, put a little warmth into it!" The poor Doctor would try, but it must always end in Tonelli's suggesting and almost dictating every sentence; and then the letter, being carried to the Paronsina, made her laugh: "This is very pretty, my poor Tonelli, but it was never my onoratissimo dottore, who thought of these tender compliments. Ah! that allusion to my mouth and eyes could only have come from the heart of a great poet. It is yours, Tonelli, don't deny it." And Tonelli, taken in his weak point of literature, could make but a feeble pretence of disclaiming the child of his fancy, while the Paronsina, being in this reckless humor, more than once responded to the Doctor in such fashion that in the end the inspiration of her altered and amended letter was Tonelli's. Even after the betrothal, the love-making languished, and the Doctor was indecently patient of the late day fixed for the marriage by the notary. In fact, the Doctor was very busy; and, as his practice grew, the dower of the Paronsina dwindled in his fancy, till one day he treated the whole question of their marriage with such coldness and uncertainty in his talk with Tonelli, that the latter saw whither his thoughts were drifting, and went home with an indignant heart to the Paronsina, who joyfully sat down and wrote her first sincere letter to the Doctor, dismissing him.

"It is finished," she said, "and I am glad. After all, perhaps I don't want to be any freer than I am; and while I have you, Tonelli, I don't want a younger lover. Younger? Diana! You are in the flower of youth, and I believe you will never wither. Did that rogue of a Doctor, then, really give you the elixir of youth for writing him those letters? Tell me, Tonelli, as a true friend, how long have you been forty-seven? Ever since your fiftieth birthday? Listen! I have been more afraid of losing you than my sweetest Doctor. I thought you would be so much in love with love-making that you would go break-neck and court some one in earnest on your own account!"

Thus the Paronsina made a jest of the loss she had sustained, but it was not pleasant to her, except as it dissolved a tie which love had done nothing to form. Her life seemed colder and vaguer after it, and the hour very far away when the handsome officers of her King (all good Venetians in those days called Victor Emanuel "our king") should come to drive out the Austrians, and marry their victims. She scarcely enjoyed the prodigious privilege, offered her at this time in consideration of her bereavement, of going to the comedy, under Tonelli's protection and along with Pennellini and his sister, while the poor signora afterwards had real qualms of patriotism concerning the breach of public duty involved in this distraction of her daughter. She hoped that no one had recognized her at the theatre, otherwise they might have a warning from the Venetian Committee. "Thou knowest," she said to the Paronsina, "that they have even admonished the old Conte Tradonico, who loves the comedy better than his soul, and who used to go every evening? Thy aunt told

me, and that the old rogue, when people ask him why he does n't go to the play, answers, 'My mistress won't let me.' But fie! I am saying what young girls ought not to hear."

After the affair with the Doctor, I say, life refused to return exactly to its old expression, and I suppose that, if what presently happened was ever to happen, it could not have occurred at a more appropriate time for a disaster, or at a time when its victims were less able to bear it. I do not know whether I have yet sufficiently indicated the fact, but the truth is, both the Paronsina and her mother had from long use come to regard Tonelli as a kind of property of theirs, which had no right in any way to alienate itself. They would have felt an attempt of this sort to be not only very absurd, but very wicked, in view of their affection for him and dependence upon him; and while the Paronsina thanked God that he would never marry, she had a deep conviction that he ought not to marry, even if he desired. It was at the same time perfectly natural, nay, filial, that she should herself be ready to desert this old friend, whom she felt so strictly bound to be faithful to her loneliness. As matters fell out, she had herself primarily to blame for Tonelli's loss; for, in that interval of disgust and ennui following the Doctor's dismissal, she had suffered him to seek his own pleasure on holiday evenings; and he had thus wandered alone to the Piazza, and so, one night, had seen a lady eating an ice there, and fallen in love without more ado than another man should drink a lemonade.

This facility came of habit, for Tonelli had now been falling in love every other day for some forty years; and in that time had broken the hearts of innumerable women of all nations and classes. The prettiest water-carriers in his neighborhood were in love with him, as their mothers had been before them, and ladies of noble condition were believed to cherish passions for him. Especially, gay and beautiful foreigners, as they sat at Florian's, were taken with hopeless love of him; and he could tell stories of very romantic adventure in which he figured as hero, though nearly always with moral effect. For example, there was the countess from the main-land, — she merited the sad distinction of being chief among those who had vainly loved him, if you could believe the poet who both inspired and sang her passion. When she took a palace in Venice, he had been summoned to her on the pretended business of a secretary; but when she presented herself with those idle accounts of her factor and tenants on the main-land, her household expenses and her correspondence with her advocate, Tonelli perceived at once that it was upon a wholly different affair that she had desired to see him. She was a rich widow of forty, of a beauty preternaturally conserved and very great. "This is no place for thee, Tonelli mine," the secretary had said to himself, after a week had passed, and he had understood all the wickedness of that unhappy lady's intentions; "thou art not too old, but thou art too wise, for these follies, though no saint"; and so had gathered up his personal effects, and secretly quitted the palace. But such was the countess's fury at his escape, that she never paid him his week's salary; nor did she manifest the least gratitude that Tonelli, out of regard for her son, a very honest young man, refused in any way to identify her, but, to all except his closest friends, pretended that he had passed those terrible eight days on a visit to the country village where he was born. It showed Pennellini's ignorance of life that he should laugh at this history; and I prefer to treat it seriously, and to use it in explaining the precipitation with which Tonelli's latest inamorata returned his love.

Though, indeed, why should a lady of thirty, and from an obscure country town, hesitate to be enamored of any eligible suitor who presented himself in Venice? It is not my duty to enter upon a detail or summary of Carlotta's character or condition, or to

do more than indicate that, while she did not greatly excel in youth, good looks, or worldly gear, she had yet a little property, and was of that soft prettiness which is often more effective than downright beauty. There was, indeed, something very charming about her; and, if she was a blonde, I have no reason to think she was as fickle as the Venetian proverb paints that complexion of woman; or that she had not every quality which would have excused any one but Tonelli for thinking of marrying her.

After their first mute interview in the Piazza, the two lost no time in making each other's acquaintance; but though the affair was vigorously conducted, no one could say that it was not perfectly in order. Tonelli on the following day, which chanced to be Sunday, repaired to St. Mark's at the hour of the fashionable mass, where he gazed steadfastly at the lady during her orisons, and whence, at a discreet distance, he followed her home to the house of the friends whom she was visiting. Somewhat to his discomfiture at first, these proved to be old acquaintances of his; and when he came at night to walk up and down under their balconies, as bound in true love to do, they made nothing of asking him indoors, and presenting him to his lady. But the pair were not to be entirely balked of their romance, and they still arranged stolen interviews at church, where one furtively whispered word had the value of whole hours of unrestricted converse under the roof of their friends. They quite refused to take advantage of their anomalously easy relations, beyond inquiry on his part as to the amount of the lady's dower, and on hers as to the permanence of Tonelli's employment. He in due form had Pennellini to his confidant, and Carlotta unbosomed herself to her hostess; and the affair was thus conducted with such secrecy that not more than two thirds of Tonelli's acquaintance knew anything about it when their engagement was announced.

There were now no circumstances to prevent their early union, yet the happy conclusion was one to which Tonelli urged himself after many secret and bitter displeasures of spirit. I am persuaded that his love for Carlotta must have been most ardent and sincere, for there was everything in his history and reason against marriage. He could not disown that he had hitherto led a joyous and careless life, or that he was exactly fitted for the modest delights, the discreet variety, of his present state, — for his daily routine at the notary's, his dinner at the Bronze Horses or the cook-shop, his hour at the caffè, his walks and excursions, for his holiday banquet with the Cenarotti, and his formal promenade with the ladies of that family upon the Molo. He had a good employment with a salary that held him above want, and afforded him the small luxuries already named; and he had fixed habits of work and of relaxation, which made both a blessing. He had his chosen circle of intimate equals, who regarded him for his good-heartedness and wit and foibles; and his little following of humble admirers, who looked upon him as a gifted man in disgrace with fortune. His friendships were as old as they were secure and cordial; he was established in the kindliness of all who knew him; and he was flattered by the dependence of the Paronsina and her mother, even when it was troublesome to him. He had his past of sentiment and war, his present of story-telling and romance. He was quite independent: his sins, if he had any, began and ended in himself, for none was united to him so closely as to be hurt by them; and he was far too imprudent a man to be taken for an example by any one. He came and went as he listed, he did this or that without question. With no heart chosen yet from the world of woman's love, he was still a young man, with hopes and affections as pliable as a boy's. He had, in a word, that reputation of good-fellow which in Venice gives a man the title of *buon diavolo*, but on which he does not anywhere turn his back with impunity, either from his own conscious-

ness or from public opinion. There never was such a thing in the world as both good devil and good husband; and even with his betrothal Tonelli felt that his old, careless, merry life of the hour ended, and that he had tacitly recognized a future while he was yet unable to cut the past. If one has for twenty years made a jest of women, however amiably and insincerely, one does not propose to marry a woman without making a jest of one's self. The avenging remembrance of elderly people whose late matrimony had furnished food for Tonelli's wit now rose up to torment him, and in his morbid fancy the merriment he had caused was echoed back in his own derision.

It shocked him to find how quickly his secret took wing, and it annoyed him that all his acquaintances were so prompt to felicitate him. He imagined a latent mockery in their speeches, and he took them with an argumentative solemnity. He reasoned separately with his friends; to all who spoke to him of his marriage he presented elaborate proofs that it was the wisest thing he could possibly do, and tried to give the affair a cold air of prudence. "You see, I am getting old; that is to say, I am tired of this bachelor life in which I have no one to take care of me, if I fall sick, and to watch that the doctors do not put me to death. My pay is very little, but, with Carlotta's dower well invested, we shall both together live better than either of us lives alone. She is a careful woman, and will keep me neat and comfortable. She is not so young as some women I had thought to marry, — no, but so much the better; nobody will think her half so charming as I do, and at my time of life that is a great point gained. She is good, and has an admirable disposition. She is not spoiled by Venice, but as innocent as a dove. O, I shall find myself very well with her!"

This was the speech which with slight modification Tonelli made over and over again to all his friends but Pennellini. To him he unmasked, and said boldly that at last he was really in love; and being gently discouraged in what seemed his folly, and incredulously laughed at, he grew angry, and gave such proofs of his sincerity that Pennellini was convinced, and owned to himself, "This madman is actually enamored, — enamored like a cat! Patience! What will ever those Cenarotti say?"

In a little while poor Tonelli lost the philosophic mind with which he had at first received the congratulations of his friends, and, from reasoning with them, fell to resenting their good wishes. Very little things irritated him, and pleasantries which he had taken in excellent part, time out of mind, now raised his anger. His barber had for many years been in the habit of saying, as he applied the stick of fixature to Tonelli's mustache, and gave it a jaunty upward curl, "Now we will bestow that little dash of youthfulness"; and it both amazed and hurt him to have Tonelli respond with a fierce "Tsit!" and say that this jest was proper in its antiquity to the times of Romulus rather than our own period, and so go out of the shop without that "Adieu, old fellow," which he had never failed to give in twenty years. "Capperi!" said the barber, when he emerged from a profound revery into which this outbreak had plunged him, and in which he had remained holding the nose of his next customer, and tweaking it to and fro in the violence of his emotions, regardless of those mumbled maledictions which the lather would not permit the victim to articulate; "if Tonelli is so savage in his betrothal, we must wait for his marriage to tame him. I am sorry. He was always such a good devil."

But if many things annoyed Tonelli, there were some that deeply wounded him, and chiefly the fact that his betrothal seemed to have fixed an impassable gulf of years between him and all those young men whose company he loved so well. He had really a boy's heart, and he had consorted with them because he felt himself nearer their age than his own. Hitherto they had in no wise found his presence a restraint. They had always laughed, and told their

loves, and spoken their young men's thoughts, and made their young men's jokes, without fear or shame, before the merry-hearted sage, who never offered good advice, if indeed he ever dreamed that there was a wiser philosophy than theirs. It had been as if he were the youngest among them; but now, in spite of all that he or they could do, he seemed suddenly and irretrievably aged. They looked at him strangely, as if for the first time they saw that his mustache was gray, that his brow was not smooth like theirs, that there were crow's-feet at the corners of his kindly eyes. They could not phrase the vague feeling that haunted their hearts, or they would have said that Tonelli, in offering to marry, had voluntarily turned his back upon his youth; that love, which would only have brought a richer bloom to their age, had breathed away forever the autumnal blossom of his.

Something of this made itself felt in Tonelli's own consciousness, whenever he met them, and he soon grew to avoid these comrades of his youth. It was therefore after a purely accidental encounter with one of them, and as he was passing into the Campo Sant' Angelo, head down, and supporting himself with an inexplicable sense of infirmity upon the cane he was wont so jauntily to flourish, that he heard himself addressed with, "I say, master!" He looked up, and beheld the fat madman who patrols that campo, and who has the license of his affliction to utter insolences to whomsoever he will, leaning against the door of a tobacconist's shop, with his arms folded, and a lazy, mischievous smile loitering down on his greasy face. As he caught Tonelli's eye he nodded, "Eh! I have heard, master"; while the idlers of that neighborhood, who relished and repeated his incoherent pleasantries like the *mots* of some great diner-out, gathered near with expectant grins. Had Tonelli been altogether himself, as in other days, he would have been far too wise to answer, "What hast thou heard, poor animal?"

"That you are going to take a mate when most birds think of flying away," said the madman. "Because it has been summer a long time with you, master, you think it will never be winter. Look out: the wolf does n't eat the season."

The poor fool in these words seemed to utter a public voice of disapprobation and derision; and as the pitiless bystanders, who had many a time laughed with Tonelli, now laughed at him, joining in the applause which the madman himself led off, the miserable good devil walked away with a shiver, as if the weather had actually turned cold. It was not till he found himself in Carlotta's presence that the long summer appeared to return to him. Indeed, in her tenderness and his real love for her he won back all his youth again; and he found it of a truer and sweeter quality than he had known even when his years were few, while the gay old-bachelor life he had long led seemed to him a period of miserable loneliness and decrepitude. Mirrored in her fond eyes, he saw himself alert and handsome; and, since for the time being they were to each other all the world, we may be sure there was nothing in the world then to vex or shame Tonelli. The promises of the future, too, seemed not improbable of fulfilment, for they were not extravagant promises. These people's castle in the air was a house furnished from Carlotta's modest portion, and situated in a quarter of the city not too far from the Piazza, and convenient to a decent caffè, from which they could order a lemonade or a cup of coffee for visitors. Tonelli's stipend was to pay the housekeeping, as well as the minute wage of a servant-girl from the country; and it was believed that they could save enough from that, and a little of Carlotta's money at interest, to go sometimes to the Malibran theatre or the Marionette, or even make an excursion to the main-land upon a holiday; but if they could not, it was certainly better Italianism to stay at home; and at least they could always walk to the Public Gardens. At

one time, religious differences threatened to cloud this blissful vision of the future; but it was finally agreed that Carlotta should go to mass and confession as often as she liked, and should not tease Tonelli about his soul; while he, on his part, was not to speak ill of the Pope except as a temporal prince, or of any of the priesthood except of the Jesuits when in company, in order to show that marriage had not made him a *codino*. For the like reason, no change was to be made in his custom of praising Garibaldi and reviling the accursed Germans upon all safe occasions.

As Tonelli had nothing in the world but his salary and his slender wardrobe, Carlotta eagerly accepted the idea of a loss of family property during the revolution. Of Tonelli's scar she was as proud as Tonelli himself.

When she came to speak of the acquaintance of all those young men, it seemed again like a breath from the north to her betrothed; and he answered, with a sigh, that this was an affair that had already finished itself. "I have long thought them too boyish for me," he said, "and I shall keep none of them but Pennellini, who is even older than I,— who, I believe, was never born, but created middle-aged out of the dust of the earth, like Adam. He is not a good devil, but he has every good quality."

While he thus praised his friend, Tonelli was meditating a service which, when he asked it of Pennellini, had almost the effect to destroy their ancient amity. This was no less than the composition of those wedding-verses, without which, printed and exposed to view in all the shop-windows, no one in Venice feels himself adequately and truly married. Pennellini had never willingly made a verse in his life; and it was long before he understood Tonelli, when he urged the delicate request. Then in vain he protested, recalcitrated. It was all an offence to Tonelli's morbid soul, already irritated by his friend's obtuseness, and eager to turn even the reluctance of nature into insult. He took his refusal for a sign that he, too, deserted him; and must be called back, after bidding Pennellini adieu, to hear the only condition on which the accursed sonnet would be furnished, namely, that it should not be signed Pennellini, but An Affectionate Friend. Never was sonnet cost poet so great anguish as this: Pennellini went at it conscientiously as if it were a problem in mathematics; he refreshed his prosody, he turned over Carrer, he toiled a whole night, and in due time appeared as Tonelli's affectionate friend in all the butchers' and bakers' windows. But it had been too much to ask of him, and for a while he felt the shock of Tonelli's unreason and excess so much that there was a decided coolness between them.

This important particular arranged, little remained for Tonelli to do but to come to that open understanding with the Paronsina and her mother which he had long dreaded and avoided. He could not conceal from himself that his marriage was a kind of desertion of the two dear friends so dependent upon his singleness, and he considered the case of the Paronsina with a real remorse. If his meditated act sometimes appeared to him a gross inconsistency and a satire upon all his former life, he had still consoled himself with the truth of his passion, and had found love its own apology and comfort; but, in its relation to these lonely women, his love itself had no fairer aspect than that of treason, and he shrank from owning it before them with a sense of guilt. Some wild dreams of reconciling his future with his past occasionally haunted him; but, in his saner moments, he discerned their folly. Carlotta, he knew, was good and patient, but she was nevertheless a woman, and she would never consent that he should be to the Cenarotti all that he had been; these ladies also were very kind and reasonable, but they too were women, and incapable of accepting a less perfect devotion. Indeed, was not his proposed marriage too much like taking her only son from the sig-

nora and giving the Paronsina a step-mother? It was worse, and so the ladies of the notary's family viewed it, cherishing a resentment that grew with Tonelli's delay to deal frankly with them; while Carlotta, on her part, was wounded that these old friends should ignore his future wife so utterly. On both sides evil was stored up.

When Tonelli would still make a show of fidelity to the Paronsina and her mother, they accepted his awkward advances, the latter with a cold visage, the former with a sarcastic face and tongue. He had managed particularly ill with the Paronsina, who, having no romance of her own, would possibly have come to enjoy the autumnal poetry of his love if he had permitted. But when she first approached him on the subject of those rumors she had heard, and treated them with a natural derision, as involving the most absurd and preposterous ideas, he, instead of suffering her jests, and then turning her interest to his favor, resented them, and closed his heart and its secret against her. What could she do, thereafter, but feign to avoid the subject, and adroitly touch it with constant, invisible stings? Alas! it did not need that she should ever speak to Tonelli with the wicked intent she did; at this time he would have taken ill whatever most innocent thing she said. When friends are to be estranged, they do not require a cause. They have but to doubt one another, and no forced forbearance or kindness between them can do aught but confirm their alienation. This is on the whole fortunate, for in this manner neither feels to blame for the broken friendship, and each can declare with perfect truth that he did all he could to maintain it. Tonelli said to himself, "If the Paronsina had treated the affair properly at first!" and the Paronsina thought, "If he had told me frankly about it to begin with!" Both had a latent heartache over their trouble, and both a sense of loss the more bitter because it was of loss still unacknowledged.

As the day fixed for Tonelli's wedding drew near, the rumor of it came to the Cenarotti from all their acquaintance. But when people spoke to them of it, as of something they must be fully and particularly informed of, the signora answered coldly, "It seems that we have not merited Tonelli's confidence"; and the Paronsina received the gossip with an air of clearly affected surprise, and a "*Davvero!*" that at least discomfited the tale-bearers.

The consciousness of the unworthy part he was acting toward these ladies had come at last to poison the pleasure of Tonelli's wooing, even in Carlotta's presence; yet I suppose he would still have let his wedding-day come and go, and been married beyond hope of atonement, so loath was he to inflict upon himself and them the pain of an explanation, if one day, within a week of that time, the notary had not bade his clerk dine with him on the morrow. It was a holiday, and as Carlotta was at home, making ready for the marriage, Tonelli consented to take his place at the table from which he had been a long time absent. But it turned out such a frigid and melancholy banquet as never was known before. The old notary, to whom all things came dimly, finally missed the accustomed warmth of Tonelli's fun, and said, with a little shiver, "Why, what ails you, Tonelli? You are as moody as a man in love."

The notary had been told several times of Tonelli's affair, but it was his characteristic not to remember any gossip later than that of 'Forty-eight.

The Paronsina burst into a laugh full of the cruelty and insult of a woman's long-smothered sense of injury. "Caro nonno," she screamed into her grandfather's dull ear, "he is really in despair how to support his happiness. He is shy, even of his old friends, — he has had so little experience. It is the first love of a young man. Bisogna compatire la gioventù, caro nonno." And her tongue being finally loosed, the Paronsina broke into incoherent mockeries, that hurt more from their purpose than their point, and gave no one greater pain than herself.

Tonelli sat sad and perfectly mute under the infliction, but he said in his heart, "I have merited worse."

At first the signora remained quite aghast; but when she collected herself, she called out peremptorily, "Madamigella, you push the affair a little beyond. Cease!"

The Paronsina, having said all she desired, ceased, panting.

The old notary, for whose slow sense all but her first words had been too quick, though all had been spoken at him, said dryly, turning to Tonelli, "I imagine that my deafness is not always a misfortune."

It was by an inexplicable, but hardly less inevitable, violence to the inclinations of each, that, after this miserable dinner, the signora, the Paronsina, and Tonelli should go forth together for their wonted promenade on the Molo. Use, which is the second, is also very often the stronger nature, and so these parted friends made a last show of union and harmony. In nothing had their amity been more fatally broken than in this careful homage to its forms; and now, as they walked up and down in the moonlight, they were of the saddest kind of apparitions; not mere disembodied spirits, which, however, are bad enough, but disanimated bodies, which are far worse, and of which people are not more afraid only because they go about in society so commonly. As on many and many another night of summers past, the moon came up and stood over the Lido, striking far across the glittering lagoon, and everywhere winning the flattered eye to the dark masses of shadow upon the water; to the trees of the Gardens, to the trees and towers and domes of the cloistered and templed isles. Scene of pensive and incomparable loveliness! giving even to the stranger, in some faint and most unequal fashion, a sense of the awful meaning of exile to the Venetian, who in all other lands in the world is doubly an alien, from their unutterable unlikeness to his sole and beautiful city. The prospect had that pathetic unreality to the friends which natural things always assume to people playing a part, and I imagine that they saw it not more substantial than it appears to the exile in his dreams. In their promenade they met again and again the unknown, wonted faces, they even encountered some acquaintances, whom they greeted, and with whom they chatted for a while; and when at nine the bronze giants beat the hour upon their bell, — with as remote effect as if they were giants of the times before the flood, — they were aware of Pennellini, promptly appearing like an exact and methodical spectre.

But to-night the Paronsina, who had made the scene no compliments, did not insist as usual upon the ice at Florian's; and Pennellini took his formal leave of the friends under the arch of the Clock Tower, and they walked silently homeward through the echoing Merceria.

At the notary's gate Tonelli would have said good night, but the signora made him enter with them, and then abruptly left him standing with the Paronsina in the gallery, while she was heard hurrying away to her own apartment. She reappeared, extending toward Tonelli both hands, upon which glittered and glittered manifold skeins of the delicate chain of Venice.

She had a very stately and impressive bearing, as she stood there in the moonlight, and addressed him with a collected voice. "Tonelli," she said, "I think you have treated your oldest and best friends very cruelly. Was it not enough that you should take yourself from us, but you must also forbid our hearts to follow you even in sympathy and good wishes? I had almost thought to say adieu forever to-night; but," she continued, with a breaking utterance, and passing tenderly to the familiar form of address, "I cannot part so with thee. Thou hast been too like a son to me, too like a brother to my poor Clarice. Maybe thou no longer lovest us, yet I think thou wilt not disdain this gift for thy wife. Take it, Tonelli, if not for our sake, perhaps then for the sake of sor-

rows that in times past we have shared together in this unhappy Venice."

Here the signora ended perforce the speech, which had been long for her, and the Paronsina burst into a passion of weeping, — not more at her mamma's words than out of self-pity, and from the national sensibility.

Tonelli took the chain, and reverently kissed it and the hands that gave it. He had a helpless sense of the injustice the signora's words and the Paronsina's tears did him; he knew that they put him with feminine excess further in the wrong than even his own weakness had; but he tried to express nothing of this, — it was but part of the miserable maze in which his life was involved. With what courage he might he owned his error, but protested his faithful friendship, and poured out all his troubles, — his love for Carlotta, his regret for them, his shame and remorse for himself. They forgave him, and there was everything in their words and will to restore their old friendship, and keep it; and when the gate with a loud clang closed upon Tonelli, going from them, they all felt that it had irrevocably perished.

I do not say that there was not always a decent and affectionate bearing on the part of the Paronsina and her mother towards Tonelli and his wife: I acknowledge that it was but too careful and faultless a tenderness, ever conscious of its own fragility. Far more natural was the satisfaction they took in the delayed fruitfulness of Tonelli's marriage, and then in the fact that his child was a girl, and not a boy. It was but human that they should doubt his happiness, and that the signora should always say, when hard pressed with questions upon the matter: "Yes, Tonelli is married; but if it were to do again, I think he would do it to-morrow rather than to-day."

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

AH, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever in mid-afternoon,
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piny wood with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes, that shall be
Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the west,
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track!
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings
While summer her enchantment flings!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie like dissolving amethyst
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander, — call the thrush,
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune,
Ah, happy day of happy June!

THE GREAT ERIE IMBROGLIO.

THE ultimate solution of the Erie contest awaits the next election of the board of directors.

Until the second Tuesday of October we shall have plenty of surmises; there will possibly be very strange and conflicting tactics, the purposes of the capitalists who have ventured many millions in the fight will become more and more enigmatical and inscrutable; but of the real import of the war the rightfully curious public will have no certain knowledge before the autumnal meeting of the Erie shareholders.

In our present review of the recent developments regarding the Erie Railroad, therefore, no attempt will be made to forecast the future. Neither shall we essay to explain the aspect which affairs have seemed to assume since the passage of the anti-consolidation bill through the New York Legislature. It suffices that what has already transpired of the immediate or habitual policy of the principal actors in this unfinished drama is of a nature so notably representative of railway management and stock operations in America as to justify careful examination, whatever may be the incongruities in sequel.

The primary fact, the overshadowing fact, the fact which should be kept steadfastly in the foreground in all speculations upon the conflict, is that Cornelius Vanderbilt had resolved to secure control of the Erie Railroad, in order to largely enhance the cost of travel and freightage throughout every rood of soil in the State whereof with one exception he is the wealthiest citizen. The programme was broad, and with many ramifications. If completed, it would affect disastrously, not only the producing class and the national commerce, but the very share-gamblers who have been most clamorous in its favor. Nevertheless, the scheme was defended so sagaciously, so secretly, and with such incomparable sophistry, that for many months its full measure was most imperfectly comprehended, while it encountered only halting and spasmodic opposition.

The general public first became cognizant of the monopoly programme during the initial session of the recent Constitutional Convention of New York. At that time a strenuous effort was made to estop finally and comprehensively all combinations looking toward exorbitant charges in railroad transportation; and the subsequent result of the struggle was the insertion among the proposed amendments of a clause forbidding the Legislature from authorizing "the consolidation of railroad corporations owning parallel or competing lines of road." The measure naturally provoked a very considerable discussion, and in the course of its advocacy there gradually transpired certain facts and hypotheses of which the following are the most trustworthy.

By a series of rapid and enormous purchases of stock, the Vanderbilt family had acquired the control, not only of the Harlem and Hudson River Railroads connecting the commercial with the legislative capital of the State, but also of the New York Central, which traverses the inland counties from Albany to Buffalo.

The capital stock of these lines may be thus tabulated: —

Present capital, — Hudson	$14,000,000
Bonds outstanding Jan. 1, 1868 . . .	5,000,000
Present capital, — Harlem	6,800,000
Bonds outstanding Jan. 1, 1868. . . .	5,000,000
Present capital, — New York Central .	28,990,000
Bonds outstanding Jan. 1, 1868 . . .	11,347,000
Giving in sum total	$71,137,000

The fourteen millions credited to Hudson in the above summary represents only ten and a half millions of actual money, and owes its creation to one of those peculiar financial expedients by which shrewd American capitalists acquire the enviable title of railroad kings. When the head of the dynasty which now dominates over the three affined companies made his first move toward empire by securing possession of the river route, he inaugurated a system of economical management, special traffic arrangements, and vast construction outlays which afforded a specious pretext for augmenting the capital stock. It was therefore voted that the then capital of seven millions should be increased to fourteen by an issue of bonus shares at fifty per cent. Each stockholder paid in fifty dollars, and received scrip, the par value of which was one hundred, but which sold in Wall Street at forty-five premium. This splendid manœuvre, by which the company obtained three and a half millions for the construction and repair fund, while the stockholders doubled their money, presented features too large and captivating to lapse into desuetude. It was now proposed to repeat the same operation along all the lines, which at the same time were to be consolidated. The scrip dividend in this second scheme was to be 33⅓ per cent.

This would give: —

Fresh capital, — Hudson	$6,000,000
" " Harlem	3,200,000
" " N. Y. Central	9,663,000
With previous sum total of capital . . .	71,137,000
Capital of consolidation	$90,000,000

But this magnificent project had one important drawback. The increasing business upon the coalescing roads, though certain, is essentially slow. It was inconceivable that the ordinary earnings could allow of current dividends on so vast an augmentation of capital. The statistics of railroads are subject to the tyranny of arithmetic. If the subtrahend remain the same, and the subtractor be multiplied 33⅓ or 50 per cent, the remainder will be definitely decreased. It was evident that the profitableness of the programme depended upon the possible elasticity of the rates of transportation. At this dilemma Mr. Vanderbilt showed himself in no wise disconcerted. Dividends must be provided for, and he would therefore advance the tariff.

Experts in railroads are generally agreed that the expense of freightage is seventy-five per cent on earnings. It costs a trifle less to carry passengers, somewhat more to transport merchandise; but the average is about three fourths of gross income, while out of the residual twenty-five per cent must proceed the money for repairs and replacement, the interest on bonds, the contingent fund,* and the dividends. Now it would put the company to no greater expense to carry a ton of wheat at eight cents than at four, while a merely marginal increase on rates of goods in bulk and of passenger travel would secure quite satisfactory profits on the new shares.

Such an enhancement of current rates

* Under the impress of modern ideas, this item has recently acquired startling proportions. The Union Pacific, for instance, paid not less than $500,000 for services rendered to the company by lobbyists at Washington. It recently cost the Missouri Pacific Railroad $192,178 to secure the possession of that road by State legislation. The New York Central credits $250,000 to the contingent fund for expenses at Albany in 1866-67. In view of these facts, it seems just to modify the popular prejudice against the Camden and Amboy Railroad, which has certainly attained its ends in Congress and at Trenton by a far more economical expenditure.

was therefore a necessary feature of the scheme. From one aspect this programme was not only plausible, but feasible. Against the irritation incident to an advance in charges stood the habitual lethargy of the citizens of the United States, who pay six cents as readily as five for a ride in a street car, ten cents as quickly as six in omnibuses, and forty cents for expressage where they once paid twenty-five; while even if popular excitement should so far develop itself as to prompt Albany legislation, there was "influence" at hand quite adequate to check agitation.

It was the ever-present danger of competition which constituted the important obstacle to the measure. As long as the Erie Railroad occupied the position of an active rival, it was impossible either to effect dividends on the fictitious stock, or even to insure large returns on the genuine capital. In previous years, and on a minor scale, an agreement had been entered into, not only with this line, but also with the Pennsylvania Central, by which the general rates had been kept up very much above a reasonable maximum. Goods shipped from St. Louis to New York at the average charge of $2.62 were carried from the same point to Baltimore for $1.10. From Chicago there was a like invidious distinction of sixty-two cents; from Cincinnati, of eighty cents. On large importations the difference amounted to immense sums, and was threatening disaster to the mercantile interests of the metropolis.

Nevertheless, this exorbitant tax was found utterly insufficient for the purposes of the prospective consolidation, and a more intimate alliance became of paramount importance. One of two courses was open to the president of the New York Central. He must either secure the unlimited co-operation of the Erie direction by treaty, or he must control the road by buying up a majority of the stock. Each of these alternatives presented peculiar difficulties, and subsequent events would seem to prove that his mind has been in a state of painful indecision as to which he should finally adopt. It is a historical fact, that he made essays in both these particulars. We have now to consider the special embarrassments of the problem.

The Erie is one of the most important links in the great chain of interior railway connection between the producing and the consuming States. It was built under the impulsion of popular excitement, amid keen opposition, and with the disadvantage, at the start, of being enormously expensive. Its broad and massive line sweeps through a country of singular picturesqueness, while, for every glory of river gorge and mountain slope its stockholders have had to pay enormously in deep cuts, solid causeways, and firm-built bridges. There is scarcely a road in the country which will compare with it for unavoidable and immense engineering expenses. Moreover, its splendid gauge, while undeniably the most luxurious to travellers, and admitting of excessive freighting, is notoriously costly, both in construction and repairs. Still further: the central idea of the New York and Erie, as it was originally called, was the modern one of comparatively straight lines, and through trade, rather than intermediate traffic. This principle underlay the construction of the Illinois Central, and is seen in most remarkable activity in the Pacific railroads. Experience has demonstrated the wisdom of the theory. It has been seen that population accepts the fresh channels, that cities rapidly spring up, that manufacture as well as agriculture centralizes itself around the new highways, and real estate triples and quadruples its value everywhere within sound of the locomotive whistle. But all these immeasurable changes come after the completion of the roads; and, in the interval, the rewards to invested capital are in inverse ratio to desert. It has happened, therefore, that what is averagely true of the first stockholders, even of such roads as pass through a comparatively well-populated country from the first, was exasperatingly true of the original share-owners of Erie. The

agriculturists and land-owners throughout all the inland lower tier of counties were enriched, New York City was enriched, but the stockholders were hopelessly ruined. Mr. Greeley recently stated that on five thousand dollars, which he invested out of pure public spirit, his loss was forty per cent, and it is believed that his case was comparatively a fortunate one.

But there is a worse fact beyond. Ordinarily the capitalist who steps in and buys the shares which have proved fatal to former investment succeeds in bringing up the property to a dividend-paying basis. In the case of the New York and Erie this was never accomplished. Had Dr. Kane discovered an orange-grove on the borders of the Central Polar Sea, he would not have been more astonished than would have been a holder of the old Erie stock by the announcement of a six-per-cent dividend. The road was not merely expensive in building, but it had the misfortune of requiring large sums for repair and improvement, while its direction never appears to have acted in the best interests of the company. Although it had received a State gift of three millions, it was always in debt, from which it extricated itself only by fresh emissions of stock or bonds, that depressed, while flooding, the market.

This exceptional phase finally resulted in the bankruptcy of the company. The mortgages were foreclosed, the property passed into the hands of receivers, a reorganization of the corporation was effected, and under a new name, but with much the same management as before, the road made a fresh appeal to public confidence. The confidence, however, never came. That large portion of the well-to-do and opulent classes which buys stocks for the sake of dividends alone refused to invest in the new scrip. The contractors were "suspect," the employees and directors were "suspect"; an atmosphere of distrust closed in around the company, as the spring fog closes around the Erie ferry-boats. This disastrous suspicion gave birth to one of the most curious phenomena in railway annals. The really profitable roads in America are seldom quoted on the stock-list. The old Camden and Amboy never was. Neither is Panama stock; neither is Central Pacific. Other roads, like the Illinois Central, are only partially used for speculation; a very considerable portion of the shares being absorbed for trust funds, or held by local capitalists. But it has resulted to Erie, by reason of its unparalleled expenditures, its indubitably incompetent management* and the redistribution of its shares, that the sum total of its stock in all its vast volume has become "street" property. Discarded as a legitimate investment, it has been taken up by the lower or lesser operators on 'Change and employed for "corners," to control elections, for all possible uses but that for which it was originally created. With no deeper significance than a ball in the game of financial battledore and shuttlecock, or counters in *rouge et noire*, it has acquired a notoriety the most shameful and infamous. The hard practical *argot* of Wall Street has a certain odd admixture of metaphor in its texture. Like the grammarian of verse, it deals in "longs" and "shorts." A share-bidder who rises or falls with the market is described as "riding in the saddle." A broker who temporarily yields to the storm of adverse fortune is said to "squat." True to this rude tendency for figurative language, the stock board has shown its contempt for the creature of its shameless uses by affixing to Erie the terse Saxon epithet which King James's

* This vague phrase has a very definite meaning among railway men, especially as regards Erie. It includes quite a variety of improprieties, such as the borrowing of money to pay dividends, the concealment of debts from the published reports, the Wall Street operations of responsible directors, secret arrangements with contractors, &c., &c. It is asserted that, although no salary attaches to the position of director, yet no man of intellect, however poor on assuming office, has ever left the Erie board other than rich. A former secretary, who had never been more than a newspaper reporter until accepting place in the company, died worth half a million. Any one familiar with the history of the Napoleon Transportation Company, connected with the Camden and Amboy Railroad, will comprehend how this opulence is generally attained.

translators of the Apocalypse attached to the mystery of Babylon. It is "on the street." It is the scarlet woman of the Stock Exchange.

This statement of the actual condition of Erie scrip will enable the reader to properly understand one feature of the problem which Mr. Vanderbilt was now attempting to solve. The whole volume of stock last October amounted to about twenty-five millions. If his purpose, therefore, were supreme control, he would have to purchase one hundred and thirty thousand shares. The fact that this stock was entirely in the street might, or might not, be in his favor. It would enable his agents to work more rapidly, but it also subjected his movements to observation, with the possibility of encountering an opponent who could either hopelessly embarrass the enterprise, or convert it into that species of victory which is worse than defeat. It remained for events to determine whether such an obstacle would disclose itself; but the King of Central well knew that there was but one person throughout all Wall Street who could contest supremacy with himself. This antagonist was Daniel Drew.

Three years younger than Commodore Vanderbilt, Mr. Drew is far his senior in all that pertains to the mystery of stocks. Not so wealthy,* he is essentially more subtle; and in the present issue he had the immense advantage of working from interior lines. His connection with Erie has been a long one, and in the devious transactions which this intercourse necessitated, he had come to comprehend in minutest detail every "point" on which speculations in its stocks must hinge. It is an open question whether the road profited by the intimacy. On certain occasions, it is true, Mr. Drew has come to the rescue of the direction, and propped up the waning credit of Erie by extraordinary loans, where other capitalists declined the proffered terms. But there was something in the nature of these financial expedients that reminds us of Sir Morton Peto, while at best they operated like high stimulants, flushing the exchequer of the company for the moment, to be invariably succeeded by long periods of still greater abasement.

In one particular there is a dim resemblance between the monopolizing president and the speculative director. The former, partly from honorable pride, but not less from a personal theory of stock finance as complete and more secure than the "systems" of players at *trente et quarante*, habitually tides up the shares of the roads under his control to the maximum register. Every one knows that Hudson and New York Central rule higher than the actual dividends would justify. Nor are there wanting acute thinkers, who hold that this fictitious appreciation is quite as questionable a procedure as any unwarrantable depression. Among railroad men, however, this tendency of Mr. Vanderbilt is regarded as an unusual and sterling virtue; and the friends of Mr. Drew claim that to a certain limit his policy is the same. The stock of the old New York and Erie corporation sold for 17. Under the new *régime*, Mr. Drew has seldom permitted it to fall below 60. But at this point he stops. To lift Erie to par, and to float it to 120 or 145, as Vanderbilt persistently does Hudson, is contrary to the whole bias of his nature. A believer in the doctrine of total depravity, and an active participant in the sombre transactions of both stock-boards, the speculative director has acquired that melancholy tinge of character which gives to all its victims in Wall Street the epithet of "bear." Having from his official relations very thorough knowledge of the intimate affairs of the company, he is able to predict with something like astronomical accuracy the rise and fall of its shares in the market; and his constitutional infirmity

* Mr. Vanderbilt is credited with property to the amount of forty millions; Mr. Drew, with fourteen millions. Such estimates are, however, very delusive, as they depend upon valuations of stock, — a species of wealth the most fluctuating and uncertain in the world. That they are each very rich, we are quite free to admit. Mr. Drew, for instance, is said to have raised ten millions in one day without borrowing a dollar.

invariably leads him to employ this information in the depreciating interest. To sell "short," to offer large quantities of shares for future delivery at figures below ruling rates, or, as his enemies would say, to pledge himself to render the scrip of the corporation of which he is a leading member less valuable than the share-board estimates it, is his familiar practice. At times, indeed, this leviathan of the Stock Exchange has appeared to reverse his habitual rule, and to look more hopefully upon the resources of the great broad-gauge line. The public has not forgotten the famous movement of 1866, when Mr. Drew, as is popularly believed, formed a "pool" with other speculators who were committed to the rise, and lifted Erie buoyantly to 97. But it would seem that the preternatural distrust of the constitutional "bear" had in no respect lost its empire. Side by side with every dollar invested in the "corner" Mr. Drew staked five dollars in short sales. At last this strange financial zigzag reached its crisis. The original "pool" threatened to transmute itself into a speculating Frankenstein. The despondent director, startled at his own creation, turned to the Erie Company for an instrument to check this untoward appreciation of its shares. Some little while previous he had lent the corporation three millions and a half, for which there had been deposited in his hands, as collateral security, convertible bonds and unissued stock at sixty cents on the dollar. Mr. Drew is well known as a powerful lay preacher, and his appeals during periods of great religious interest have been helpful to the conversion of many souls, but his capacity for converting bonds is not less remarkable. Quietly but quickly he "placed" all these collaterals, amounting to fifty-eight thousand shares, upon the market.* A chill struck the mercurial Exchange. Stock dropped to 40. The operators for the rise were recklessly ruined, while Mr. Drew, who had already made more than half a million, now ventured on long purchases, brought the shares rapidly up to a healthy figure, and then retired from the field much elated, much execrated, and so powerful that he could overlook and stand superior to his defamers.

One feature in this magnificent transaction, as will presently be shown, links it with the recent imbroglio. The details, however, are not without their immediate lesson. It cannot fail to be apparent to the reader, that a gentleman whose fatal facility for rapid and perfectly safe stock operations was quite as remunerative as the far-sighted methods of Mr. Vanderbilt, would not readily abandon his own system, and accept the other, unless prompted thereto by very potent reasons.

Had the president of the New York Central any such reasons at command?

The answer to this question, so far as relates to known facts, must be in the negative. Whatever arguments may have been at Mr. Vanderbilt's service, there is no satisfactory evidence that he employed them with any success for the purposes of coalition. Indeed, the first positive revelation of his intentions which has reached the public was that of a combination in which Mr. Drew was wholly ignored.

Between New England and the distant West there has long existed a subtle bond, the offspring of a sentiment and an aspiration, both of them legitimate, but as yet attended by scarcely commensurate fruit. That wonderful homogeneity of Eastern States, which through its superfluous population has created the West, and given tone to Occidental communities, where its presence, gauged by statistics, is but dimly

* These shares he bought of the company for $3,480,000. He sold them in the street when the stock stood at 97. Supposing that the average price realized was 80, this would give Mr. Drew a clear profit of $1,160,000; but, as he bought up the stock again when it reached 50, he made very much more. So also in the case of the five million convertible bonds, the sale of which led to the late widespread litigation. Mr. Drew bought them at 72½, and sold the stock largely at 80; thus clearing a fair fortune from the company, apart from what he made on the street. To transactions like these Erie owes much of its ill repute.

recognizable, justly regards direct and rapid commercial intercourse with the vast agricultural resources of the Lakes, the Mississippi, and the Pacific, as of predominant importance. From the aspect of social science, it would seem proper that what are pre-eminently the producing and consuming States should be brought into intimate relations. Nor are there wanting many cogent political reasons for such a restoration of the national balance as shall keep the Middle States more in equipoise, and check the tendencies of commerce to enormous concentration in and around New York.

Heretofore, however, peculiar obstacles have stood in the way of this consummation. Although Boston is some twenty-four hours nearer Europe than is New York, yet the latter city has been enabled by the convergence of existing lines to hold the grain market tightly under control. The problem of New England capital at the present time is to obviate this disadvantage; and among the enterprises looking to this end is the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad. The plans of its projectors include the tapping of the Erie line at Newburg. This would open to the manufacturing centres of the East not only the coal section, but all that trade which now finds its way to the mouth of the Hudson by the short route from Buffalo.

At the head of this railway movement was Mr. John S. Eldridge, a gentleman comparatively new in Wall Street, bound to no clique, clean in record, and believed to entertain the somewhat obsolete idea that railroads are created by legislatures solely for public advantage and shareholders' profit. As the route which he favored was to connect with Erie, and as it was desirable that a close alliance between the two roads should be effected, not only for the purpose of securing an indorsement of four millions bonds of the Boston company, but for making the parent line a solvent and dividend-paying property, he determined to so shape the approaching election as to sweep the great speculative director from the board.

When, therefore, the stock-jobbing owners of Erie began to prepare their proxies, they found among the solicitors for their vote a monopolizing railroad king, a great share-gambler, and a representative New-Englander, whose principles were supposed to be those of his own section, — a section signally exempt from corruption in its corporations, and as hostile to monopoly in transportation as it is to monopoly in labor.

The sanctity of truth compels us to relieve "the street" from any imputation of giving its suffrages to either of the three rivals out of any romantic impulse of admiration for their individual qualities. A majority of the stockholders parted with their stock outright; a large majority sold their proxies, and retained their shares.*

As the momentous second Tuesday drew near, the chief contestants began to count their votes and make their estimate of chances. It was found that neither of the three had a majority. Although the Eastern party held the larger vote; yet a combination of any two would ruin the third. That such a dilemma should have arisen would seem to prove that Mr. Vanderbilt chose to make his first attempt in the vast consolidating programme by securing the co-operation of the Erie direction, rather than by controlling it. In that event, however, if our estimate of Mr. Eldridge's position be correct, he had no alternative but to ally himself with Mr. Drew. Unfortunately, at this juncture, the speculative director was not in the Commodore's good graces. The latter for many weeks had been "long" in an immense stock operation;

* It is court testimony that Vanderbilt's agents advertised for proxies, and that Drew's agent sold out to the Central party. There is probably no greater impropriety in selling one's vote at a railroad corporation election than at the polls of that larger corporation which is called the State. Both acts are the offspring of indifference, and in the case of Erie there is this excuse, that no one can hold it without being brought temporarily into somewhat the same moral condition which is normal to Swiss body-guards and Free Lancers.

and — so far from aiding him in the emergency — the hero of the 1866 corner had developed a powerful "bear" interest, producing a stringent money market, and effectually checkmating Mr. Vanderbilt at the moment of apparent success. Upon this, the king of the affined roads sacrificed his policy to his pique, and threw the weight of his influence on the side of Mr. Eldridge.

The hour of election arrived. The president of the Boston line was installed president of Erie. Mr. Drew was dropped from the board, and for a little space financial New York throbbed with novel excitement. Scarcely, however, had the street recovered from its surprise, when there succeeded a second shock, even more electric than the first. It was currently rumored that one of the newly elected directors had resigned, that Mr. Drew was reinstated in office, and that he held the keys of the Erie treasury! The report proved true. At the last moment Mr. Vanderbilt had repented of his rashness, and had patched up an awkward compromise, of which this was the singular sequel. The outside public was scandalized, but it was also mystified. Queer whispers circulated. Metaphor-loving brokers spoke in parables, and quoted Scripture. It was gravely hinted that "the path which leads to destruction" had a point of resemblance with Erie, — they were both broad gauge! The market partially collapsed. A multitude of small speculators and outsiders went "short" in the unpopular scrip. The stock fell sharply. When at length Erie was fairly shivering in the lower register, the curtain which had veiled the secrets of the great railroad intrigue was suddenly pushed aside, and the jubilant shorts found themselves confronted by a gigantic bull interest, with nine million in the pool, and Messrs. Drew and Vanderbilt at the head. The stock rose with a bound. In January the pool was closed, and the easy victors divided their immense spoils.

Flushed with his late triumph, the president of the New York Central now converged his entire strength to effect that coalition of the railroads on which the splendid monopoly programme necessarily depended. A meeting of the rival managers was called. Holding the main scheme guardedly in the background, Mr. Vanderbilt proposed that the agreement for a uniform tariff of freight and passengers from the metropolis to the West should be continued for the next five years. Assent to this proposition once gained, the rest would be easy. The measure provoked great discussion. A scrutiny of details revealed the fact that the profits of the alliance were wholly on the side of the Central clique. Nevertheless, that party refused to make any modifications. The conference consequently broke up in confusion, and the railroad king, foiled in his attempt at coalition, boldly accepted the alternative, and, sending out orders in all directions, began the prodigious task of purchasing the control of Erie.

Meanwhile Mr. Eldridge and his associates were quietly completing a comprehensive plan for extending the connections of the broad-gauge road, and at the same time effecting the entire renovation of its present rolling stock and road-bed. By the Ohio and Mississippi, Erie already reaches St. Louis; by the Atlantic and Great Western, it commands Cincinnati. It was now proposed that a new road should be built from Akron, on the line of the latter route, to Toledo. Here a junction would be formed with the Michigan Southern, and thence, by means of an extra rail, would be established unbroken communication between New England, New York, and the great interior grain State whose central depot is Chicago.

The scheme was gigantic, but it required corresponding expenditure. The treasury was worse than empty; it was a million dollars in arrears. Yet there seemed no possible expedient for securing the necessary funds for this large and imperative improvement save by adding to that indebtedness. The company therefore voted an issue of ten million of bonds, and as usual Mr. Drew stood ready to accept the loan.

The contract was signed, and the convertibles transferred. True to his constitutional infirmity, the speculative director was just then very short. Mr. Vanderbilt, now pledged to the success of his programme, had bought up some fourteen millions of stock. The shares were wellnigh swept from the market. Yet, with Erie rising day by day, the agents of Mr. Drew still continued to sell large quantities for future delivery on current rates, at both open and close board. The *claquers* of the Central clique were dumb at the recklessness with which their antagonist was plunging into inevitable destruction. This amazement, however, was but momentary. Placing on the street in one day the fifty thousand shares into which the fresh issue of bonds had been converted, Mr. Drew forced down Erie from 82¾ to 65, and at the same time sent his loan to the company as a "special deposit" to the banks.

Our narrowing space precludes any adequate portrayal of the immense explosion which followed upon this unique invention of Mr. Drew for "covering his shorts"; nor indeed is there a necessity for details. Its history is fresh in all memories. Probably from no single cause were the financial circles of New York ever so deeply and so continuously affected as by this strategetic movement of the treasurer of the Erie. Never did the legal fraternity reap a more abundant harvest, nor the State legislators indulge in brighter dreams. Strangely enough, the feature which appealed most conspicuously to public attention was that of least practical importance. The litigation in the courts was a meaningless farce. All those injunctions, attachments, precepts, and affidavits which hurtled through the air, and served as texts for innumerable and ill-considered editorials, were employed by both parties, not because a great wrong had been committed, but simply as legitimate instruments for attaining a definite result. The suit of Work against Drew, regarding the issue of stocks in the 1866 corner, had been overhanging the latter for months, and could have been compromised at any time if the defendant had chosen to accept the proffered terms. The injunction restraining the directors from the ten-million issue came from Mr. Vanderbilt, not because he believed the act was criminal or illegal, but in order to gain time for freeing himself from his terrible entanglement.

Indeed, the position in which the great railroad king found himself when the Erie "bear" closed upon him was one of the most peculiar and dangerous on record. It was not merely his Central programme that was at hazard, he was on the edge of what might have been the most startling financial failure of the century. Resolved to continue his hold of Erie, he had absorbed the new emission, and was carrying shares to the extent of twenty millions of dollars. With the depression of the market, his bankers compelled him to put up his margins, while his antagonist not only continued the short movement, but, by calling in loans and forming extensive alliances with the capital of outside cities, he produced a heretofore unparalleled stringency of the money market. If all the facts of this great passage of arms between these gigantic moneyed powers could be accurately related, it would afford one of the most thrilling chapters of financial history.

At present, however, they are veiled behind a cloud of conflicting surmises, and we only know that, after a few days of breathless anxiety, Mr. Vanderbilt emerged from his embarrassments triumphant and serene. Popular rumor affirms that he accomplished this by mortgaging his whole railroad and real-estate property for a temporary loan of thirty million dollars, which he effected with a famous foreign house. Whatever credence this may receive, no smaller sum could have enabled him to wrestle on equal terms with his acute and remorseless antagonist.

But although extricated from the toils of the bear interest, the success of the monopoly scheme was still matter of grave doubt. The Erie directors, driven

into exile, plucked victory from defeat, and secured from the courts and legislature of New Jersey what New York denied them. At Albany the sons-in-law of Vanderbilt, together with the attorney of the New York Central, successfully manipulated the Assembly. The financial and editorial columns of the metropolitan press, with a single exception, labored morning and night in the consolidation interest. Nevertheless, the outlook remained dubious. Mr. Vanderbilt maintained his control of Erie stock, but a large proportion was in the new issue. This issue was entered on the stock ledger in the name of the original buyers, while the transfer clerk was in Jersey City; and it was given out that the books were closed, and would continue so until the October election. In that event the proxies on the ten millions would be unavailable for monopoly purposes. Moreover, the fearful calamity of April 15, at Carr's Rock, so far from inhering to the disadvantage of the Erie directors, afforded a remarkable justification for their conduct, especially as Mr. Eldridge now came forward, and pledged himself that the moneys accruing from the loan would be sacredly devoted to the renovation of the entire line. Still further, the affined roads were suffering grievously from more than one cause. Mr. Drew's boats had commenced to run from the State capital to New York for a dollar. Fares were reduced on Erie thirty-three and even sixty per cent. The merchants and grain-growers along the Central complained of the outrageous rules of the company, which required that no freight should be taken for any point with which their route connected, unless shipped all the way by rail; and these complaints began to have their effect at Albany.

What fresh tactics Mr. Vanderbilt may have determined upon at this crisis are known only to himself. The theory that he gave up the contest in despair is absurd. His resources are too great, his ambition too exalted, for so crude a supposition. Yet so far as the external indications, he would certainly seem to have retired from the field. The Erie bill was hurried through the legislature with railroad speed. The extension of lines East and West was authorized, the issue of bonds indorsed, and the consolidation scheme rendered legally impossible. In New York City the courts still kept up their highly scenical display; but the exiles of Erie returned from their sojourn in Jersey City, and reposed secure in their luxurious apartments at the palatial West Street offices. It is proper to add that this singular phenomenon is ascribed in financial circles to a mysterious compromise, in which Drew and Vanderbilt are parties, and of which the great public is to be the unconscious and submissive victim.

For the sake of the national honor and the interests of commerce, we may well hope that these floating rumors are destitute of foundation. The scheme which the King of the Central has at least momentarily abandoned would have proved disastrous, not only to New York, but to New England as well. The theory of "watered" stock, on which it was based, is fatal to the prosperity, not only of the mercantile and producing class, but to the very interests it apparently favors.* Compelled to vast gains, in order to meet its excessive obligations, monopoly would find itself at the hour of supremest success on the verge of appalling disaster. The impatient and long-suffering West would seek new outlets by Canada, by Baltimore, by the Mississippi. No expedient could ward off this sure result, save spasmodic competition, entailing the loss in a week of the profits of a year. Nor could "privilege," the

* All fictitious stock is a tax on the community, and in the end, by encouraging lavish expenditure, large salaries, careless contracts, it impoverishes the corporations themselves. At present, however, the tendency in America is strongly in this direction. It is estimated that the "watered" stock of the railroads in the United States is from thirty to forty per cent above actual cost, and that the whole volume of fictitious railway paper can be little less than four hundred millions. The loss entailed by this vicious system on all industries is enormous; nor can we safely look for the day of cheap transportation before legislation shall have peremptorily forbidden any increase of capital beyond the narrowest limits of economical management.

creature of the State, maintain its fleeting existence, except by such corruption in the legislative chambers as must inevitably arouse that giant sense of public virtue, now strangely drugged, but liable at any moment to spring into terrible activity.

But while "fictions" are fraught with equal ruin to commerce and to corporations, share-gambling is demoralizing our financial centres, and eating like a canker into the very heart of the national life. Capital draws back discouraged from new and necessary investments. Under present conditions, it cannot be otherwise. When Mr. Drew and his imitators on other railroad boards sell "short," they destroy the value of the stock they are sworn to protect, at least to the extent of their profits in speculation. Practically it is the same as if President Lincoln had wagered his official salary on the success of the late Confederacy, or Napoleon had bet on Wellington before the Battle of Waterloo. The state of Erie under the Drew system is a sufficient illustration of the injury which results. What that state is has already partially been set forth; but there is further testimony upon this subject which should by no means be omitted. In the very heat of the injunction period a pamphlet was issued on the Erie side, which contained the subjoined paragraph: —

"The object of a borrower should be to have his loan so made that he will never be called upon to pay either principal or interest. The Erie Company appear to have perfectly accomplished this end. Its shares, like British consols, are never due. As for interest in the shape of dividends, this is what no one expected or expects. The holders of Erie stock do not want a dividend. Were one regularly paid, the stock would in a great measure lose its value as an instrument of speculation. All parties, therefore, are, or ought to be, perfectly satisfied. As for the Erie, it is certainly a wonderful stroke of good fortune to be able to raise $ 7,250,000 for construction and repairs upon its road, without incurring an obligation for a dollar. Not to avail themselves of such an opportunity would show that the directors were utterly unfit for their place."

This significant statement, written apparently with no consciousness of its splendid irony, indicates very remarkably the estimate of Wall Street upon the uses of railroad property, nor can there be any stability in stock, until the strong arm of legislation intervenes to arrest the demoralization of the hour. It must be made as criminal for a director to deal in railroad scrip as it is to utter counterfeit money or to appropriate trust funds. In fact, the national or State governments ought to enter at once upon the construction of a railroad code which should be universal in its working and sweeping in its reforms.

If the developments of the Erie contest anywise conduce to such an auspicious result, we may well rest satisfied. That contest, so inadequately described in these pages, conveys its own lessons. What new shape it will assume it is not for us to forecast. But we may safely affirm that neither in the ascendency of Mr. Drew nor of the Vanderbilt clique is any health possible. What Erie needs is revolution. From Boston, from Chicago, from New York, there should be a simultaneous conjunction of capital, powerful enough to wrest the line from share-gamblers and monopolists, and thoroughly determined to take the solution of the difficulty firmly in hand. We know not what forces are at the control of the actual president, but it seems to us that no man more adequately comprehends the situation, or more ardently desires to infuse fresh blood into the management of the road, — to repair, replace, reorganize, and reform; to make the stock a stable property, clean from the defilement of the street, certain of dividends, safe for fiduciary investment. If he should accomplish this, by whatsoever device, he will acquire a national reputation as enviable as it would be justly earned. We may overestimate Mr. Eldridge's intentions or his powers; but there can be no question of his opportunity. It is for the future to disclose how far that opportunity is converted into achievement.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By CHARLES DARWIN. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1868.

WHEN Mr. Darwin published his "Origin of Species," he stated it to be only the forerunner of a more complete work on the subject, in which he hoped to present the evidence on which his conclusions were founded with a much greater fulness of detail. The volumes now before us are, if we neglect a couple of essays on special subjects, the first instalment of the promised work. They are to be followed in due time by another treatise, on the variation of animals and plants in the wild state, and then by a review of the objections which have been made to the theory of Natural Selection.

The present work contains a great mass of facts drawn from a very wide range of original observation and a most extensive search through the material published by others. Whatever may be thought of his generalizations, no one can deny to the author the merit of painstaking and conscientious industry in the accumulation of facts. The first volume is devoted to a history of our most important domestic animals and plants. The pigeon is the most thoroughly treated, and is, as might have been expected, in a measure, the *cheval de bataille* of the author. In Volume II. all those general questions of reproduction which arise as soon as we begin to consider the subject of inheritance and the nature of species, such as reversion to ancestral forms, the effects of crossing, the causes of sterility and those of variation, are discussed, — with a spirit of candor, indeed, which no one can fail to be impressed by, and with which all who are acquainted with Mr. Darwin's previous works are familiar, but at the same time with a degree of subtilty and ingenuity in places which we think may to many readers prove a poor substitute for that fulness and plainness in the evidence that alone can inspire perfect confidence.

Nevertheless, precipitate as some of the conclusions may seem to a cold judgment, some weight is to be allowed here, as everywhere else, to the instinctive guesses of men of genius and large practical experience; and the book remains so important, both with regard to the general question of species transformation and the special ones of inheritance, that no one interested in the science of life can afford to leave it unread. It would be impossible, in the short space at our command, to convey the "gist" of it to the reader, nor would an abstract be of much value, apart from the special evidence. Still, as every one has heard more or less about "Darwinism," and many people have a most inaccurate notion of the contents of that mysterious expression, we will subjoin a brief account of a single factor in Mr. Darwin's reasoning. It will give to the unlearned reader a slight idea of the *kind* of speculation indicated by the word, and at the same time give us an opportunity to notice a very curious fact or law which Mr. Darwin thinks he has discovered.

The factor we mean is that called atavism, or reversion. It is a matter of common knowledge that children frequently reproduce traits of their grandparents or still more remote ancestors, which nevertheless did not exist in their own immediate progenitors. Darwin gives a striking instance of a pointer bitch, who gave birth to some pups marked with blue. The color is so unusual in purely bred pointers, that it was considered the pups must be of base descent on the father's side, and all but one were drowned. Two years afterwards it was accidentally discovered that this one was the great-great-grandson of an animal which had been marked in a similar manner, — so that the peculiarity had remained latent during three generations before appearing in this litter.

The most evident examples of this "law" are to be found in the reversions of *crosses* to one or the other original parent form. "In a litter of Essex pigs, two young ones appeared which were the image of the Berkshire boar that had been used twenty-eight years before in giving size and constitution to the breed"; and similar facts may almost be called notorious, but only more so in these particular cases, Mr. Darwin thinks, because the characteristic marks are too obvious to escape notice, which they must often do when the ancestors belong to the same breed. Now, to this fact or principle of reversion, the reality of which must

needs be acknowledged, Mr. Darwin refers a number of apparently capricious variations in our domestic races, and then proceeds to draw many weighty conclusions, first as to the origin of the races in question, and then as to the extent of possible deviation from their origin of races in general. In pigeons, for instance, in all the fancy breeds, with their so greatly differing structure, there occasionally appear birds of a blue color, with certain other marks, of which the most important are double black bars on the wings and white or blue croups. "Whenever a blue bird appears in any race, the wings almost invariably show the black bars." Now the wild rock-pigeon, *Columba livia*, from whom, on many other accounts, Mr. Darwin thinks our domestic races are probably descended, is characterized by just these peculiarities of coloring; and the coincidence of their appearance in all these separate tame kinds has its apparent strangeness much diminished if we are enabled to look at it as in each case owing to reversion to the original stock, or rock-pigeon. In our various domestic breeds of fowl, again, which widely differ in most respects, we meet "black-breasted-red" birds as occasional exceptions. Only in a very few pure breeds has Mr. Darwin not heard of their occurrence. Now, as this coloring is peculiar to the *Gallus bankiva* of Northern India, a bird which is almost certainly the parent of the game-fowl, and which, for many reasons, Darwin thinks likely to have been the parent form of all our other kinds, its sporadic appearance in our poultry-yards receives a plausible explanation. In the horse, to take a third example, individuals are everywhere to be met, but more frequently in some strains than in others, striped in a more or less complicated way down the back, over the shoulder, and across the legs. These marks are frequently associated with a dun color. The ass, as is well known, presents some of them normally, others occasionally, and so do the other wild members of the family. After the two former cases, the conclusion in this case will be obvious to the reader. But the imperfection of the reasoning throughout will also not escape him, — first, that these marks are facts of reversion to the wild form X, because many other circumstances make it likely that X is the common ancestor; and then X is all the more certainly the common ancestor, because these marks, being facts of reversion, are all found in X. It is a sort of circular reasoning, and at best helps to accumulate a probability.

Now for the curious law we spoke of as having been discovered by Darwin. It is that in crossing itself we have a direct cause of reversion to characters long extinct; or, in other words, when two individuals which have diverged from a common parent stock are mated, there is a tendency in their offspring to take on features of that stock that may have been absent for great numbers of generations. Some crosses made in France first called his attention to the subject in pigeons, and he then made experiments himself, both with them and with fowls. Many of the pigeons which he crossed belonged to breeds in which blue birds are of excessive rarity, and many of these crosses were most complicated; yet there appeared among the mongrels a surprising number colored (in many instances almost exactly) like the *Columba livia*. With fowls of long-established breeds, in which, when kept pure, there is no record of a red feather ever having appeared, he continually got mongrels exhibiting a tendency to approach the plumage of the *Gallus bankiva*. One of these was a gorgeous cock, whose plumage was almost identical with that of the wild bird. Its father being a Black Spanish, and its mother a Silk fowl, both of which are notorious for breeding true, and the race of the mother being in many respects so peculiar as to have been considered by some authors a separate species. The crossing of the several equine species, in its turn "tends in a marked manner to cause stripes to appear on various parts of the body, especially on the legs." This, of course, "can be only hypothetically attributed to reversion. But most persons, after considering" the case of pigeons, fowls, &c., "will come to the same conclusion in respect to the horse genus, and admit that the progenitor of the group was striped on the legs, shoulders, face, and probably over the whole body, like a zebra."

The interest and importance of these facts, if Mr. Darwin's interpretation of them be correct, is evident. But unfortunately the interpretation has just so much of the hypothetical element in it, in all the cases, that a sceptic who should refuse to accept it would have no trouble in presenting a legal and logical justification for his conduct. The author adds to them some other facts concerning instincts which are curious. Thus, the aboriginal

species of hen must, of course, have been a good incubator; but so many cases are on record of the crossed offspring from two races of non-sitting hens "becoming first-rate incubators, that the reappearance of this instinct must be attributed to reversion from crossing." One author says: "A cross between two non-sitting varieties almost invariably produces a mongrel that becomes broody, and sits with remarkable steadiness." Again: "The parents of all our domesticated animals were, of course, originally wild in disposition; and when a domesticated species is crossed with a distinct species, whether this be a domesticated or only a tamed animal, the hybrids are often wild to such a degree that the fact is intelligible only on the principle that the cross has caused a partial return to the primitive disposition." He gives instances from cattle, swine, and various birds, and finally asks whether the degraded and savage disposition which many travellers have reported to exist in certain half-caste races of men may not have a similar cause, namely, reversion to the condition of a savage ancestor.

From all this the nature of the reasoning on which Darwin's hypothesis is based will be seen. It is nowhere of strictly logical cogency, for the conclusions drawn from certain premises are assumed in their turn as true, in order to make those same premises seem more probable. Perhaps from the very nature of the case, and the enormous spaces of time in question, it may never be any more possible to give a physically strict proof of it, complete in every link, than it now is to give a logically binding disproof of it. This may or may not be a misfortune; at any rate it removes the matter from the jurisdiction of critics who are not zoölogists, but mere reasoners (and who have already written nonsense enough about it), and leaves it to the learned tact of experts, which alone is able to weigh delicate facts against each other, and to decide how many possibilities make a probability, and how many small probabilities make an almost certainty. Among those experts Mr. Darwin's own name stands high, and this work will probably not lower its place. The "general reader," anxious only for results, will find it much drier and less interesting than the "Origin of Species"; but the student, as we have already said, must read it, and, whichever way his conclusions may tend, cannot fail to learn a great deal from it.

Italy, Rome, and Naples: from the French of Henri Taine. By JOHN DURAND. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

M. TAINE has very clear eyes; he sees what is before him, — a rare and wonderful faculty in a traveller. At Naples he finds more in the life, the air, and the scenery to remind of the classic period than at Rome, which externally is hardly Greek or feudal, but Renaissance to a degree that does not permit M. Taine, looking upon her churches and palaces, to think of anything but the sixteenth century. Only among the antiques of the Roman galleries, and before the vague and broken monuments of the past, does he find the spirit which walks the noonday streets of Naples, and which he recognizes with such exquisite grace in this picture of the Villa Reale: —

"Evening was coming on, and in watching the fading tints it seemed as if I were in the Elysian fields of the ancient poets. Elegant forms of trees defined themselves clearly on the transparent azure. Leafless sycamores and naked oaks seemed to be smiling, the exquisite serenity of the sky, crossed with their web of light branches, apparently communicating itself to them. They did not appear to be dead or torpid as with us, but seemed to be dozing, and, at the touch of the balmy breeze, ready to open their buds and confide their blossoms to the coming spring. Here and there shone a glimmering star, and the moon began to diffuse its white light. Statues still whiter seemed in this mysterious gloom to be alive; groups of young maidens, in light flowing robes, advanced noiselessly, like beautiful spirits of gladness. I seemed to be gazing on ancient Greek life, to comprehend the delicacy of their sensations, to find a never-ending study in the harmony of these slender forms and faded tints; color and luminousness no longer seemed requisite. I was listening to the verses of Aristophanes, and beheld his youthful athlete with crowned brow, chaste and beautiful, walking pleasantly with a sage companion of his own years amongst poplars and the flowering smilax. Naples is a Greek colony, and the more one sees the more does he recognize that the taste and spirit of a people assume the characteristics of its landscape and climate."

The truth here presented had already been felt and expressed, and throughout his book, the novelty of M. Taine's discovery is less than the accuracy of his study.

But this accuracy delights you so much that you are inclined to believe him first, where he is at best, perhaps, only original; and it is on review of his book that you find he has taken you through a country not undiscovered, but not before so thoroughly explored.

He understands Italy exceedingly well, however, and for Rome of the Renaissance it seems to us that there is no guide to compare with him. Here, even his want of sympathy becomes a virtue; for the Renaissance is a period to be entirely appreciated by the intellect alone, as it was a purely intellectual effort which produced it. M. Taine studies its art from its history, and not its history from its art, as Mr. Ruskin does, for example; and we think he has by far the clearer idea of the time, its people, and its works. The tastes and customs of an artist's contemporaries shape, if they do not inspire him; and it is better to argue from Julius II. to Buonarotti than from Buonarotti to Julius II., though it is not altogether false to do the latter. In his cold way of loving nothing, hating nothing, judging everything, M. Taine never affronts common-sense, nor attempts impostures upon his readers. You see everything that he points out in pictures, because, though the characteristic traits he sees are subtile enough, they exist; while he does not dwell upon the perfectly obvious, he does not riot upon the supposed intention of the painter. "Always," says M. Taine, with that peculiar clearness and directness which make him appear the first discoverer of truth, — "always when an art predominates, the contemporary mind contains its essential elements; whether, as in the arts of poetry and music these consist of ideas or sentiments; or, as in sculpture and painting, they consist of colors or of forms. Everywhere art and intelligence encounter each other, and this is why the first expresses the second and the second the first. Hence if we find in the Italy of that period [the Renaissance] a revival of pagan art it is because there was a revival of pagan manners and morals. . . . . With the sentiment of the rude, with the exercise of the muscles and the expansion of physical activity, the love of and worship of the human form appeared a second time. All Italian art turns upon this idea, namely, the resuscitation of the naked figure; the rest is simply preparation, development, variety, alteration, or decline. Some, like the Venetians, display its grandeur and freedom of movement, its magnificence and voluptuousness; others, like Correggio, its exquisite sweetness and grace; others, like the Bolognese, its dramatic interest; others, like Caravaggio, its coarse striking reality, — all, in short, caring for nothing beyond the truthfulness, grace, action, voluptuousness and magnificence of a fine form, naked or draped, raising an arm or a leg. If groups exist, it is to complete this idea, to oppose one form to another, to balance one sensation by a similar one. When landscape comes it simply serves as a background and accessory, and is as subordinate as moral expression on the countenance or historical accuracy in the subject. The question is, Do you feel interested in expanded muscles moving a shoulder and throwing back the body bow-like on the opposite thigh? It is within this limited circle that the imagination of the great artists of that day wrought, and in the centre of it you find Raphael. . . . . That which interests the moderns in a head, the expression of some rare profound sentiment, elegance, and whatever denotes *finesse* and native superiority, is never apparent with them, save in that precocious investigator, that refined, saddened thinker, that universal feminine genius, Leonardo da Vinci. Domenichino's 'Judith' is a fine, healthy, innocent, peasant-girl, well painted and well proportioned. If you seek the exalted, complicated sentiments of a virtuous, pious, and patriotic woman who has just converted herself into a courtesan and an assassin, who comes in with bloody hands, feeling perhaps, under her girdle, the motions of the child of the man whom she has just murdered, you must seek for them elsewhere; you must read the drama of Hebbel, the 'Cenci' of Shelley, or propose the subject to a Delacroix, or to an Ary Scheffer."

There is, as we have indicated, a prevailing motive of generalization in this book, to which it is more safe to yield in considering the past than the present, though we do not find that it often leads M. Taine astray in his study of modern Italians. Much in his sketches of Rome reminds the reader of About's *Rome Contemporaine*, but one is all the time sensible that Taine is an honester man than About, and that he does not generalize beyond his facts. He is not so lively as About; but, though very firm and solid in his thought, he is far from heavy. His book is singularly untouristic, and the reader remembers no trace of M. Taine in anything but its opinions and decisions;

there are no traveller's adventures, and few traveller's anecdotes; the stories told are generally from other people, and are given merely to illustrate some topic in hand.

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. Edited from his Manuscript, with Notes and an Introduction, by JOHN BIGELOW. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

IN his Introduction Mr. Bigelow tells us the very interesting story of the chance which gives us now, after the lapse of half a century, the autobiography of Dr. Franklin as he left it, and enables the present editor to supply eight pages of the original, wanting in the work as hitherto published, as well as to correct some twelve hundred corrections made by former editors in Franklin's text. The story is briefly this: Franklin presented to M. le Veillard, a French gentleman of his acquaintance (Mayor of Passy and *gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi*), a copy of his autobiography, which passed into the hands of his widow after M. le Veillard was guillotined in 1794. William Temple Franklin, who went to London as early as 1790 to prepare an edition of his grandfather's works for publication, and who, under circumstances bringing upon him suspicions of bribery from the British government, delayed their appearance till 1817, applied to the Widow le Veillard for this copy, as being a fair one to print from, and, in return, gave her the autograph of the memoirs bequeathed him by his grandfather. This autograph went from Madame le Veillard, at her death, to her daughter, who, in 1834, left it to M. le Senarmont, her cousin. In 1867 this gentleman transferred it to Mr. Bigelow, together with the famous pastel portrait of Franklin by Duplessis, an engraving of which adorns the present volume. The life which Mr. Bigelow now gives the world must naturally become the standard version of an autobiography which, after being first fragmentarily published in French and translated into English, was later edited in imperfect and unfaithful shape by Franklin's grandson, and is here, at last, printed from Franklin's own manuscript, and precisely as he wrote it.

Mr. Bigelow gives some pages, showing in parallel columns the nature of the changes made in the original text by the edition of 1817, of which he says, very justly: "Many are mere modernizations of style, such as would measure some of the modifications which English prose has undergone between the days of Goldsmith and Southey. Some Franklin might have approved of; others he might have tolerated; but it is safe to presume that very many he would have rejected without ceremony." However this may be, there is profound satisfaction in having the life as written by Franklin, whose very errors and negligences have no small value to the reader of the life in illustrating the greatness and peculiarities of his career and character. Who had corrected him Mr. Bigelow does not positively indicate; but this will now become a matter of less importance every day to all but the mere *curioso*.

It is supposed William Temple Franklin never observed that the final eight pages of the autograph were wanting in the Veillard copy from which he printed; and he thus added another to the proofs already existing of his unfitness to edit his grandfather's works, — an unfitness that had become a national reproach before his edition appeared. Mr. Bigelow leaves to the reader the question whether or not William Temple Franklin was induced by the British government to withhold the manuscripts in his hands, and contents himself with stating the charge, and giving Franklin's denial of its truth. It is certainly strange that he should have delayed for twenty-seven years to discharge the duty intrusted to him, and that then he should have performed it with so little care as to omit some of the most important passages from the autobiography. The grandson's edition of the life terminates with Franklin's arrival at London on the 27th of July, 1757, and is wanting in the account given by Franklin in the autograph and the present edition of his interview with Lord Granville, and his subsequent consultations with the Proprietaries of the Province of Pennsylvania with regard to the quarrel existing between Governor Denny and the Pennsylvania Assembly, together with the proceedings upon the Proprietaries' petition to the king in council.

In an Appendix Mr. Bigelow gives the correspondence of William Temple Franklin with the Veillards in reference to his grandfather's works, as well as some letters of Franklin's from the Veillard collection, relating to his memoirs, and other matter immediately useful and interesting to the reader of the restored autobiography. He has in all respects executed a delicate and important task with singular discretion, — not exulting too much in the fortune which

permits him to connect his name permanently with Franklin's, nor magnifying a service to letters which is self-evidently great. The reader's interest in the subject is both awakened and satisfied, and he readily forgives Mr. Bigelow, as a sole instance of critical prodigality, the statement that the autobiography is a "limpid narrative, gemmed all over, like a cloudless firmament at night, with pertinent anecdotes, curious observations, and sage reflections."

Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures, deposited in the Galleries of the Yale School of Fine Arts. By RUSSELL STURGIS, JR. New Haven: Published by Yale College.

EVEN if we had not to praise the excellent taste with which Mr. Sturgis has performed a task not to be estimated in its difficulties by the size of his book, we should wish to speak of this Manual as making a fresh claim upon public attention for a gallery of pictures which was remarkable in Europe, and is unique here. In this collection Yale College has secured the sole series of pictures by which Italian art, from Giunta da Pisa to Domenichino, can be studied and enjoyed in America, and offers an attraction which must be enhanced by whatever growth we make in cultivation and elegance. The Jarves collection would be a thing to go from one Italian city to another to see; and we hope that it shall not be very long till any person within a day's journey of New Haven shall be ashamed not to have seen it. We rate very highly its capacity for pleasing a generally intelligent public like ours, because its works are mostly of the early period of art, when sentiment was more than execution, and have qualities of religion, tenderness, and sincerity which strongly appeal to the earnest natures predominating with us. On the other hand, a gallery which includes paintings of Paolo Veronese, Bassano, Bordone, the Caracci, Guido, Rubens, and Velasquez cannot be lacking in those splendors of art and triumphs of skill in which the student and connoisseur find great part of their satisfaction.

It is not easy to say how Mr. Sturgis in his Manual puts his reader in possession of those quite primary facts of artistic history and technics necessary with the average American for the appreciation of such a gallery, and yet contrives not to offend those already cognizant of them. His introductory essay, which is full of admirable suggestion and criticism, is unambitious in itself, and modest for the collection, while it rates the pictures at their just intrinsic value, and indicates their incomparable worth here; and the brief biographical and critical notice of each painter which is given with the mention of his picture is enough for the present intelligence of those who have known nothing of the subject, and excellent even for the memory of such as may charitably suppose themselves to have forgotten a great deal.

The Old World in its New Face. Impressions of Europe in 1867–68. By HENRY W. BELLOWS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE difficulty of writing home from Europe anything that is worth reading does not seem to affect the production of foreign letters, or the volumes of travel growing out of them. To this fact, no doubt, we owe now and then a book like Dr. Bellows's, which is interesting and desirable; and as for the books that are neither, they are forgotten even in spite of the critics who blame them, and seek to give them the sad immortality of dispraise in the newspapers. So the state of affairs might be worse than it is.

We shall hardly describe what Dr. Bellows has done if we say he spent a year in France, Prussia, Switzerland, and Austria, — so many people have done all this; but if we say that he looked at Europe from the pulpit of the Broad Church, and with a view to study it in an honest and liberal way, we distinguish him somewhat from the million other Americans abroad. He writes down his thought in candid and manly fashion, without flippancy, and commonly without effort to be either funny or fine, — Eloquence and Humor being the Scylla and Charybdis of most travellers. Mountains, we confess, are occasionally too much for him. There is, for example, "Untersberg, whose awful comb saws the sky with its marble teeth"; and in the noonday haze of the adjacent meadows, other of these unmanageable mountains "seem to swim like beautiful black monsters in a sea of emerald"; while at dawn they are mottled with black and white, and "Beauty, Love, and Terror seem contending for their possession." All this, however, may be forgiven a traveller who tells us something of the state of religious thought in Germany, and describes to us several of the leaders of the

conservative and liberal church parties, in a way to make them and his readers glad that he saw them and talked with them. His observations and ideas of Switzerland strike us as being very true and good; there is much that is new in what he tells us of the present social and political life of the Swiss; and the chapter on Berne is particularly interesting. It appears to us that he justly characterizes the political condition of Austria as one in which the government has to take the lead in creating liberal institutions for a people indifferent to nearly all liberty but that of laughing at their rulers. There is no prophecy in the book as to the political future of France, — a subject on which every one ought to be grateful to be told nothing, knowing that thereby only is he dealt fairly with. Our author does not refuse to see that the French people generally are contented with a despotism which he dislikes; better still, he does not become enamored of it because they bear it quietly. This again distinguishes him from the million other Americans abroad. He can even tell us something intelligible and probable about Prussia, in whose military superiority to France he does not at all believe, and in whose over-restrained and over-protected people he does not see the greatest promise for the future. It is one of the virtues of Dr. Bellows in this book that he nowhere makes pretence to infallible understanding of what he saw, or to subtile analysis of the varied character presented to him.

Behind the Scenes. By ELIZABETH KECKLEY, formerly a Slave, but more recently Modiste and Friend to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. *Or, Thirty Years a Slave, and Four Years in the White House.* New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

WE suppose that Mrs. Keckley, as a literary resource, is probably exhausted in the volume before us; but we would not have the ingenious editor of the work (whoever he may be) despair on that account. Indeed, he need never want inspiration while there are cooks, lady's-maids, coachmen, and footmen about, who have lived in families of eminent persons. Why should he not give us next, "Behind the Pantry Door; or, Mr. Seward's After-Dinner-ana, overheard by his Butler"? — or, "On the Kitchen Stairs; Sayings and Doings of Chief Justice Chase, reported by his former Cook"? — and so on, concluding with "The Married Life of our Distinguished Clergymen by a Serving-woman out of place"? He need not be deterred by the fact that the present book is an outrage, for he is not likely to be affected by any kind of criticism that can reach his case.

We put Mrs. Keckley out of the question of authorship; and, of the material which she has supplied, we have but to say that it is both dull and trivial, and only considerable in its effect of dragging the family affairs of Mrs. Lincoln before the public. We should be quite ashamed to base upon it any speculations about the character of the late President; and with that of his wife and children we have no possible concern, further than to express our belief that, if the nation had dealt more generously with them, it would now be able to judge Mrs. Lincoln more kindly, or perhaps would not be obliged to judge her at all.

Highland Rambles: a Poem. By WILLIAM R. WRIGHT. Boston: Adams & Co.

THESE highland rambles began late in May, about daybreak,

> "As three strayed spirits, Arthur, Vivian, Paul,
> Brushed off the humming swarms of early dreams,
> And sprang from beds of pine-boughs underneath
> Thick-branching pines. And Paul, who sought the East,
> Cried, 'Look, the crescent strands her silver keel
> Upon the pearly breakers of the dawn.'
> And Vivian, 'Let us climb to yonder peak,
> Ere the first rosy ripple break.' But he,
> Whose wit blew cool as winds from mountain lakes,
> Arthur, 'Go up. I follow when my brows
> Three times are dipped in water.' And the three"

rambled on for one hundred and eighty pages up and down the familiar heights of Mr. Tennyson's poetry. We suppose that somewhere in this excursion they had loves and sorrows, for we catch a glimpse of at least one young lady out of The Gardener's Daughter's garden. But we have not read the whole poem, and could not. We take the reader to witness that we do not condemn it, or do aught but wonder that any one having a proper entity, and man's inalienable right to obscurity, should care so conspicuously to disown himself, and to appear solely in the voice, movement, and expression of another whom he suffers us scarcely a moment to forget. Yet even this wonder of ours is mild, for frequent surprises of the sort have tempered us to what we must still regret.

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A REMARKABLE CASE OF "PHYSICAL PHENOMENA."

IT is proposed to give a plain and truthful statement of facts concerning a very marked case of the phenomena known to *Spiritualists* as "physical manifestations," regarded by scientific men generally as "tricks of jugglery," and by common-sense, practical people looked upon as wonderful natural effects, the cause of which has never been explained.

This case in many respects resembles that of the French peasant-girl, Angélique Cottin, so well described by Robert Dale Owen in the Atlantic Monthly of September, 1864, in an article entitled the "Electric Girl of La Perrière," which (though well authenticated by French journals) took place twenty years before.

The chief interest which may attach to this article will lie in the fact, that the occurrences it describes are of very recent date, — having happened during the past few months, — and are susceptible of verification.

Further than this, it may be added, that the writer is a confirmed sceptic as to the so-called *doctrine of Spiritualism*. Indeed, a careful study of these phenomena, witnessed by himself, has strengthened him in the belief, that to attribute their production to the spirits of the departed is ridiculous folly, delusion, and imposture.

Mary Carrick is an Irish girl, eighteen years of age, who came to this country in the month of May, 1867. She is very ignorant, like the most of her class, but quick to learn anything required. Previous to leaving her native land she had, for a short time, lived in a gentleman's family as a "maid of all work," and she has always been healthy with the exception of a severe attack of fever occurring a few months before she left home. By a correspondence with the gentleman in whose service she had lived in Ireland, we find that nothing remarkable was ever discovered concerning her, except that at one time she had been a somnambulist, but seemed to have recovered from her tendency to sleep-walking.

Immediately upon her arrival, she went to live with a very respectable family in one of the larger towns in Massachusetts. At this time she appeared to be in perfect health. She

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

performed the duties required of her in a most acceptable manner, and nothing whatever in her appearance or behavior excited particular remark. She seldom left the house, and, at the time when the occurrences we are about to describe took place, she did not have the acquaintance of six persons outside the family. She had lived in this situation about six weeks, when, upon the 3d of July, the bells hanging in the kitchen and communicating with the outside doors and chambers commenced ringing in an unaccountable manner. This would occur at intervals of half an hour or longer, during the day and evening, but not during the night. It was at first attributed to the antics of rats upon the wires. An examination showed this to be impossible; though, to put the matter beyond doubt, the wires were detached from the bells; but the ringing went on as before. These bells hang near the ceiling of a room eleven feet high. They never rang unless the girl was in that room or the adjoining one, but were often seen and heard to ring when different members of the family were present in the room with the girl. The ringing was not a mere stroke of the bell, but there was a violent agitation of all the bells, such as might have been produced by a vigorous use of the bell-pulls, had they been connected. A careful examination by the writer and others showed that there was no mechanism or other appliance by which the ringing could be produced. A few days after the bell-ringing commenced frequent loud and startling raps were heard, which seemed to be on the walls, doors, or windows of the room where the girl might be at work. The noises thus produced were quite as loud as would ordinarily follow a smart application of the knuckles to any article of wood. They were heard by all the members of the family, and many others whom curiosity prompted to come in for the purpose of verifying, by their own senses, what they were slow to believe. These occurrences increased from day to day, and became a source of great annoyance. The girl, ignorant as she was, and naturally superstitious, became very much excited; and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be kept in a comparative state of calmness during her wakeful hours, while in her sleep at night she was continually raving. She wept very much, protested that she had no action in the occurrences, and begged of the family not to send her away, for she had not a single friend in the country to whom she could go, and none of her countrymen would take her in, for the matter had already become notorious, and they shunned her as they would the Evil One himself. Several applications were made by professed Spiritualists, offering to take the girl, and provide for her; but it was not deemed advisable to place her under such *questionable* supervision. It was finally decided to retain her, and try to endure the disagreeable phenomena which, as will be seen, were only the beginning of troubles.

It should be stated that the raps referred to followed the girl from room to room, and could be heard in her chamber at night, when she was found to be in a profound sleep. Thus had matters gone on for nearly three weeks, when occurrences of a more extraordinary character began to take place. Chairs were upset, crockery-ware thrown down, tables lifted and moved, and various kitchen utensils hurled about the room. No particular record of these occurrences was made until August 1st; after which time, and until the phenomena had entirely ceased, accurate daily memoranda were noted, from which some extracts are here taken.

"On the 5th of August, Mary was washing clothes, when a bench, having upon it two large tubs filled with water, was suddenly moved several inches. The lid of a copper wash-boiler was repeatedly thrown up, when the girl was not near enough to touch it. These occurrences were observed by different members of the family."

"August 6th, Mary was ironing. The table at which she worked continually lifted itself, and troubled her so much that she took her work to another table,

where the same operation was repeated, and her flat-iron, which she left for a moment, was thrown to the floor." This annoyance was always repeated whenever she worked at ironing, and more or less at other times. It was seen by all the members of the family and other persons. The writer saw the table thus lifted when neither the girl nor any other person was near enough to touch it. It has happened when a child nine years of age was sitting upon it, and also when persons have tried to hold it down. This *lifting* propensity seemed to communicate itself to everything movable. The covers to the wood-box and wash-boiler were constantly slamming. A heavy soapstone slab, one and a half inches thick, weighing forty-eight pounds, which formed the top of a case of drawers, was often affected in a similar manner.

"On the 6th of August, as Mary was putting away the 'tea things,' and about to place a metallic tray filled with dishes upon this slab, it suddenly flew up, and struck the bottom of the tray with such force as to upset the dishes upon it." This was seen by one of the family, and frequently occurred afterwards. The stone would also often be thrown up violently when Mary was at work at the sink near it. On the last occasion that this happened, August 25th, the writer was seated near to it, and watching for the movement, which had been repeated several times within an hour. Suddenly it raised itself, and fell with great force, breaking in two through the centre, Mary at the moment being in the act of wringing out her "dish-cloth." Soon after, one half of the same was thrown to the floor; and the fragments were then thrown out of the house on the ground, where they remained quiet. This peculiarly active stone, it should be added, had a few days previous been taken from its place, and laid upon the floor of a room adjoining, with a heavy bucket placed upon it; but, as the same movements continued, it was replaced in its position for the purpose of noticing the effect, and with the result before stated. It had also, at one time, been fastened in its place by wooden clamps, which were forcibly torn away. It is moreover worthy of particular notice, that another soapstone slab, in which the copper wash-boiler is set, and which had become loosened from the brick-work, was split and thrown to the floor in like manner; showing that the force, whatever it may be, has a striking effect upon this kind of material. A piece of the same, weighing several pounds, was also thrown into the kitchen from the wash-room, no person being in the latter room at the time. A common cherry table, standing against the wall in the kitchen, often started out into the room, and at one time was hurled completely over upon its top.

"On the 20th of August the table movements occurred many times. On this day a large basket filled with clothes was thrown to the floor. A small board, used for scouring knives, hanging against the wall, was thrown quite across the kitchen. The doors were continually slamming unless locked or latched.

"August 26 and 27 were very *stirring* days, there being hardly a half-hour of quiet. The rappings (which occurred daily) were particularly vigorous on these days. The chairs, and other movables, were thrown about; a large wash-tub, filled with clothes soaking, was thrown from the wash-form to the floor, and emptied of its contents; a stool, having upon it a pail filled with water, moved itself along the floor; a porcelain-lined kettle, standing in the sink, was lifted over the side, and dropped upon the floor. The movable furniture in the girl's room was so much agitated, that, with the exception of the bedstead, it was all taken from the room for the sake of quiet."

The foregoing are a few only of the various phenomena occurring from the 3d to the 27th of August, there being but one day during the whole time when nothing of the kind took place. On the date last mentioned the girl was sent away for two days, to observe what the effect might be.

On the evening of the 29th she returned, and reported that she had not seen or heard anything unusual during her absence. It should also be remarked that the family experienced no trouble while she was away. But, within two hours after her return, the demonstrations again commenced.

It is needless to follow them further in detail. It is sufficient to say that similar scenes to those of the previous days and weeks were daily repeated from the date of her return until the night of September 12th, when her nervous system succumbed, and she was suddenly seized with a violent attack of hysteria. During the paroxysm, which continued two or three hours, she was in an unconscious state, and could be restrained upon her bed only by the combined strength of her attendants. After the subsidence of the paroxysm she slept quietly until morning. For several days she remained in a very excited state, and on the nights of the 15th and 17th there was a return of the paroxysm, but without a loss of consciousness. These attacks were not characterized by any very peculiar symptoms, excepting, perhaps, a very distressing sensation referred to the base of the brain. From time to time she would seize the hand of her attendant, and press it upon the back of her head, and at the same time complain of strange noises. She also had severe attacks of bleeding at the nose, which seemed in some measure to relieve her.

From the date of her prostration until her removal to an asylum, on the 18th, no phenomena occurred.

At the end of three weeks she was thought to be sufficiently recovered to return to her work; and pity for her condition, as well as a curiosity to observe if the phenomena would return, induced the family to receive her back to service again.

She returned in a very happy frame of mind, and comparatively calm; but it was noticed that she was quite nervous, and would start suddenly at any little noise at all resembling the rappings or movements of furniture which had formerly so much annoyed her, and driven her to the verge of insanity. But none of the phenomena ever again occurred. She seemed very well, grew very fleshy, and performed her duties with alacrity. Being desirous of learning to read and write, a member of the family undertook the task of teaching her.

She proved a very apt scholar, and made remarkable progress. At times, however, she complained of great distress in her head; but nothing of a serious nature occurred until some six weeks after her return, when, on the night of the 28th of November, she had an attack of *somnambulism*, it being the first instance of the kind since coming to this country. She arose and dressed herself, went to the room of her mistress, and asked permission to go out to clean the outside of the windows. Her condition was at once discovered, and she was with some difficulty induced to go back to bed. She remembered nothing of this in the morning. On the following and for five consecutive nights this was repeated. At about the same hour of the night she would get up, go down stairs, usually in her night-dress, with no light, and go about her work. She would sweep rooms, dust clothing, scour knives, go out of doors (cold weather as it was) and brush the steps, sit down in the darkness and study her reading and spelling lesson, and finally, in an hour or two, return to bed. On the fifth night, however, nature gave out, and she again passed into the condition of hysteria. She was again conveyed to the asylum, where she now remains, though she seems to have entirely recovered, and is there employed as a housemaid.

So much for the facts in this extraordinary case,—facts well attested and beyond contravention. As to a theory of the "moving cause" we have none. But we now proceed to give results of observations and experiments bearing upon the case, referring their explanation to those competent to give an opinion. At an early stage of the phenome-

na we sought to trace their production to electricity, and the results of some experiments seemed to give support to this theory. It has already been stated that the rappings were repeatedly heard in the girl's room by members of the family who went in after she was asleep. The noises seemed to be on the doors, and sometimes on the footboard of the bedstead, and at times, as they came very loud, she would start in her sleep, and scream as though in the utmost terror.

Conceiving the idea that the sounds might be produced electrically, the writer caused the bedstead to be perfectly insulated by placing the posts upon glass. The effect was all that could be desired. Although the raps continued to follow her all day from room to room and to her chamber at night, yet, so soon as she was fairly in bed, everything of the kind ceased. For six weeks or longer the bedstead was kept thus insulated; and no raps were ever heard, except once, when an examination showed the insulation to be destroyed, one of the posts having slipped off the glass. It was replaced with the same effect as before. Another experiment, similar to the one described, was tried. The cherry table in the kitchen before alluded to, at which Mary took her meals, was nearly always agitated when she sat down to eat. At such times, also, the rappings were very loud and frequent, troubling her so much that she had no desire to eat. On one or two occasions this was peculiarly the case, and a remedy for it was sought in insulation. The table and her chair were placed on glass, but before she was ready to sit the former suddenly jumped off the insulators, but was at once replaced, when she took her seat, and was able to finish her meal in peace, there being no movements and no raps. This was afterwards repeated with the same success. It was evident that, whatever force this might be, — whether electricity or not, — there did seem to be some sort of attraction between the girl and these inanimate objects of wood, stone, iron, and other material which set them in motion whenever she was near them, and they were not insulated. In this connection it should be noticed that the movements of furniture, &c., seldom occurred in rooms with woollen carpets on the floors, but were mostly confined to rooms with bare floors or oil carpets and matting. The raps, also, were more frequent and louder in such rooms. In the daily journal which was kept the state of the weather each day was carefully noted, and for a time it was thought that the phenomena were much more frequent on a clear day than on a damp or sultry one; but a careful study of that record shows that some of the most marked and violent demonstrations actually occurred on very rainy days, though the latter were generally more quiet than days of fair weather. Thus it would seem that the phenomena, though appearing in some degree electrical, did not in all cases follow the known laws of electricity.

The writer has heretofore stated that he is a thorough sceptic concerning the so-called doctrine of Spiritualism. The same may be said of every member of the large family (ten persons) in which these things occurred. With the exception of the girl herself, no one of the household ever became in the least degree nervous, much less inclined to believe that the spirits of the departed had returned to earth only to make their presence known by means so palpably ridiculous.

But the Spiritualists, of whom there are many in the community where these occurrences took place, became very much exercised about the matter. The family were excessively annoyed at frequent applications from this class of persons for the privilege of coming in to witness the "manifestations," as they call them, and to see the girl. But not one of them was ever admitted, nor has the girl ever yet held any communication with a person of this character. Of Spiritualism she had never heard in the old country, and, when any one spoke of "mediums," she seemed to have an idea that they were something

dreadful to contemplate. But although no Spiritualists were invited to enlighten us, we did on three occasions hold "circles" among ourselves, being willing to *test* the matter.

At such times, seated around a large dining-table with the poor simple-hearted and terror-stricken girl in the midst, we in all seriousness went through the farce of inviting communications from the spirits present. Occasional raps were heard, questions were put, and the alphabet used, after the most approved manner of those *mysterious circles*, but without ever eliciting the first gleam of intelligence; and the conclusion was reached, that, if there *were* any spirits present, their education must have been sadly neglected while on the earth, and that no improvement had been made since they passed into the other world. But this folly was soon given up, having only resulted in highly exciting the girl, whose nervous system had now reached a terrible state. Day by day she became more and more excited, and rapidly lost flesh. She would complain of great distress in her head and of great noises in her ears. At times she would sink into a sort of lethargy bordering upon the "trance state." But she still kept about her work. One of the ladies of the house was in the habit of going to church to practise organ-playing, and sometimes took Mary to "blow," with which she was quite delighted, but the great difficulty at such times was to keep her awake, the music made her so sleepy; and this peculiarity was noticed, that, so long as the organ was played softly, she was wakeful, and performed her part at the "bellows," but, when the loud playing commenced, she invariably became sleepy, and the failing wind would soon give notice that she had sunk into slumber. At night, in her sleep, she would sing for hours together, although she had never been heard to sing in her wakeful moments, being in a very unhappy frame of mind.

We have spoken of her somnambulistic habits. To this should be added still another *accomplishment*, that of "clairvoyance."

The most marked instance of the latter was shown in a declaration by her, that a young lady member of the family, who had been absent in a distant city for several weeks, was sick. She seemed in great distress of mind about it, but was assured that she had just been heard from, and was quite well. But she would not be quieted, and declared that the young lady was ill, and suffering much from a very bad sore upon her hand. And this proved to be exactly as she had stated, and is only another evidence of this extraordinary power, of which science now allows the existence, though it cannot fully explain it. These things are mentioned here simply on account of the possible bearing they may have on the physiological aspect of this remarkable case.

The question may be asked, Why, during the long continuance of these strange phenomena, which occurred nearly every day for a period of ten weeks, was no scientific investigation instituted? We answer, that such a one was sought for by the family and others interested. At the end of four weeks from the commencement of the phenomena a plain statement of facts was made in writing, and submitted with proper indorsement to two of the learned professors of one of our educational institutions, with the request that some proper person might be sent to witness and experiment. To our surprise the communication was treated with contempt, and returned with the statement that we were being imposed upon; that such things could not take place save through the agency of some person; they advised constant watchfulness in order to discover the "trickery." As may be supposed, after meeting with such a rebuff, a second attempt to invoke the assistance of these wise men would not soon be made.

However, acting upon the only advice they did volunteer, "constant watchfulness" was maintained; the girl being watched in every available manner to

detect the tricks, if any were attempted. It is sufficient to say that the question of her honesty and innocence in the matter was put beyond a shadow of doubt. It was at this time that a daily journal of the occurrences was commenced, and continued so long as the phenomena lasted; and from this journal the instances noticed in these pages are taken.

In justice to another professor of the institution mentioned, it should be said, that, having incidentally heard of the case, he expressed a wish to have an investigation made, and directed two of his students to make arrangements to witness the phenomena; but unfortunately the proposition came too late, as, before the arrangements could be made, the phenomena had already ceased, and the girl was prostrated as before stated. A detailed statement was made, however, and submitted to this gentleman, containing a copy of the daily journal of events, to which he gave careful attention, and accorded to the writer two long interviews upon the subject. He seemed greatly interested, and did not deny the possibility of the phenomena at all, and regretted much their abrupt cessation, which precluded an investigation. It was hoped that, when the girl returned, there would be a recurrence of them, to afford this investigation, though the annoyance to the family was great. The fact that they did not return is as strange as that they ever occurred at all. Upon the girl's return, all the conditions appeared to be the same. As has been stated, her nervous condition was bad, and grew worse, until she was again prostrated; but there were none of the noises and movements as before. For the benefit of the incredulous, who may say that a knowledge on her part that an investigation was to be had prevented the repetition, it should be remarked, that such knowledge was kept from her, though she had known of the first application that was made to have the matter looked into by scientific men, and sometimes asked when the "*sanctified*" men were coming to put a stop to the troubles.

No one can regret more than the writer that the application was so disdainfully treated; though an extenuation of the action of these men is found in the fact that they had previously been most egregiously humbugged by what they supposed to be cases similar to this. Still, we cannot but feel that perhaps the opportunity for a valuable addition to scientific discoveries was lost.

We believe that the day will come when such occurrences as are herein described will be as satisfactorily explained as are now the wonders of electricity. Whether it shall be soon or late depends upon the willingness of learned men to treat seriously phenomena which they now almost universally denounce as imposture and trickery, without having examined into them. That they are not of every-day occurrence does not argue that they do not occur. That they are usually so mixed up with the humbugging tricks of the so-called Spiritualists as to be difficult of elucidation we will allow; but when a case is presented of the character of the one under consideration, entirely free from surroundings calculated to produce distrust, we contend that it is a subject worthy the study of any man.

In closing we would say, that not from any wish to give notoriety to the case herein described has this article been written, but with the sincere hope and desire that, as time goes on, and other cases of a like nature occur, this record may be of some service for comparison, or perhaps may in itself induce competent men to undertake an explanation with which the world will be satisfied, and which may save from the pernicious doctrines of Spiritualism and from our insane asylums thousands who are now hopelessly drifting in that direction.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER X.

THE service came to an end; the many lights were extinguished, and the congregation streamed out into the darkness and the storm. Marie Robbe came pressing against the crowd as Jeanne and her companion reached the church door, and seized Jeanne by the arm. "O Jeanne!" she burst forth, "make haste! make haste! there 's a boat just off the bar, trying to get in; maybe it 's thy father's boat, — and some of them say she is badly hurt, and some that she is driving on shore. Come, Jeanne, make haste! Let us push our way to the side door. How the clumsy people push one to death! Madame is a pagan cat to conduct herself with such haste in the church!" — this to a somewhat austere-looking *dévote*, who was elbowing her way through the crowd, and who had pushed past Marie. "Why, indeed," she continued, angrily, for Marie was one of those persons whose emotions, when excited above a certain degree, always take the form of ill-humor, — "why thy father should have chosen last night for going out, when any one might have supposed there would be a storm, I can't tell; but some people trust to their good luck always, and then draw others into their scrapes! I wish my father had not been so foolish as to go!"

There was little to be made out of Marie's incoherent words; but Jeanne and her companion needed no urging, and the three women sped swiftly down towards the pier; Marie half sobbing with excitement and anger, but still, with the instinct of physical well-being paramount in the midst of her terror, wrapping a corner of Épiphanie's large cloak round her to protect her from the wind and rain.

As they reached the wharf they overtook a group of fishermen, some of whom, evidently but lately landed, were recounting the story of their day's ill luck and the adventures of their coming in, to the others.

"Are there any boats out yet?" asked Jeanne, joining the men, who, like themselves, were going towards the pier.

"Yes, there is one out there," replied the man; "and it 's a wonder if she gets in at all. We have just come ashore ourselves, and passed within fifty yards of her."

"Was she damaged any way, do you think?" asked Jeanne.

"One could n't say. She seemed to be holding off from shore, as well as we could make out, and not making for the harbor at all."

"Come," said Jeanne, quickening her pace, and followed by all the rest. "Did you know the boat?"

"One cannot see much such a night as this, though I suppose I know most of the craft on the coast for ten miles down. It was a well-sized sloop, and had an open row-boat in company. But one has as much to look after as one's own two eyes can manage, coming into this *maudit* harbor in fair weather, let alone a night like this."

"I 'm a Pourville man," said another of the men, "and I 've run down from Pourville to Dieppe these fourteen years, and I never saw blacker weather round the harbor's mouth than to-night!"

"There 's one thing I can affirm," said the man Jeanne had at first addressed, "for I heard his voice as he shouted to the men in the little craft, — that François Milette was aboard the fishing-boat."

"Mais, mon Dieu," broke in Épiphanie, "c'est mon frère!"

"Ei, your brother!" exclaimed the Pourville man. "You are Épiphanie Coutelenq, I suppose; I used to know your husband long ago. And François has had good luck as a fisherman?"

"Yes, grâce à Dieu," said Épiphanie, "this is the worst night he has ever been out in."

"For my part," said the man, "I think they 'll get in well enough, if she 's a stout boat, and well managed."

"It 's my father's boat, sure enough," said Jeanne. "François Milette went out with him last night; but what the row-boat was I cannot tell." And she hurried on faster. The men broke into a jog-trot.

"Come on," said the man who had recognized Épiphanie, "next to getting in one's self, there 's nothing better than towing in a neighbor!"

So they all came clattering along over the stones of the Pollet pier, which was already dotted with groups of people eagerly watching the black object dimly discernible in the darkness, as it rose and fell among the white-capped billows.

The tide was rising fast; the sea rolled up in huge black waves, that struck from time to time like thunderbolts against the stout masonry of the pier, and then springing upwards from the shock, a majestic column, thirty feet high, fell in a shower of spray. Jean Farge and a company of Polletais stood at a certain spot on the pier to which the rope was always thrown. The night was very dark. The wind roared fiercely round the end of the pier, the men held their caps tight on their heads, and the few women crouched under the shelter of the high parapet, as if fearing to be carried away bodily by the raging gusts of wind. All watched the light at the mast-head of the boat, as it swayed and rose and fell. The boat lay scarcely two hundred yards from the end of the pier. The tide was running in, hurried and torn by the wind that was beating dead on shore. The boat approached very slowly, by short tacks, so as to keep her bow meeting the big waves, one of which, catching her broadside, was enough to founder her.

The great question was, whether she could safely pass the end of the Dieppe pier, throw her rope at the right moment, and sweep round into the narrow mouth of the harbor. It required a strong and dexterous arm to hurl the heavy coil from the distance, whence, on account of the eddy at the harbor's mouth, it became necessary to steady the boat, and assist her by towing. This was a sufficiently nice matter in fair weather, but in the darkness, and with a wind and sea such as the present, the difficulties of entrance were tenfold. The news of the probability of its being Defére's boat spread rapidly through the crowd. The men shouted again and again; but the wind and the storm were too loud for their voices to reach the boat, and no reply came to either direction or inquiry. Jean Farge was talking to the Pourville fisherman who bore testimony to having heard François's voice on board the boat, as he himself rode into harbor. They were joined by another man.

"There 's but a poor chance, I say," said the last comer. "I watched her for an hour before it grew dark, beating round, and trying to get into clear sea just off the Camp de César, but it was hard work."

"When the Newhaven steamer can't face the weather, but puts back into dock, there 's but poor chance for a fishing-boat," said another.

"Defére will save the old boat if any man can, be sure of that," said Farge, who stood holding his hat down over his eyes, and peering through the darkness and driving rain at the unsteady light as it rose and fell. "See — see!" he called out suddenly, "she 's coming on fast now — now she 's down — no, there she is again — yes — yes, she 's turned her bow — she 's riding up — she 's making straight for the harbor. Seven devils take this rain, but how it blinds one! Here she comes, — she 's a boat after all! But she 's wavering, — she 's tacking, — she 'll lose the drift, she will — she will! Heavenly saints!" he shrieked, wringing his hands wildly, "bring her in, bring her in." Then with a voice like a trumpet, he bawled, "The breakwater — look — out — for — the — breakwater!"

Slowly, slowly, the dark form of the boat approached, struggling and staggering in the fierce sea, and now she certainly was tacking and holding off. What was the meaning of it?

"Whist!" said the Pourville man, "they're calling, what is it?" All bent over the low parapet, and strained their hearing to catch the words. A clear voice from the boat rang out something; but the roar of the wind and waters howled above it, and the sound conveyed no meaning. "What was it? Listen again! Where's a trumpet? Diantre! They'll be too late if they don't come in a minute! Are they all mad?" shouted a dozen voices at once. But a sudden silence fell upon the crowd like a shock, for across the darkness of their perplexity and dismay a new intelligence shot like a meteor.

Jeanne had been during the last few minutes leaning with her elbows on the parapet, motionless and silent. When the cry from the boat reached her ears, buffeted by the storm as it was, so that the words to all others had lost their meaning, she suddenly sprang to her feet, cast off the encumbering arm of Épiphanie wound about her, and caught up a lantern from a sheltered corner where it had been placed for safety.

"Quick!" she cried, "to the end of the pier!" With a bound she was on the low parapet, and, running swiftly to the higher wall at the extreme end of the pier, she sprang upon that dizzy height above the surging sea, and, holding the lantern high above her head, she sent a cry over the water, shrill, clear, and vibrating, such as no wind on earth could whistle down, "A — la — lumière!" How it rang out, — that long-sustained cry! Despair, exultation, and passionate hope were the strength of it, and the very wind seemed to pause to listen!

A breathless pause, in which the girl's figure, blown by the tempestuous winds and drenched in spray, stood motionless with the light above her head, and then "whir!" and, like a dark snake, and hissing as it sped, the rope came just above the lantern, showing how true had been the aim. With a shout it was caught by a hundred eager hands before it touched the ground. Shout after shout went up as the rope stretched and strained, and the long double line clattered along, chattering and laughing, some weeping in the wild excitement, some bawling congratulations to the men in the boat far below in the darkness, which they could not hear, and all pulling at the rope with a will.

Jeanne slipped down from the parapet, and joined the rest, taking her place at the rope. Épiphanie, laughing and weeping by turns, ran by her side.

"O Jeanne, dear Jeanne! They are in! They are in! Thou hast saved them! Marie bienfaisante, but it was well done!" And then, sobbing with joy and excitement, she fell to hushing the baby, who had awakened in this Babel, as was only natural he should. Jeanne said nothing. She felt as if she could have drawn the boat in, unaided by another hand. The wet straining rope was pressed against her warm beating heart; and she grasped it in her strong hands, and could have kissed it in tender ecstasy as Épiphanie did her baby.

"Who held the light?" shouted some one far down the line.

"Jeanne Defére, Jeanne Defére!" bawled a dozen voices in reply; but Jeanne hardly heard them. Everybody talked at once.

"The rope was too short," said one. "They could not reach the 'middle point,' and wanted us to meet them lower down the pier."

"Yes, yes, of course, that was what they were shouting about," said another man. "I knew how it was in a minute."

"Eh, neighbor!" called out a somewhat shrill-voiced Polletaise, "if you knew so well, why did n't you speak? You men always know where the rat lives, I observe, after you see the cat at the hole!"

"And the women know more about it than the cat herself, I believe," re-

plied the man with a laugh. "Why did n't I speak? Because a woman spoke before me. That was not strange however, — eh, Voisine Legros?"

"You are right," said the undaunted Polletaise. "It is not I who will contradict you when you say the men are slow. Le bon Dieu gave the men the stronger arm to make up for the want of wit."

"Many words and much wit do not always run together," replied the Dieppois, who, finding it difficult satisfactorily to refute this theory of compensative justice, betook himself prudently to another view of the question. "You women, I observe, my good friend, will talk for a good hour over a thing I would not waste my breath on!"

"And you men, I observe, my good friend," returned the Polletaise, "are always bragging about being able to hold your tongues. And well it is, if some of you can be silent, and not show all the folly that is in you! Waste your breath! Ha, ha! you're the man, perhaps, that would not waste his breath on a candle, and burnt his fingers in snuffing it out! Hein!"

"He, he, he!" laughed the trebles in the crowd.

"With a Polletaise it is one's ears more than one's breath that one fears to lose," said another man, coming to the rescue of his fellow.

"Ho, ho, ho!" from the basses.

"And no great loss to you either, I should think," said the Polletaise, who, spurred by the derisive laughter of her opponents, and exhilarated by a fine inbred consciousness of her own resources, was becoming pleasantly excited in the contest, — "no great loss to you, while there is still a woman left to see and speak in your place, — as to-night, for example!"

"Ya-ho-ha-hu!" shouted the men from the boat below. That shout proclaimed that they were within the dock-waters, and the rope slackened gradually as the boat ran alongside the wharf. "Throw up the rope! Bring her up gently! Welcome to the old boat!" And the crowd closed round the top of the perpendicular ladder which ran up the side of the dock wall from the boat below, and up which Defére and his companions were coming. One by one, they emerged from the darkness, and began to ascend, coming as they approached the top, into the light of the lantern held by Jean Farge.

"Here we are!" bawled Père Robbe, coming up in a crab-like fashion, sidewise. "The old boat has had a nice night of it, — eh? The last boat in, are we? Well, the good saints have learned what La Sainte Perpetua is made of, and that she has good luck is an understood thing!" Père Robbe was followed more slowly by old Defére, with his waterproof hat tied down like a nightcap; then François Milette, and still two stood below. Another began to mount. Good saints! Pierre Lennet; and close behind him a dark head without covering, the hair drenched with water, — Gabriel! Jeanne bowed her head, but her heart was lifted up; not in exultation that to her quick senses and vigorous will they owed their lives, but that the cry of her heart, piercing the deeper gloom and storm of doubt and despair, had reached the Ruler of all storms and the Giver of all peace.

"Jeanne, Jeanne, my daughter, where art thou?" cried old Defére, peering amongst the crowd. Jeanne embraced her father, her heart aching with bliss, but said not a word.

"Here, here! lend a hand with these things," shouted Père Robbe, who had again descended to the boat after the first greetings were over, and who was now busy gathering together an incongruous heap, — baskets containing the provision for the fishing expedition, a lantern, nets, stone water-bottles, and what not. "Pierre! François! Diantre! are the men all deaf? Here, Gabriel Ducrés, lend a hand with this lantern and the tackle, and I 'll bring up the baskets." And Gabriel began reluctantly to descend the ladder once more.

"Yes, here we are," said Pierre Lennet, giving his burly person a shake, as a water-dog does on reaching shore, —

"here we are, and a nice night we 've had of it, — eh, Neighbor Defére? And who was the lass that held the lantern? We knew it was a woman; I aimed straight at her white cap; but, Madonna! it was the saving of us."

"Jeanne Defére! Jeanne Defére!" cried many voices. And then came a confusion of questions and answers and exclamations, and Pierre's loud voice sounding above all, recounting his adventures.

"But how came you there at all, Pierre Lennet? — and Gabriel Ducrés, too! — the good saints must have dropped them from the clouds."

"I don't know rightly yet how they came together," said old Defére. "We have n't had much time for talking; but if it had been the holy St. Jacques and his brother, I should n't have been more glad to see them than when they came alongside with that rope."

"Rope!" exclaimed several voices at once, "how was that?"

"Well, you see," said old Defére, "we ran out very well last night, and lay off about two miles from shore, but scarce a herring could we touch. They ran before us just as if the Devil were at their tails. The wind had got up a bit by that time, but the fish had given us the slip so often that we thought we would make another trial farther down the coast, and so drop into Treport if the weather grew worse. But little enough of Treport did we see. We knocked about for three hours, and found we could not make head against the wind, and so turned about and rode before it towards Dieppe. Such a wind! and to come up without a bit of warning! Behold us there as the day wears away. The sea washes over us every minute. After each wave I look up to see whether François and Jacques are not gone; but no, there we all are! A great wave comes that throws me on my face, the boat veers as the helm flies loose, and we catch a broadside from the sea that makes the old boat shiver and crack again, and I say to myself, as the water goes over me, 'Here is an end to thy fishing, Père Defére, and thy days altogether. La Sainte Perpetua won't reach harbor; but at least thou wilt not have to leave the old boat,' — for I held on to the helm through all. But up we come again; the water sweeps off, and the boat rights herself. François and Jacques are both there, but the rope is gone. Eh, bien! where is our chance for getting into Dieppe to-night? So there we lie and beat about, and wait to see what the bon Dieu will do next, for our best is done. After an hour or more, we signal the men on shore, and they come out to us, bringing the rope; and who are they but Pierre and Gabriel! Madonna! how they worked! Cousin Gabriel there, he is no sailor, but he is of the right stuff to make one. A strong arm is a strong arm, and a stout heart is a stout heart, whether it 's in a blouse or a sailor's jacket!"

"Ei," broke in Pierre Lennet, "thou wouldst not make a bad sailor, friend Gabriel! He worked like a skipper, to be sure, and has a voice for a long shout! It was his voice brought out the light, any way. Mais, bon patron, could not you hear us before? I gave a shout enough to reach Dover, and you no more answered than so many herrings."

The crowd pressed still round Defére, discussing eagerly the further story of his adventures. Pierre looked round through the crowd, dimly seen by the light of the lanterns. "La voilà!" he said, and made his way towards Jeanne, who stood a little apart from the rest.

She was standing near a pile of cordage, upon which some one had set a lantern, and by its light was busily engaged in wringing out the water from her father's seaman's coat, and the nets which had been brought up from the boat-hold. Épiphanie had seated herself on this heap of cordage, but, while the light of the lantern fell full upon Jeanne, Épiphanie's figure was entirely lost in shadow, the dark side being turned towards her. Jeanne did not look up from her work till Pierre laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"Bon soir, Jeanne; is thy cap any the worse for the rope?" he said.

"'T was a good aim," said Jeanne, smiling, and holding out her hand. "Didst thou know it was our boat, Pierre, when you two went out with the rope?"

"Not I," said Pierre. "I had gone up to the Établissement des Bains, just below the Camp de César, with two of our men (for after the steamer put back we had nothing to do), and we were standing in the shed there with half a dozen people who had collected watching the sloop. She was n't an eighth of a league from shore then."

"Did they signal?" asked Jeanne.

"Of course; and we soon found out it was the rope they had lost, and thy cousin Ducrés there and I went out."

"How came Gabriel to go with thee," asked Jeanne, stooping again towards the pile of wet nets, "when there were sailors there?"

"Because they would n't, les grands lâches! When I ran to haul down a boat (there are always safety-boats there for the bathers in the summer, and plenty of tackle) the man who owns the place cursed me for a fool, and said I should not have the boat, and talked and blasphemed so about the danger, that not a man of them would stir to help me. Suddenly, a young man comes forward, and says: 'I 'm only a landsman, but I can row well enough, and I 'm ready to go if you choose to take me, Pierre Lennet' (he knew me, it seemed, though I did n't know him). 'One can but be drowned at the worst,' he says. 'Come on,' said I, and we hauled the boat down gayly between us. Monsieur le Baigneur I knew dare n't prevent us taking it. A man gets no good character who refuses to help a boat in distress. C'est un garçon d'un cœur hardi, ton cousin!" continued Pierre, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb towards the direction of the boat; "and I never knew who it was till I heard thy father call him by his name."

Jeanne looked up, a sudden grateful radiance shining in her gray eyes.

"Thou hast done my father a good service, Pierre, — and me too. The good saints reward thee!"

"Thou hast done me some good turns too, Jeanne Defére," said Pierre, laying his hand upon the girl's shoulder, and looking kindly into her face. "But for thee, I should have been at the other end of the world, or perhaps at the bottom of the sea. But perhaps," he added, with an uneasy laugh, pushing his hand somewhat disconsolately through his hair, "it would have been better to have gone than stayed when one feels one's self always growing older, but no happier."

"Whist!" said Jeanne, giving him a smart rap with the back of her hand on the lips, "thou art always a fool, Pierre! Here is Épiphanie close to thee!" And, without waiting to see his surprise and confusion, she turned her back on him, and, in turning, came full upon Gabriel, standing with the lantern in his hand, and regarding her with eyes full of the bitterest rage and dismay. He was near enough to have seen all that passed between her and Pierre, though not to have heard what they had said.

"Cousin Gabriel!" said Jeanne, with the sudden conviction of what was in his mind, and of the force which the scene of the last few minutes must have lent to his suspicions, — "Gabriel!" and then she stopped. She had no wit to dissemble, and, finding herself suddenly with all the appearance of guilt upon her, she felt for the moment as if she were guilty, and stood powerless to say a word. She had thought to meet him so differently too!

But Gabriel knew nothing of this; he clutched the lantern till it rattled in his hard grip, and turned away. Jeanne sprang forward, and caught his arm; he looked at her for a moment, and then, shaking himself loose from her appealing hand, he strode on.

"Gamin!" said Jeanne, her perplexity and discomfiture suddenly blazing forth into red-hot anger at this exasperating dismissal of her overtures of conciliation; and she turned on her

heel. "Comme ils sont bêtes, — les hommes!" she said with a contemptuous stamp of her sabot. But her heart was sore and heavy, in spite of her anger, and the hot tears fell on her father's rough seaman's coat as she took it up. She had even forgotten Épiphanie. Throwing the coat over her arm, and obeying the call of her father, who stood ready to go, she took his hand in hers, and went on with the rest of the company into the town.

CHAPTER XI.

"Some must meet and some must part, so runs the world away"; and when Jeanne turned and met Gabriel, — an encounter destined to increase the bitterness of their last parting by further strife, Pierre Lennet drew near to Épiphanie; and Épiphanie, who had heard Pierre's last words with Jeanne, shrunk half timidly into her corner, with a sure knowledge that this encounter between her and Pierre would be either a meeting or a parting for their lives.

Pierre, leaning up against the cordage, cast her into still deeper shade as he brought his broad shoulders between her and the light. Into this friendly shadow Épiphanie leaned with gathering confidence. She listened, with her head bent down towards the baby that lay sleeping in her arms, as Pierre, resting on his elbows, and stroking his tawny beard thoughtfully as he spoke, looked up into her face. It was not long that Pierre spoke, and Épiphanie listened; but when Jeanne took her father's hand, and the little knot of people began to move off, Épiphanie slid down from her high seat, and stood for a moment, as Pierre, taking her to his faithful heart, bent and kissed her on the lips. Then, with a laugh, he took the child from her arms, and walked on by her side, her sabots keeping up a merry and harmonious clack, as she endeavored to keep step with the rolling gait of her companion.

CHAPTER XII.

The men stood consulting, before they separated for the night, about the next day. It was agreed that some one of them must run a boat down to Verangeville in the morning, if the storm had by that time abated, to fetch from thence a rudder that old Defére had lying at home, for his disabled fishing-boat, and so save the expense of getting a new one in Dieppe. Every day is of importance in the fishing-season, and every hour that La Sainte Perpetua lay by was so much lost to him in the profits for the year. Jean Farge offered the use of his boat for this purpose, on condition that she should start early in the morning and be back the next night. This was agreed to, and then came the question, who was to go, and who stay behind. Old Robbe had business to keep him in Dieppe all day, so it naturally fell to old Defére and François Milette, though *he* probably would have liked better to stay another day in Dieppe, in the company of Marie Robbe, who was to remain for several days longer at her uncle's, the ivory-carver. The rest of the company, including Jeanne, Épiphanie, and, possibly, Pierre, were to return by land, the next day. Gabriel Ducrés declared his intention of going to Arques on the morrow, to buy seed for the farm, — a journey he had put off from day to day, during the past week at Verangeville.

After these various plans were arranged, the whole company trooped along together; some dropping off at different points on the way, where were their lodgings for the night.

Épiphanie Milette and Jeanne and her father were to stay at the Farges in the Pollet, and François and Gabriel were to sleep at the house of a neighbor.

François left the others, at the end of the drawbridge that crosses the dock, to accompany Marie Robbe to the Rue de St. Remi, where lived her uncle, and where she was staying.

The rest of the company continued

their way across the bridge, and along the side of the dock. The wind blew hard in their faces, as they walked. Jean Farge went first, carrying the lantern, and talking to old Defére, who, with Jeanne, walked just behind.

Most of the houses, that run along the wharf-side in the Pollet, were closed for the night, but a light twinkled in the window of the Farge cottage, which, as I said, stood on the cliffside, raised above the other houses.

"The old woman is waiting for us," said Jean Farge. "Ha—hoi!" he shouted, as they turned and approached the steps worn in the cliffside. The light moved suddenly, the door opened, letting out a pleasant stream of hospitable light on the wet and weary company standing below.

"Here we are, mother," said Jean, "safe and sound, and hungry as gulls."

"Dieu merci!" said the old woman, "supper has been ready this hour or more. I kept the meat half cooked, though, not knowing when you 'd come!"

Madame Farge had stood on those steps many a stormy night before, and looked out into the darkness at the sound of approaching footsteps; but each time Jean's voice, ringing out, just as it did to-night, had assured her that all was well, and set her anxious heart at rest.

"Come in, come in," said the old woman; "so you 've had a bad night of it, eh, Neighbor Defére? Jeanne, ma fille, and Épiphanie Milette, blessed saints! how wet you are! Come to the fire, children, and warm yourselves. Pierre Lennet with the baby! Ah, the sweet child, how he sleeps! And Épiphanie trusted thee with him, Pierre! Why, she would not leave him with me, for all I could say! Take him up, Épiphanie, my child, and lay him in bed, and, if he wakes, I have a cup of warm milk ready for him at the fire. Pauvre petit! I 've had my bowl of batter ready this half-hour, but not a galette have I made; for, of galettes, I say, unless they are as fresh as a six-o'clock daisy, they 're not worth the eating."

"Have you room for me also?" said Pierre.

"Eh! always for good company, Pierre; here 's a place for thee, between Jeanne and Épiphanie," said the old woman. "And Gabriel Ducrés, where is he?" she continued; "has he not come up with you?"

"Good night!" called Gabriel, out of the darkness, where he stood, at the foot of the steps.

"Come up, Gabriel, come in!" shouted several voices together. "Here 's supper ready, come up!"

"No, I 'm going to Neighbor Legros's. François and I sleep there to-night. I don't want any supper."

"O, come in, Gabriel," said Pierre. "We are a merrier company here than at Neighbor Legros's"; and he took Gabriel by the arm, as if to compel him to come in. "Thou and I have been comrades all day, and I count this the best night of my life, and thou must share it with me. Come in!"

But Pierre's words had anything but a persuasive effect upon Gabriel, who wrenched himself loose, and stalked off into the darkness.

"Ma foi! he must be sleepy, indeed, if he is in such a hurry to go supperless to bed!" said Pierre, with a laugh. "Eh bien! Gabriel," he bawled after the receding figure, "Jeanne and I will drink thy share of cider, to thy good dreams!"

"It is because he does not want to keep them up at Neighbor Legros's, that he would not come in," said Épiphanie.

"Yes, yes," chimed in old Defére, "he is always careful and good-natured, that boy there!"

"And stout-hearted, too," added Pierre.

"In his disposition he resembles his blessed grandmother," said Madame Farge, with the melancholy cadence of one who speaks of the virtues of the departed.

"Well, well," said Jean Farge, to whom a regretful state of mind was not natural, "let us sit down to supper now, and not waste any more time in talking. Here 's a supper for you!—

beefsteaks, and potatoes roasted in their jackets, and soup of crabs in which one might drown one's self from pure joy, and hot cakes, and a stew of onions to season all! A good supper, I say, for men who have seen nothing better than an uncooked herring all day!"

So they took their places round the table, and for a moment all heads bent reverently, as, with uplifted hands, the words of thanksgiving were said, and — shall we doubt it? — the Blessed blessed the meal.

The talk flowed on merrily, above the clatter of the knives and forks. Jean Farge, in the intervals between his mouthfuls of food, gave an account of the events of the night to his wife, who sat on a stool by the wide open fireplace baking the cakes that were placed smoking hot before the hungry guests every few minutes. The tins on the wall gleamed, and the little oil lamp hanging under the crucifix faded to a mere spark in the ruddy glow of the firelight that lit up the whole room. Jeanne helped the old woman with her cooking, set the cakes upon the table, cut slices from the big brown loaf, arranged them neatly on a dish, and served the table with a tact and forethought that, had she been de Fére, instead of Defére, and found herself in the circle of the system to which this apparently trifling change would have given her a right, would have made her a queen of social entertainment. With her brisk activity, her natural cheerfulness returned; she moved about the room with a quick, firm tread, attending to the wants of all with impartial zeal. She had the hot plate always ready for the old woman the moment the cakes were baked, and talked pleasantly to those at the table, as she stood by the fire filling the pitchers with hot cider from the kettle that stood on the hob, and whence issued an odorous steam, like the breath of sunny orchards in September.

"You must drink first, Jeanne, to sweeten the drink," said Pierre, whose glass she was filling with the warm and fragrant cider; and he held it towards her.

"To your good appetite, Pierre Lennet," she said, raising the cup to her lips, and drinking its contents to the last drop. "So much for your empty gallantry," and she turned to fill the cup of old Robbe. Pierre burst into a loud laugh, and in the midst of his stentorian, "Ho, ho!" a tiny peal of infantine laughter sounded from above. Épiphanie, at the first note, sprang to her feet, and mounted the steep stairs that led from the room in which they sat to the one above. Pierre looked dismayed.

"Thou hast wakened the child, Pierre, with thy laughing," said Jean Farge, "and Épiphanie will scold for that. She's a different woman, when the child is concerned, for all she seems so quiet and timid. I believe" (lowering his voice solemnly and crossing himself as he spoke), — "I believe, she would walk alone over the cliffs to Pourville wood, on All-Souls' night, if it would do that child any good."

"Yes, yes," said Robbe, "that's just the way with some women. They are just like the gulls, that shriek, and seem as if they'd drop all their feathers through sheer fright, if you go near them in open sea, but who'll fly in your face, and fight till they're caught, if you trouble their nests."

In another moment, Épiphanie's was heard above, laughing and chattering with the child, who had evidently wakened in high good-humor, and ready for general entertainment. There was a sound of kissing and coaxing, and to every remonstrance a shrill reply of "En bas, en bas!" And presently Épiphanie's voice said somewhat apologetically at the top of the stairs.

"He wants to come down; and he is so quite, *quite* awake!"

"Bring him down, bring him down," cried several voices at once.

Then she appeared, carrying the little fellow wrapped in her cloak, his cheeks rosy with sleep, his curling hair about his eyes, which blinked, partly

before the blazing light and partly before the strange faces.

"Pauvre gars! It was my roaring that waked him," said Pierre, throwing himself back on his stool towards Épiphanie, as she passed behind him to the fire.

"No, no," she said, "his feet were cold with being out so long, and that made him restless. I 'll just warm them, and give him a cupful of milk, and he 'll soon sleep."

Pierre took the little soft white feet in his large brown hand. The warmth was pleasant, and the little fellow smiled upon him, half shy, half pleased. A tender light came into the mother's eyes. Her hand touched Pierre's lightly with a sudden caress, and, for a moment, he held the little foot and her hand in his strong grasp. Then Épiphanie, smiling, and with a happy blush on her cheek, went to the fire, and, seating herself on a low wooden stool, laid the child on her lap and fed him, while he, basking and smiling, spread his toes in the warm firelight, and gradually fell asleep.

"Come, Jeanne, eat your supper! you eat nothing; and those who serve have double fare, they say," said Jean Farge to Jeanne, who had pushed her plate away from her, and was sitting with her arms folded on the table before her.

"I 'm not hungry," she said. "I 've had a hard day, and I shall not eat till I have slept, I think." And she rose from the table.

When Pierre and old Robbe had gone, Jeanne persuaded Épiphanie to take the child up stairs, and go to bed herself, promising to come up directly after she had helped the old woman to put all in order after the supper. Jean Farge and his wife occupied a little room adjoining the kitchen, and old Defére slept on a shelf placed within a recess in the kitchen wall, after the fashion of a berth on shipboard.

The two young women were to share the little room above. When Jeanne went up the creaking stairs, creeping softly so as not to awaken the sleepers, she found Épiphanie sleeping, and turned towards the child that nestled beside her, with a face not much less peaceful and innocent than his.

CHAPTER XIII.

JEANNE set the candle on the shelf below the little looking-glass, and, seating herself on a low stool, began to unwind the long braids of her hair, still damp from the spray and rain.

She was tired, body and mind; not healthily tired, but wearied with excitement, and sudden revulsions, and storms within. Her whole past life was changing, slipping out of her grasp; the thoughts of yesterday were no longer hers. She had embarked on a wild stream that bore her she knew not whither. The excitement of her anger towards Gabriel was over; anger was past, and love remained. The clear light that had risen out of the anguish of her despair, as she stood on the pier, had faded and gone, and left her in darkness, with the chill of disappointment, and with clouds of perplexity gathering about her. To have quarrelled, to have met again and parted in anger, after he had helped to save her father's boat! But she would see Gabriel, she would thank him, she *would* be at peace with him at least! And yet, if she met him again, they would probably quarrel. Ah! perhaps that was to be her fate, — that Gabriel and she could never more be at peace; but she would love him all her life!

She pushed her hair back from her cheeks, and, resting her chin on her two hands, looked straight before her, her eyes full of despondency. The tears gathered silently, and flowed over her cheeks faster and faster till the storm burst, and she bowed her head down on her knees, and tried to stifle the sobs that shook her whole body.

The sound, subdued as it was, disturbed Épiphanie in her light and happy slumber. She put out her hand instinctively over the child, and murmured some soft tones of love and

soothing. In another moment her eyes opened wide, and, rising hastily, she crossed the room before Jeanne could look up, and slid down on the floor beside her.

"O Jeanne, Jeanne, what ails thee? what is it?" she cried in a low voice, and wound her soft arms about her, and pressed her cheek to hers.

"Je suis malheureuse — malheureuse, to the bottom of my heart!" said Jeanne, shaking her head. Épiphanie was puzzled. Her own heart, quickened by its blissful contentment, responded acutely to the suffering of her friend; but she said nothing, only wound her arms closer, and whispered: "Jeannette, my Jeannette!" and waited with patient sympathy till Jeanne had exhausted the relief of tears, — that mute confession of a troubled heart, — and should seek the further relief of words. After a while the violence of her weeping subsided, and she raised her head.

"I have quarrelled with Gabriel, and we shall never be at peace again, — never, never, *never!*" she said, in a tone of vehement despair.

Épiphanie had not been Jeanne's friend all her life, and learned her thoughts and ways, without having had her own convictions on the subject of Gabriel Ducrés; but concerning him there had been no confidence between them, probably because there was none on the part of Jeanne to give. She talked continually of him without reserve, and with perfect simplicity and candor. Jeanne was different from the other village girls, each of whom had usually some special adherent among the young men, — a sort of temporary lover or permanent partner, whichever term may describe the dubious position best, — with whom she danced, walked home from vespers, and exchanged little gifts and tokens of regard. A *liaison* of this kind occasionally developed into a betrothal, but more frequently lasted only a few months, and was then dissolved, — one or both of the contracting parties desiring a change, or becoming tired of each other; and this without the slightest reproach on the score of inconstancy.

Jeanne, as Epiphanie knew, had never admitted any of the village youths to this privileged position towards herself. She danced at all the merry-makings, treating the young men with equal favor; and, whatever might have been the thoughts or desires of the youths themselves, not one amongst them had ever been able to establish any tenderer relation than that of a bonne amitié between himself and Jeanne. But about Gabriel Ducrés Épiphanie felt there was something very different; he held an exceptional place in Jeanne's mind. She had known him all her life; she loved his mother with the full warmth of her heart; she was always happy and contented when with him, and always seemed to connect him insensibly with her own affairs. In short, he was *convenable*, and Épiphanie felt that there was something inevitable about Gabriel Ducrés when she pondered as to whom Jeanne would marry. So when Jeanne said, simply, that she was miserable, and had quarrelled with Gabriel, Épiphanie was not surprised, and merely said: "But how was it, Jeanne?"

"We quarrelled last night," said Jeanne, "because — he asked me to marry him, and I was all confused and disturbed, and said, — I know not what, — I thought we were so happy as we were, — and I said I meant always to marry a sailor. And at that he grew suddenly fierce and angry, and I was angry too, — and left him, and when I came back again he was gone. And that was the way that he came into Dieppe last night, instead of waiting till this morning, and coming with us."

"Ah!" said Epiphanie. "Thou saidst no, then!"

"Yes," said Jeanne; "I said what I felt then, and that was anger. But it is a long time since last night, Épiphanie, — it seems like a week to me, — and he has helped to save my father's boat too, — and — But to-night," she continued, with increasing energy, "when I would have thanked him, he was full of anger still, and turned from me. And

so we have quarrelled again, and he will go back to the Vallée d'Allon, and maybe marry some girl for anger; and God would punish such wickedness, and he would be miserable, and I should never have another happy day!"

"Our good God has many ways to bring things about," said Épiphanie, softly, but with great earnestness. Gabriel would not be so false-hearted as to ask any girl to marry him, when his heart was away from it; and God will not forsake thee, Jeanne, even as thou hast not forsaken me!" she continued, her voice trembling, not with weakness, but with the strength and passion of conviction. Jeanne looked at her, wondering whence came this sudden illumination. She was suddenly abashed before the earnest, radiant face. A great light was shining full on Épiphanie, and Jeanne felt it in a reflected glow upon her own heart. And is it not a great day for the wisest or the simplest, when, after years of sorrowful waiting, the power of renunciation having grown from the mere habit of disappointment, we find the sacrifice accepted, and, instead of resignation, as the fruit of our tears and prayers, behold the joy that we have striven to resign laid before our feet, with the very blessing of Heaven resting upon it?

So Jeanne, feeling dimly something of all this, opened her heart to her friend, and rehearsed the matter from the beginning, telling her about her last interviews with her cousin. When she came to the scene between herself and Gabriel, after she had parted with Pierre in the garden, and when Gabriel had made those surly remarks, and she had left him to eat his supper alone, Épiphanie asked: "But why wast thou angry when he asked about Pierre?"

"Because it was a secret. Pierre confided in me as a friend, and I was not going to talk of any one's affairs to another. And then Gabriel asked me questions that I did not know how to answer, without telling all. I cannot open my eyes wide, and say, 'Voilà tout,' like Marie Robbe, and make people think they knew everything when they know nothing. I was vexed that Gabriel should be so curious, and — I could not help being angry."

"But he was angry only because he loves thee so well. Thou shouldst not have been so hasty, my Jeannette!" said Épiphanie.

"When is Gabriel going back to Verangeville?" asked she, after a pause.

"The day after to-morrow, I suppose," replied Jeanne. "He is going to Arques to-morrow morning to get the seed for the farm. He will start early in the morning, I know, for it is a long walk to Arques."

"And thou art going back to Verangeville to-morrow morning, Jeanne?"

"Yes," said Jeanne, with a sigh. "I am going with the rest. Thou art going also, Épiphanie, n'est-ce pas?"

"I — I don't know," said Épiphanie, hesitating. "About the coat I meant to get for the child, Jeanne: the storm to-day put everything out of my head, — I never stopped to see any stuffs, or to ask the prices in any of the shops. I thought I would not get it till Tous Saints; but I do not see why I should not get it now, if things are cheaper, as Madame Farge says they are. One can get a piece of stuff of last year, she says, for two thirds the price it would be later, when the cold weather sets in, and everybody is buying. Madame Farge has asked me to stay over to-morrow, and I thought — at least I think — it would be as well, Jeanne, not to go till to-morrow evening. I heard Nanette Planche say she and the new maid they have got at The Giraffe were going back to-morrow evening, and I can go with them," continued Épiphanie, looking at Jeanne, with her head turned thoughtfully to one side, as if she were weighing the question in all its lights.

"Yes, perhaps so," said Jeanne, "it may be best for thee to do so." She was a little disconcerted by this unlooked-for defection on the part of her friend, but tried not to show it. "I dare say thou art right. But let us get to bed now, for it must be late."

Épiphanie had meant to tell Jeanne, when they came to be together in their room at night, of her momentous talk with Pierre on the heap of cordage; but, as we have seen, Jeanne stayed down stairs awhile, and Épiphanie, wearied by her long day of fatigue and excitement, fell into a light slumber. The slight sound of Jeanne coming up the stairs had in part roused her, but she lay with closed eyes dreaming the pleasant dream that belongs to gradual awakening, till the sound of distress startled her into full consciousness. Then came their talk and a revelation of her friend's grief. A delicate sense made Épiphanie forbear to tell of her own happiness just when her joy would clash in such hard contrast with Jeanne's troubles.

"In the morning I will tell her," she said; "or, better still, I will wait till all these troubles are made straight. Marie de Bon Secours, help me!"

So Épiphanie lay awake for very happiness, busy making plans for the disentangling of her friend's difficulties, long after Jeanne had fallen into the dull and dreamless sleep of a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

François Milette missed his supper on this eventful evening, and the way in which it happened was this. You must remember that he parted with the rest of the company at the end of the drawbridge, on his way up with Marie Robbe to her uncle's house. He came back to the Neighbor Legros's, where he and Gabriel were to stay the night, so late that he found the house closed, and all the household abed with the exception of Gabriel, who let him into the little, loft-like room at the back of the house, which was reached by an outside staircase, and which they were to share for their night's quarters.

They had waited supper a long while, Gabriel said, and at last concluded that François had gone up to Jean Farge's and joined the others, and, thinking he could come in at what hour he pleased and reach his room by the outside staircase, Neighbor Legros had locked up the house, and all had gone to bed.

François laughed, and said he did not care for supper, threw himself down on the bed, and was soon asleep.

Now, if you will go back to the Rue St. Remi, and see what was happening there half an hour or so earlier, you will see how it came about that François was so late.

The Rue St. Remi is a narrow street that leads from the Grande Rue to the Plage. For a short distance it is a tolerable street, narrow, and paved with cobble-stones, it is true, but, for a side street that makes no pretensions, not so bad after all. But farther on comes the great flank of the church of St. Remi backing down upon it, and, the secular buildings following the lead of the church, the street is reduced to little more than an alley. For the Rue St. Remi, like a poor relation, in sharing the honors of a great name, has naturally to put up with many slights, not to say positive ill treatment, from its great connections.

Over the narrow archway of an entry that opens into the narrowest part of the Rue St. Remi stands a diamond-shaped case not unlike a coffin, containing the usual figure of the Madonna with her pink cheeks, large blue eyes gazing pensively at the pavement, and a string of yellow beads about her throat. At her feet hangs a rusty oil lamp. She is somewhat worn and weather-beaten, for there she has stood, summer and winter, rain and shine, for many a year, lighting up this dingy corner by night, and looking down upon the children playing in the street below, and the crowd that struggle out by the small side door of the church after service, with the same passive smile.

A strange object for reverence, this painted doll in coffin-like case! And yet there is something forever touching in the sight of this figure as one meets it in Catholic countries, — at the turn

of a quiet country road, in the solitude of a mountain pathway, at the rushing waters of a ford, and perhaps beyond all, when raised above the shoulders of the crowd in the noise and squalor of a city street, — this type of something innocent and pure and tender, set up to receive the passing homage of human hearts.

Just at this corner, where it is difficult to decide whether the Rue St. Remi is street or alley, lived Marie Robbe's uncle, the ivory-carver. The little black-framed bow-window, in which the ivory wares were exposed for sale, bulged itself out over the narrow sidewalk so that the passer was obliged to take three steps in the gutter, or to balance himself for that distance on the curbstone. Other windows in the street protrude themselves in the same aggressive manner; and for that reason I suppose it is that people usually walk down the middle of the Rue St. Remi on the big paving-stones, worn clean from the droppings of the overhanging runnels and spouts of the church.

About eleven o'clock on this eventful night of the storm, though the rain had ceased, the water was dropping from every point and spout and gable-end in Rue St. Remi. The Madonna's light burned brightly in its sheltered corner, lighting up a few feet of the pavement below, a sombre buttress of the old church, and also the figure of François Milette, leaning with his elbow on one knee as he rested his foot on the top step of the ivory-carver's house. On the top of the steps stood Marie Robbe, lounging against the door-post. They had been talking for some time, when François said: "If I have to go down to Verangeville to-morrow with the boat, there is one thing I can still do. I will come into Dieppe on Sunday, and take thee round to see the sights, — eh, Marie?"

"No, no, that won't do," said Marie, with some hesitation. "Most likely we shall all go to Arques on Sunday, and you might have your journey for nothing."

"Dame!"* said François, "and you won't be at home till next week. There 's one thing I know, Marie, if I don't go into Dieppe on Sunday, I will go to Pourville to see my cousin and the children; it 's better than staying at home."

"I would n't be in your place to walk home by the shore at nightfall," said she; "the fairy of Fallaise is out these nights."

"Eh bien! she may give me a fair greeting and a pleasant promise," said François; "she does n't like those who fear her, they say. And —" seeing Marie made no response — "I must do something on Sunday. I shall not care to go to the dancing after Vespers."

"And why not, indeed?" said Marie, with affected carelessness.

"Dost thou not know?" said François, taking the girl's hand that hung listlessly at her side; "if thou art not there, Marie, it gives me little pleasure to go to the dance."

"There are plenty of girls left."

"To be sure there are," said François, "and if I go with the others I shall have to dance. I could not stand and just look on, and take no part."

"Vraiment!" said Marie, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Why, all the girls would laugh at me, and say, 'There stands François Milette so lovesick that he cannot dance, because his own girl is away.' And there is no use in looking like a fool when it gives one no pleasure. But I can tell thee one thing, Marie; one goes through the dances as a ceremony when *she* is not there whom one alone desires to talk to and to be with. Eh, Marie, is it not so?" said François, earnestly, and looking wistfully up into her face.

"O, I don't take things in that way!" said Marie, with an impatient shake of the head; "one must not be so exact, but please one's self wherever one is."

"Certainly," rejoined François, "that

* For the sake of François's reputation as a young man of good feeling, I may venture to remind the reader that this word is much more harmless than its sound at first suggests, — that it may properly be translated by our own "marry" or "forsooth."

is all true; but when one cannot please one's self it is a different thing. If one has everything, — everything in the world except what one *wants*, — ma foi! what is that? And then to have to watch others amusing themselves when one has no pleasure one's self, is still worse! Now I shall be thinking all Sunday of thee, of what thou art doing, and who thou art with."

Marie showed signs of uneasiness as François said this. "Hush!" she said; "that is Aunt Madelon's voice; she is coming down stairs."

"Stop one moment," said François; "thou knowest, Marie, after dancing, every lad has the right to kiss his partner, following the custom of good manners. I shall kiss no girl next Sunday after the dance, but thou must give me the kiss now."

Marie laughed, and raised her hand to the little brass knocker. François sprang on to the steps, and caught her hand. "Don't knock, Marie, wait a moment!" But in the encounter of hands the knocker slipped, and fell softly, making a faint sound.

"Give me the kiss," said François, still holding her hand, "and I shall not then feel so discontented on Sunday; thou hast no right to refuse, because, as I said, it is only according to custom."

"Aunt Madelon is coming; she has heard that knock," cried Marie, in evident trepidation, not wishing, for some reason, to be caught gossiping with François. "Let me go, François, let me go!" But François still persisted. "Then because we are parting, and I shall not see thee for so many days, — for adieu, Marie, at least for adieu!

"Well, then, for *adieu*," said Marie, hastily, and holding up her cheek somewhat ungraciously. Aunt Madelon was already unbarring the door; at the same moment that she opened it François Milette sprang down the steps, and Marie turned.

"Here I am, Aunt Madelon," she said; "my father is going to stay down in the Pollet to-night. A neighbor brought me up, on his way home. Good night, François Milette, I thank you for your civility." And she turned into the house.

So François walked back along the deserted streets, whistling as he went, and thinking with a lighter heart on the journey of the morrow, and even of the joyless Sunday, since he had placed that little seal of amity upon the cheek of Marie, though it might be only "for *adieu*."

CONVIVIAL SONGS.

FOR some time past an impression seems to have been gaining ground among hilariously thirsty people who do not recognize the total-abstinence principle, that the liquors used by them are steadily deteriorating in quality. There is a flutter among the drinkers of Bourbon whiskey, who imagine that they can trace to that stimulant all the ailings and failings to which they find themselves gradually becoming subject. But they experience no amelioration of their condition when they forswear Bourbon and take to "Old Rye." Indeed, they soon discover that the latter is, to all bad intents and purposes, pretty much the same as the former, if not worse. Then they betake themselves to foreign sources for their inspiration, and go to drinking the stuff that is dispensed over the bars of the public-houses as Scotch whiskey and London gin. By and by an article appears in some newspaper, or in pamphlet form, descriptive of the witching processes by which these liquors are compounded, and branding them as deleterious imitations of spirits, the names of which

have been mendaciously bestowed upon them. The tippler of Scotch whiskey is informed that to creosote, and nothing else, is he indebted for the entrancing, smoky flavor of the liquor he loves the more the faster it is killing him. Something is said about strychnine, or oil of vitriol, in connection with gin. Then the whiskey-drinkers consult with the gin-drinkers over mugs of ale, and they arrive at a conviction that malt liquors are the only safe ones, after all. Malt and muscle go together, say they; and, remembering how ancient an institution beer is, and how much the Anglo-Saxon race is indebted to it for pith and pluck, they adopt a resolution to give up spirits altogether, and drink nothing but beer. Presently there comes to them "one who knows," for he has been in the brewing business once himself. He is no longer interested in beer, however, and so he lets out the dread secrets of the vat, dwelling with malignant detail upon the *cocculus indicus* and other drugs used in the manufacture of malt liquors. Then a ghastly pallor overspreads the faces of the drinkers, and a foggy idea of the results of *cocculus indicus* upon the human vitals wraps them in its vapory pall. Ale ceases to have allurements for them; and, as lager-beer is only weak ale with rosin in it, that potation is quite out of the question. Somebody then prompts them with the notion that "generous wine" is the only proper beverage for gentlemen to drink, and they take at once to sherry. Over this fine tonic they become more garrulous and maudlin than ever. They dilate upon the unique flavor and quality of the wine of Xeres. They retail anecdotes connected with it. They narrate fictions about their own experiences of it when they were younger. And so they wax happy and grow pimply on their sherry, until a new panic dispels their confidence in it. A suit is brought by the government against certain parties for the alleged undervaluation of a quantity of so-called sherry wine. The revelations brought to light during the trial of this case are of a very startling and conclusive character. It is proved by competent testimony that "the largest Spanish exporters send no real sherry to America, and but little to England"; and that a spurious stuff, made from grapes of the poorest quality, and doctored with various abominable drugs, is manufactured at Cadiz expressly for exportation. It is further stated in evidence, that one house alone, at Cadiz, sends three thousand butts of this stuff, annually, to the United States; and one witness, an employee of the house in question, testifies in relation to this compound, that "it is never used in Spain; the bulk of it is shipped to the United States." This is a terrible shock to our topers, who have run through the gamut of drinks from whiskey to sherry. The discussion as to what is to be done next now arises among them, and every kind of suggestion — except, indeed, that of abstaining from the use of wine and ardent spirits altogether — is brought to bear upon the subject. An effort is then made to settle down upon the native American wines, with some of the cheaper of which they achieve a sort of cheerless inebriety for a while; but a suspicion of quackery soon arises about these, and finally the topers become predestinarians, falling back upon their whiskeys and gins, in the tranquil belief that, as they were born to be poisoned, they have, at least, a right to be their own toxicologists.

One of the results of this loss of confidence in the liquors of the period is the decadence of bacchanalian melodies. Persons who keep pace with, and watch the progress of, social customs and pastimes must have observed that, for some years past, the drinking-song has been gradually going out of favor. No longer, now, is the vine celebrated vocally. The grape that clusters upon it draws no laudatory verses from the minstrel. "John Barleycorn" finds no bard in these dreary days of equivocal fluids. It must have been something very superior to Bourbon whiskey that inspired Burns to sing: —

"The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we 'll taste the barley-bree."

No man would be ridiculous enough, now-a-days, to break out with:

"While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
With good ale I will make myself mellow:
In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true happy fellow."

How could a singer, harassed with a suspicion of the deadly Indian berry in his drink, sing thus so confidently of making himself mellow on it? The malt-drinker of the period in which we live swallows his beer under protest only, and nobody now ever thinks of addressing the soporific fusion in song. Like the gallant, who fondly imagined that he was serenading the fair object of his affections, while, in reality, he was twanging his mandoline to the colored servant-girl who peeped from the dim lattice, so with the singer who would now be absurd enough to lilt a complimentary strain to his tipple. He might troll forth his most dulcet notes in praise of the "regal purple stream," singing, as did the men of yore, —

"When it sparkles, the eyes of my love I behold,
Her smiles in the wine-cup eternally shine;
The soul that drinks deeply shall never grow cold,
For love ever dwells in a goblet of wine!" —

and be wasting his mellow phrases upon logwood or some other pernicious dye-stuff with which the imperial hue of the grape-juice is simulated. Or, should he haply attune his throat to "Cruiskeen Lawn," or to some other rollicking Irish song in praise of whiskey, practically he would be eulogizing creosote, or oil of vitriol, or anything else whatever in the combustion way short of nitro-glycerine. That pensive ditty, "I cannot sing the old song," might well be parodied, now, with application to the table-songs of the past, hardly an echo of which is ever to be heard in the "free-and-easies" to which the drinkers resort. I have before me, as I write, a book of the songs that are most popular in the various places of this kind which have grown, of late years, to be "institutions" in New York. In this *repertoire* there are but four drinking-songs. The staple of it consists in such sentimental ditties as "Mother, I have heard sweet music"; and, "Her bright smile haunts me still." But, although Bacchus is no longer musical director of the free-and-easy, it is not therefore to be surmised that the libations poured out by his worshippers are less copious than formerly. Quite the reverse. The gentleman with the fluty voice, who mounts the platform beside the piano, and warbles, "Can I e'er forget the valley?" freshens his memories during the evening with unlimited potations of "Old Tom, hot," but he has no sentiment of commendation for that insidious beverage. The metal mugs of ale circulate as freely as ever, but there is a melancholy silence with regard to its qualities, and not a voice is there in the whole company to troll forth in manly confession, "I likes a drop of good beer, I does"; or, "Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale." These manly, if bibulous, effusions are superseded by such drivelling inanities as "Champagne Charley," and the morals of the community at large do not appear to be any the better for *that*.

In the Anacreontic songs of past generations love and liquor generally went merrily together, hand in hand. "Pretty Belle," by Tom Dibdin, opens thus: —

"True to my love and a bottle, this throttle
A pottle will merrily quaff."

That other Tom, known in epicurean philosophy by the surname of Moore, must have had love and wine on the brain, simultaneously, all the while. He was an arrant little *gourmet* too, and some of his florid images take a very odd and ludicrous character from this fact. See the opening verse of his "Bard's Legacy," for example: —

"When in death I shall calm recline,
O, bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night."

Here we have a flight of fancy quite

culinary enough to carry away on its aspiring pinions to realms of bliss the least enthusiastic of professional gastronomes. And it is matter for wonder, that, in this decline of the bacchanalian song, and in this period of a gastronomy so Apician and artistic, hymns to aliment have not oftener engaged the modern bard. In an old French "Recueil de Chansons" I find homage paid to the platter in a queer *chanson à manger*, which also is set to music for a bass voice, — a voice of which the lower register, being somewhat ventriloquial, is all the fitter for interpreting song inspired by the natural appetite for victuals. Taking the gist of this song, without any regard to the metre or construction of the original, I give here such version or paraphrase of it as may serve to convey its intention: —

"Away with your songs about wine!
What I want is a strain gastronomic.
Why should bards always rant of the vine
While we 've pot-herbs to gladden the stomach?
With the greens and the roots I 'm at home;
And I hope that my bluntness you 'll pardon,
When I say that no vineyard can bloom
Like the beds of a fat kitchen-garden.

"And then, when the hunger is sharp,
And the mouth longs for something to shut on,
Do you think that I 'd cavil or carp,
At a saddle of succulent mutton?
Or if, haply, there come to the pot
A turbot, a trout, or a salmon,
Why should n't I sing like the sot,
With such dainties to make epigram on?

"In the wine-cup a demon there lurks
That the bibulous brain disarranges,
Strange freaks with the drinker it works,
Till at last to a wine-butt he changes.
But safe are the joys of the dish,
They ne'er to the wits put a stopper.
Then hurrah for the flesh, fowl, and fish,
And the pot-herbs that to them are proper!"

Whiskey has been for many generations at once the solace and the bane of the sociable Irishman, and really wonderful for audacity of assertion and incongruity of statement are the drinking-songs that rise to his teeming brain under the inspiration of his favorite stimulant, hot whiskey punch. Few better examples of this are to be found than that really quaint and pleasing old ditty, "The Jug o' Punch," the authorship of which I have not been able to trace: —

"As I was sitting in my room,
One pleasant evening in the month of June,
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,
And the tune he sang was a jug o' punch:
Tooraloo."

The statement in this stanza, regarding the convertibility of a tune and a jug of punch, is of a mystic and bewildering character, and to the practical Saxon mind seems to require explanation. Possibly the bard confounded the thrush with the nightingale, for he informs us that it was evening when the wonderful bird-song fell upon his ear, and one of the most touching strains in the lilt of the nightingale is the monosyllable "jug," reiterated many times in a passionate *staccato*. Another stanza of the song runs thus: —

"The 'mortal gods drink nectar wine,
And claret, too, is very fine;
But I 'd give them all, just in a bunch,
For one good pull at a jug o' punch;
Tooraloo."

Ever faithful to his national beverage is the bard, as we see; and then the pathos with which he foreshadows in the last verse his final place of rest, and the simplicity of the arrangements he contemplates for marking appropriately the hallowed spot, have rarely been surpassed in song: —

"When I am dead, and in my grave,
No costly tombstone I will have,
I 'll have a grave both wide and deep,
With a jug o' punch at my head and feet:
Tooraloo."

This famous old ditty has been sung to many different tunes, most of them of a gay or jingling character; but the air to which the words properly belong is a sweet and pathetic one, and the word "tooraloo," in the chorus, is repeated solemnly in four cadent bars, with a rest after each. Humor and pathos are extremes that ever meet; and the image of the singer's grave, with a steaming jug of punch at either end of it, is as likely to bring a tear as a smile from mellowed listeners, when the lines are sung by one who can enter into the feeling of his theme.

There is another song yet more incongruous than that just quoted, but inferior to it in pathos. I here give the opening stanza, which — happily or unhappily, just as the reader may think —

is the only one of some forty or fifty belonging to it that I can at present recall to mind. The abandon with which it rushes *in medias res* is remarkable.

"There were three Irish fair maids, lived in the Isle of Wight,
They drank from Monday morning till late on Saturday night,
They drank from Monday morning till their money was run out,
For they were three Irish fair maids, and they sent the punch about."

There may have been some subtle meaning intended by the poet in thus localizing these fair, though somewhat dissipated, exiles of Erin upon the Isle of Wight. Considering the habits of excessive conviviality attributed to them in the song, one might guess that their native isle had been scandalized by their orgies, and that they had been compelled to fly for refuge to the smaller one. Even there it seems that their credit was not good, because they were obliged to desist from drinking when "their money was run out," and were probably unable even to procure "a flask for Sunday," as is the usage of those irrepressible topers for whom the excise law has terrors. It is probable, however, that the Isle of Wight was selected by the poet in accordance with that recklessness of assertion so often to be observed in Irish songs of this class. In Richard Milliken's "Groves of Blarney," for instance, we have a wizard glimpse of "the trout and salmon playing at backgammon"; and it would sadly puzzle one not acquainted with Irish character and modes of thinking, to conceive how an image so much at variance with the teachings of ichthyology could have been generated in the mind.

In their bacchanalian songs the Germans are as heavy and dense as in their drinking and metaphysics. There is a strong flavor of beer and tobacco about the staves chanted by the students in their great universities, though a certain scholarly character is imparted to many of them by couching the choruses or refrains in Latin. Some English songs of the jovial kind are also lightly touched by the macaronic muse; and I have old memories of a capital college song, the refrain of which ran thus: —

"Plena pocula cernite, nonne aspernite,
Sprinkle the wings of old Time as he flies, —
Fill, fill, jolly fraternity,
Here 's to the holly whose leaf never dies!"

For neatness of turn, though, and a certain refined feeling for thirst, the old French carousal songs are, perhaps, unrivalled. These it would be impossible to translate literally, without loss of epigram, — a quality in which they are often wonderfully subtle and artistic. Taking the idea of one of those contained in the repertory already mentioned, however, it may be thus rendered in English without altogether losing its bouquet:

"Says Maturin the miller
Unto his friend Gregoire,
'The brook my soul disquiets,
Its freaks afflict me sore.

"'To-day so low its ripple
That sleeping lies my mill;
No money, lad, no tipple,
So of the brook I swill.

"'To-night the rain may gather,
To-morrow the brook may grow;
And then my wheel shall turn,
And wine to my throat shall flow.'"

More plaintive than this is the following, the French original of which is set to an air of inexpressible despondency and gloom. It is a plaint that will go directly home to the heart of many a bar-room lounger, whose purse and credit have both deserted him in the hour of his need, — by which may be understood any hour whatever of the twenty-four.

"Prythee, vintner, hear my prayer;
No cash my lonely pockets bear,
But haply I of thee might borrow
One cup of sack to ease my sorrow.

"Ruthless vintner, you decline
Me to trust for cup of wine?
Ah, the woes of empty purse!
Ah, of quenchless thirst the curse!

"Yet, O vintner, one small boon
Grant; since death must have me soon, —
At thy counter let me die,
Drinking all the heel-taps dry!"

These are some of the snatches of song that were inspired by the wines and liquors of other lands. Here, as I have already remarked, confidence in strong drink has long since departed, and hence we hear no more of songs in praise of it.

A TRIP TO ISCHIA.

THE island of Ischia, rising like a loftier Salamis at the northern entrance of the Bay of Naples, is so unlike its opposite sentinel, Capri, that the landscape-painter, to whom the peculiarities of mountain forms are as familiar as to the geologist, would pronounce as readily on the diversity of its origin. The latter might say: "This island is Plutonic, that Neptunic"; and the former: "Here are long, finely broken outlines, and sharp, serrated summits; yonder, broad masses and sudden, bold escarpments"; but both would express the same fact in different dialects. The two islands are equidistant from the main-land; they occupy the same relative position to the bay and to the central Vesuvian peak; they are equally noble landmarks to the mariners coming from the Tyrrhene or the Ionian Sea. Here the resemblance ends. Capri is the resort of artists, Ischia of invalids. Tiberius and the Blue Grotto belong to the litany of travel; but Ischia — larger, richer, more accessible than Capri — has no such special attractions to commend it. It must be sought for its own sake.

The little steamer upon which I embarked at Naples was called the *Tifeo*, from Typhœus, the Titan who lies buried under Epomeo, like Enceladus under Etna. The decks were crowded; but every face was Italian, and every tongue uttered the broad, barbaric dialect of Southern Italy. Priests, peasant-women, small traders, sailors, and fishermen were mingled in a motley mass, setting their faces together in earnest gossip, and turning their backs upon sea, shore, and sky. As we passed Castell' dell' Ovo, the signs of the recent terrible land-slide on the rock of Pizzofalcone drew their attention for a minute; and I, too, looked with a shudder at the masses of rock under which I had lived, unsuspectingly, until within three days of the catastrophe. The house wherein we had chosen quarters was crushed to atoms; and, although nearly a month had elapsed, the great pile of ruin was not yet cleared away.

Onward, over the bright blue sea, — past the shores of Posilipo, the marine villa of Lucullus, and the terraced steep, yonder, where the poet Silius Italicus kept sacred the tomb of his master, Virgil, — past the burnt-out crater of Nisida, and the high white houses of Pozzuoli, until the bay of Baiæ opens to the right, and we fetch a compass for the ancient Cape Misenum. How these names stir the blood! Yet my fellow-voyagers never lifted their eyes to the shores; and if they mentioned the names, it was, perhaps, to say, "I bought some pigs at Baiæ the other day," or, "What is land worth about Lake Avernus?" or, "Do you raise pumpkins at Cumæ?"

Between Cape Misenum and the island of Procida there is a strait two or three miles in width. The town of Procida rests on the water like a long white wedge, the but of which bears up the immense old fortress. Approaching from Naples, the whole island lies before the loftier Ischia like Imbros before Samothrace, and seems to belong to it, as ancient geographers declare that it once did. The town is like a seaport of the Grecian Archipelago, and, as seen from the water, one could not wish it cleaner or less irregular. Fronting the sea, it presents a crescent of tall white houses, broken with arched balconies, and deep, scattered windows, and stained with patches of gray and moss-green. Over the domed roofs rises here and there a palm. The castle to the left, on its rock, rejoices in its ancient strength, and seems to command the Bay of Gæta as well as that of Naples.

I tried to recall something of the

history of Procida, and struck in the middle of the thirteenth century on the famous Giovanni, — "John of Procida," — before and after whom there was a blank. The island once belonged to him *in toto*, and must have been a goodly possession. I believe he lost it for a time, on account of the part which he took in the Sicilian Vespers. Meanwhile the steamer came to a stop in the little port, and boats crowded about the gangways. I determined to go the length of the island towards Ischia by land, and so scrambled down with the rest. An old Italian pointed to a house which was being repaired, and said to his neighbor, "Now what they are going to do to that house is beyond my intellect to guess." The masons were raising it another story, I thought; but the man said, "It can't be a *loggia*, it has an upper story already; and let anybody tell me if he knows, for my intellect just stands still when I look at it." The boatmen grinned, and said nothing.

I landed on a narrow quay, so filthy and malodorous that I made haste to accept the guidance of the first boy who offered his services. He led me into a street just as bad; but, as we mounted towards the castle, the aspect of the town improved. This is the only place in Italy where the holiday costume is Greek, and one might therefore expect to find faces of the Hellenic type; yet such are fewer than on Capri. The costume disappears more and more, and only on grand festas do the women appear in bodices embroidered with gold, and gowns edged with the ancient labyrinth pattern. They have splendid eyes, like all the islanders; but I saw no beauties in my rapid march across Procida.

After the view from the castle, there is really nothing of interest in the little town. The island is low and nearly level, so that the high walls which enclose the road shut out all view of its vineyards and gardens. The eastern shore, near which my path led, is formed by three neighboring craters, the rims of which are broken down on the seaside, and boats anchor on the lava of the bottoms. The road was almost a continuous street, the suburb of Procida running into that of the large village of L' Olmo. A crowd of wayfarers went to and fro, and in all the open arches women sat spinning in the sun. There were no beggars; one of the women, indeed, called across the road to another, as I passed, "Ask him for a bajocco!" but the latter laughed, and turned her head aside. Although so little of the island was to be seen, there was no end to the pictures made by the windings of the road, the walls draped with fern and ivy, the deep arches of shade with bright, sunlit court-yards behind them, and the quaint terraces overhung with vines.

A walk of two miles brought me to the western shore, where the road descended to the fishing hamlet of Chiaiolella. The place seemed to be deserted; I walked between the silent old houses, and had nearly reached the beach, when a brown old mariner glided out from the shadow of a buttress, and followed me. Some boats lay on the sand in the little land-locked crater-bay; and presently three other men, who had been sleeping somewhere in the corners, came forward, scenting a fee. Of course they asked too much; but, to my surprise, they gradually abated the demand, although there was no competition. The old man said, very frankly, "If you give us a franc apiece, we shall only make ten sous, and we should like to earn a little more." We thereupon soon came to terms; two of them carried me into the boat, and we set off for Ischia.

Just beyond the last point of Procida rises the rocky island of Vivara, which is nothing but a fragment left from the ruin of a volcanic crater. Its one slanting side is covered with olive-trees, and a single house stands on the summit. The landing-place is a rocky shelf a yard or so in width, only accessible when the sea is quite smooth. The island belongs to Signor Scotti, of Procida, so the boatmen told me, but he is too shrewd to live upon it. As we

floated past it into the open strait, the Bay of Gæta opened grandly on the right, stretching away to the far Cape of Circe, beyond Terracina. In front Ischia, grand in its nearness, possessed the sea. One is here still in Odyssean waters. Here Homer once sailed, so sure as there ever was a Homer, and heard Typhœus groaning under Inarime. What Kinglake so finely says of the Troad is here equally true. The theories of scholars go to the winds; one learns to believe in Homer, no less than in Moses.

The picture of Ischia, from the sea, is superb. In front towers the castle, on a thrice bolder and broader wedge of rock than that of Procida; withdrawn behind it, as if for protection, the white crescent of the town sweeps along the water; garden-groves rise in the rear, then great, climbing slopes of vine, and, high over all, Monte Epomeo converges the broken outlines of the island, and binds them together in his knotted peak. The main features are grandly broad and simple, yet there is an exquisite grace and harmony in the minor forms of the landscape. As we ran under the shadows of the castle-rock, whereon the Marquis Pescara was born, my thoughts were involuntarily directed to two women, — his sister, the heroic Costanza, whose defence of the castle gave the governorship of Ischia to her family for two hundred and fifty years; and his wife, Vittoria Colonna. Her, however, we remember less as the Marchesa Pescara than as the friend of Michel Angelo, in whose arms she died. Theirs was the only friendship between man and woman, which the breath of that corrupt age did not dare to stain, — noble on both sides, and based on the taste and energy and intellect of both. Vittoria, of whom Ariosto says, —

> "Vittoria è 'l nome; e ben conviensi a nata
> Fra le vittorie,"

retired to this castle of Ischia to mourn her husband's death. Strange that her sorrow excites in us so little sympathy; while, at this distance of time, the picture of Michel Angelo after her death gives us a pang. Moral, — it is better to be the friend of a great artist than the wife of a great general.

The landing at Ischia is as attractive as that at Procida is repulsive. The town comes down to the bright, sunny quay in a broad, clean street; the houses are massive, and suggestive of comfort, and there are glimpses of the richest gardens among them. "You must go to the *locanda nobile*," said the sailors; and to make sure they went with me. It is, in fact, the only tolerable inn in the place; yet my first impression was not encouraging. The locanda consisted of a large hall, filled with mattresses, a single bare bedroom, and the landlord's private quarters. The only person I saw was a one-eyed youth, who came every five minutes, while I sat watching the splendid sunset illumination of the castle and sea, to ask, "Shall I make your soup with rice or macaroni?" "Will you have your fish fried or *in umido?*" Notwithstanding all this attention, it was a most meagre dinner which he finally served; and I longed for the flesh-pots of Capri. In spite of Murray, artists are not stoics, and where they go the fare is wont to be good. The English guide says, very complacently: "Such or such an hotel is third-rate, *patronized by artists!*" or, "The accommodations are poor; *but artists may find them sufficient!*" — as if "artists" had no finer habits of palate or nerves! When I contrasted Pagano's table in Capri with that of the *nobile locanda* of Ischia, I regretted that artists had not been staying at the latter.

In walking through the two cold and barren rooms of the hotel I had caught a glimpse, through an open door, of a man lying in bed, and an old Francisan friar, in a brown gaberdine, hanging over him. Now, when my Lenten dinner (although it was Carnival) was finished, the *padrona* came to me, and said: "Won't you walk in and see Don Michele? He's in bed, sick, but he can talk, and it will pass away the time for him."

"But the Frate —" here I hesitated, thinking of extreme unction.

"O, never mind the Frate," said the *padrona;* "Don Michele knows you are here, and he wants to have a talk with you."

The invalid landlord was a man of fifty, who lay in bed, groaning with a fearful lumbago, as he informed me. At the foot of the bed sat the old friar, gray-headed, with a snuffy upper lip, and an expression of amiable imbecility on his countenance. The one-eyed servant was the landlord's son; and there were two little daughters, one of whom, Filomena, carried the other, Maria Teresa. There was also a son, a sailor, absent in Egypt. "Four left out of twelve," said Don Michele; "but you notice there will soon be thirteen; so I shall have five, if the Lord wills it."

"And so you are from America," he continued; "my son was there, but, whether in North or South, I don't know. They say there is cholera in Africa, and I hope the saints will protect him from it. Here on Ischia — as perhaps you don't know — we never had the cholera; we have a saint who keeps it away from the island. It was San Giuseppe della Croce, and nobody can tell how many miracles he has wrought for us. He left a miraculous plant, — it 's inside the castle, — and there it grows to this day, with wonderful powers of healing; but no one dares to touch it. If you were to so much as break a leaf, all Ischia would rise in revolution."

"What a benefit for the island!" I remarked.

"Ah, you may well say that!" exclaimed Don Michele. "Here everything is good, — the fish, the wine, the people. There are no robbers among us, — no, indeed! You may go where you like, and without fear, as the Frate will tell you. This is my brother" (pointing to the friar). "I am affiliated with the Franciscans, and so he comes to keep me company."

The friar nodded, took a pinch of snuff, and smiled in the vague, silly way of a man who don't know what to say.

"I have met many of your brethren in the Holy Land," I said, to the latter.

"Gran Dio! you have been there?" both exclaimed.

I must need tell them of Jerusalem and Jericho, of Nazareth and Tiberias; but Don Michele soon came back to America. "You are one of the nobility, I suppose?" he said.

"What!" I answered, affecting a slight indignation; "don't you know that we have no nobility? All are equal before the law, and the poorest man may become the highest ruler, if he has the right degree of intelligence." (I was about to add, *and honesty*, — but checked myself in time.)

"Do you hear that?" cried Don Michele to the friar. "I call that a fine thing."

"Che bella cosa!" repeated the friar, as he took a fresh pinch of snuff.

"What good is your nobility?" I continued. "They monopolize the offices, they are poor and proud, and they won't work. The men who do the most for Italy are not nobles."

"True! true! listen to that!" said Don Michele. "And so, in America, all have an equal chance?"

"If you were living there," I answered, "your son, if he had talents, might become the Governor of a State, or a minister to a foreign court. Could he be that here, whatever might be his intellect?"

"Gran Dio! Che bella cosa!" said the friar.

"It is the balance of Astræa!" cried Don Michele, forgetting his lumbago, and sitting up in bed. I was rather astonished at this classical allusion; but it satisfied me that I was not improvidently wasting my eloquence; so I went on: —

"What is a title? Is a man any the more a man for having it? He may be a duke and a thief, and, if so, I put him far below an honest fisherman. Are there titles in heaven?" Here I turned to the friar.

"Behold! A noble, — a beautiful word!" cried the Don again. The friar lifted his hands to heaven, shook

his head in a melancholy way, and took another pinch of snuff.

We were in a fair way to establish the universal fraternal republic, when a knock at the door interrupted us. It was Don Michele's sister, accompanied by an old man, and a young one, with a handsome, but taciturn face.

"Ah, here is my *figliuccio!*" said Don Michele, beckoning forward the latter. "He will furnish a donkey, and guide you all over Ischia, — up to the top of Epomeo, to Fori', and Casamich'."

Now, I had particularly requested a young and jovial fellow, — not one of your silent guides, who always hurry you forward when you want to pause, and seem to consider you as a bad job, to be gotten rid of as soon as possible. Giovanni's was not the face I desired, but Don Michele insisted stoutly that he was the very man for me; and so the arrangement was concluded.

I went to bed, feeling more like a guest of the family than a stranger; and, before sleeping, determined that I would make an experiment. The rule in Italy is, that the man who does not bargain in advance is inevitably cheated; here, however, it seemed that I had stumbled on an unsophisticated region. I would make no bargains, ask no mistrustful questions, and test the natural honesty of the people.

Mounted on the ass, and accompanied by Giovanni, I left the *locanda nobile* the next morning, to make the tour of the island. "Be sure and show him everything and tell him everything!" cried Don Michele, from his bed; whereat Giovanni, with a short "Yes!" which promised nothing to my ear, led the way out of the town.

We ascended the low hill on which the town is built, under high garden walls, overhung by the most luxuriant foliage of orange and olive. There were fine cypresses, — a tree rare in Southern Italy, — and occasional palms. We very soon emerged into the country, where Epomeo towered darkly above us, in the shadow of clouds which the sirocco had blown from the sea. The road was not blinded by walls, as on Procida, but open and broad, winding forward between vineyards of astonishing growth. Here the threefold crops raised on the same soil, about Naples and Sorrento, would be impossible. In that rich volcanic earth wheat is only the *parterre* or ground-floor of cultivation. The thin shade of the olive, or the young leaves of vine, do not intercept sun enough to hinder its proper maturity; and thus oil or wine (or sometimes both) becomes a higher crop, a *bel é tage;* while the umbrella-pines, towering far above all, constitute an upper story for the production of lumber and firewood. Ischia has the same soil, but the vine, on account of the superior quality of its juice, is suffered to monopolize it. Stems of the thickness of a man's leg are trained back and forth on poles thirty feet high. The usual evergreen growths of this region, which make a mimicry of summer, have no place here; far and wide, high and low, the landscape is gray with vines and poles. I can only guess what a Bacchic labyrinth it must be in the season of vintage.

The few trees allowed to stand were generally fig or walnut. There are no orange-groves, as about Sorrento, for the reason that the wine of Ischia, being specially imported to mix with and give fire and temper to other Italian wines, is a very profitable production. The little island has a population of about thirty thousand, very few of whom are poor, like the inhabitants of Capri. During my trip I encountered but a single beggar, who was an old woman on crutches. Yet, although the fields were gray, the banks beside the road were bright with young grass, and gay with violets, anemones, and the golden blossoms of the broom.

On our left lay the long slopes of Monte Campagnano, which presents a rocky front to the sea. Between this mountain and Epomeo the road traversed a circular valley, nearly a mile in diameter, as superbly rich as any of the favored gardens of Syria. The aqueduct which brings water from the

mountains to the town of Ischia crosses it on lofty stone arches. Beyond this valley, the path entered a singular winding ravine, thirty or forty feet in depth, and barely wide enough for two asses to pass each other. Its walls of rock were completely hidden in mosses and ferns, and old oak-trees, with ivied trunks, threw their arms across it. The country people, in scarlet caps and velvet jackets, on their way to enjoy the *festa* (the Carnival) at the villages, greeted me with a friendly "*buon dì!*" I was constantly reminded of those exquisitely picturesque passes of Arcadia, which seem still to be the haunts of Pan and the Nymphs.

Bishop Berkeley, whose happiest summer (not even excepting that he passed at Newport) was spent on Ischia, must have frequently travelled that path; and, without having seen more of the island, I was quite willing to accept his eulogies of its scenery. I had some difficulty, however, in adjusting to the reality Jean Paul's imaginary description, which it is conventional to praise, in Germany. The mere enumeration of orange-trees, olives, rocks, chestnut woods, vines, and blue sea, blended into a glimmering whole, with no distinct outlines, does not constitute description of scenery. An author ventures upon dangerous ground, when he attempts to paint landscapes which he has never seen. Jean Paul had the clairvoyant faculty of the poet, and was sometimes able to "make out" (to use Charlotte Brontë's expression) Italian atmospheres and a tolerable dream of scenery; but he would have described Ischia very differently if he had ever visited the island.

Winding on and upward through the ravine, I emerged at last on the sunny hillside, whence there was a view of the sea beyond Monte Campagnano. A little farther, we reached the village of Barano, on the southeastern slope of Epomeo, — a deep gray gorge below it, and another village beyond, sparkling in the sun. The people were congregated on the little piazza, enjoying the day in the completest idleness. The place was a picture in itself, and I should have stopped to sketch it, but Giovanni pointed to the clouds which were hovering over Epomeo, and predicted rain. So I pushed on to Moropano, the next village, the southern side of the island opening more clearly and broadly to view. A succession of vine-terraces mounted from the sea to a height of two thousand feet, ceasing only under the topmost crags. At intervals, however, the slopes were divided by tremendous fissures, worn hundreds of feet deep through the ashen soil and volcanic rock. Wherever a little platform of shelving soil had been left on the sides of the sheer walls, it was covered with a growth of oaks.

The road obliged me to cross the broadest of these chasms, and, after my donkey had once fallen on the steep path notched along the rock, I judged it safest to climb the opposite side on foot. A short distance farther we came to another fissure, as deep but much narrower, and resembling the cracks produced by an earthquake. The rocky walls were excavated into wine-cellars, the size of which, and of the tuns within, gave good token of the Ischian vintages. Out of the last crevice we climbed to the village of Fontana, the highest on the island. A review of the National Guards was held in a narrow open space before the church. There were perhaps forty men — fishermen and vine-growers — under arms, all with military caps, although only half a dozen had full uniforms. The officers fell back to make room for me, and I passed the company slowly in review, as I rode by on the donkey. The eyes were "right," as I commenced, but they moved around to left, curiously following me, while the heads remained straight. Gallant-looking fellows they were, nevertheless; and moreover, it was pleasant to see a militia system substituted for the former wholesale conscription.

At the end of the piazza, a dry laurel-bush, hanging over the door, denoted a wine-shop; and Giovanni and I emp-

tied a bottle of the Fontana vintage before going farther. I ordered a dinner to be ready on our return from Epomeo, and we then set out for the hermitage of San Nicola, on the very summit. In a ravine behind the village we met a man carrying almost a stack of straw on his head, his body so concealed by it that the mass seemed to be walking upon its own feet. It stopped on approaching us, and an unintelligible voice issued from it; but Giovanni understood the sounds.

"The hermit of San Nicola is sick," he said; "this is his brother."

"Then the hermit is alone on the mountain?" I asked.

"No, he is now in Fontana. When he gets sick, he comes down, and his brother goes up in his place, to keep the lamp a-burning."

We were obliged to skirt another fissure for some distance, and then took to the open side of the mountain, climbing between fields where the diminishing vines struggled to drive back the mountain gorse and heather. In half an hour the summit was gained, and I found myself in front of a singular, sulphur-colored peak, out of which a chapel and various chambers had been hewn. A man appeared, breathless with climbing after us, and proved to be the moving principle of the straw-stack. He unlocked a door in the peak, and allowed the donkey to enter; then, conducting me by a passage cut in the living rock, he led the way through, out of the opposite side, and by a flight of rude steps, around giddy corners, to a platform about six feet square, on the very topmost pinnacle of the island, 2,700 feet above the sea.

Epomeo was an active volcano until just before Vesuvius awakened, in A. D. 79; and as late as the year 1302 there was an eruption on Ischia, at the northern base of the mountain. But the summit now scarcely retains the crater form. The ancient sides are broken in, leaving four or five jagged peaks standing apart; and these, from the platform on which I stood, formed a dark, blasted foreground, shaped like a star with irregular rays, between which I looked down and off on the island, the sea, and the Italian shores. The clouds, whose presence I had lamented during the ascent, now proved to be marvellous accessories. Swooping so low that their skirts touched me, they covered the whole vault of heaven, down to the sea horizon, with an impenetrable veil; yet, beyond their sphere, the sunshine poured full upon the water, which became a luminous under-sky, sending the reflected light *upward* on the island landscape. In all my experience, I have never beheld such a phenomenon. Looking southward, it was scarcely possible not to mistake the sea for the sky; and this illusion gave the mountain an immeasurable, an incredible, height. All the base of the island — the green shores and shining towns visible in deep arcs between the sulphury rocks of the crater — basked in dazzling sunshine; and the gleam was so intense and golden under the vast, dark roof of cloud, that I know not how to describe it. From the Cape of Circe to that of Palinarus, 200 miles of the main-land of Italy were full in view. Vesuvius may sweep a wider horizon, but the view from Epomeo, in its wondrous originality, is far more impressive.

When I descended from the dizzy pinnacle, I found Giovanni and the hermit's brother drying their shirts before a fire of brush. The latter, after receiving a fee for his services, begged for an additional fee for St. Nicholas. "What does St. Nicholas want with it?" I asked. "*You* will buy food and drink, I suppose, but the saint needs nothing." Giovanni turned away his head, and I saw that he was laughing.

"O, I can burn a lamp for the saint," was the answer.

Now, as St. Nicholas is the patron of children, sailors, and travellers, I might well have lit a lamp in his honor; but as I could not stay to see the oil purchased and the lamp lighted, with my own eyes, I did not consider that there was sufficient security in the hermit's brother for such an investment.

When I descended to Fontana the review was over, and several of the National Guards were refreshing themselves in the wine-shop. The black-bearded host, who looked like an affectionate bandit, announced that he had cooked a pig's liver for us, and straightway prepared a table in the shop beside the counter. There was but one plate, but Giovanni, who kept me company, ate directly from the dish. I have almost a Hebrew horror of fresh pork; but since that day I confess that a pig's liver, roasted on skewers, and flavored with the smoke of burning myrtle, is not a dish to be despised. Eggs and the good Ischian wine completed the repast; and had I not been foolish enough to look at the host as he wiped out the glasses with his unwashed fingers, I should have enjoyed it the more.

The other guests were very jolly, but I could comprehend little of their jargon when they spoke to each other. The dialect of Ischia is not only different from that of Capri, but varies on different sides of the island. Many words are identical with those used on Sardinia and Majorca; they have a clear, strong ring, which — barbaric as it may be — I sometimes prefer to the pure Italian. For instance, *freddo* (with a tender lingering on the double *d*) suggests to me a bracing, refreshing coolness, while in the Ischian *frett* one feels the sharp sting of frost. Filicaja's pathetic address to Italy,

"Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte!"

might also be applied to the language. The elision of the terminal vowels, which is almost universal in this part of Italy, roughens the language, certainly, but gives it a more masculine sound.

When the people spoke to me, they were more careful in the choice of words, and so made themselves intelligible. They were eager to talk and ask questions, and after one of them had broken the ice by pouring a bottle of wine into a glass, while he drank from the latter as fast as he poured, the Captain of the Guard, with many apologies for the liberty, begged to know where I came from.

"Now tell me, if you please," he continued, "whether your country is Catholic or Protestant?"

"Neither," said I; "it is better than being either."

The people pricked up their ears, and stared. "How do you mean?" some one presently asked.

"All religions are free. Catholics and Protestants have equal rights; and that is best of all, — is it not?"

There was a unanimous response. "To be sure that is best of all!" they cried; "*avete ragione.*"

"But," said the Captain, after a while, "what religion is your government?"

"None at all," I answered.

"I don't understand," said he; "surely it is a Christian government."

It was easy to explain my meaning, and I noticed that the village magistrate, who had entered the shop, listened intently. He was cautiously quiet, but I saw that the idea of a separation of Church and State was not distasteful to the people. From religion we turned to politics, and I gave them a rough sketch of our republican system. Moreover, as a professed friend of Italian nationality, I endeavored to sound them in regard to their views of the present crisis. This was more delicate ground; yet two or three spoke their minds with tolerable plainness, and with more judgment and moderation than I expected to find. On two points all seemed to be agreed, — that the people must be educated, and must have patience.

In the midst of the discussion a mendicant friar appeared, barefooted, and with a wallet on his shoulder. He was a man of thirty, of tall and stately figure, and with a singularly noble and refined countenance. He did not beg, but a few bajocchi were handed to him, and the landlord placed a loaf of bread on the counter. As he was passing me, without asking alms, I gave him some money, which he took with a slight

bow and the words, "Providence will requite you." Though so coarsely dressed, he was not one of those friars who seem to think filth necessary to their holy character. I have rarely seen a man whose features and bearing harmonized so ill with his vocation. He looked like a born teacher and leader; yet he was a useless beggar.

The rain, which had come up during dinner, now cleared away, and I resumed my journey. Giovanni, who had made one or two desperate efforts at jollity during the ascent of the mountain, was remarkably silent after the conversation in the inn, and I had no good of him thenceforth. A mistrustful Italian is like a tortoise; he shuts up his shell, and crow-bars can't open him. I have not the least doubt that Giovanni believed, in his dull way, in the temporal power of the Pope and the restoration of the Bourbons.

There were no more of the great volcanic fissures to be crossed. The road, made slippery by the rain, descended so rapidly that I was forced to walk during the remainder of the day's journey. It was a country of vines, less picturesque than I had already passed; but the sea and southwestern shore of the island were constantly in view. I first reached the little village of Serrara, on a projecting spur of Epomeo; then, after many steep and rugged descents, came upon the rich garden-plain of Panza. Here the surface of the island is nearly level, the vegetation is wonderfully luxuriant, and the large gray farm-houses have a stately and commanding air. In another hour, skirting the western base of Epomeo, the towers of Foria, my destination for the night, came into view. There were some signs of the Carnival in the lively streets, — here and there a mask, followed by shouting and delighted children; but the greater part of the inhabitants contented themselves with sitting on the doorsteps and exchanging jokes with their neighbors.

The guide-book says there is no inn in Foria. Don Michele, however, assured me that Signor Scotti kept a *locanda* for travellers, and I can testify that the Don is right. I presume it is "noble," also, for the accommodations were like those in Ischia. On entering, I was received by a woman, who threw back her shoulders and lifted her head in such an independent way that I asked, "Are you the padrona?"

"No," she answered, laughing; "I 'm the *modestica;* but that will do just as well." (She meant *domestica*, but I like her rendering of the word so well that I shall retain it.)

"Can you get me something for dinner?"

"Let us see," said she, counting upon her fingers: "fish, that 's one; kid, that 's two; potatoes, that 's three; and — and — surely there 's something else."

"That will do," said I; "and eggs?"

"*Sicuro!* Eggs? I should think so. And so that will suit your Excellency!"

Thereupon the *modestica* drew back her shoulders, threw out her chest, and, in a voice that half Foria might have heard, sang I know not what song of triumph as she descended to the kitchen. Signor Scotti, for whom a messenger had been sent, now arrived. He had but one eye, and I began to imagine that I was on the track of the Arabian Prince. After a few polite commonplaces, I noticed that he was growing uneasy, and said, "Pray, let me not keep you from the Carnival."

"Thanks to your Excellency," said he, rising; "my profession calls me, and with your leave I will withdraw." I supposed that he might be a city magistrate, but on questioning the *modestica*, when she came to announce dinner, I found that he was a barber.

I was conducted into a bedroom, in the floor of which the *modestica* opened a trap-door, and bade me descend a precipitous flight of steps into the kitchen. There the table was set, and I received my eggs and fish directly from the fire. The dessert was peculiar, consisting of raw stalks of anise, cut off at the root, very tough, and with a sick-

ly sweet flavor. Seeing that I rejected them, the *modestica* exclaimed, in a strident voice, —

"Eh? What would you have? They are beautiful, — they are superb! The gentry eat them, — nay, what do I know? — the King himself, and the Pope! Behold!" And with these words she snatched a stalk from the plate, and crunched it between two rows of teeth which it was a satisfaction to see.

Half an hour afterwards, as I was in the bedroom which had been given to my use, a horribly rough voice at my back exclaimed, "What do you want?"

I turned, and beheld an old woman as broad as she was short, — a woman with fierce eyes and a gray mustache on her upper lip.

"What do *you* want?" I rejoined.

She measured me from head to foot, gave a grunt, and said, "*I*'m the padrona here."

I was a little surprised at this intrusion, and considerably more so, half an hour afterwards, as I sat smoking in the common room, at the visit of a gendarme, who demanded my passport. After explaining to him that the document had never before been required in free Italy, — that the law did not even oblige me to carry it with me, — I handed it to him.

He turned it up and down, and from side to side, with a puzzled air. "I can't read it," he said, at last.

"Of course you can't," I replied; "but there is no better passport in the world, and the Governor of Naples will tell you the same thing. Now," I added, turning to the padrona, "if you have sent for this officer through any suspicion of me, I will pay for my dinner and go on to Casamicciola, where they know how to receive travellers."

The old woman lifted up her hands, and called on the saints to witness that she did not mistrust me. The gendarme apologized for his intrusion, adding: "We are out of the way, here, and therefore I am commanded to do this duty. I cannot read your passport, but I can see that you are a *galantuomo*."

This compliment obliged me to give him a cigar, after which I felt justified in taking a little revenge. "I am a republican," I cried, "and a friend of the Italian Republicans! I don't believe in the temporal power of the Pope! I esteem Garibaldi!"

"Who does n't esteem him?" said the old woman, but with an expression as if she did n't mean it. The gendarme twisted uneasily on his seat, but he had lighted my cigar, and did not feel free to leave.

I shall not here repeat my oration, which spared neither the Pope, nor Napoleon the Third, nor even Victor Emanuel. I was as fierce and reckless as Mazzini, and exhausted my stock of Italian in advocating freedom, education, the overthrow of priestly rule, and the abolition of the nobility. When I stopped to take breath, the gendarme made his escape, and the padrona's subdued manner showed that she began to be afraid of me.

In the evening there was quite an assemblage in the room, — two Neapolitan engineers, a spruce young Forian, a widow with an unintelligible story of grievances, and the never-failing *modestica*, who took her seat on the sofa, and made her tongue heard whenever there was a pause. I grew so tired with striving to unravel their dialect, that I fell asleep in my chair, and nearly tumbled into the brazier of coals; but the chatter went on for hours after I was in bed.

In the heavenly morning that followed I walked about the town, which is a shipping port for wine. The quay was piled with tuns, purple-stained. The situation of the place, at the foot of Epomeo, with all the broad Tyrrhene sea to the westward, is very beautiful, and, as usual, a Franciscan monastery has usurped the finest position. No gardens can be richer than those in the rear, mingling with the vineyards that rise high on the mountain slopes.

After the *modestica* had given me half a tumbler of coffee and a crust of bread for my breakfast, I mounted the donkey, and set out for Casamicciola.

The road skirts the sea for a short distance, and then enters a wild dell, where I saw clumps of ilex for the first time on the island. After a mile of rugged, but very beautiful, scenery, the dell opened on the northern shore of Ischia, and I saw the bright town and sunny beach of Lacco below me. There was a sudden and surprising change in the character of the landscape. Dark, graceful carob-trees overhung the road; the near gardens were filled with almonds in light green leaf, and orange-trees covered with milky buds; but over them, afar and aloft, from the edge of the glittering sapphire to the sulphur-crags of the crowning peak, swept a broad, grand amphitheatre of villas, orchards, and vineyards. Gayly colored palaces sat on all the projecting spurs of Epomeo, rising above their piles of garden terraces; and, as I rode along the beach, the palms and cypresses in the gardens above me were exquisitely pencilled on the sky. Here everything spoke of old cultivation, of wealth and luxurious days.

In the main street of Lacco I met the gendarme of Foria, who took off his cocked hat with an air of respect, which, however, produced no effect on my donkey-man, Giovanni. We mounted silently to Casamicciola, which, as a noted watering-place, boasts of hotels with Neapolitan prices, if not comforts. I felt the need of one, and selected the Sentinella Grande on account of its lordly position. It was void of guests, and I was obliged to wait two hours for a moderate breakfast. The splendor of the day, the perfect beauty of the Ischian landscapes, and the soft humming of bees around the wall-flower blossoms, restored my lost power to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, and I had forgotten all about my breakfast when it was announced.

From Casamicciola it is little more than an hour's ride to Ischia, and my tour of the island lacked but that much of completion. The season had not commenced, and the marvellous healing fountains and baths were deserted; yet the array of stately villas, the luxury of the gardens, and the broad, well-made roads, attested the popularity of the watering-place. Such scenery as surrounds it is not surpassed by any on the Bay of Naples. I looked longingly up at the sunny mountain-slopes and shadowed glens, as I rode away. What I had seen was but the promise, the hint, of a thousand charms which I had left unvisited.

On the way to Ischia I passed the harbor, which is a deep little crater connected with the sea by an artificial channel. Beside it lies the Casino Reale, with a magnificent park, uninhabited since the Bourbons left. Beyond it I crossed the lava-fields of 1302, which are still unsubdued. Here and there a house has been built, some pines have been planted, clumps of broom have taken root, and there are a few rough, almost hopeless, beginnings of fields. Having passed this dreary tract, the castle of Ischia suddenly rose in front, and the bright town received me. I parted from the taciturn Giovanni without tears, and was most cordially welcomed by Don Michele, his wife, the one-eyed son, and the Franciscan friar. The Don's lumbago was not much better, and the friar's upper lip, it seemed to me, was more snuffy than ever.

In the evening I heard what appeared to be a furious altercation. I recognized Don Michele's voice, threatening vengeance, at its highest pitch, while another voice, equally excited, and the screams of women, gave additional breath to the tempest. But when I asked my one-eyed servitor, "What in Heaven's name has happened?" he mildly answered, "O, it's only the uncle *discoursing* with papa!"

I arose at dawn, the next day, to take the steamer for Naples. The flaming jets of Vesuvius, even against the glowing morning sky, were visible from my window, twenty-five miles distant. I was preparing to bid farewell to Ischia with a feeling of profound satisfaction. My experiment had succeeded remarkably well. I had made no bargains in advance, and had not been overcharged

to the extent of more than five francs during the whole trip. But now came the one-eyed son, with a bill fifty per cent higher than at first, for the same accommodation. This, too, after I had promised to send my friends to the *locanda nobile*, and he had written some very grotesque cards, which I was to disseminate.

Don Michele was calling me to say good by. I went to his chamber, and laid the grotesque cards upon the bed. "Here!" I exclaimed; "I have no use for these. I shall recommend *no* friends of mine to this hotel. You ask another price now for the same service."

The Don's countenance fell. "But we kept the same room for you," he feebly urged.

"Of course you kept it," I said, "because you have no other, and nobody came to take it! This is not the balance of Astræa! You lament over the condition of Italy, — you say she has fallen behind the other nations of Europe, — and here is one of the causes! So long as you, and the people of whom you are one, are dishonest, — so long as you take advantage of strangers, — just so long will you lack the order, the security, the moral force which every people possess who are ashamed to descend to such petty arts of cheating!"

"*Ma — Signore!*" pleaded Don Michele.

"It is true!" I continued; "I, who am a friend of Italy, say it to you. You talk of corruption in high places, — begin your reforms at home! Learn to practise common honesty; teach your children to do it; respect yourselves sufficiently to be above such meanness, and others will respect you. What were my fine, my beautiful words worth to you? I thought I was sowing seed on good ground —"

"Signore, Signore, hear me!" cried the Don.

"I have only one word more to say, and that is *Addio!* and not *a rivederci!* I am going, and I shall not come back again."

Don Michele jumped up in bed, but I was already at the door. I threw it open, closed it behind me, and dashed down the stairs. A faint cry of "Signore!" followed me.

In two minutes more I was on the pier, waiting for the steamer to come around the point from Casamicciola. The sweet morning air cooled my excitement, and disposed me to gentler thoughts. I fancied Don Michele in his bed, mortified and repentant, and almost regretted that I had not given him a last chance to right himself in my eyes. Moreover, reviewing the incidents of my trip, I was amused at the part which I had played in it. Without the least intent or premeditation, I had been a self-constituted missionary of religious freedom, education, and the Universal Republic. But does the reader suppose that I imagine any word thus uttered will take root, and bring forth fruit, — that any idea thus planted will propagate itself further?

No, indeed!

IDEAL PROPERTY.

THE nomenclature of common life and the nomenclature of common law have brought with them from an age without philosophy, a time when every house was defensible, when the king was the state, when the large landholders were *pares* and *comites*, from semi-barbarous times in fact, words and phrases denoting ownership and descriptive of the subject-matter owned. Property, in the law, is that which belongs to a man, — that which is his own, — that which is *proprium sibi*. And property in land is called *real* (royal, ultimately in the king, not actual, or of the true sort), while movable property is called personal, because it is attached to the individual, has once been separated from the soil, and has not been reattached with a very considerable degree of permanence. Thus a house built of stone or brick or wood, all the materials of which have been separated from land and reattached to it as firmly as their nature permits, is real property, but the mirrors and pictures fastened against the walls are not. Because of the ultimate royal interest in landed property, injury to real estate was formerly a higher offence than injury to the person or personality. But in a republic, where the liberty of the person is of a higher degree than in a monarchy, the sacredness of property goes outward from the person; and that which is most inseparable from the man — his personal liberty and rights of payment for labor — is of the highest order, and that which is most connected with society, of the lowest. The sacredness of landed property is still maintained by conservatives, and it is only slowly encroached on by doctrines of fixtures and the like. Formerly, all attachments to land were real estate; but now, temporary attachments, unknown to the ancients, are called fixtures, and are held to be personal property. It may be more labor to detach some fixtures, such as elaborate gas chandeliers, or to remove a portable safe, than to detach some parts of the real estate, such as doors or windows; yet a door in a house is a different sort of property from a safe or a chandelier; and it is a far higher offence to break a door or window in order to steal, than to rob an open safe of millions. Singular as it may seem, there is a sort of property well known to all men, — by many hardly thought of as property at all, — of a higher nature than real estate, or fixtures, or any sort of movable property, — made property by a deeper principle, less destructible, more valuable, more compact, and in most instances so compact as to be absolutely invisible, intangible, inseparable from the person of its owner. And to this property we shall give the name of Ideal Property.

Before proceeding to the consideration of this, let us look, in the first instance, at the origin of the appropriation or sequestration, to one man, of that which in the early time belonged to no one, because it was the property of all.

A beneficent Creator arranged that man should have dominion over the earth, and gave it to him, with all its products and increments, to occupy, improve, and employ. And it is generally considered that the first occupant acquired a property in, or sequestered, what he occupied from the common stock, and individualized it, subject to the chances of reabsorption or change of individualization by superior force. Taking facts as they now exist, we shall see that the ultimate community of property is a permanent notion. The common burdens of society, the support of the poor, the protection of life and goods from foreign and domestic foes, legislation, and the transaction of all business which is the business of society, of the commonwealth, are at common charge, defrayed by taxation; and

in case of intestate and unheired decease, it is the commonwealth which inherits, be it king or state. Even in cases of testamentary disposition, this theory of community of property is silently, but almost universally, acknowledged by the rich, when they bequeath funds to public charities or foundations.

The universe is God's universe, because He created it. And what a man calls his property is his, because he has made it, created it, out of the materials he had. In the matter of land, if he allows it to be unproductive, he loses its value gradually by paying its tax, or the land itself by having it sold for arrears of tax. He cannot be allowed to prevent creation. The patriarch Abraham reclaimed his well of Abimelech "because he had made it." The miner, by the laws of all countries where mining is a leading business, holds title to a mine by doing work upon it, and owns the ore he has raised, and the metal he smelts from it, by the same principle, — that he has created the metal from the dust, and brought to the sight and the knowledge of man that which did not before exist within his sight and knowledge.

Upon this notion of property in his creations rests the doctrine of mechanics-lien and, ultimately, the doctrine of liens of all sorts. And upon this also rests the curious distinction of the law, that if one simply change the form of another's material, as to make shoes out of leather or boards out of logs, the property is not changed; but if one change the substance, as to make bread out of wheat, or oil out of olives, or paint a picture on canvas, the property is changed.

Upon this principle of property in his creations rests the right of man to ideal property.

Without debating how this purest and clearest creation of man, the ideal, is originated, or attempting to classify it according to its nature and causes, let us only think of it in its manifestations, and classify our ideal property into four sorts, — reputation or good-will, trade-mark, copies, and inventions.

The consideration with which a man is regarded by his fellows has always been held to be one of his most sacred properties. In times of chivalry, it was for this, in the main, that noble life was risked and taken. But the cliques of chivalry advanced towards the societies of to-day and the society of the future; and society, acting in accordance with general consent and right reason, with a clearer idea of its function and duty, has replaced, by better means and with surer results, the individual redress of wrongs, and forbidden the injured party to be at once complainant, tribunal, and sheriff, *actor*, *judex*, and *lictor*; has decreed that these functions shall be exercised by public servants acting under fixed rules; and under the limits of these rules, and through its servants, has assumed the right of judging of the wrong done and the duty of punishing it; and this has originated the actions of libel and slander.

Good-will is exoteric, while reputation is esoteric. It is that business reputation which induces the public to concur for the profit of an individual. It is a concrete form of reputation, subject to commercial valuation; and is, in fact, the reputation of an individual mingled with, and undistinguishable from, the business he does and the goods he deals in, and affecting the public to such an extent that they prefer him to others of the same calling.

Yet even good-will is essentially ideal, as will be seen by a consideration of the best existing illustration of it, — a newspaper property. The Boston Post or Advertiser, the New York Herald or Tribune, are hardly even names; for in thirty days' time the name of the paper could be changed, and its readers would ask for it as well by the new name as the old. They do not sell because of their editors, for these often change, and but few readers know who the real writers and managers of them are. They are not a subscription list, for that is constantly changing; and, in each case, the subscription list is largely composed of

dealers who sell to a miscellaneous public. They are certainly not either offices or type or material or advertisements, or anything of the sort; for a complete annihilation of all the visible and tangible appendages and necessities of the newspaper business by fire could not destroy the property, since next day all the advertisements, the memoranda of which were lost, would come in; a contract would be made to print again, and, on the morning after the loss, the paper would be published. The newspaper is good-will simply, and is an estate. The profit of a column in the London Times was thought a fit and large dowry for a lady of rank and fashion; and many large fortunes have been made in this country from the business, as well as a comfortable support for hosts of honest and hard-working men.

A form of ideal property more concrete still, and in which the public interest is more directly concerned than in good-will, is the trade-mark. The line between good-will and trade-mark is as indefinite as that between two colors of the solar spectrum. They insensibly melt into each other. The habit of the travelling public to use a certain tavern is good-will. The special marks and devices of spool-cotton are trade-marks clearly. But the right to use a firm name in a given business is both. Consequently the decisions of the courts have frequently spoken of incidents of good-will as incidents of trade-marks, and *vice versa*. The law of trade-mark seems to be that the creator of it is secured in its exclusive use, because it assures the public from fraud or deception in their purchases by a designation and insurance of quality. And hence it has been held, that if the trade-mark attempts to describe, and describes falsely, the commodity to which it is attached, it is not entitled to protection; and also that a trade-mark must have been used long enough to acquaint the public with the quality of goods it insures and designates, and must be still in use for such purpose at the time it is infringed.

We now come to property in copies. This phrase is chosen by design, instead of the word "copyright"; because the latter word has been complicated by statute, and denotes only a limited sort of copy property, established for the benefit of society for a term of years, for the purpose of avoiding complications which might arise were copyright without limit, as trade-mark or good-will may be. And as, in its own opinion at least, the public receives a larger reciprocal benefit in the matter of trade-mark and good-will than in the matter of intellectual publications, — in the one case the return being, as it were, æsthetic, in the other economic, — the copyright law of statute has been substituted for the perpetual ownership of copies of common right, arising from the creation of the author. It has only been within the last few years, indeed, that it has been finally determined that the statute security after publication, or multiplication and exposure for sale in open market, abolished the exclusive and enduring right of the author or his assigns to control, after such publication, the dissemination of his intellectual work. There still remains to him the exclusive right to control the time, place, and manner of publication; the exclusive right to use in every manner which is not publication, or multiplication and exposure for sale, his production. If it be a play, he can license its representation to one, and forbid it to another. If it be a piece of music, he can authorize one body of musicians to play it in public, and refuse this right to others. If it be a lecture, he can deliver it where he please, and no one can take notes of it to print or to lecture from. If it be an engraving or picture, he can have it multiplied, and can dispose of the prints by gift as he please; — and no one can print it for sale, or even describe it in a catalogue, without consent.

And it is the misfortune of the statute of copyright, that it has taken away the foreign author's right to control after publication, in countries not his own, that which the Legislature of

Massachusetts declared in 1783 was a property than which none was "more peculiarly a man's own," and the control of which was "a natural right of all men"; and has also led, as we have lately seen, artists to doubt whether they could protect themselves against the universal unauthorized publication of their pictures by chromo-lithography; a right which upon the doctrine of the law of publication as applied to lectures, plays, music, and etchings the artist must possess, until by his own consent copies of his picture were multiplied and sold in open market.

The rule of exclusive property in creation holds good with regard to invention. That arrangement of words which formulates thought is literary creation. It is entirely independent of the paper on which, or the ink in which, it is written, or the breath with which it is spoken; and it is very analogous to the arrangement of bits of metal of various forms and sizes, with which a dynamic idea is formulated in machinery. And, in each case, the act of creation is one of selection and formulation alone. The steam-engine is complete as a creation when it is drawn on paper; the employment of diamonds for drill points is complete as a creation when conceived. The motor does not exist, it is true, nor the drill; but from the drawing or the description a man of ordinary skill as a mechanic can make the machine.

Having seen, then, that the right to the enjoyment of all kinds of ideal property inheres in the originator or creator of it, and is a natural right of man, let us consider next to what means he must resort to compel the recognition of his rights by society.

Every man makes his own reputation. It results naturally from his action towards his fellow-man. So also with regard to the good-will of his business, and the designative authority of his trade-mark. And the judicial power — that branch of society whose duty it is to establish rights against society or the individual, or redress wrongs of society or the individual — will, on proper application, assert, against all assailants, an exclusive usufructory property in the person to the reputation he has established, the good-will he has built up, or the trade-mark to which he has given a designation and authority. The property inheres from its creation in the creator, and is defended by society upon complaint of infringement, so long as it be in use.

In the more embodied forms of ideal property, where spiritual force is formulated in sound or substance, there has been, for reasons satisfactory to society, and founded on general utility, a separation of rights into rights before publication, which are vested by creation and are protected whenever desired, and rights after publication, which, though natural, are secured only by certain formalities, and by entering into a contract with society to abandon them to the public after a specified time. There would constantly arise in any attempt to assert rights after publication, without the statute, the complication that now arises at times when rights before publication are asserted. It would always be said, as in a recent case relative to the play of "Our American Cousin," that the plaintiff had abandoned his exclusive rights to the public, and the expense and tediousness of litigation would be increased. In the matter of invention, non-user and abandonment would always be insisted on to defeat the right of the inventor; and, in both instances, endeavors would be made to show that the idea had been conceived and formulated before by others. To avoid these difficulties, a registration of the formula or method of formulating has been prescribed, to be made in a solemn manner, in a public office; in return for which a public officer gives a certificate of protection for a definite term; and it is only upon this proof of contract with the public that a court of law will act against violators of the secured right.

Of course, if the holder of the certificate is not the creator or his assign, he has no right to secure; and so the certificate is waste paper. In most cases

of copies, the certificate is called a copyright, and in case of invention a patent.

In ideal property of mixed æsthetic and economic character, such as designs, engravings, pictures, and the like, it may be a copyright or a patent, according as its æsthetic or economic character predominates. A map, however, which is purely economic, is, because of its method of making, a subject of copyright; and a statue, because it is more nearly classed as a design, like a carpet pattern or a cooking-stove casting, than as a book like a map or a chart, is subject of patent.

This registration and receipt of a certificate, in every country but America, is all that is required for inventions. Here, however, in the year 1836 the National Legislature decided that government should take upon itself to adjudicate in advance upon all inventions, and decide whether they were new and useful; at the same time, however, refusing to make the patent issued conclusive evidence of a right to recover against an infringer. Why this rule was adopted, how it could have been imagined possible that a body of *savans* could be assembled in Washington, kept constantly informed of all that was going on in the world, with the knowledge of the past and present all at command, and judging competently as to novelty in fact and the utility of the novelty in practice, is inconceivable. In trials of patent cases, where the defence is lack of novelty, a devotion and investigation of months is often given by specialist experts; the reasoning faculties of the most highly educated reasoners, the bar, are taxed often for years to decide these questions; and the amount of money expended in the preparation for a hearing in court on a simple question of novelty or utility is always large, and often reaches to tens, and at times hundreds, of thousands of dollars. The annual salary of one of the junior counsel in the great India-rubber controversy was larger than that paid to the Attorney-General or Chief-Justice of the United States; and the fees of the leaders, for their occasional counsel and labor in court, were even more magnificent. Money enough has been expended in this country, in patent suits, to pay a great share of the national debt; and it is not probable that the system of preliminary examination at the Patent Office has decreased this sum at all. A great invention always meets its opponents and infringers; the cost of overcoming prejudice and opposition is, of course, greater the more radical and advantageous the improvement or innovation; and it is the controversy attending infringement which induces the world to consider and adopt.

A valuable invention ought to be litigated to introduce it; and no invention not valuable is ever litigated. The preliminary examination is of no value as preventing litigation, and would be hurtful if it did.

Were it possible to obtain a complete knowledge of the work, published and unpublished, before the world and in the closet, of all students, a preliminary examination might insure novelty. It cannot do this; and, of course, without experiment or a perfect knowledge of principles and a perfect reasoning faculty, utility cannot be insured.

What results, then, from the system of examination? A sort of pinchbeck assurance of novelty and utility, giving to the proprietor of an invention of comparatively small value a *quasi* government indorsement, influencing purchasers to better offers of price. It helps the charlatan and hinders the *savant*. It is a cheap repute and brass-farthing celebrity, that the United States boasts of, when it plumes itself on the progress of invention shown by the number of patents issued.

Invention is conception and formulation of a dynamic idea. To discover the identity of formulas in language requires a linguist, a philologist, a man of letters. To discover the identity of dynamic formulas requires an investigation the more profound, as the ability to estimate force and its applications and channels is more rare than the ability to

consider facts and figures and words. The United States can never afford to pay in money a first-class salary for highly educated labor; or, at any rate, it does not do so. A large steamboat line pays its superintending and constructing engineer ten thousand dollars a year or more. A first-class factory pays at the same rate for its manufacturing agent. Brains have a market value, and the United States tries to purchase cheap, and in many instances gets a low order of talent. The salaries of Patent Office examiners range from eighteen hundred to three thousand dollars. Now the duty done by examiners in the Patent Office is that of dynamic criticism. A literary reviewer's duty is criticism of thought. No leading magazine could exist whose criticisms were simply verbal; and no dynamic criticism is of value, that does not consider the dynamic idea, as well as its formula. Yet an examination of the list of published patents will show that the large majority of inventions patented are only dynamic formulas, and very many of them are only old formulas put into equivalent terms, — mere translations, as it were, into different dialects or languages.

It is a current notion that invention is the result of lucky hits. But it is no more proper to think of luck in invention than in literature. Organization or capacity is the only luck in either case. Education, generally of a special sort, has built the habit of thought which in the one case makes a successful book, in the other a successful machine. Invention is the literature of dynamics; and is as impossible without training as literary work. And the same habits of observation and ability for deductive reasoning are requisite as in the law or in medicine. A successful inventor is always, consciously or unconsciously, a logician. This training or education, this logical work, then, combined with the criticism which the inventor himself would consider necessary to make, or have made, by competent friends, upon his conception and its embodiment, in order that he might warrant his work, and secure the greatest profit from it, would be a far greater security than a government examination as at present. All great inventors and most of the lesser are specialists, and in their own lines consider rightly that they know more than the Patent Office. What we want, then, is a change in the patent law to make a patent evidence only of registration and of the inventor's opinion regarding its novelty and utility, and to this extent a patent should make a *prima facie* case for the patentee. Next the patent should be issued without Government examination or guaranty, upon the relation of the inventor, and should so state. And, thirdly, the patentee in his specification should be allowed to state his invention, either by distinguishing what is old or asserting what is new, and not, as at present, simply asserting what is new. Fourthly, the patent should always be favorably construed for the patentee, *quo res magis valeat quam pereat*, and reissues should be abolished.

In this way invention would be assimilated more nearly with other ideal property; the requirements of the public in registration would be attained; property of the highest order, that which advances the economies of the world, would be secured as readily as æsthetic property, or that which instructs or amuses the mind, and the public be as much or more benefited than at present.

There sometimes arises a controversy as to who is the true inventor. If two people study on the same subject, reason on the same facts, they must, if they study or reason correctly, come to similar conclusions. In formulating the conclusion, they will present it in different terms. One may say specific gravity instead of atomic weight, specific heat instead of insusceptibility to heat. One may prescribe an eccentric instead of a crank, a slotted yoke in lieu of a connecting-rod. In solving the problem of placing marine engines below the water-line, the Princeton had pendulum engines; the Barwon, steeple; and almost every conceivable form of engine has since been used. Now, from what we

have already seen with regard to other property than the ideal, the reasonable demand of the public for the use of the invention must be supplied; and if an inventor simply formulates on paper, or conceives a notion without putting it to practical employment, he is not so well entitled to protection as the man who actually builds the working machine from his own conceptions, and runs it, and offers it for sale. The world has an interest in progress, and he who can help, and does not, will not be allowed to prevent the work and help of those who can and do. The law has hardly gone so far as this; but, before it is settled on the basis of right reason, it will.

True liberty of the person within the law is the basis of our government. The ownership of body and soul is the foundation of liberty. The closer to the person the more sacred the property. Repute, good-will, trade-mark, property in copy, invention, all flow out from the person to the public; and the maintenance of their creator's property in them, and his exclusive control over them by act and deed, is only less important to the establishment of that personal and individual royalty or kinghood of each member of society which forms the true foundation of a free government, than liberty of religious and intellectual thought and speech, and the right of each man to control his own manual labor.

Unless the end and aim of republican government is to make a society of kings and queens, — acknowledged as such in all countries; held as natural equals everywhere by the highest classes, because of their grand humanity and essential spiritual force, — a republic is no better than a monarchy. Unless it succeeds in making a goodly number of them, it is not so good as an aristocracy; and, if it do not progress upward, it will surely go downward. One step to the establishment of intelligent kinghood is established sanctity of ideal property, an education into the belief that the nearer the soul of man the better the property; and, the better the quality of property near his soul, the less earthly is his soul likely to be.

NOTE. — That which is here stated as the law of copy as distinct from copyright will probably be disputed by many lawyers, but it results inevitably from the dicta and decisions of both English and American courts. A *résumé*, more or less thorough, of the whole matter may be found in 4 House of Lords Cases, in an elaborate opinion of Judge Cadwallader of Pennsylvania, reported in 9 American Law Register, and in an opinion of Judge Hoar of Massachusetts, reported in the 15 Gray's Reports. Cadwallader's opinion contains absolutely all the learning on the subject, but it is not so compactly arranged as Hoar's. The comedy of "Our American Cousin" is the subject-matter of most of the American decisions; and the research and acumen of the plaintiff's counsel in the cases, Mr. William D. Booth, of New York, have mainly produced a crystallization of the law of copy in America, so that to-day it is much more compact and definite here than in England.

TO C. S.

AS the aroma thou hast bravely sung
Floats round some treasure of thy mother tongue,
And memory lures thee from the page awhile,
Let my fond greeting win a passing smile!

Though vanish landmarks of the hallowed past,
And few now linger where their lot was cast,
While kindred migrate like the tribes of old,
And children wander from the parent fold,
As if the world were one vast camp, — ne'er still,
Whose fragile tents are reared and struck at will, —
True as the oak to that one spot of earth
Which gives its strength and leafy honors birth,
Thy loyal soul no other prospect craves
Than the old hearthstone and the household graves!

Enough for thee to feel the Sabbath air,
With touch benign, dispel the clouds of care;
To meet the twilight, — harbinger of rest,
With genial converse of some friendly guest,
Or, thoughtful, watch the golden sunset play
On the broad waters of thy native bay;
In vain the starry pennons flaunting there,
Wooed thee to older lands, and climes more fair;
Content with paths thy infant gambols knew,
The grasp of hands to early friendship true;
Nor for life's charm and blessing fain to roam
From their pure source, — the atmosphere of home.

Though crowds profane the old sequestered way
Where patient kine once homeward loved to stray,
And lofty structures now usurp the place
Our fathers' modest homesteads used to grace, —
Though the frank aspect and benignant mien
My grandsire wore are there no longer seen, —
Gone with his dwelling, on whose southern wall
Was left the impress of the Briton's ball,
Beneath whose arbor, on the garden side,
Plashed the low eddies of the lapsing tide; —
Where streets encroach upon the sea's domain,
And Fashion triumphs o'er the watery plain, —
Gone with his sunny threshold's ample floor,
Where children played, and neighbors flocked of yore,
While doves his daily largess came to greet,
And, fearless, pecked the kernels at his feet;
Still thou art there; thy kindred memories twine
Round the old haunts of love's deserted shrine:

Oft have I followed with youth's votive eye
Thy step elastic as it flitted by;
First of the living bards my boyhood knew,
Who from the heart his inspiration drew,
Untrained in schools of academic fame,
And with no title but a freeman's name.

Amid the frauds and follies of the mart,
With cheering presence and intrepid heart,
Above the lust of gain, yet prompt to wield
O'er humblest trusts thine honor's faithful shield;
While, like the law that circling planets hold
Each to the orbit that it ranged of old,
Thy bright allegiance rounded, year by year,
The daily circuit of thy duty's sphere.
And when the sterile task at length was o'er,
And thou wert free on Fancy's wing to soar,
With freshened zest how eager thou didst turn
Unto the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn!"
Not the vague dreams of transcendental lore,
Nor cold mosaics from a classic shore, —
But the deep wells of "English undefiled,"
From Rydal's seer to Avon's peerless child.

Not thine the subtile fantasies of song
That to the minstrels of to-day belong,
But the chaste fervor of an earlier time,
When crystal grace informed the earnest rhyme:
Though coy thy muse, how buoyant is her flight!
Affection's tribute, art's serene delight;
Whether she trace the myriad lures that bind
The vagrant passion of the curious mind, —
Exalt thy country, mourn thy cherished dead,
Or weave a garland for dear Shakespeare's head.

Peace to thy age! its tranquil joys prolong!
The ripe contentment of a child of Song;
By faith upheld, by filial love enshrined,
By wisdom guarded, and by taste refined.

OUT ON THE REEF.

DURING a portion of the war the head-quarters of our regiment, the Second United States Colored Infantry, were at Key West, Florida. The post is an exceedingly important one, and the southernmost point over which the flag of the Union flies. From the piazza of the Light-House Barracks, the highest position on the island, there is a noble view of the ocean, the great Gulf Stream — bearing on its bosom the exhaustless commerce of the Gulf — sweeping by almost at the beholder's feet. There, all the sunny days, may be seen a silent procession of great ships, slowly and gravely passing, seemingly hung in mid air, so blue and clear is the water. Pleasant as is the view from the land to the voyager who was, perhaps, shivering at New York in midwinter, less than five days before, the sight of the tropical palms and golden orange-trees as he enters the sunny harbor is even more captivating.

Comfortably quartered were we at Fort Taylor and at various barracks on the island, and vigorously did we drill during the spring of our arrival in 1864. At that time we hardly knew what we could do ourselves ; and the islanders, to whom the appearance in line of battle of nine hundred black men with shining muskets, brass buttons, and white gloves, was a novel, if not an unconstitutional sight, had not the dimmest idea. The people of Key West, one of the largest communities in Florida, and having a fair share of fashionable slaveholding society, unlike the inhabitants of the rest of the State, were loyal. Fort Taylor is located at Key West, and its guns command the town. At the outbreak of the war the Crusader lay off the harbor. So, as I said, they were loyal. In few places was the error of secession more plainly seen. Nevertheless, as a people they are not preeminently distinguished for intellectual activity. Were the place to be destroyed by a tornado, as has once or twice been threatened, the arts would not be lost. Even metaphorically there would not be "an eye plucked out of Greece." It has, however, its advantages. It would still be as eligible a place to be wrecked upon as any in the Gulf, and its inhabitants would generously restore to the shipwrecked as large a proportion of their own property as any engaged in similar occupations, — and more. They are not prompt in receiving impressions ; especially are they not in advance of the age in regard to antislavery. Their principal street is not called Wilberforce, nor is their chief hotel the Clarkson House. It is even questionable whether an institution so little radical as Sir T. Fowell Buxton's brewery would ever have been tolerated there. After we had been quietly ensconced in the fort and barracks and parading their streets several months, the idea occurred to a number of the more intelligent, that the island was actually garrisoned by colored troops. The rumor spread, and ultimately gained a general credence. It was, I think, the shop-keepers who discovered it first. Trade is sharp-sighted. No portion of the obnoxious hue of the colored soldier's skin was found by experience to adhere to his greenbacks. We never became the rage, however, officers or men. There, as elsewhere, the courteous received us civilly. We lived under the cold shadow of the displeasure of others, which in a hot climate was not very uncomfortable, after all.

Then followed the summer of 1864, in which the yellow fever, mercifully stayed from New Orleans, raged at Key West. The kindness and attention we then received were not confined to the technically loyal. Very few of the unacclimated escaped the disease ; and, from the commanding general down, the loss of life was lamentable. In our own regiment, among the men, (though they were

originally from Virginia and Maryland,) the disease was comparatively harmless; but, of all the officers of the regiment who were stationed there, we lost over one half. Beginning with our noble colonel, — I have n't the heart to recall the list, — we buried them one after another with the honors of war; and finally, between deaths and the furloughs of the convalescent, we had hardly enough remaining to follow our honored comrades to a soldier's grave. Educated and true-hearted gentlemen were they for the most part. If noble devotion, even unto death, in a just cause, be chivalric, then these generous youths, even in dying, have won their spurs.

> "The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

It was during this terrible season, when ships refused to stop, — when day after day we could see them passing, yet almost unwilling to receive the mails from the little pilot-boat that plied in and out the harbor, — when even the ships of war, whose usual station was close to the island, lay off at Sand Key Light grim and silent, but clustered together as if for sympathy while keeping watch over us as over condemned criminals, — that several of the officers of the garrison, in hope of relief and change from the sad monotony, concluded to pass a few days upon the reef in hunting and fishing. We kept up stout hearts and whatever of cheerfulness we could. The requisite arrangements having been made the day before, we assembled at the Cove at early daybreak, and found our pretty little schooner with everything apparently in readiness.

The great Florida reef stretches round the southern extremity of the peninsula, from the vicinity of Key Biscayne to the Dry Tortugas, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. It is of varying breadth, from twenty to thirty miles in many parts, and throughout the greater portion of its extent the water is very shallow, the reef frequently coming to the surface and forming small islands, or keys, as they are commonly called. Nearly all these keys are uninhabitable from lack of fresh water, though they are usually covered with luxuriant vegetation very attractive to the eye. This great reef, together with the peninsula, of which it seems to form the outlying guard, is the work of coral zoöphytes which for ages have here multiplied and died. They are of many different kinds, adapted to the part they have to perform in reef-building; and as they approach the surface of the water their work becomes of a lighter and more fantastic form, beautifully imitating and rivalling various kinds of vegetation. These charming groves are filled with many rare and curious forms of animal life. We eagerly looked forward to a trip over the quiet waters, which promised so much of novel and fascinating interest. Our crew, consisting of but one man, might at first sight have appeared rather disproportioned to the officers; but William, a private of Company A, was a thorough sailor and a host in himself.

"Shove off!" said the Doctor, — who by virtue of a cheerful, confident disposition, and of knowing least about the management of a boat, naturally assumed command, — and off we went, heading for a little key a few miles distant, where we hoped to obtain crawfish for bait.

It was a delightful morning, the air fresh and cool, and the water of that peculiar pale green tinge which it has on the coral beds, — so clear that its depth to the eye is lessened amazingly. The boat was well-found, except that we had no anchor; a heavy round shot thrust into a pillow-case was all that ingenuity suggested when the lack at the last moment was discovered. Though it was ludicrously inadequate as an anchor, yet the confident and cheerful tone of the Doctor, who with brisk alacrity pronounced it all-sufficient, seemed somehow to give it several hundred pounds of additional weight, and William, who wished for a better substitute, was promptly overruled.

Now the Doctor, besides being a very skilful surgeon and most genial companion, was learned, at least theoretically, in ships. He knew all about tri-remes and quadri-remes, and could locate the *aphlaston* in ancient, or Samson's-post in modern vessels. Snows, pinks, and caracks, galleons and gallivats, were all familiar to him. His library contained Cooper and Marryat, and he had read "Tom Cringle's Log," and "Sindbad the Sailor"; and though he lived in a Mediterranean State, where no ships ever come except of the sort which "touched upon the deserts of Bohemia," — built by the poets, and lightly freighted with their fancies, — yet he had made a voyage from New York to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to Key West, upon each of which occasions he would doubtless have taken the management of the vessel into his own hands, had not an untimely seasickness, by confining him to his stateroom, seemed to limit his usefulness in this regard.

No such obstacle now presented itself. His orders, which had a genuine salt-water flavor about them, were generally understood by William, and executed with as much of literal exactness as the nature of the case would allow; causing us thereby to present so singular an appearance, that we attracted attention on a neighboring man-of-war, and even caused an officer to ascend a few ratlines for a better look with a glass. This act the Doctor attributed to watchfulness that no contraband traffic should go on in the harbor, and predicted that, as soon as the glass revealed the uniforms of United States officers, there would be no trouble. He was justified by the event; the glass was soon shut, and the man descended. This settled the Doctor's supremacy in the boat. The Major, once or twice disturbed by an occasional incoming wave, in a nap which at that hour of the day he had absurdly undertaken to woo, seemed to accept the accident as one of the inevitable discomforts of the sea, and no longer seconded by any mark of approbation my mild suggestions to the Doctor. Thenceforth my only allies were the big round eyes of William, protruding abnormally from their sockets.

We soon reached the key for which we were bound, and William, with grains in hand, announced himself ready to spear any crawfish which might appear. "Crawfish?" said the Doctor, with an incredulous smile, and that inflexion of voice which would be represented on paper by half a dozen marks of interrogation. "Impossible! Water particularly salt and briny," said he, tasting it, "due to excessive evaporation. There are no crawfish here. Crawfish, more elegantly crayfish, are of the macrourous *crustacea*, belong to the genus *astacus*, and are found in fresh-water streams. Among other peculiarities —" At that moment William, having struck a particularly fine crawfish, drew him quickly into the boat, and called loudly to the Doctor to free the grains, as he saw another. With distinguished good sense, the Doctor immediately complied, though it involved a sudden "solution of continuity" in his remarks, and joined cheerfully in the roar which followed at his expense. Even William's eyes glistened, though life on a Virginia plantation had taught him better than to laugh in the face of his betters. He went on, however, spearing right and left, while the Doctor recommenced the discussion of the subject, vehemently sustaining his own opinion with words of sesquipedalian length, which he pronounced with a surprising fluency; and then, to our surprise, produced an opportune copy of Webster's Dictionary, which sustained him to the letter. Then arose a hot discussion as to whether Webster's Dictionary or the Florida fishermen were the better authority upon crawfish, and the Doctor, rising from his place to emphasize some of his conclusions, I slipped into it, and thus, taking charge of the tiller, usurped command of the boat.

With a brisk wind in our quarter, we flew along over the reef, the little vessel gracefully riding the waves, which, far and near, were crested with foam,

and from which the wind every now and then blew the spray merrily into our faces. For several successive hours we ran thus, following the sinuosities of the channel, or boldly striking across the open reef when the depth of water permitted, and frequently coming in sight of wooded islets or sandy keys variously scattered on our right and left. About noon we saw a large key, whose luxuriant foliage rose sharply defined against the sky, and towards which the white-capped waves were chasing each other tumultuously. Running almost before the wind as we rapidly approached it, we looked in vain for any appearance of land. What had before appeared as a dense and continuous wood opened into islets of mangroves growing immediately out of the water, the island itself being everywhere pierced and veined by the sea. Then, as we entered its sylvan gates, which opened to receive us, appeared a charming scene, and one rarely to be enjoyed elsewhere. Hardly a vestige of land was to be seen, while, as we advanced, wooded avenues, arched and festooned, opened on either hand, into which the fresh sea rolled, dying gradually in gentle undulations, while far in their recesses could be seen smooth and quiet water, dark with overhanging shadows. Through the principal highways of this singular place — the Venice of the woods — rolled tranquil bankless rivers, on which we were steadily borne by the tide, though the wind was almost entirely shut out. Though silent, this sylvan city was full of life from basement to airy chamber and leafy dome. For a long time, I leaned over the boat and watched the inhabitants as we slowly moved along. Fish were passing and repassing as though intent on affairs or pleasure. Are there no social distinctions beneath the waters? I thought I could distinguish the sharp and eager, the bedizened fop, and the quiet father of a family, who, though soaked in water, evidently felt as comfortable as Clarence in his butt of Malmsey. Round the root of an old tree, the hereditary possession, perhaps, of father and son, were gathered a knot of the well-to-do; while occasionally there darted out from obscurity one as if solicitous of custom or eager for news. Political processions were out, and excitement evidently ran high. Troops of supporters followed their favorite leaders; while, balanced in the water, a little aloof from the crowd, was a meditative fellow, perhaps a politician by trade, his fins moving uneasily to and fro, an eager observer of the contest, but hardly decided on which side to range himself.

While this animated scene appeared below, our boat, a creature of both elements, was passing through squares and streets and avenues, awaking no small commotion among the inhabitants of the groves. As I said, no land was visible on the surface; the trees grew directly out of the water. Like the banian-tree, the mangrove throws down shoots from its branches, which take root beneath the shallow water of the reef, and thus aid essentially in its growth. Here and there in the interior of some of the thickest clumps of this water-logged town, where the land rose a few inches from the surface, stood larger trees, lifting themselves above their companions, and on some dead limb, the watch-tower of the feathered inhabitants, whether for foes without or food within, was gathered a heterogeneous company of cranes, pelicans, and all long-legged and web-footed fowls. There they sat in solemn silence, until alarmed by our approach, or by a chance shot that brought down one of their number, when with an air of startled dignity they would fly uneasily away. Several which we shot we were unable to secure, owing to the density of the undergrowth and the want of footing; their leafy fortresses being a perfect protection from the dishonor of capture, if not from the peril of sudden death. Occasionally one of the birds would come sweeping round the curve, following the course of the watery way in search of fish, until, seeing us, it would rise reluctantly, and take itself off.

Meanwhile, we stood in the bow of the boat and on either side, and as the game flew, we shot right and left, frequently bringing down our birds and oftener missing them, as their startled and unexpected rush disturbed the aim. At times, swept steadily onward by the tide, we would turn a bend, and come unexpectedly upon a Central Park of the city, the lazy and dignified inhabitants of which disdained to move until the noise of the guns, breaking the stillness and reverberating from side to side in unaccustomed sounds, frightened them away in respectable alarm.

Such hunting is glorious. No skulking nor hiding, decoys nor ambuscades. No elaborate drives of the game, in which an army of dependants does the work and the languid fowler lazily reaps the benefit, — a species of royal road to hunting in which the flavor of *£. s. d.* must be far too apparent in the game for most republican tastes; but a fresh and novel plunge at once into the mysterious heart of Nature and her long-kept preserves, unvisited and undisturbed save by here and there her special favorites.

Not infrequently a young crane, already prominent by reason of its white plumage contrasting with the gray branches and shallow nest of sticks in which it stood, would squawk discordant notes of stupid alarm, as if especially anxious to court capture, and would sit or stand upon the nest until taken off by hand, striking with its long bill as we approached. The cranes are good eating, and afford each several pounds of excellent meat, despite their famished appearance. The young pelicans, however, though similarly situated, and if possible more discordant, we did not disturb: they are too filthy to be eaten. So exhilarating and full of attraction was our sport, that time slipped away unheeded; and it was not until the lengthening shadows had settled darkly on the secluded and watery pathways, that we emerged into the daylight, and found the sun still shining, though within an hour of setting. Since daybreak we had eaten nothing but a little hard-tack, nor had felt the need of food in our unusual excitement. We had birds enough for a party of many times our number, even with appetites as sharp as our own. No land offering on which to camp in all the expanse of the submerged island we had left, we bore away for a sandy and wooded point a few miles distant, where a white beach, dimly glistening in the feeble rays of the declining sun, promised us a resting-place.

Though the waves tumbled in on the beach with considerable force, we ran head on, and were landed dry-shod on the shoulders of the faithful William. A fire was soon kindled, and coffee boiling, and a most odoriferous and savory steam began to rise from the bird-*furloo*, — a compound of various appetizing ingredients well known upon the reef, which made our previously sharp appetites still more impatient. One of the party going down to the boat, which lay at some little distance in the surf, in search of seasoning or condiment which had been left, a low shout and a heavy splash soon announced that he had managed to fall clumsily into the water. He was soon fished out, however, with little damage, and joined at first so obstreperously in the laugh, that his merriment was at once perceived to be forced. Finding at length that his little artifice was detected, the shivering wretch began to grow rapidly angry at what appeared to him the prolonged and unseasonable mirth of the party; his broad visage subsided into a faint watery smile, preparatory to coming wrath, when suddenly a sense of his ridiculous position dawning upon him, he burst into a hearty laugh of unmistakable sincerity.

The coffee was soon served, and was found potulent; the *furloo* was unsurpassed; the drenched member of the party was luxuriously placed in the thickest smoke of the fire, and good feeling prevailed. The joke well sent and well received enlivened the meal. Let me add, however, dear reader, that, unless you are constitutionally good-

natured, you had best not fall overboard on an empty stomach. While your mouth is full of salt water, and your hair of sand, while your back aches and discomfited dignity cries aloud, the tendency to mirth is not irresistible. I regret to be obliged to speak from personal knowledge.

The place of our encampment was an island like the rest, though the land was higher, and in some places rose into very respectable little ridges or hillocks crowned with various trees; and, what was very remarkable, though we searched it over in the morning for fresh water, and could not find a drop nor the signs of any, yet there was a great multitude of raccoons, and perhaps other small animals, stepping lightly about us all night. One of the former was knocked over by the Major, who, noticing William's eyes eagerly fixed upon it, gave it to him. He received it with pleasure, and roasted it with some eagerness, but I noticed that he ate little, in spite of his long fast and hard work, and that he soon retired, wrapping himself in his blanket. What thoughts of a far-off Virginia cabin, of wife and dusky offspring waiting there with the sublime patience of their race for the "Coming of the Kingdom" and for the return of the husband and father, may have been excited in the honest fellow by the unexpected sight of this animal so familiar in the Virginia woods, I know not; yet, waking long after we had been asleep, I heard William's voice, indistinct yet plaintive, coming from the depths of his blanket, and I knew that he was at prayer. A faithful soldier he was, and stout-hearted as the immortal Cæsar, as events subsequently proved. I had enlisted him at Norfolk, and since then he had attached himself constantly to me.

No rattling reveille awoke us. Lying on my back, while our early breakfast was preparing, I watched the first gray coming of the dawn, and the fading of the quiet stars so near to us all night, and then the empurpled clouds, radiant with promise of the day. We rose refreshed, and breakfasted like men. Our boat had been stranded in the night, and the incoming tide had not yet reached it. So we walked for half an hour on the beach, and found it covered with tracks of animals which all night long had visited it in search of food; now that day had come, flocks of birds — snipe, curlew, and the like, diminished but faithful copies all of their long-legged cousins of the day before — thronged the shore, bobbing up and down in the sunlight, in the most animated manner. The Major, who was the life and soul of the party as a sportsman, had here the opportunity to gratify another of his passions in gathering sea-mosses, or *algæ*, of which he already had a splendid collection. In the warm waters of the Gulf these mosses appear in brighter and gayer colors than their more sober kindred of the North. So delicate and lovely in form and color are they, that, when carefully arranged and pressed, it is impossible to distinguish them from the most exquisite productions of the pencil, and one wonders by what subtile alchemy the sun's rays painted their vivid hues in the dark cold bosom of the ocean.

The tide being up, we at length embarked, and were borne rapidly on the flood towards our favorite fishing-ground. Here, as elsewhere on many parts of the reef, the water was dotted at the distance of a few miles in various directions with little emerald islands compact of dark green foliage, and offering a striking contrast to the water, out of which they abruptly rose. Occasionally they formed a long arm or semicircle, in which perchance would be seen the white sails of a sponger from Key West. The business of sponging is carried on by a peculiar class of the population called "Conchs," originally from the Bahamas, and said by some to be the descendants of North Carolina or other Tories, who fled to British protection during the Revolutionary War. They are very ignorant, have manners and customs peculiar to themselves, and reside in a distinct part of the island. They were

formerly much looked down upon by the more wealthy; but, as they have not a few good traits, the prejudice against them is sensibly dying out. The arrival of a colored regiment at Key West, by giving the good people a more immediate object of disgust, helped the Conchs measurably in this regard; though I am sorry to say they did not appear to appreciate it. During the war they were rebel almost to a man, though few of them did sanguinary deeds in arms. They preferred sponging, which is more profitable; and fishing, which is safer. While active hostilities lasted, they were forbidden to frequent the coast of the main-land, but at the close of the war they reaped large profits from the accumulations of previous years. The shallow waters of the reef everywhere reveal sponges at the bottom, and they are thrown upon all the beaches; but the finer qualities are not readily obtained. These Conchs do not like to be followed when gathering sponges, and will desert a neighborhood that is too much frequented.

On leaving the place of our last night's encampment, the Doctor had, as a matter of course, again assumed the command, and whether his wild steering gave the impression that we were going to run down to them, or from general shyness, one or two spongers which had been in sight about half an hour gradually edged away, and soon disappeared behind the intervening islands.

While running through the channels with which the reef is seamed, we would troll for fish; cutting our bait from the rind of pork in rude imitation of a small fish, and so fastening it on the hook as to cause the line to turn in the direction of the twist. Without this precaution the strongest lines would soon be ruined. The sport was excellent. Every few minutes the loop which is left in the line to show when a fish bites would be suddenly and violently drawn out, and a vigorous pull by the hand would discover a clean active fish shooting through the water at a great rate, generally on the surface or just below it, and at as large an angle with the course of the boat as the line would allow, darting hither and thither in its vigorous efforts to escape. Commonly it would prove to be a Spanish mackerel, jackfish, or kingfish,—all splendid fish, vigorous, muscular, and symmetrical, for none other could catch the bait, which fairly flies along the surface of the water. As soon as caught, the fish were transferred to the well, with which our own, in common with most of the Key West boats, was provided. However good for the huntsman the wilds of Florida may be, its waters are the paradise of the fisherman, for they are fairly alive with the most choice and beautiful of the finny tribe. Very many of the Northern kinds are here found, and others not inferior. Finer fish than those caught in the Gulf I have seldom seen. Their number and variety are incredible. From the largest and most misshapen monsters that roam the deep down to the tiniest and most delicate creations, these favored waters are prolific in them. On many parts of the coast they will jump into a boat in large quantities if a light be displayed at night; and, with a seine, a daily supply for an army corps could be secured at the mouth of the Calloosichatchee, where a part of our regiment was stationed.

In crossing the reef, where the water is in many places so clear that the bottom is seen with almost microscopic distinctness, the voracious barracuda, the rakish gar, and many other strange varieties, attract attention; while occasionally a huge turtle may be seen asleep on the water, and looking at a little distance like a projecting rock. In the "coral grove" of Florida, however,

"The purple mullet and goldfish rove"

only in the imagination of the poet, if at all. One kind, an immense flat fish, has a remarkable projection or elongation of the spine, making a flexible appendage several feet in length, which is commonly supposed to be armed with a sting, and is capable of being thrown

about in manner not a little suggestive to the cautious. The fish is commonly called a *stingeree*, but doubtless its proper name is sting-ray.

As we shot out from the open water of the reef, and ran behind the islands cosily locking in a sunny little bay, whose smooth white sandy bottom was carpeted here and there with patches of green, spreading corals, and fanlike sponges, two of these huge fish, seemingly side by side, and almost stationary as they lay near the bottom, like patches of vegetation, appeared almost under our bows, yet a little too far to be reached with the grains, in the hands of the ever-ready and expectant William. They did not move, however, as we passed, and with unanimous consent the boat was put about. Our headway had carried us some distance, and when, under the management of the Doctor, the boat was at length turned the other way, they were no longer in sight; but they soon reappeared, in nearly their old position. As we rapidly neared them, William stood up in the bow with the grains poised in his stalwart hand, when suddenly something darkened for an instant the space between me and the sun, and an enormous shark was seen playing backward and forward in the clear water but a few rods from the boat, with such inconceivable rapidity that it was not without difficulty that his motions were followed by the startled eye. He was fairly to be seen, however, his dorsal fin cutting the surface of the shallow water as he passed and repassed with almost the lightness and freedom of a shadow. At this moment William planted the grains firmly in the back of one of the sluggish monsters of which we were in pursuit, which immediately started off with great power; a nervous motion of the helm caused a quick change in the direction of the boat, the line *taughtened* violently in William's hands, and over he went on the side next the shark, which, with the rapidity of a flash, changed its direction, and darted towards the boat. No speed could avail, but our loud and vigorous cries startled the ferocious though cowardly monster, and when within about thirty feet, he sheered and passed, returning again upon his track immediately. William knew his danger, and rapidly drawing himself on board with the line which was fast to the boat, and which he fortunately held in his hands, he kicked and splashed lustily. In a moment the Major's powerful grasp had him firmly by the collar, and he was hauled safely into the boat; while the shark, reluctant to lose his prey, again passed and repassed, nearer than before. Finally, balked, but not discouraged, it swept in cruel and rapid circles about us. It was all over in a minute or two, but exciting while it lasted. The ravenous thing seemed more like an incarnate fiend than a fish, it passed so rapidly, and yet so noiselessly, about us. While this was passing, the boiling water and constant plunges of the boat showed that the *stingeree* was making violent efforts to escape; and during the excitement, the boat having broached to, a sudden jerk drew out the grains, and he was off. The shark hung about us for some time, but we finally lost sight of him in deep water. No fish is more common on the reef than the sharks, but they are generally not of the kind called man-eaters; and though I have often seen them twelve and fourteen feet long, I have never known any person bitten by them. This one had doubtless followed us in from deep water, attracted by bits of pork or other refuse thrown overboard, and must, judging from his audacity, have been nearly famished.

In the channels and on the outer edges of the reef, which are everywhere abrupt, the fishing for quite large fish is excellent. Moored at length by the side of a little sandy key, we threw over our lines in water fifty or sixty feet deep, and many an active fish stoutly struggling to escape rewarded our exertions. Of strange and infrequent kinds were these, which seldom leave their gloomy caverns on any voluntary errand to the surface. Occasionally one would be brought up from the depths of the

"sunless sea," pulling and shooting violently about, only, as he saw the unwelcome light, to snap the hook and quickly disappear. Now and then a voracious pull, quiet but with almost the reserved force of a steam-engine, and a broken hook or line would testify to the existence of monsters below to which hooks and lines, however strong, were embarrassments scarcely felt.

Hours of exciting and active sport followed, until early in the afternoon, having secured as many fish as we could conveniently carry and preserve, and wearied with the labor, we drew in our lines.

We had passed in the morning a large key, higher than the others, from which with the glass smoke could be seen rising as if from habitations; and it was decided to run down there and dine. An hour or two brought us to a strait or land-locked bay between two islands. Rocks protected the entrance, while far up the bay — and a pleasant vista it was — could be seen a cottage and signs of cultivation. Not wishing to disturb the inmates by an inroad of hungry visitors, we landed, and, after due preparation, dined sumptuously on as excellent fish and game as ever tempted an epicure. The wind had died away outside, and where we were hardly a breath disturbed the atmosphere; but though warm, it was not oppressive. The Major and the Doctor, having finished their post-prandial cigars, had, after a day of active and exciting sport, yielded to the drowsy influences of the hour. Stretched at full length in the comfortable shade, I watched the last blue whiffs of my own cigar, fragrant to the last, as they slowly rose in graceful curls on the still air until lost in the spreading branches of the evergreens above, and was preparing to follow the example of my comrades, when suddenly there came round the point, and heading up the bay, a light canoe, or *kooner* as it is called on the reef, hollowed from a single tree. As it swept rapidly and not ungracefully by, — was it vision or some yet finer sense which told me there was a young and pretty woman in it? Under her dexterous paddle the distance quickly increased between us when we were perceived, and she soon disappeared behind intervening trees. Just at this point, so suitable for an agreeable revery, and so inauspicious for violent noises, a "barbaric yawp," which would have delighted the energetic author of "Leaves of Grass," forced itself upon my unwilling ear. I looked and beheld the Doctor, so lately stertorous and prone, upright, and in a state of violent physical agitation. He was dancing up and down on an old log in the most incomprehensible manner, shaking his hand, and ever and anon grinding something under his heel in the most energetic way imaginable. I ran hastily towards him, and perceived a kind of paste thinly spread out on the log; this the Doctor assured me represented the body of a scorpion which a few minutes before was full of life and vigor; and he exhibited ruefully a wound in the hand which he had received, having probably rolled on the animal in his sleep. Such wounds, though painful, are seldom or never fatal, and if attended to in time are commonly not serious. Here William promptly came forward and plentifully covered the place with tobacco-juice, which acted as an excellent alexipharmic, perhaps as good as any the Doctor himself could apply, and the pain began to abate. As a further means of distracting the Doctor's attention, I related what I had seen in the canoe with all the little embellishments which the truth would allow, and it was unanimously voted to know more of the matter.

The bay was a pleasant little *cul-de-sac*, densely wooded on the low shores, rising, however, into some little elevation a short distance from the water. At the lower end, on a little knoll, a few acres were cleared, on which was a cottage shaded by a number of cocoa-nut-trees, ordinarily rare on the reef, and surrounded by various shrubs and plants of tropical or semi-tropical vari-

eties, not a few of which seemed as much for ornament as use. At the landing lay the canoe which had recently passed us, and a larger boat with mast and sails, both of them in good order, and the canoe cushioned. A well-worn path, bordered with spreading cactuses, led from the landing to the cottage, of which the surroundings were neat and comfortable.

Almost on our arrival we were greeted by the proprietor — a well-looking man of somewhat past middle age — with a courtesy which we did not anticipate. He spoke English with a strong accent, as though a foreigner. The undress uniform which we wore did not seem unfamiliar to him, nor unpleasing. After acquainting him with our position, we were invited to the house, the principal room of which was comfortably and even neatly furnished. A pleasant perfume of flowers came in at the open window. A crucifix hung prominently on the wall, while opposite to it were a couple of London-made fowling-pieces, and in the corner a German yager, which we had an opportunity subsequently to examine. A considerable number of old-fashioned and substantially bound books were on shelves, while upon a dark, richly carved and ancient piece of furniture — something like a wooden escritoire, and much superior to the rest of the furniture — lay a handsomely inlaid guitar with a broken string.

Our host soon showed himself a well-informed and dignified gentleman. A remark of the Major upon the foreign make of the guns brought out the fact that he had travelled extensively; and he was apparently familiar with several of the European capitals. He politely furnished us with tobacco and pipes, two of which were of meerschaum, dark with age and elaborately carved. He was evidently from the North of Europe; and from remarks he let drop in the course of a friendly, and to us interesting conversation, we learned that he was born a Protestant, but had become a Catholic from choice; that he had formerly been in the service of some Northern power, — probably in the navy, for he had visited many parts of the world, and had evidently lived a roving life, and one full of vicissitude. He seemed to have lived a number of years where he was, in almost complete solitude; but he informed us that he should soon remove, and he evidently had little of the churlishness of most hermits. The books that we saw were largely devotional, or, at least, theological, in their character; and amongst others I noticed an old copy of the "Centuries of Magdeburg" in good binding and preservation. They were mainly in French, some few in other languages, but rarely one in English. He informed us that game was not uncommon in the neighborhood, and fish were to be had everywhere. As he obligingly accompanied us to the boat, he made one or two inquiries as to the progress of the war, though apparently less from interest than as a matter of courtesy to us. On the way he pointed out two tame pelicans which he had taught to fish for him as he had seen these birds trained in China. In assisting us to shove off the boat, which had become stranded, he displayed a large, muscular arm, curiously marked and tattooed, — forming, perhaps, an illustrated history of his life, if it could be read.

No sooner were we afloat than speculation raged as to this mysterious stranger located in the wilderness. Everything probable from a pirate to a prince was discussed and rejected, though it was unanimously agreed that he was a very courteous gentleman. But upon the Lady of the Isle, whom none of us had seen, we could not so well harmonize. It was, however, finally settled by the majority, that she must be young and wondrously fair, the owner of the guitar which we had seen, and of course a charming performer on it. "Little Gretchen," said one, "shall have some new guitar-strings, and I'll send her one or two of my German songs. I don't doubt she sings delightfully in German. Fact is, I mean to cultivate the old gentleman's acquaintance."

"Gretchen, indeed!" quoth another, fresh in whose mind were pleasant memories of the dark-haired daughters of a neighboring sunny clime; "why not call her Olga at once? Do you take the girl for a Tartar? Who ever heard of a lady playing the guitar under palm-trees with such a name as Gretchen? It 's worse than an east-wind. Call her Juanita, or something soft and pretty. As for your Scandinavian, or even German gutturals, they are barbarously unfit for music. You can see that her father brought her here as much to have her out of the way of hearing such sounds as to get the chill out of his own blood. There 's no language north of the Rhine fit for either love or music. Where are all your pretty little diminutives, and soft and liquid endearments, that drop out of one's mouth so naturally that they can't be helped? Give the lady her guitar-strings, but banish German, or even English."

It was late in the evening before we encamped, as we had a long distance to run. A rather uncomfortable night upon a little sand key infested with unnumbered mosquitoes and other little torments, did not dispose us to prolong our uneasy slumbers, and early the next morning we were again afloat.

A lovely sight soon rewarded us for our activity. Far in the distance could be perceived, in the early morning light, a noble structure crowned with battlements and towers, and looming grandly up, yet indistinct and dim in the little haze which yet rested on the water. No land whatever could be seen about it, and even where sky and water met could not be perceived; and, when after a little while the sun came up, wreathing it in many-colored mists, it seemed like an enchanted castle springing from the waves, light and beautiful as a creation of fancy. From the walls, hardly unfolded in the light air which was stirring, soon floated, however, the flag of our country; but it required some little time to realize that this stately structure, enclosing fourteen acres, and rising apparently from the water without human agency, was the celebrated military prison, the dreaded Dry Tortugas. Fort Jefferson stands on the principal of the little sandy keys which form the group of the Dry Tortugas, and covers the whole island. Two or three little sand-banks around it, with scarcely a tree or shrub, complete the group. It is a place of commanding importance in the event of war with a maritime power, and, in connection with Fort Taylor and two other forts or martello towers now building at Key West, it controls the priceless commerce of the Gulf. Its chief, and perhaps only, design is, I believe, to form a naval harbor or refuge for our ships of war during active hostilities. Its foundations are sunk deep in the coral bed, and in many places soon become covered by coral-line deposits. Some interesting observations upon the growth of the reef have been made here. In common with all the fortifications on the reef, there is not a brick nor a stone in its structure but has been brought from the North at great expense. Within the fort, sheltered by trees, is a pleasant parade-ground; and the famous light-house, celebrated by Cooper, in which the pretty Rose and her gallant lover were so romantically united, just peeps over the top.

With the heat tempered by almost constant breezes from the ocean, with an abundance of fresh water condensed on the spot, and with the same food as the garrison, the several hundred prisoners confined in this healthful place during the war might have been in a worse position certainly.

At a little distance stands Loggerhead Light, one of the finest lights with which the care of the general government has studded this most dangerous coast. The outer edges of the reef are so steep that little warning is given on approach; and the currents are so strange and varying, that navigation here is exceedingly deceptive and dangerous. Not all the wrecks, however, which have so plentifully strewn the reef, are the result of accident. Many, it is believed, occurred through col-

lusion. Of later years, owing to the employment of a better class of ship-masters, greater precautions by the insurance companies, — which have always an agent located at Key West, — and other causes, the number of wrecks has decreased; yet in the autumn of 1865 a terrific tornado swept over the reef, wrecking many vessels, blowing down one of the towers at Fort Jefferson, overturning barracks at Key West, and doing much other damage, accompanied with loss of life. Some two million dollars' worth of wrecked property saved from the fury of this one storm was said to have been brought into Key West alone.

The wind soon freshening, we made famous time all the morning. About noon we stopped for rest and refreshment, and enjoyed a glorious bath on a pretty white beach. The water of the Gulf makes a truly luxurious bath, not too cold for the feeblest constitution.

The beeches on the reef, though smooth and hard, contain not a particle of ordinary sand, but are entirely composed of broken corals and comminuted shells, and would doubtless burn into very tolerable lime. At Key West the common domestic fowls will not flourish for lack of their accustomed gravel.

While gathering *algæ* and other marine curiosities upon the beach, the indefatigable Major piled up a pyramid of conchs several feet high, with the intention of taking them into the boat; but, except two or three of unusually delicate and roseate colors, we concluded to leave them, having already as much weight as we could carry in our light-draught little schooner. They make a very palatable soup, and are excellent bait. The fishermen have a curious way of extracting the fish, by knocking off with a sharp blow the apex of the shell, to which he remains attached, and then twisting him out by following the convolutions of the shell.

The Major was more successful, however, when, having discovered fresh deer-tracks, he proposed that we should hunt a little. Near us was a much larger island, from which the deer had probably swam over in the night. We had no dogs, but the key was so small that we felt confident of being able to kill one, if they still remained. William brought up our Sharpe's rifles, and with the Doctor went round in the boat to the lower end of the island, which we supposed not to be more than a quarter of a mile distant, to drive up whatever game they might find; while the Major and myself placed ourselves in ambush near the upper end, at a narrow place where the sea occasionally washed entirely across, and where there were but a few bushes or obstructions in the way.

It was twelve when the Doctor started. Quarter past and half past twelve came and no signs of the game or Doctor. The enthusiasm with which I had entered into the project began sensibly to abate. Stretched at full length upon the burning sand, the reflection from which was of almost blinding intensity, with a vertical sun upon the back and a wretched apology for shelter in a miserable prickly cactus, with the gun-barrel long since too hot to be held in the naked hand, I turned and twisted uneasily. "How long must this arenation continue?" thought I. The Major was posted behind me. I turned anxiously and looked at him. From his cool and placid expression of countenance, one would have supposed that grateful shades surrounded him, and cooling waters ran prattling at his feet. He had been an old sportsman on the Rio Grande. I was in despair. My throat was parched, and my face almost blistered by the heat. I closed my eyes for relief to the straining sight. Delicious thoughts of plashing fountains and shady groves long wandered through my feverish brain. How I envied the Major! At last I opened my eyes again upon the dreary scene; and there, twenty feet before me, was the first wild doe that I had ever seen, standing with head erect, nostrils dilated, and mild large eyes fixed intently upon me. What could I do? She might have been shot with a pop-gun, yet the slightest movement would betray me; and, with the awk-

wardness of a novice, I was lying on my gun. Hoping to be mistaken for a log, with a most amiable expression of countenance I lay in an agony of expectation, waiting for an opportunity to use my gun. Vain illusion! Tossing her head significantly, she turned, and bounded into the wood, not lightly as she came, but with startled leaps, crashing the brush. In a moment the nervous hand of the Major was upon me.

"Why did n't you fire?" said he, almost sternly.

"How could I fire with the gun under me?"

"I could have bored her through and through, but on your account I would n't," said he, and he walked away. Not the least self-denial of the trip was that; I knew what it cost him. The deer was not destined to escape, however, for the Doctor and William both heard her coming, and both wounded her; the former, who was a capital shot, mortally. William brought her in upon his shoulders, but the sight had little pleasure for me. An opportunity was lost forever.

Though we had already come a considerable distance on our return, we soon re-embarked, for we hoped to reach the fort that night. A long sunny afternoon wore pleasantly away, and at sunset, as nearly as we could judge, we were not more than a dozen miles from the fort. The wind, however, which had blown strongly all the afternoon, seemed to have exhausted itself, and now came but fitfully and at long intervals, and at times we drifted helplessly with the tide. The sun, not lingering as in Northern latitudes, had sunk into the waters round and burning red, and clouds had for some time darkened in the horizon. Though the ocean had become smooth, almost ominously so, an uneasy feeling pervaded all of us. We were drifting in the darkness we knew not whither, our cannon-shot, as we had found long before, offering but the feeblest resistance. An elemental change of some character seemed presaged by the peculiar feeling of the atmosphere, which seemed stifled and heavy. Should a storm arise, we were in imminent danger, not only of being overturned or dashed on the rocks, but of being blown off the reef into the open Gulf, where the prospect of suffering, if not perishing from thirst, in the absence of succor from any passing vessel was serious, our supply of fresh water being already nearly exhausted. Our folly in trusting to so wretched a substitute for an anchor was now painfully apparent.

An hour or two passed in this way, though the dreary suspense seemed far longer, when a faint diffused flash on the horizon, and a dull, heavy roar, distinct and low in the still night air, was borne to our ears. It was the evening gun from Fort Taylor, and we almost thought we could distinguish the rollicking tattoo that followed, beaten by the vigorous hands of the dusky garrison.

The wind had now died entirely away. The sails hardly flapped on the masts in the occasional, almost imperceptible, swaying of the vessel. The sea was still, and we were alone upon the water at night; the booming of the gun seemed the last farewell from the land, — an official notice that we were turned over to the protecting care of the darkness and the ocean. We lay in various positions, indulging the thoughts and imaginings which the situation could hardly fail to inspire. The air was deliciously gentle, almost caressing in its softness; yet not free from a certain almost indefinable feeling of oppression; and the sea, what a glory was there! I have been stationed many months in Florida, and during nearly all the time at different places on the coast and within sight of the water, and I have made many excursions and voyages over it; but I never had seen it before, nor have I seen it since, present any such appearance as it wore at that time. Black as midnight to the view when undisturbed, no sooner was its surface broken than it glowed and blazed in phosphorescent splendor; not the dull, pale glitter of our Northern waters, but a warm, concentrated fire of molten

gold, which fringed and bordered every ripple or disturbance of its surface by the sluggish motion of the vessel, and which, when agitated in masses, cast a perceptible light, very strange and startling, into the face of the beholder. Stranger still, as though for once the mantle of night had in vain fallen on the ocean, and all its secrets were about to be revealed, there could be traced with distinctness beneath the surface the motions of the fish, as they lazily moved to and fro, by their attendant subaqueous track of fire. We drifted on an ocean of darkness, veined all about us with tracks of living light. Save for the blackness of the waters, which increased tenfold the glorious contrast, the magnificent imagery of Scripture was verified: the "sea of glass mingled with fire" was spread out before us. So strong was the fascination, not altogether unmingled with a more solemn feeling, at this wonderful scene, that we remained almost in silence. Darkness was overhead, and the fires of the firmament seemed strangely blazing at our feet.

The quick, religious imagination of his race seemed excited in William, and he appeared to feel a kind of awe as he gazed, apparently unable to speak or move, or even to turn away his eyes.

How long this continued we hardly knew, though no one thought of sleeping. Finally the moon emerged, wan and drenched, out of the ocean, — melancholy as the old moon always is shrunk from her just proportions, and now feebly shining with diminished light through the clouds. Her rays rather deepened than lessened the spell which the scene had cast upon us.

But when, an hour after, the wind rose, and our little bark, catching the breeze, began to move gayly forward with a wholesome rustle at her bows, my spirits rose with it, and it mattered little to me, except as a pleasure, how flamed the rustling waters as we advanced, or how imperial a splendor followed in our wake. And when, as we drew off the reef, the long smooth rollers, still dark, except where they met with an obstruction, rushed gloriously through the tangled roots and interlaced stems of the mangrove keys, which we passed in succession, carrying torches of fire far into their cavernous recesses, it was with a wholesome exhilaration of spirits that my vision followed them.

The last that we saw of this mighty display was the sea upon a distant beach breaking in billows of flame, and flooding like liquid lightning far up the shore.*

* So marked was this phosphorescent display, that an officer stationed at the fort afterwards told me that on the same night he sharply rebuked a sentry for allowing lights to burn beneath the bridge connecting the fort with the town; supposing, upon his midnight inspection, that persons were there fishing. Yet there was no wind, only the gentle motion of the tide against the piles. Had there been a storm, I can imagine no sight of more unearthly beauty than would probably have been presented.

WILL THE COMING MAN DRINK WINE?

THE teetotalers confess their failure. After forty-five years of zealous and well-meant effort in the "cause," they agree that people are drinking more than ever. Dr. R. T. Trall of New York, the most thoroughgoing teetotaler extant, exclaims: "Where are we to-day? Defeated on all sides. The enemy victorious and rampant everywhere. More intoxicating liquors manufactured and drunk than ever before. Why is this?" Why, indeed! When the teetotalers can answer that question correctly, they will be in a fair way to gain upon the "enemy" that is now so "rampant." They are not

the first people who have mistaken a symptom of disease for the disease itself, and striven to cure a cancer by applying salve and plaster and cooling washes to the sore. They are not the first travellers through this Wilderness who have tried to extinguish a smouldering fire, and discovered, at last, that they had been pouring water into the crater of a volcano.

Dr. Trall thinks we should all become teetotalers very soon, if only the doctors would stop prescribing wine, beer, and whiskey to their patients. But the doctors will not. They like a glass of wine themselves. Dr. Trall tells us that, during the Medical Convention held at St. Louis a few years ago, the doctors dined together, and upon the table were "forty kinds of alcoholic liquors." The most enormous feed ever accomplished under a roof in America, I suppose, was the great dinner of the doctors, given in New York, fifteen years ago, at the Metropolitan Hall. I had the pleasure on that occasion of seeing half an acre of doctors all eating and drinking at once, and I can testify that very few of them — indeed, none that I could discover — neglected the bottle. It was an occasion which united all the established barbarisms and atrocities of a public dinner, — absence of ladies, indigestible food in most indigestible quantities, profuse and miscellaneous drinking, clouds of smoke, late sitting, and wild speaking. Why not? Do not these men live and thrive upon such practices? Why should they not set an example of the follies which enrich them? It is only heroes who offend, deny, and rebuke the people upon whose favor their fortune depends; and there are never many heroes in the world at one time. No, no, Dr. Trall! the doctors are good fellows; but their affair is to cure disease, not to preserve health.

One man, it seems, and only one, has had much success in dissuading people from drinking, and that was Father Mathew. A considerable proportion of his converts in Ireland, it is said, remain faithful to their pledge; and most of the Catholic parishes in the United States have a Father Mathew Society connected with them, which is both a teetotal and a mutual-benefit organization. In New York and adjacent cities the number of persons belonging to such societies is about twenty-seven thousand. On the anniversary of Father Mathew's birth they walk in procession, wearing aprons, carrying large banners (when the wind permits), and heaping up gayly dressed children into pyramids and mountains drawn by six and eight horses. At their weekly or monthly meetings they sing songs, recite poetry, perform plays and farces, enact comic characters, and, in other innocent ways, endeavor to convince on-lookers that people can be happy and merry, uproariously merry, without putting a headache between their teeth. These societies seem to be a great and unmingled good. They do actually help poor men to withstand their only American enemy. They have, also, the approval of the most inveterate drinkers, both Catholic and Protestant. Jones complacently remarks, as he gracefully sips his claret (six dollars per dozen) that this total abstinence, you know, is an excellent thing for emigrants; to which Brown and Robinson invariably assent.

Father Mathew used to administer his pledge to people who *knelt* before him, and when they had taken it he made over them the sign of the cross. He did not usually deliver addresses; he did not relate amusing anecdotes; he did not argue the matter; he merely pronounced the pledge, and gave to it the sanction of religion, and something of the solemnity of a sacrament. The present Father Mathew Societies are also closely connected with the church, and the pledge is regarded by the members as of religious obligation. Hence, these societies are successful, in a respectable degree; and we may look, with the utmost confidence, to see them extend and flourish until a great multitude of Catholics are teetotalers. Catholic priests, I am informed, generally drink wine, and very many of them

smoke; but *they* are able to induce men to take the pledge without setting them an example of abstinence, just as parents sometimes deny their children pernicious viands of which they freely partake themselves.

But *we* cannot proceed in that way. Our religion has not power to control a physical craving by its mere fiat, nor do we all yet perceive what a deadly and shameful sin it is to vitiate our own bodies. The Catholic Church is antiquity. The Catholic Church is childhood. *We* are living in modern times; *we* have grown a little past childhood; and when we are asked to relinquish a pleasure, we demand to be convinced that it is best we should. By and by we shall all comprehend that, when a person means to reform his life, the very first thing for him to do, — the thing preliminary and most indispensable, — will be to cease violating physical laws. The time, I hope, is at hand, when an audience in a theatre, who catch a manager cheating them out of their fair allowance of fresh air, will not sit and gasp, and inhale destruction till eleven P. M., and then rush wildly to the street for relief. They will stop the play; they will tear up the benches, if necessary; they will throw things on the stage; they will knock a hole in the wall; they will *have* the means of breathing, or perish in the struggle. But at present people do not know what they are doing when they inhale poison. They do not know that more than one half of all the diseases that plague us most, — scarlet fever, smallpox, measles, and all the worst fevers — come of breathing bad air. Not a child last winter would have had the scarlet fever, if all the children in the world had slept with a window open, and had had pure air to breathe all day. This is Miss Nightingale's opinion, and there is no better authority. People are ignorant of these things, and they are therefore indifferent to them. They will remain indifferent till they are enlightened.

Our teetotal friends have not neglected the scientific questions involved in their subject; nor have they settled them. Instead of insulting the public intelligence by asserting that the wines mentioned in the Bible were some kind of unintoxicating slop, and exasperating the public temper by premature prohibitory laws, they had better expend their strength upon the science of the matter, and prove to mankind, if they can, that these agreeable drinks which they denounce are really hurtful. We all know that excess is hurtful. We also know that adulterated liquors may be. But is the thing in itself pernicious? — pure wine taken in moderation? good beer? genuine Old Bourbon?

For one, I wish it could be demonstrated that these things are hurtful. Sweeping, universal truths are as convenient as they are rare. The evils resulting from excess in drinking are so enormous and so terrible, that it would be a relief to know that alcoholic liquors are in themselves evil, and to be always avoided. What are the romantic woes of a Desdemona, or the brief picturesque sorrows of a Lear, compared with the thirty years' horror and desolation caused by a drunken parent? We laugh when we read Lamb's funny description of his waking up in the morning, and learning in what condition he had come home the night before by seeing all his clothes carefully folded. But his sister Mary did not laugh at it. He was all she had; it was tragedy to her, — this self-destruction of her sole stay and consolation. Goethe did not find it a laughing matter to have a drunken wife in his house for fifteen years, nor a jest to have his son brought in drunk from the tavern, and to see him dead in his coffin, the early victim of champagne. Who would not *like* to have a clear conviction, that what we have to do with regard to all such fluids is to let them alone? I am sure I should. It is a great advantage to have your enemy in plain sight, and to be sure he *is* an enemy.

What is wine? Chemists tell us they do not know. Three fifths of a glass of wine is water. One fifth is alcohol.

Of the remaining fifth, about one half is sugar. One tenth of the whole quantity remains to be accounted for. A small part of that tenth is the acid which makes vinegar sour. Water, alcohol, sugar, acid, — these make very nearly the whole body of the wine; but if we mix these things in the proportions in which they are found in Madeira, the liquid is a disgusting mess, nothing like Madeira. The great chemists confess they do not know what that last small fraction of the glass of wine is, upon which its flavor, its odor, its value, its fascination, depend. They do not know what it is that makes the difference between port and sherry, but are obliged to content themselves with giving it a hard name.

Similar things are admitted concerning the various kinds of spirituous and malt liquors. Chemistry seems to agree with the temperance society, that wine, beer, brandy, whiskey, and rum are alcohol and water, mixed in different proportions, and with some slight differences of flavoring and coloring matter. In all these drinks, teetotalers maintain, *alcohol is power*, the other ingredients being mere dilution and flavoring. Wine, they assure us, is alcohol and water flavored with grapes; beer is alcohol and water flavored with malt and hops; Bourbon whiskey is alcohol and water flavored with corn. These things they assert, and the great chemists do not enable us drinkers of those seductive liquids to deny it. On the contrary, chemical analysis, so far as it has gone, supports the teetotal view of the matter.

What does a glass of wine do to us when we have swallowed it?

We should naturally look to physicians for an answer to such a question; but the great lights of the profession — men of the rank of Astley Cooper, Brodie, Abernethy, Holmes — all assure the public, that no man of them knows, and no man has ever known, how medicinal substances work in the system, and why they produce the effects they do. Even of a substance so common as Peruvian bark, no one knows why and how it acts as a tonic; nor is there any certainty of its being a benefit to mankind. There is no science of medicine. The "Red Lane" of the children leads to a region which is still mysterious and unknown; for when the eye can explore its recesses, a change has occurred in it, which is also mysterious and unknown: it is dead. Quacks tell us, in every newspaper, that they can cure and prevent disease by pouring or dropping something down our throats, and we have heard this so often, that, when a man is sick, the first thing that occurs to him is to "take physic." But physicians who are honest, intelligent, and in an independent position, appear to be coming over to the opinion that this is generally a delusion. We see eminent physicians prescribing for the most malignant fevers little but open windows, plenty of blankets, Nightingale nursing, and beef tea. Many young physicians, too, have gladly availed themselves of the ingenuity of Hahnemann, and satisfy at once their consciences and their patients by prescribing doses of medicine that are next to no medicine at all. The higher we go among the doctors, the more sweeping and emphatic is the assurance we receive that the profession does not understand the operation of medicines in the living body, and does not really approve their employment.

If something more is known of the operation of alcohol than of any other chemical fluid, — if there is any approach to certainty respecting it, — we owe it chiefly to the teetotalers, because it is they who have provoked contradiction, excited inquiry, and suggested experiment. They have not done much themselves in the way of investigation, but they started the topic, and have kept it alive. They have also published a few pages which throw light upon the points in dispute. After going over the ground pretty thoroughly, I can tell the reader in a few words the substance of what has been ascertained, and plausibly inferred, concerning the effects of wine, beer, and spirits upon the human constitution.

They cannot be *nourishment*, in the ordinary acceptation of that word, because the quantity of nutritive matter in them is so small. Liebig, no enemy of beer, says this: "We can prove, with mathematical certainty, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a man who is able daily to consume that amount of beer obtains from it, in a whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituents which is contained in a five-pound loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh." So of wine; when we have taken from a glass of wine the ingredients known to be innutritious, there is scarcely anything left but a grain or two of sugar. Pure alcohol, though a product of highly nutritive substances, is a mere poison, — an absolute poison, — the mortal foe of life in every one of its forms, animal and vegetable. If, therefore, these beverages do us good, it is not by supplying the body with nourishment.

Nor can they aid digestion by assisting to decompose food. When we have taken too much shad for breakfast, we find that a wineglass of whiskey instantly mitigates the horrors of indigestion, and enables us again to contemplate the future without dismay. But if we catch a curious fish or reptile, and want to keep him from decomposing, and bring him home as a contribution to the museum of Professor Agassiz, we put him in a bottle of whiskey. Several experiments have been made with a view to ascertain whether mixing alcohol with the gastric juice increases or lessens its power to decompose food, and the results of all of them point to the conclusion that the alcohol retards the process of decomposition. A little alcohol retards it a little, and much alcohol retards it much. It has been proved by repeated experiment, that *any* portion of alcohol, however small, diminishes the power of the gastric juice to decompose. The digestive fluid has been mixed with wine, beer, whiskey, brandy, and alcohol diluted with water, and kept at the temperature of the living body, and the motions of the body imitated during the experiment; but, in every instance, the pure gastric juice was found to be the true and sole digester, and the alcohol a retarder of digestion. This fact, however, required little proof. We are all familiar with alcohol as a *preserver*, and scarcely need to be reminded, that, if alcohol assists digestion at all, it cannot be by assisting decomposition.

Nor is it a heat-producing fluid. On the contrary, it appears, in all cases, to diminish the efficiency of the heat-producing process. Most of us, who live here in the North, and who are occasionally subjected to extreme cold for hours at a time, know this by personal experience; and all the Arctic voyagers attest it. Brandy is destruction when men have to face a temperature of sixty below zero; they want lamp-oil then, and the rich blubber of the whale and walrus. Dr. Rae, who made two or three pedestrian tours of the polar regions, and whose powers of endurance were put to as severe a test as man's ever were, is clear and emphatic upon this point. Brandy, he says, stimulates but for a few minutes, and greatly lessens a man's power to endure cold and fatigue. Occasionally we have in New York a cool breeze from the North which reduces the temperature below zero, — to the sore discomfort of omnibus-drivers and car-drivers, who have to face it on their way up town. On a certain Monday night, two or three winters ago, twenty-three drivers on one line were disabled by the cold, many of whom had to be lifted from the cars, and carried in. It is a fact familiar to persons in this business, that men who drink freely are more likely to be benumbed and overcome by the cold than those who abstain. It seems strange to us, when we first hear it, that a meagre teetotaler should be safer on such a night than a bluff, red-faced imbiber of beer and whiskey, who takes something at each end of the line to keep himself warm.

It nevertheless appears to be true. A traveller relates, that, when Russian troops are about to start upon a march in a very cold region, no grog is allowed to be served to them; and when the men are drawn up, ready to move, the corporals smell the breath of every man, and send back to quarters all who have been drinking. The reason is, that men who start under the influence of liquor are the first to succumb to the cold, and the likeliest to be frost-bitten. It is the uniform experience of the hunters and trappers in the northern provinces of North America, and of the Rocky Mountains, that alcohol diminishes their power to resist cold. This whole magazine could be filled with testimony on this point.

Still less is alcohol a strength-giver. Every man that ever trained for a supreme exertion of strength knows that Tom Sayers spoke the truth when he said: "I 'm no teetotaler: but when I 've any business to do, there 's nothing like water and the dumb-bells." Richard Cobden, whose powers were subjected to a far severer trial than a pugilist ever dreamed of, whose labors by night and day, during the corn-law struggle, were excessive and continuous beyond those of any other member of the House of Commons, bears similar testimony: "The more work I have had to do, the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot." On this branch of the subject, *all* the testimony is against alcoholic drinks. Whenever the point has been tested, — and it has often been tested, — the truth has been confirmed, that he who would do his *very* best and most, whether in rowing, lifting, running, watching, mowing, climbing, fighting, speaking, or writing, must not admit into his system one drop of alcohol. Trainers used to allow their men a pint of beer per day, and severe trainers half a pint; but now the knowing ones have cut off even that moderate allowance, and brought their men down to cold water, and not too much of that, the soundest digesters requiring little liquid of any kind. Mr. Bigelow, by his happy publication lately of the correct version of Franklin's Autobiography, has called to mind the famous beer passage in that immortal work: "I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers * of beer. On occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands." I have a long list of references on this point; but, in these cricketing, boat-racing, prize-fighting days, the fact has become too familiar to require proof. The other morning, Horace Greeley, teetotaler, came to his office after an absence of several days, and found letters and arrears of work that would have been appalling to any man but him. He shut himself in at ten, A. M., and wrote steadily, without leaving his room, till eleven, P. M., — thirteen hours. When he had finished, he had some little difficulty in getting down stairs, owing to the stiffness of his joints, caused by the long inaction; but he was as fresh and smiling the next morning as though he had done nothing extraordinary. Are any of us drinkers of beer and wine capable of such a feat? Then, during the war, when he was writing his history, he performed every day, for two years, two days' work, — one, from nine to four, on his book; the other, from seven to eleven, upon the Tribune; and, in addition, he did more than would tire an ordinary man in the way of correspondence and public speaking. I may also remind the reader, that the clergyman who, of all others in the United States, expends most vitality, both with tongue and pen, and who does his work with least fatigue and most gayety of heart, is another of Franklin's "water Americans."

If, then, wine does not nourish us, does not assist the decomposition of food, does not warm, does not strengthen, what does it do?

We all know that, when we drink alcoholic liquor, it affects the brain immediately. Most of us are aware,

* We owe to Mr. Bigelow the restoration of this strong Franklinian word. The common editions have it "drinkers."

too, that it affects the brain injuriously, lessening at once its power to discern and discriminate. If I, at this ten, A. M., full of interest in this subject, and eager to get my view of it upon paper, were to drink a glass of the best port, Madeira, or sherry, or even a glass of lager-beer, I should lose the power to continue in three minutes; or, if I persisted in going on, I should be pretty sure to utter paradox and spurts of extravagance, which would not bear the cold review of to-morrow morning. Any one can try this experiment. Take two glasses of wine, and then immediately apply yourself to the hardest task your mind ever has to perform, and you will find you cannot do it. Let any student, just before he sits down to his mathematics, drink a pint of the purest beer, and he will be painfully conscious of loss of power. Or, let any salesman, before beginning with a difficult but important customer, perform the idiotic action of "taking a drink," and he will soon discover that his ascendency over his customer is impaired. In some way this alcohol, of which we are so fond, gets to the brain and injures it. We are conscious of this, and we can observe it. It is among the wine-drinking classes of our fellow-beings that absurd, incomplete, and reactionary ideas prevail. The receptive, the curious, the candid, the trustworthy brains, — those that do not take things for granted, and yet are ever open to conviction, — such heads are to be found on the shoulders of men who drink little or none of these seductive fluids. How we all wondered that England should *think* so erroneously, and adhere to its errors so obstinately, during our late war! Mr. Gladstone has in part explained the mystery. The adults of England, he said, in his famous wine speech, drink, on an average, three hundred quarts of beer each per annum! Now, it is physically impossible for a human brain, muddled every day with a quart of beer, to correctly hold correct opinions, or appropriate pure knowledge. Compare the conversation of a group of Vermont farmers, gathered on the stoop of a country store on a rainy afternoon, with that which you may hear in the farmers' room of a market-town inn in England! The advantage is not wholly with the Vermonters; by no means, for there is much in human nature besides the brain and the things of the brain. But in this one particular — in the topics of conversation, in the interest manifested in large and important subjects — the water-drinking Vermonters are to the beer-drinking Englishmen what Franklin was to the London printers. It is beyond the capacity of a well-beered brain even to read the pamphlet on Liberty and Necessity which Franklin wrote in those times.

The few experiments which have been made, with a view to trace the course of alcohol in the living system, all confirm what all drinkers feel, that it is to the brain alcohol hurries when it has passed the lips. Some innocent dogs have suffered and died in this investigation. Dr. Percy, a British physician, records, that he injected two ounces and a half of alcohol into the stomach of a dog, which caused its almost instant death. The dog dropped very much as he would if he had been struck upon the head with a club. The experimenter, without a moment's unnecessary delay, removed the animal's brain, subjected it to distillation, and extracted from it a surprising quantity of alcohol, — a larger proportion than he could distil from the blood or liver. The alcohol seemed to have rushed to the brain; it *was* a blow upon the head which killed the dog. Dr. Percy introduced into the stomachs of other dogs smaller quantities of alcohol, not sufficient to cause death; but upon killing the dogs, and subjecting the brain, the blood, the bile, the liver, and other portions of the body, to distillation, he invariably found more alcohol in the brain than in the same weight of other organs. He injected alcohol into the blood of dogs, which caused death; but the deadly effect was produced, not upon the substance of the blood, but upon the brain. His experiments go

far toward explaining why the drinking of alcoholic liquors does not sensibly retard digestion. It seems that, when we take wine at dinner, the alcohol does not remain in the stomach, but is immediately absorbed into the blood, and swiftly conveyed to the brain and other organs. If one of those "four-bottle men" of the last generation had fallen down dead, after boozing till past midnight, and he had been treated as Dr. Percy treated the dogs, his brain, his liver, and all the other centres of power, would have yielded alcohol in abundance; his blood would have smelt of it; his flesh would have contained it; but there would have been very little in the stomach. Those men were able to drink four, six, and seven bottles of wine at a sitting, because the sitting lasted four, six, and seven hours, which gave time for the alcohol to be distributed over the system. But instances have occurred of laboring men who have kept themselves steadily drunk for forty-eight hours, and then died. The bodies of two such were dissected some years ago in England, and the food which they had eaten at the beginning of the debauch was undigested. It had been preserved in alcohol as we preserve snakes.

Once, and only once, in the lifetime of man, an intelligent human eye has been able to look into the living stomach, and watch the process of digestion. In 1822, at the United States military post of Michilimackinac, Alexis St. Martin, a Canadian of French extraction, received accidentally a heavy charge of duck-shot in his side, while he was standing one yard from the muzzle of the gun. The wound was frightful. One of the lungs protruded, and from an enormous aperture in the stomach the food recently eaten was oozing. Dr. William Beaumont, U. S. A., the surgeon of the post, was notified, and dressed the wound. In exactly one year from that day the young man was well enough to get out of doors, and walk about the fort; and he continued to improve in health and strength, until he was as strong and hardy as most of his race. He married, became the father of a large family, and performed for many years the laborious duties appertaining to an officer's servant at a frontier post. But the aperture into the stomach never closed, and the patient would not submit to the painful operation by which such wounds are sometimes closed artificially. He wore a compress arranged by the doctor, without which his dinner was not safe after he had eaten it.

By a most blessed chance it happened that this Dr. William Beaumont, stationed there on the outskirts of creation, was an intelligent, inquisitive human being, who perceived all the value of the opportunity afforded him by this unique event. He set about improving that opportunity. He took the young man into his service, and, at intervals, for eight years, he experimented upon him. He alone among the sons of men has seen liquid flowing into the stomach of a living person while yet the vessel was at the drinker's lips. Through the aperture (which remained two and a half inches in circumference) he could watch the entire operation of digestion, and he did so hundreds of times. If the man's stomach ached, he could look into it and see what was the matter; and, having found out, he would drop a rectifying pill into the aperture. He ascertained the time it takes to digest each of the articles of food commonly eaten, and the effects of all the usual errors in eating and drinking. In 1833 he published a thin volume, at Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, in which the results of thousands of experiments and observations were only too briefly stated. He appears not to have heard of teetotalism, and hence all that he says upon the effects of alcoholic liquors is free from the suspicion which the arrogance and extravagance of some teetotalers have thrown over much that has been published on this subject. With a mind unbiassed, Dr. Beaumont, peering into the stomach of this stout Canadian, notices that a glass of brandy causes the coats of that organ to assume the same inflamed

appearance as when he had been very angry, or much frightened, or had overeaten, or had had the flow of perspiration suddenly checked. In other words, brandy played the part of a *foe* in his system, not that of a friend; it produced effects which were morbid, not healthy. Nor did it make any material difference whether St. Martin drank brandy, whiskey, wine, cider, or beer, except so far as one was stronger than the other.

"Simple water," says Dr. Beaumont, "is perhaps the only fluid that is called for by the wants of the economy. The artificial drinks are probably *all* more or less injurious; some more so than others, but none can claim exemption from the general charge. Even tea and coffee, the common beverages of all classes of people, have a tendency to debilitate the digestive organs. . . . . The whole class of alcoholic liquors may be considered as narcotics, producing very little difference in their ultimate effects upon the system."

He ascertained too (not guessed, or inferred, but *ascertained*, watch in hand) that such things as mustard, horse-radish, and pepper retard digestion. At the close of his invaluable work Dr. Beaumont appends a long list of "Inferences," among which are the following: "That solid food of a certain texture is easier of digestion than fluid; that stimulating condiments are injurious to the healthy system; that the use of ardent spirits *always* produces disease of the stomach if persisted in; that water, ardent spirits, and most other fluids, are not affected by the gastric juice, but pass from the stomach soon after they have been received." One thing appears to have much surprised Dr. Beaumont, and that was, the degree to which St. Martin's system could be disordered without his being much inconvenienced by it. After drinking hard every day for eight or ten days, the stomach would show alarming appearances of disease; and yet the man would only feel a slight headache, and a general dulness and languor.

If there is no comfort for drinkers in Dr. Beaumont's precious little volume, it must be also confessed, that neither the dissecting-knife nor the microscope afford us the least countenance. All that has yet been ascertained of the effects of alcohol by the dissection of the body favors the extreme position of the extreme teetotalers. A brain alcoholized the microscope proves to be a brain diseased. Blood which has absorbed alcohol is unhealthy blood, — the microscope shows it. The liver, the heart, and other organs, which have been accustomed to absorb alcohol, all give testimony under the microscope which produces discomfort in the mind of one who likes a glass of wine, and hopes to be able to continue the enjoyment of it. The dissecting-knife and the microscope so far have nothing to say for us, — nothing at all: they are dead against us.

Of all the experiments which have yet been undertaken with a view to trace the course of alcohol through the human system, the most important were those made in Paris a few years ago by Professors Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, distinguished physicians and chemists. Frenchmen have a way of co-operating with one another, both in the investigation of scientific questions and in the production of literature, which is creditable to their civilization and beneficial to the world. The experiments conducted by these gentlemen produced the remarkable effect of causing the editor of a leading periodical to confess to the public that he was not infallible. In 1855 the Westminster Review contained an article by Mr. Lewes, in which the teetotal side of these questions was effectively ridiculed; but, in 1861, the same periodical reviewed the work of the French professors just named, and honored itself by appending a note in which it said: "Since the date of our former article, scientific research has brought to light important facts which necessarily modify the opinions we then expressed concerning the *rôle* of alcohol in the animal body." Those facts were revealed or indicated in the experiments

of Messrs. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy.

Ether and chloroform, — their mode of operation; why and how they render the living body insensible to pain under the surgeon's knife; what becomes of them after they have performed that office, — these were the points which engaged their attention, and in the investigation of which they spent several years. They were rewarded, at length, with the success due to patience and ingenuity. By the aid of ingenious apparatus, after experiments almost numberless, they felt themselves in a position to demonstrate, that, when ether is inhaled, it is immediately absorbed by the blood, and by the blood is conveyed to the brain. If a surgeon were to commit such a breach of professional etiquette as to cut off a patient's head at the moment of complete insensibility, he would be able to distil from the brain a great quantity of ether. But it is not usual to take that liberty except with dogs. The inhalation, therefore, proceeds until the surgical operation is finished, when the handkerchief is withdrawn from the patient's face, and he is left to regain his senses. What happens then? What becomes of the ether? These learned Frenchmen discovered that most of it goes out of the body by the road it came in at, — the lungs. It was breathed in; it is breathed out. The rest escapes by other channels of egress; it all escapes, and it escapes unchanged! That is the point; it escapes without having *left* anything in the system. All that can be said of it is, that it entered the body, created morbid conditions in the body, and then left the body. It cost these patient men years to arrive at this result; but any one who has ever had charge of a patient that has been rendered insensible by ether will find little difficulty in believing it.

Having reached this demonstration, the experimenters naturally thought of applying the same method and similar apparatus to the investigation of the effects of alcohol, which is the fluid nearest resembling ether and chloroform. Dogs and men suffered in the cause. In the moisture exhaled from the pores of a drunken dog's skin, these cunning Frenchmen detected the alcohol which had made him drunk. They proved it to exist in the breath of a man, at six o'clock in the evening, who had drunk a bottle of claret for breakfast at half past ten in the morning. They also proved that, at midnight, the alcohol of that bottle of wine was still availing itself of other avenues of escape. They proved that when alcohol is taken into the system in any of its dilutions, — wine, cider, spirits, or beer, — the whole animal economy speedily busies itself with its expulsion, and continues to do so until it has expelled it. The lungs exhale it; the pores of the skin let out a little of it; the kidneys do their part; and by whatever other road an enemy can escape it seeks the outer air. Like ether, alcohol enters the body, makes a disturbance there, and goes out of the body, leaving it no richer than it found it. It is a guest that departs, after giving a great deal of trouble, without paying his bill or "remembering" the servants. Now, to make the demonstration complete, it would be necessary to take some unfortunate man or dog, give him a certain quantity of alcohol, — say one ounce, — and afterwards distil from his breath, perspiration, &c., the whole quantity that he had swallowed. This has not been done; it never will be done; it is obviously impossible. Enough has been done to justify these conscientious and indefatigable inquirers in announcing, as a thing susceptible of all but demonstration, that alcohol contributes to the human system nothing whatever, but leaves it undigested and wholly unchanged. They are fully persuaded (and so will you be, reader, if you read their book) that, if you take into your system an ounce of alcohol, the whole ounce leaves the system within forty-eight hours, just as good alcohol as it went in.

There is a boy in Pickwick who swallowed a farthing. "Out with it," said the father; and it is to be pre-

sumed — though Mr. Weller does not mention the fact — that the boy complied with a request so reasonable. Just as much nutrition as that small copper coin left in the system of that boy, plus a small lump of sugar, did the claret which we drank yesterday deposit in ours; so, at least, we must infer from the experiments of Messrs. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy.

To evidence of this purely scientific nature might be added, if space could be afforded, a long list of persons who, having indulged in wine for many years, have found benefit from discontinuing the use of it. Most of us have known such instances. I have known several, and I can most truly say, that I have never known an individual in tolerable health, who discontinued the use of any stimulant whatever without benefit. We all remember Sydney Smith's strong sentences on this point, scattered through the volume which contains the correspondence of that delicious humorist and wit. "I like London better than ever I liked it before," he writes in the prime of his prime (forty-three years old) to Lady Holland, "and simply, I believe, from water-drinking. Without this, London is stupefaction and inflammation." So has New York become. Again, in 1828, when he was fifty-seven, to the same lady:, "I not only was never better, but never half so well; indeed, I find I have been very ill all my life without knowing it. Let me state some of the goods arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep; having never known what sweet sleep was, I sleep like a baby or a plough-boy. If I wake, no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and pleasing recollections: Holland House, past and to come! If I dream, it is not of lions and tigers, but of Easter dues and tithes. Secondly, I can take longer walks, and make greater exertions, without fatigue. My understanding is improved, and I comprehend political economy. I see better without wine and spectacles than when I used both. Only one evil ensues from it; I am in such extravagant spirits that I must lose blood, or look out for some one who will bore or depress me. Pray leave off wine: the stomach is quite at rest; no heartburn, no pain, no distention."

I have also a short catalogue of persons who, having long lived innocent of these agreeable drinks, began at length to use them. Dr. Franklin's case is striking. That "water American," as he was styled by the London printers, whose ceaseless guzzling of beer he ridiculed in his twentieth year, drank wine in his sixtieth with the freedom usual at that period among persons of good estate. "At parting," he writes in 1768, when he was sixty-two, "after we had drank a bottle and a half of claret each, Lord Clare hugged and kissed me, protesting he never in his life met with a man he was so much in love with." The consequence of this departure from the customs of his earlier life was ten years of occasional acute torture from the stone and gravel. Perhaps, if Franklin had remained a "water American," he would have annexed Canada to the United States at the peace of 1782. An agonizing attack of stone laid him on his back for three months, just as the negotiation was becoming interesting; and by the time he was well again the threads were gone out of his hands into those of the worst diplomatists that ever threw a golden chance away.

What are we to conclude from all this? Are we to knock the heads out of all our wine-casks, join the temperance society, and denounce all men who do not follow our example? Taking together all that science and observation teach and indicate, we have one certainty: That, to a person in good health and of good life, alcoholic liquors are not necessary, but are always in some degree hurtful. This truth becomes so clear, after a few weeks' investigation, that I advise every person who means to keep on drinking such liquors not to look into the facts; for if he does, he will never again be able to lift a glass of wine to his lips, nor

contemplate a foaming tankard, nor mix his evening toddy, nor hear the pop and melodious gurgle of champagne, with that fine complacency which irradiates his countenance now, and renders it so pleasing a study to those who sit on the other side of the table. No; never again! Even the flavor of those fluids will lose something of their charm. The conviction will obtrude itself upon his mind, at most inopportune moments, that this drinking of wine, beer, and whiskey, to which we are so much addicted, is an enormous delusion. If the teetotalers would induce some rational being — say that public benefactor, Dr. Willard Parker of New York — to collect into one small volume the substance of all the investigations alluded to in this article, — the substance of Dr. Beaumont's precious little book, the substance of the French professors' work, and the others, — adding no comment except such as might be necessary to elucidate the investigators' meaning, it could not but carry conviction to every candid and intelligent reader, that spirituous drinks are to the healthy system an injury necessarily, and in all cases.*

The Coming Man, then, so long as he enjoys good health, — which he usually will from infancy to hoary age, — will *not* drink wine, nor, of course, any of the coarser alcoholic dilutions. To that unclouded and fearless intelligence, science will be the supreme law; it will be to him more than the Koran is to a Mohammedan, and more than the Infallible Church is to a Roman Catholic. Science, or, in other words, the law of God as revealed in nature, life, and history, and as ascertained by experiment, observation, and thought, — this will be the teacher and guide of the Coming Man.

A single certainty in a matter of so much importance is not to be despised. I can now say to young fellows who order a bottle of wine, and flatter themselves that, in so doing, they approve themselves "jolly dogs": No, my lads, it is because you are dull dogs that you want the wine. You are forced to borrow excitement because you have squandered your natural gayety. The ordering of the wine is a confession of insolvency. When we feel it necessary to "take something" at certain times during the day, we are in a condition similar to that of a merchant who every day, about the anxious hour of half past two, has to run around among his neighbors borrowing credit. It is something disgraceful or suspicious. Nature does not supply enough of inward force. We are in arrears. Our condition is absurd, and, if we ought not to be alarmed, we ought at least to be ashamed. Nor does the borrowed credit increase our store; it leaves nothing behind to enrich *us*, but takes something from our already insufficient stock; and the more pressing our need the more it costs us to borrow.

But the Coming Man, blooming, robust, alert, and light-hearted as he will be, may not be always well. If, as he springs up a mountain-side, his foot slips, the law of gravitation will respect nature's darling too much to keep him from tumbling down the precipice; and, as he wanders in strange regions, an unperceived malaria may poison his pure and vivid blood. Some generous errors, too, he may commit (although it is not probable), and expend a portion of his own life in warding off evil from the lives of others. Fever may blaze even in his clear eyes; poison may rack his magnificent frame, and a long convalescence may severely try his admirable patience. Will the Coming

* The teetotal tracts and books abound in exaggeration. In a treatise which professes to be scientific I read such explosions as the following: "Wilkes Booth, the cowardly murderer of the late President of the United States, when he saw his helpless victim in the box at the theatre, had not the cruelty to strike the blow; his better feelings overcame him, and, trembling with suppressed agony at the thought of becoming an assassin, he rushed into the nearest *restaurant*, crying out, — 'Brandy! Brandy! Brandy!' Then, gulping down the hellish draught, it instantly poisoned his blood, fired up his brain, transformed his whole nature into that of a raging fiend; and in this remorseless condition he shot down that noble-hearted President, — the nation's great hope, — the people's best friend. Then, what killed the President of the United States? I answer, 'Brandy! Brandy! Brandy!'" Such falsehoods may provoke laughter, but cannot create conviction.

Man drink wine when he is sick? Here the testimony becomes contradictory. The question is not easily answered.

One valuable witness on this branch of the inquiry is the late Theodore Parker. A year or two before his lamented death, when he was already struggling with the disease that terminated his existence, he wrote for his friend, Dr. Bowditch, "the consumptive history" of his family from 1634, when his stalwart English ancestor settled in New England. The son of that ancestor built a house, in 1664, upon the slope of a hill which terminated in "a great fresh meadow of spongy peat," which was "always wet all the year through," and from which "fogs could be seen gathering towards night of a clear day." * In the third generation of the occupants of this house consumption was developed, and carried off eight children out of eleven, all between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. From that time consumption was the bane of the race, and spared not the offspring of parents who had removed from the family seat into localities free from malaria. One of the daughters of the house, who married a man of giant stature and great strength, became the mother of four sons. Three of these sons, though settled in a healthy place and in an innoxious business, died of consumption between twenty and twenty-five. But the fourth son became intemperate, — drank great quantities of New England rum. He did *not* die of the disease, but was fifty-five years of age when the account was written, and then exhibited no consumptive tendency! To this fact Mr. Parker added others: —

"1. I know a consumptive family living in a situation like that I have mentioned for, perhaps, the same length of time, who had four sons. Two of them were often drunk, and always intemperate, — one of them as long as I can remember; both consumptive in early life, but now both hearty men from sixty to seventy. The two others were temperate, one drinking moderately, the other but occasionally. They both died of consumption, the eldest not over forty-five.

"2. Another consumptive family in such a situation as has been already described had many sons and several daughters. The daughters were all temperate, married, settled elsewhere, had children, died of consumption, bequeathing it also to their posterity. But five of the sons, whom I knew, were drunkards, — some, of the extremest description; they all had the consumptive build, and in early life showed signs of the disease, but none of them died of it; some of them are still burning in rum. There was one brother temperate, a farmer, living in the healthiest situation. But I was told he died some years ago of consumption."

To these facts must be added one more woful than a thousand such, — that Theodore Parker himself, one of the most valuable lives upon the Western Continent, died of consumption in his fiftieth year. The inference which Mr. Parker drew from the family histories given was the following: "Intemperate habits (where the man drinks a pure, though coarse and fiery, liquor, like New England rum) tend to check the consumptive tendency, though the drunkard, who himself escapes the consequences, may transmit the fatal seed to his children."

There is not much comfort in this for topers; but the facts are interesting, and have their value. A similar instance is related by Mr. Charles Knight; although in this case the poisoned air was more deadly, and more swift to destroy. Mr. Knight speaks, in his Popular History of England, of the "careless and avaricious employers" of London, among whom, he says, the master-tailors were the most notorious. Some of them would "huddle sixty or eighty workmen close together, nearly knee to knee, in a room fifty feet long by twenty feet broad, lighted from above, where the temperature in summer was thirty degrees higher than the temperature outside. Young men from the country fainted when they were first

* Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker. By John Weiss. Vol. II. p. 513.

confined in such a life-destroying prison; the maturer ones *sustained themselves by gin*, till they perished of consumption, or typhus, or delirium tremens." *

To a long list of such facts as these could be added instances in which the deadly agent was other than poisoned air, — excessive exertion, very bad food, gluttony, deprivation. During the war I knew of a party of cavalry who, for three days and three nights, were not out of the saddle fifteen minutes at a time. The men consumed two quarts of whiskey each, and all of them came in alive. It is a custom in England to extract the last possible five miles from a tired horse, when those miles *must* be had from him, by forcing down his most unwilling throat a quart of beer. It is known, too, that life can be sustained for many years in considerable vigor, upon a remarkably short allowance of food, provided the victim keeps his system well saturated with alcohol. Travellers across the plains to California tell us that, soon after getting past St. Louis, they strike a region where the principal articles of diet are saleratus and grease, to which a little flour and pork are added; upon which, they say, human life cannot be sustained unless the natural waste of the system is retarded by "preserving" the tissues in whiskey. Mr. Greeley, however, got through alive without resorting to this expedient, but he confesses in one of his letters that he suffered pangs and horrors of indigestion.

All such facts as these — and they could be collected in great numbers — indicate the real office of alcohol in our modern life: *It enables us to violate the laws of nature without immediate suffering and speedy destruction.* This appears to be its chief office, in conjunction with its ally, tobacco. Those tailors would have soon died or escaped but for the gin; and those horsemen would have given up and perished but for the whiskey. Nature commanded those soldiers to rest, but they were enabled, for the moment, to disobey her. Doubtless Nature was even with them afterwards; but, for the time, they *could* defy their mother great and wise. Alcohol supported them in doing wrong. Alcohol and tobacco support half the modern world in doing wrong. That is their part — their *rôle*, as the French investigators term it — in the present life of the human race.

Dr. Great Practice would naturally go to bed at ten o'clock, when he comes in from his evening visits. It is his cigar that keeps him up till half past twelve, writing those treatises which make him famous, and shorten his life. Lawyer Heavy Fee takes home his papers, pores over them till past one, and then depends upon whiskey to quiet his brain and put him to sleep. Young Bohemian gets away from the office of the morning paper which enjoys the benefit of his fine talents at three o'clock. It is two mugs of lager-beer which enable him to endure the immediate consequences of eating a supper before going home. This is mad work, my masters; it is respectable suicide, nothing better.

There is a paragraph now making the grand tour of the newspapers, which informs the public that there was a dinner given the other evening in New York consisting of twelve courses, and kept the guests five hours at the table. For five hours, men and women sat consuming food, occupying half an hour at each viand. What could sustain human nature in such an amazing effort? What could enable them to look into one another's faces without blushing scarlet at the infamy of such a waste of time, food, and digestive force? What concealed from them the iniquity and deep vulgarity of what they were doing? The explanation of this mystery is given in the paragraph that records the crime: "There was a different kind of wine for each course."

Even an ordinary dinner-party, — what mortal could eat it through, or sit it out, without a constant sipping of wine to keep his brain muddled, and

* Quoted by Governor Andrew, in his "Argument," from Knight, Vol. VIII. p. 392.

lash his stomach to unnatural exertion. The joke of it is, that we all know and confess to one another how absurd such banquets are, and yet few have the courage and humanity to feed their friends in a way which they can enjoy, and feel the better for the next morning.

When I saw Mr. Dickens eating and drinking his way through the elegantly bound book which Mr. Delmonico substituted for the usual bill of fare at the dinner given by the Press last April to the great artist, — a task of three hours' duration, — when, I say, I saw Mr. Dickens thus engaged, I wondered which banquet was the furthest from being the right thing, — the one to which he was then vainly trying to do justice, or the one of which Martin Chuzzlewit partook, on the day he landed in New York, at Mrs. Pawkins's boarding-house. The poultry, on the latter occasion, "disappeared as if every bird had had the use of its wings, and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished, whole cucumbers at once, like sugar-plums, and no man winked his eye. Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see." Of course, the company adjourned from the dining-room to "the bar-room in the next block," where they imbibed strong drink enough to keep their dinner from prostrating them.

The Delmonico banquet was a very different affair. Our public dinners are all arranged on the English system; for we have not yet taken up with the fine, sweeping principle, that whatever is right for England is wrong for America. Hence, not a lady was present! Within a day's journey of New York there are about thirty ladies who write regularly for the periodical press, besides as many more, perhaps, who contribute to it occasionally. Many editors, too, derive constant and important assistance, in the exercise of their profession, from their wives and daughters, who read books for them, suggest topics, correct errors, and keep busy editors in mind of the great truth that more than one half the human race is female. Mrs. Kemble, who had a treble claim to a seat at that table, was not many miles distant. Why were none of these gifted ladies present to grace and enliven the scene? The true answer is: *Wine and smoke!* Not *our* wine and smoke, but those of our British ancestors who invented public dinners. The hospitable young gentlemen who had the affair in charge would have been delighted, no doubt, to depart from the established system, but hardly liked to risk so tremendous an innovation on an occasion of so much interest. If it had been put to the vote (by ballot), when the company had assembled, Shall we have ladies or not? all the hard drinkers, all the old smokers, would have furtively written "not" upon their ballots. Those who drink little wine, and do not depend upon that little; those who do not smoke or can easily dispense with smoke, — would have voted for the ladies; and the ladies would have carried the day by the majority which is so hard to get, — two thirds.

It was a wise man who discovered that a small quantity of excellent soup is a good thing to begin a dinner with. He deserves well of his species. The soup allays the hungry savage within us, and restores us to civilization and to one another. Nor is he to be reckoned a traitor to his kind who first proclaimed that a little very nice and dainty fish, hot and crisp from the fire, is a pleasing introduction to more substantial viands. Six oysters upon their native shell, fresh from their ocean home, and freshly opened, small in size, intense in flavor, cool, but not too cold, radiating from a central quarter of a lemon, — this, too, was a fine conception, worthy of the age in which we live. But in what language can we characterize aright the abandoned man who first presumed to tempt Christians to begin a repast by partaking of *all* three of these, — oysters,

soup, *and* fish? The object is defeated. The true purpose of these introductory trifles is to appease the appetite in a slight degree, so as to enable us to take sustenance with composure and dignity, and dispose the company to conversation. When a properly constituted person has eaten six oysters, a plate of soup, and the usual portion of fish, with the proper quantity of potatoes and bread, he has taken as much sustenance as nature requires. All the rest of the banquet is excess; and being excess, it is also mistake; it is a diminution of the sum-total of pleasure which the repast was capable of affording. But when Mr. Delmonico had brought us successfully so far on our way through his book; when we had consumed our oysters, our cream of asparagus in the Dumas style, our kettle-drums in the manner of Charles Dickens, and our trout cooked so as to do honor to Queen Victoria, we had only picked up a few pebbles on the shore of the banquet, while the great ocean of food still stretched out before us illimitable. The fillet of beef after the manner of Lucullus, the stuffed lamb in the style of Sir Walter Scott, the cutlets à la Fenimore Cooper, the historic pâtés, the sighs of Mantalini, and a dozen other efforts of Mr. Delmonico's genius, remained to be attempted.

No man would willingly eat or sit through such a dinner without plenty of wine, which here plays its natural part, — supporting us in doing wrong. It is the wine which enables people to keep on eating for three hours, and to cram themselves with highly concentrated food, without rolling on the floor in agony. It is the wine which puts it within our power to consume, in digesting one dinner, the force that would suffice for the digestion of three.

On that occasion Mr. Dickens was invited to visit us every twenty-five years "for the rest of his life," to see how we are getting on. The Coming Man may be a guest at the farewell banquet which the Press will give to the venerable author in 1893. That banquet will consist of three courses; and, instead of seven kinds of wine and various brands of cigars, there will be at every table its due proportion of ladies, the ornaments of their own sex, the instructors of ours, the boast and glory of the future Press of America.

Wine, ale, and liquors, administered strictly as medicine, — what of them? Doctors differ on the subject, and known facts point to different conclusions. Distinguished physicians in England are of the opinion that Prince Albert would be alive at this moment if *no* wine had been given him during his last sickness; but there were formerly those who thought that the Princess Charlotte would have been saved, if, at the crisis of her malady, she could have *had* the glass of port wine which she craved and asked for. The biographers of William Pitt — Lord Macaulay among them — tell us, that at fourteen that precocious youth was tormented by inherited gout, and that the doctors prescribed a hair of the same dog which had bitten his ancestor from whom the gout was derived. The boy, we are told, used to consume two bottles of port a day; and, after keeping up this regimen for several months, he recovered his health, and retained it until, at the age of forty-seven, the news of Ulm and Austerlitz struck him mortal blows. Professor James Miller, of the University of Edinburgh, a decided teetotaler, declares *for* wine in bad cases of fever; but Dr. R. T. Trall, another teetotaler, says that during the last twenty years he has treated hundreds of cases of fevers on the cold-water system, and "not yet lost the first one"; although, during the first ten years of his practice, when he gave wine and other stimulants, he lost "about the usual proportion of cases." The truth appears to be that, in a few instances of intermittent disease, a small quantity of wine may sometimes enable a patient who is at the low tide of vitality to anticipate the turn of the tide, and borrow at four o'clock enough of five o'clock's strength to enable him to reach five o'clock. With regard to this daily drinking of wine and whiskey,

by ladies and others, for mere debility, it is a delusion. In such cases wine is, in the most literal sense of the word, a mocker. It seems to nourish, but does not; it seems to warm, but does not; it seems to strengthen, but does not. It is an arrant cheat, and perpetuates the evils it is supposed to alleviate.

The Coming Man, as before remarked, will not drink wine when he is well. It will be also an article of his religion not to commit any of those sins against his body the consequences of which can be postponed by drinking wine. He will hold his body in veneration. He will feel all the turpitude and shame of violating it. He will not acquire the greatest intellectual good by the smallest bodily loss. He will know that mental acquisitions gained at the expense of physical power or prowess are not culture, but effeminacy. He will honor a rosy and stalwart ignoramus, who is also an honest man, faithfully standing at his post; but he will start back with affright and indignation at the spectacle of a pallid philosopher. The Coming Man, I am firmly persuaded, will not drink wine, nor any other stimulating fluid. If by chance he should be sick, he will place himself in the hands of the Coming Doctor, and take whatever is prescribed. The impression is strong upon my mind, after reading almost all there is in print on the subject, and conversing with many physicians, that the Coming Doctor will give his patients alcoholic mixtures about as often as he will give them laudanum, and in doses of about the same magnitude, reckoned by drops.

We drinkers have been in the habit, for many years, of playing off the wine countries against the teetotalers; but even this argument fails us when we question the men who really know the wine countries. Alcohol appears to be as pernicious to man in Italy, France, and Southern Germany, where little is taken except in the form of wine, as it is in Sweden, Scotland, Russia, England, and the United States, where more fiery and powerful dilutions are usual. Fenimore Cooper wrote: "I came to Europe under the impression that there was more drunkenness among us than in any other country, — England, perhaps, excepted. A residence of six months in Paris changed my views entirely; I have taken unbelievers with me into the streets, and have never failed to convince them of their mistake in the course of an hour. . . . . On one occasion a party of four went out with this object; we passed thirteen drunken men within a walk of an hour, — many of them were so far gone as to be totally unable to walk. . . . . In passing between Paris and London, I have been more struck by drunkenness in the streets of the former than in those of the latter." Horatio Greenough gives similar testimony respecting Italy: "Many of the more thinking and prudent Italians abstain from the use of wine; several of the most eminent of the medical men are notoriously opposed to its use, and declare it a poison. One fifth, and sometimes one fourth, of the earnings of the laborers are expended in wine."

I have been surprised at the quantity, the emphasis, and the uniformity of the testimony on this point. Close observers of the famous beer countries, such as Saxony and Bavaria, where the beer is pure and excellent, speak of this delicious liquid as the chief enemy of the nobler faculties and tastes of human nature. The surplus wealth, the surplus time, the surplus force of those nations are chiefly expended in fuddling the brain with beer. Now, no reader of this periodical needs to be informed that the progress of man, of nations, and of men depends upon the use they make of their little surplus. It is not a small matter, but a great and weighty consideration, — the cost of these drinks in mere money. We drinkers must make out a very clear case in order to justify such a country as France in producing a *billion and a half of dollars'* worth of wine and brandy per annum.

The teetotalers, then, are right in their leading positions, and yet they stand aghast, wondering at their failure

to convince mankind. Mr. E. G. Delavan writes from Paris within these few weeks: "When I was here thirty years since, Louis Philippe told me that wine was the curse of France; that he wished every grape-vine was destroyed, except for the production of food; that total abstinence was the only true temperance; but he did not believe there were fifteen persons in Paris who understood it as it was understood by his family and myself; but he hoped from the labors in America, in time, an influence would flow back upon France that would be beneficial. I am here again after the lapse of so many years, and, in place of witnessing any abatement of the evil, I think it is on the increase, especially in the use of distilled spirits."

The teetotalers have always underrated the difficulty of the task they have undertaken, and misconceived its nature. It is not the great toe that most requires treatment when a man has the gout, although it is the great toe that makes him roar. When we look about us, and consider the present physical life of man, we are obliged to conclude that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint. Drinking is but a symptom which reveals the malady. Perhaps, if we were all to stop our guzzling suddenly, *without* discontinuing our other bad habits, we should rather lose by it than gain. Alcohol supports us in doing wrong! It prevents our immediate destruction. The thing for us to do is, to strike at the causes of drinking, to cease the bad breathing, the bad eating, the bad reading, the bad feeling and bad thinking, which, in a sense, necessitate bad drinking. For some of the teetotal organizations might be substituted Physical Welfare Societies.

The Human Race is now on trial for its life! One hundred and three years ago last April James Watt, a poor Scotch mechanic, while taking his walk on Sunday afternoon on Glasgow Green, conceived the idea which has made steam man's submissive and untiring slave. Steam enables the fifteen millions of adults in Great Britain and Ireland to produce more commodities than the whole population of the earth could produce without its assistance. Steam, plus the virgin soil of two new continents, has placed the means of self-destruction within the reach of hundreds of millions of human beings whose ancestors were almost as safe in their ignorance and poverty as the beasts they attended. At the same time, the steam-engine is an infuriate propagator; and myriad creatures of its producing — creatures of eager desires, thin brains, excessive vanity, and small self-control — seem formed to bend the neck to the destructive tyranny of fashion, and yield helplessly to the more destructive tyranny of habit. The steam-engine gives them a great variety of the means of self-extirpation, — air-tight houses, labor-saving machines, luxurious food, stimulating drinks, highly wrought novels, and many others. Let *all* women for the next century but wear such restraining clothes as are now usual, and it is doubtful if the race could ever recover from the effects; it is doubtful if there could ever again be a full-orbed, bouncing baby. Wherever we look, we see the human race dwindling. The English aristocracy used to be thought an exception, but Miss Nightingale says not. She tells us, that the great houses of England, like the small houses of America, contain great-grandmothers possessing constitutions without a flaw, grandmothers but slightly impaired, mothers who are often ailing and never strong, daughters who are miserable and hopeless invalids. And the steam-engine has placed efficient means of self-destruction within reach of the kitchen, the stable, the farm, and the shop; and those means of self-destruction are all but universally used.

Perhaps man has nearly run his course in this world, and is about to disappear, like the mammoth, and give place to some nobler kind of creature who will manage the estate better than the present occupant. Certainly we cannot boast of having done very well

with it, nor could we complain if we should receive notice to leave. Perhaps James Watt came into the world to extinguish his species. If so, it is well. Let us go on, eating, drinking, smoking, over-working, idling, men killing themselves to buy clothes for their wives, wives killing themselves by wearing them, children petted and candied into imbecility and diphtheria. In that case, of course, there will be no Coming Man, and we need not take the trouble to inquire what he will do.

But probably the instinct of self-preservation will assert itself in time, and an antidote to the steam-engine will be found before it has impaired the whole race beyond recovery. To have discovered the truth with regard to the effects of alcohol upon the system was of itself no slight triumph of the self-preserving principle. It is probable that the truly helpful men of the next hundred years will occupy themselves very much with the physical welfare of the race, without which no other welfare is possible.

WORLDLY WISE.

IT was the boatman Ronsalee,
And he sailed through the mists so white;
And two little ladies sat at his knee,
With their two little heads so bright;
And so they sailed and sailed — all three —
On the golden coast o' the night.

Young Ronsalee had a handsome face,
And his great beard made him brown;
And the two little ladies in girlish grace
They kept their eyelids down,—
The one in her silken veil of lace,
And the one in her woolsey gown.

For one little lady lived in the wood,
Like a flower that hides from the day;
Her name was Jenny, — they called her the good.
And the name o' the other was May;
And her palace windows looked on the flood,
Where they softly sailed away.

Long time the balance even stood
With our Ronsalee that day;
But what was a little house in the wood
To a palace grand and gay?
So he gave his heart to Jenny, the good,
And his hand he gave to May.

DE PISCIUM NATURA.

THERE was one woodcut in the primary geography which alone was well worth the price of the book, and that was "Indians spearing Salmon." There were other woodcuts of decided merit; *exempli gratia*, the view of a "civilized and enlightened" nation, wherein a severely stiff gentleman is taking off his bell-crowned hat to a short-waisted lady in a coal-scuttle bonnet. But "Indians spearing Salmon" was a great deal better. Two of them there were, with not much clothing save a spear, wherewith they were threatening certain fishes that, like animated shoe-soles, were springing nimbly against a waterfall. An almost mythical romance overspread the scene; for Indians and Salmon are long since lost to us, and only a vanishing form of them still lingers in the half-breeds and the sea-trout of Marshpee, just as the alligator now brings to mind the great fossil saurians he so degenerately represents. Yet our woodcut is not at all mythical, but really historical. Does not excellent Gookin inform us of the notable "fishing-place" at Wamesit, where Reverendus Eliot "spread the net of the Gospel" to fish for the souls of the poor Indian pagans? Alas! all this is replaced by the High Honorable Locks and Canals Company, and the turbine and other not easily understood water-wheels, of Lowell. Not that we have anything against the High Honorable, the only old-fashioned corporation we know of that invites official persons to dine, — a praiseworthy custom, followed not even by the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Office; although some of the insurance companies keep crackers, and others ginger-nuts, whereby certain worthy old gentlemen, who have not more than a million, or, at the outside, a million and a half, make a clear daily saving (Sundays excepted) in the matter of luncheon. But the High Honorable gives you a real dinner *chez* mine host Mr. T., no less a man than the discoverer and owner of the celebrated "Black-hawk," — and yet so little puffed up by this distinction, that, with his proper hands, he will bring in the breaded pigs' feet for which his house is noted. Also he has invented a safe, which, like the Union Deposit Vaults, is to be forced *nec igne nec ferro;* for, being asked how he secured the Oleroso Sherry of the High Honorable, he replied that it was in a place where no harm ever could come to it, — to wit, under his bed. Is it not a pity he cannot serve a Salmon taken in its season, glittering, from Pawtucket Falls?

When the apple-trees of our thrifty forefathers were bursting into blossom on the banks of the Merrimack, and the land was furrowed for the corn and the pumpkins, and the pleasant river itself was running swift and full, then the great silver Salmon, fresh from the salt water, would leap and tumble as they drove up stream, bound for the cold brooks of the Pemigewasset, or away beyond it to those of Franconia Notch. With them came great battalions of Shad; and hosts of homely Alewives, that forced themselves through every little rivulet as they crowded to their breeding-ponds. The Shad held soberly to the main stream till they came to the Winnipiseogee River, where they said *au revoir* to the Salmon, and turned their heads toward the lake. That lake knows them no more, yet there is a fish therein that still is called the Shad-*waiter*, who perhaps regards his friend as a sort of "Malbrook," and who yearly repeats to himself, "Il reviendra au Pâque ou à la Trinité." Yes! the two Indians of the woodcut have gone, and their Salmon have gone. We don't want the Indians back again, but we *should* like the Salmon; we should like to stand on the Dracut shore, and hook a twenty-pound fish,

without the risk of having our scalp nailed to the gates of the Massachusetts Cotton Mills.

When we asked Mr. Madder Spinney why there were no longer fish in the river, that enterprising mill-owner replied, that it was "owing to the progress of civilization"; whereupon we were led to wonder, *whether*, if we should cut all the belting in his mill, Mr. Spinney would say the machinery stopped by reason of the progress of civilization. Spinney junior is getting his education at Harvard, and there he will probably learn enough to understand that the fish were not taken care of, and therefore disappeared. If compelled to write a forensic on the subject, he might get enough information to tell the following sad tale of the destruction of the Autochthonoi.

Less than a century ago people were seized with a beaver-like desire to build dams. They called themselves slack-water companies, — which referred, perhaps, to their finances. These dams bothered the fish, for no way was given to help them over, notwithstanding the old Crown law, and notwithstanding learned decisions, as in Stoughton *versus* Baker; for the beavers cared not for Crown law, and took no kind of interest in Mr. Stoughton or Mr. Baker. So the Salmon and Shad were diminished, yet not destroyed. Now ingenious gentlemen used to go up to Chelmsford and Dracut, and gaze at the river. Perhaps they considered how slack the water was. At any rate they soon began to resolve great things. If, thought they, a mill-pond will turn a wheel to grind corn, why not also a wheel to spin cotton? and why not thus spin a great deal of cotton? So they began; while the merchants looked on with horror at this prospect of several thousand yards of cloth to be cast, in one vast flood, upon the market.

Next year the sober Shad, making their usual rush at the sloping face of the Pawtucket Falls dam, had a tough thing of it. Some got over, and some had to fall back, all out of breath, and take another run. Never had their dignity been so tried. The fact is, the dam had been raised. It is true the Salmon made nothing of it. The lazy ones went up the sloping part, while the more lively jumped the steeper portions; and one active fellow, incited by his lady-love, who was peeking over the crest of the fall at him, made such a frantic bound at the "corner," that he threw himself ten feet out of water, and came down, slosh, in the mill-pond above, to the delight of the females, though his own sex said anybody could do it who chose to try. The fishermen looked with apprehension on these increasing difficulties, and threatened to pull the dam down; but the gentlemen, from being ingenious, as aforesaid, now became defiant, and expressed themselves to this effect, namely, that they should like to see the fishermen do it. This was sarcasm; and though Whately says sarcasm should be used sparingly, in this instance the effect was good, and the dam remained.

By this time, what with seines, pots, dip-nets, spears, hooks, dams, and mills, the fisheries were in a poor way; and the old New Hampshire lady who used to spear Salmon with a pitchfork could do so no more. The fishes whimpered, and would have whimpered much more had they known what was coming.

Certain Pentakosiomedimnoi of Athens determined to put a hotbed of manufactures in a corner of Andover, on the Merrimack, and to grow mills, like early lettuce, all in four weeks. They spoke

> "The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,"
> "And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone":

and, when the Salmon and the Shad came up the next spring, they ran their noses against a granite scarp, twenty-three feet high, from whose crest fell a thundering cataract. The Shad rolled up their eyes at it, waggled their tails, and fell down stream to Marston's Ferry. The Salmon, springing and plunging, eagerly reconnoitred the position from wing to wing. At last one lively grilse cried out: "Here is a sort of trough coming down from the top! but

it 's awful steep!" "Stand aside," shouted the hoarse voice of an old male Salmon, whose glorious hooked jaw penetrated his upper lip, and stood out two inches above his nose. And with that he rushed *tête baissée* against the torrent. An old fisherman who was standing on the abutment suddenly exclaimed: "There was a whopper tried it! He got half-way up; but it ain't no kind er use. I told them County Commissioners that the only way they would get fish up *that* fishway was to hitch a rope to 'em. But they was like all folks that don't know nothin', — they thought they knew all about it."

The Lawrence dam and its noted fishway (constructed "to the satisfaction of the County Commissioners") made an end of the Salmon, because they can hatch their eggs only in the mountain brooks; but the Shad could breed in warmer and more turbid waters, and they therefore continued to flourish in a limited sort of way. Time went on. Children who ate of the last shad of New Hampshire waters had grown to man's estate, and the memory of the diet of their youth seemed to have died within them; but it *slept only*. In the year 1865 they rose as one man and as one woman, and cried: "Give us the flesh-pots of our youth, the Salmon and the Shad, and the Alewife, and the fatness thereof! or we will divert all the waters of the great Lake Winnipiseogee into the Piscataqua, which runs down to the sea over against Portsmouth!" These cries came to the ears of the Pentakosiomedimnoi, the High Honorable Locks and Canals, and all the Mandarins of the Red Button that are in and about Franklin Street. They took counsel together. "Do nothing about it!" said the Mandarins. "Pay them," suggested the Pentakosiomedimnoi. "Dine them — Blackhawk — pigs' feet," murmured the High Honorable. Here the echoes seemed to say "*Fishways!*" This was a dreadful word, because to them a fishway (other than that of a County Commissioner) was a big gap to let all the water out of a mill-pond. They appeared in force before the Legislature with a panathenaic chorus.

PARHODOS.*

O honorable Areopagites
Io! Io! —
Zeus the earth-shaker,
Poseidon, heaver of the waves,
Send us water; —
Hephaistos, the iron-worker,
And his much skilful Kuklops
Give us power:
Do not those wretches who cry
Fish! Fish!
Strive against the immortal Gods?

The Legislature did what everybody ought to do who has any responsibility: namely, first, not to assume said responsibility; secondly, to gain time; thirdly, to get somebody else to do the work. The somebody else took on the form of two commissioners, — the very "official persons" already referred to. These proceeded to collect information. They cross-questioned the oldest inhabitants, and got crooked answers; they entered into the mysteries of flash-boards, and investigated the properties of garancine; they wandered on the river-banks after the manner of the spotted tatler (*Totanus maculariius*); and at last they made a report only fifty pages long, the brevity of which proved two negative points: first, that the commissioners were not congressmen; and, second, that they had never written for newspapers or for periodicals. Thereupon the Legislature, gratified beyond measure, said: "Good boys! now work some more. Build some fishways. Breed some fish. And here is a check to pay for it all." Thus encouraged, the official persons did build fishways, especially a big one at Lawrence in place of the singular trough already referred to. But, when they came to Holyoke, on the Connecticut, the Wooden-Dam-and-Nutmeg Company there dwelling were inclined to the papal aphorism, *Non possumus*, which is equivalent to Mr. Toodles's "It 's not quite in our line; and we really can't." The fact is, the Nut-

* Those who have studied the useful metrical works of our universities will know that this is an iambic trimeter acatalectic in pyrrichium aut iambum. Those who do *not* know this are to be pitied.

megs had a "charter" which they held to be a sovereign balm for fishways, and which they fulminated against the official persons, as William the Testy fulminated his proclamation against the Yankee onion patches. This, and the high water of that summer, retarded the development of the fishway for the time being; but meanwhile important incubations were going on just below the dam, — nothing less, indeed, than the hatching of Shad by an artificial method. All this is something to be explained, and deserves a new paragraph.

In the times of the later Roman emperors, to such a pitch had luxury risen, that a mullet was often sold — No! this is a little too bad; you shall *not* be bored with dreadful old stories of Heliogabalus and oysters, or of the cruel *gourmet* with his "*in murænas*." Well, then, start once more: In the Middle Ages, when Europe was overshadowed by monkish superstition, the observance of Lent rendered a large supply of fish necessary; fish-ponds were therefore — Oh! there we go again, more prosy than ever. Come, now, let us get at once to Joseph Rémy. Joseph Rémy, a man of humble station and slight education, but of studious and reflective temperament, was one of those instances, more common in America than abroad, where a man, without the external advantages of culture or of fortune, rises by his own efforts to a well-deserved eminence. He was à — yes, and all that sort of thing. The fact is, Rémy found he could squeeze the eggs out of fishes, and hatch them afterwards; and so can anybody else who chooses to try, and who will take pains enough. We have had Columbus and the hen's egg; now we have Rémy and the fish egg. As to the exact manner of hatching fish, is it not written in the report of the Commissioners for this year,* and in the report of the United States Commissioner of Agriculture for 1866, and in the "Voyages" of Professor Coste, and in five hundred books and papers beside?

From this fish culture, if we will only make it a real industry in this Commonwealth, may come important additions to our bill of fare. Many things are more pleasant than paying as much as we now do for animal food. Fish, flesh, and fowl are all as dear as dear can be; and, what is worse, they are hard to come at, for our back-country people, during the hot weather. We have two goodly rivers in Massachusetts, and plenty of streams, brooks, ponds, pools, and springs. We cultivate corn and potatoes on the land (and lose money on every bushel); why not cultivate fish in the waters, and *make* money? There are two secrets at the foundation of success. First, fishes must be taken from the domain of *game*, and become *property*. Secondly, the fishes must be fed for nothing; and the way to do that is to breed multitudes of herbivorous or of insectivorous fishes to feed the carnivorous fishes, which, in turn, are to feed man. Thus, if you have a thousand Trout, do you breed for their diet a million Shiners; and these will take care of themselves, except in the matter of getting caught by the Trout. So much for domestic culture, — our fish-coop, as we may come to call it. Then, as to the encouragement of migratory sea-fishes, — the Salmon, Sea-trout, Shad, Bass, Alewife, Sturgeon, — if you would have children, you must have a nursery; if you would have fish, you must extend their breeding-grounds. Open, then, the ten thousand dams that bar our streams, and, with care and patience, these waters will be peopled; and we, whose mother earth is so barren, will find that mother sea will each year send abundant food into every brook that empties into a stream, that flows into a river, that runs to the ocean.

* House Document No. 60 (1868).

NOTRE DAME AND THE ADVENT OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

SEVEN centuries the towers of Notre Dame have risen over the island city of Paris. The ages have gnawed their solemn stones, and filled their scars with the dust, and tinted their old walls with the gray of all antique things. Raised by a humanity that is immortal, the rude movements of revolutions, the tooth and rigor of the winds and rains,—all the unchronicled violences of time,—have not altered the grandeur of their essential forms. Square, firm, majestic, they stand to-day over modern Paris as they stood yesterday over the pointed roofs and narrow streets of the ancient city. They make us know the grand spirit and ancient vigor of a people who had none of the things that are the boast of the modern man. They are the work of a people who were united and almost democratic without the newspaper and the railway, — a people who were poets and artists without critics, skilled workmen without printed encyclopædias, religious without tract societies and sectarian journals.

The grand cathedrals were simultaneously begun in the rich cities of France in what was called at the time the royal domain. During the twelfth century the people exhibited an extraordinary political movement for consolidation, and of emancipation from local powers. They ranged themselves under the large ideas of religion and monarchy. Led by the bishops, stimulated by the monks, instructed by the architects, they erected the cathedrals as visible types of something more mighty than barons, lords, and counts. They created in a grand effort of enthusiasm religious monuments and national edifices. It was from the union of all the forces of France of the twelfth century that the cathedrals were projected. No human work was ever more grandly nourished or more boldly conceived.

To-day we have marvellous agents for the rapid and sure communication of peoples and of thoughts; then they made great sanctuaries for each stricken soul, and visible proofs of the power of religious faith.

In the cathedrals that raised their grave and sculptured walls over the castles of dukes and barons to humble them, over the houses of the poor to console them, all the facts, dreams, and superstitions of their life in the Dark Ages were embodied. The cathedral stones held the memorials of the awful years of suffering and gross superstition that had afflicted populations after the dissolution of Roman order. The grotesque forms that seem to start out of the very walls, and speak to the mind, are not capricious and idle inventions. The very name they bear memorializes an old mediæval superstition, for during the Middle Ages the dragons of Rouen and Metz were called *gargouilles*. *Gargouille* is the French architectural term to-day.

It was in that night of ignorance, in those years in which society was plunged into almost historical oblivion, that those disordered and debased ideas of natural life had full play. The monkish workers in stone shared the superstition of the people, and they carved with gusto the typical vices and beasts, from which faith in religion alone could protect or deliver man. Later the more beautiful forms of the sinless flower and perfect leaf, which we find in the pure and noble Gothic, took the place of the beast and the dragon. The graceful vine, stone-carved, twined tenderly in the arches, or climbed the column, and the flower-petal unfolded in the capital, or under the gallery, or upon the altar. The monk had been delivered by art, the people had found an issue in the vigor of work and in the unity of faith.

The forms which like a petrified population look over Paris from the walls

and towers of Notre Dame are surprisingly vigorous and sincere in character. They show an uncommon knowledge of natural structure and a rare invention. Suppose you go with me to the summit of the towers of Notre Dame. Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier have gone before us, like students and poets. To go to the summit you enter the north tower through a little door, and ascend three hundred and eighty-nine steps, dimly lighted, worn down into little hollows, made visible by long, thin cuts in the wall, such as would serve for an arrow or a sunbeam. At length you reach the light gallery, supported by slender columns; about two hundred more steps in perfect darkness take you to the summit of the tower. You are pedestalled by centuries of human labor; you are surrounded by dragons, cranes, dogs, and apes. Dogs of a ferocious aspect; apes with the breasts of women and the powerful hands of men; a bear, an elephant, a goat; great muscular devils, with backs like dragons, and the face terminating in a snout or a beak, ears like swine, and horns like bulls, — a strange-looking bird, half parrot, half eagle, with a cloth thrown over the head, like an old woman! They are posed on the balustrade of the gallery, and at each angle of the towers; at other places they serve as water-spouts, and are called gargoyles. All these forms and faces are carved in the boldest and largest sculpturesque style; the anatomy is well based on nature; all the leading forms truly and expressively rendered, though entirely foreign to the Phidian idea of form. These figures, about the size of a man, posed at each corner of the gallery, or looking down upon Paris or afar off over the humid Seine, show dark against the sky, and are enormous in character; in each an amazing muscular energy has been expressed, — never so much ferocious force and so much variety of invention. The grotesque of the bright Greek mind is child's play next to these intensely horrible figures. Some of them just touch the horrible, indecent, and obscene. All hold the horrible or stimulate the curiosity of the mind. On the towers, over the fatalest and gayest city of the world, your sentinels are monsters. You question which be the most terrible, these frank, gross demons about you, carved by the old Gallic stone-cutters, or the fair, smiling city, so vast and heterogeneous, below you. The radiant aspect of the city is deceptive, like the fabled smile of the Sphinx. At the Morgue every morning you will find a fresh victim who has failed under the task it imposed upon his life.

It is difficult to resist the thoughts that reach you at such a height. The city, which changes like the vesture of a man, far below you; the cathedral, which remains essentially the same through all the centuries, about you. Underneath, our great humanity dwelling in poor, little, suffering, foolish men; yet their hands were enough to raise such a monument! From their brain these inventions, from their hands these forms!

Strange exaltation and strange humiliation for us! We have been in our unity great enough to create the long-enduring; and in our individual lives we are mocked by the grandeur we have made, and which is the memorial of our past existence. An awe of our ancestors steals over us; the ancient time takes awful proportions; we forget the actual Paris, with its costly and monotonous barracks, the new opera-house, the new wing of the Tuileries! With the deformed Quasimodo of Victor Hugo, we can neither feel alone nor occupy ourselves with the actual city. The old sculptors had left him the saintly figures and the grotesque dreams and dreads of their imagination. Kings, bishops, martyrs, saints! Around the ogival portals, the Last Judgment and its crowd of holy and serene souls, its mob of convulsed and damned beings. These were his friends when he entered the cathedral. When he went up to strike the sweet and awful bells of the great south tower, he went up to demons and dragons who were not less his friends,

for he was familiar with them. What a world in stone! What a society! We have no such impressive and varied types. Until we stand before a cathedral of the twelfth or thirteenth century, we do not even know them!

The exact and learned Viollet-Leduc has objected to the characterization that defines Gothic architecture as an expression of the *suffering* of the Middle Ages. I think he alludes especially to one of Taine's lectures at the École des Beaux Arts. It seems to me that neither of the writers has neatly defined the relation of his generalization to the particular facts of the subject. It is true, as Viollet-Leduc says, the cathedrals are the proof of the force and invention of the old Gallic spirit; it is not less true that they embody suffering. The force and invention is in the constructive art; the suffering is expressed in the picturesque and convulsed forms with which the constructive art adorned itself.

And from what a society this constructive art grew! from what a society these forms were evolved!—at the moment when light was quickening the intelligence, and the instinct of brotherhood was moving the hearts of populations, fresh from the long marches and common sentiment of the Crusades, warm from that union for a sacred idea, bringing back from the Orient souvenirs of an older and more opulent life. In that burning land of color and light they had seen vast and impressive forms, Pagan temples, rich and beautiful. The impressionable mind and fervid heart of the Frank was amazed and delighted by the superb spectacle of Constantinople. After his pilgrimages through the wilderness and over the mountains, he looked upon the proudest and most dazzling city of the Orient. His recollections of France, a dark and cloudy land compared with the East, had nothing equal to what he saw at that moment. His native city, Paris or Orleans or Rheims or Troyes, was dark and poor with heavy Roman forms or more primitive types of building. His own land had nothing to equal the Greek and Oriental temples and gardens and circuses and mosques; the groves, where the rose, the sycamore, the cypress, mingled their forms and colors; a splendid union of the rich and barbaric of the East with the simple and pure types of Greece. His religion, his faith, his God, his priesthood, in the lowlands of his country, were represented by a grave, gloomy, formal style of edifice. He had left his cities, having the feudal character of grim castles and grave monasteries, to find cities full of temples and mosques, decorated with color and adorned with gold. He came from the East with ideas and inspirations. He could not import the color or the atmosphere of the Orient, but he had received his impulse; his mind had been started out of tradition, out of monotony, out of the oppression of habit. He was prepared to create.

Notwithstanding the admirably reasoned pages in which Renan proves the Gothic to have developed naturally from the Roman style, we cannot resist the old conviction, that the experience of the East urged it into its development, and accelerated its departure from the Norman-Roman.

The experience of the Crusades had put into action the whole mind of the epoch, and initiated the people into a democratic, a social life. The isolated and brutal existence of the feudal lord had been invaded; the serf, in becoming a soldier and a tradesman, had become a brother and a democrat, and was fitted to work on a grand scale. Thought had dawned with action. Travel had taught and liberated the monastic workers.

To emulate the splendor of the cities he had seen, to memorialize his faith, to enshrine his religion in forms grander than all the pretensions of temporal power about him, he begun to build upon the ruins of Pagan temples, and to enlarge the old basilicas which held his altar. He began to graft upon grave Roman forms a new type.

He could not have the luminous Orient for a background to his spires and

pinnacles; he could not have the delicate minaret that defined itself always against a deep-toned and clear sky. Under his humid and gray clouds he must make the form more salient and the decoration less delicate. He must not depend upon the fine accentuation of form, and the clear note of color, about a portal, which the Oriental could oppose to a broad flat surface for the sun to make dazzling with light. He must use *shadows* as the Oriental availed himself of *sunshine*. So he cut his portals deeper; he made his decoration more vigorous and scattered; he multiplied forms; he avoided flat surfaces, — which the Greek, the Persian, and the Moor always availed themselves of, and with which they produced such fine effects.

The Gothic architect pursued the opposite aim. He made stones blossom into leaves and flowers, and crowded niches and arches with images of the animal life he recollected or imagined. Therefore you see the Asiatic elephant and hippopotamus, when you expect only purely Occidental forms and Christian symbols.

Soon his cathedral became his idolatry, his artistic means; and, before the fourteenth century, the priest had only the altar: the rest belonged to the people and to the artist.

The workmen who had been trained under the protection of abbeys were at hand to design and execute. The heraldic draughtsmen and the illuminators of sacred writings were learned and skilful; the Crusades had increased the demand for their art, and enlarged their knowledge. Each nobleman had to carry upon his shield and breast the picture-symbol of his origin, his exploits, his loyalty; each trade imposed its sign of being upon each workman. These needs gave a peculiar and powerful impulse to the arts of design and color, and forced them into full action; just as to-day the needs of exchange of thought and illustration of knowledge enlist *every* form of *printed* expression.

Thus was prepared the means for those marvellous cathedrals which, in the short space of fifty years, reached their full perfection; thus was produced an art that was superbly illustrated through three succeeding centuries, and then perished. "Developed with an incredible rapidity," writes Viollet-Leduc, "it [the Gothic] arrived at its apogee fifty years after its first essays."

"The cathedral was the grand popular monument of the Middle Ages. It was not only the place of prayer, and the abode of God, but the centre of intellectual movement, the storehouse of all art-traditions and all human knowledge. What we place in the cabinets of museums our fathers intrusted to the treasury of churches; what we seek in books they went and read in living characters upon the chiselling of gates or the paintings of windows. This is why, by the very side of religious and moral allegories, we find in such number upon the walls of our cathedrals those calendars, those botanical and zoölogical illustrations, those details about trades, those warnings about hygiene, which composed an encyclopædia for the use and within the reach of all. At Rheims, St. Denis, Sainte Chapelle, they kept stuffed crocodiles, ostriches' eggs, cameos, and antique vases, relics of martyrs and saints, to draw the people within the place of worship." So writes a devout Catholic.

Victor Hugo is superb when he signals the correspondence between the cathedral and the mind of the Middle Age. He not only discovers that the cathedral is the encyclopædia, it is also the stone-bible, the majestic and visible poem, the grand *publication*, of the time. Each stone is a leaf of the mighty volume, each cathedral a different and enlarged edition. The sculptor of the period, like the writer for the press to-day, had the liberty of expression, — perhaps more liberty than is granted by a million-voiced Public Opinion to the writer in America. Then the bishop was the publisher; the people, subscribers; the architect, the sculptor, the painter, the jeweller and mason, fellow-workers.

The sculptor gave full play to his hand, and the designer license to his pencil. In windows, upon façades, in capitals, on galleries, upon towers, they rudely sketched or exquisitely elaborated their ideas. The walls became the utterance of their emancipation. They proclaimed liberty. They revealed that the most formal of arts, the most severe science of form, architecture, could appropriate a new beauty, and express a new life, in giving itself to the people and the artist. And how the mediæval sculptor rioted in his new-found liberty! He chiselled the stone edifice as though it were a casket of silver or a box of ivory for his mistress. "Sometimes," writes Victor Hugo, "he made a portal or a façade present a symbolic sense absolutely foreign to the worship, and foreign to the church."

But let us go back to our text, — Notre Dame. Before the Cathedral of Strasburg we have the most ecstatic, wondering admiration; by its color, its form, its high and delicate spire, it is the most beautiful; before Notre Dame de Paris, we are conscious of the greater dignity and majesty. It is scarred, broken, monumental, enduring. Time and history have written their records upon it. The force and genius of the twelfth century confront us and abase us by the silent and expressive grandeur of the cathedral. It is a mask of time; back of it the people, the workmen, the lords, the kings, the bishops, the saints, the martyrs of France. You appreciate why it is said that not one of the French cathedrals possesses a more monumental and majestic façade than Notre Dame de Paris. Others may be more beautiful, but none more grand. It has the circular arch of the Roman, the simple colonnettes and capitals of the Norman, the pointed arch of the pure Gothic, and by its solidity recalls its Roman origin. Its three great ogival portals bold and deep, its large *rosace* flanked by two windows, its high and light gallery supported by fine colonnettes, its two massive and dark towers, make a façade that, divided into five great parts, "develops to the eye without trouble innumerable details in the midst of a powerful and tranquil grandeur of general effect." Its portals, its *rosace*, and its gallery are the announcement of the richness of the full and perfect Gothic that burst into that marvellous flower of architecture, the west façade of the cathedral of Rheims, — the most splendid conception of its century, writes Viollet-Leduc; the most complete type of the Gothic, writes Guilhabaud.

The truly historical epoch of Notre Dame begins in the twelfth century. Anterior to that time incomplete traditions merely suggest the aspect of the cradle of the grand edifice which has been connected with all the epochs of the history, and associated with the most august names, of France. Like most of the cathedrals, it covers ground once dedicated to Pagan gods, which fact should touch the imagination.

The founder of Notre Dame, Maurice de Sully, "was of an obscure birth, and superior to his age. He resolved to build upon a new plan the old basilica, which had formerly served the Christian population of the island. The first stone of Notre Dame was laid in 1163 or 1165, by Pope Alexander III. . . . . From the fourteenth to the fifteenth century the cathedral appears to have retained intact its first physiognomy. But a series of changes and mutilations have succeeded, without interruption, to our day. Piety, which pretends to regenerate the Church by modern embellishments, was not less fatal than the barbarism that later fell upon it. The labors undertaken in the seventeenth century to consolidate the edifice, robbed it by turn of its mouldings, its stone vegetation, and its gargoyles. During the reign of Louis XV. a uniform paving, in large marble squares, replaced the old funeral tablets which covered the soil of the church, and showed the effigies of a crowd of illustrious persons. When the storm of the first revolution burst, some men, and among them Citizen Chaumette, prevailed upon the Commune to spare

the figures of the kings in the portal. He claimed, in the name of arts and philosophy, some tolerance for the effigies."

The restorations now being made, though under the direct supervision of a generation of artists who have been formed under Viollet-Leduc and upon the study of "the old national art of France," are probably more satisfying to them than to those who are uninterested students of the ancient carvings and architecture. They are learned, they are exact; but they are not workers of the Middle Ages. The best that Viollet-Leduc can do is to imitate the old forms, — which is no better than an effort to imitate a picture of one of the early Christian painters. The restorations of St. Denis give it a very unimpressive character. The pieces placed in the crumbling stones of Notre Dame, and the decorations of the chapels, are an intelligent failure. Better to let Time do his work. The new leaf placed in the old parchment sheet, the restored illumination, the new glass in the old window, make a discord, and are foreign to the ancient matter. No stained glass rivals the old; none equals its intensity, its harmony, its sweet melody of color; no carving (imitated or not) is so naïve, so quaint, as that of the mediæval sculptor.

As an example of reverential restoration, consider the group in full relief in the left portal of Notre Dame. The whole is a *copy* of the ancient stone. But why does it not look like the original? Not because it is of new, fresh stone, but because the Parisian sculptor of the nineteenth century, though evidently closely following the old sculptor's work, makes his Eve more beautiful, less quaint, less awkward, than the work of the mediæval sculptor. The figure, in spite of the original, takes a voluptuous form, a *suave* outline, a seductive character, that marks it as the Parisian type of to-day. It is a false passage interpolated in the old text.

At all times the pretensions of formal, obvious knowledge are enormous; but a little wisdom is always discriminating, and does not replace the work of the past with imitations or copies. The wise artist does not attempt to make Sphinxes like the Eygptian, nor Venuses like the Venetian, nor Saints like the early Christian. Only the pedant has the pretension and the fatuity to think he can revive a lost art, and resist his age with bookish inspirations. Fresh from his studies and outside of the actual tendencies of his epoch, he only becomes a corrupter of the ancient art, and is blind to the vital work done by his more simple and more vigorous fellow-men. Hogarth creates from contemporary life; likewise Reynolds. Poor Barry seeks after the heroic and antique, and represents a regiment of modern soldiers naked like Greeks and Trojans, and is ridiculous. The bad architect puts a Greek temple in a gloomy climate, and dreams of using color in England as in Venice or Constantinople.

But again let us return to our text, — to Notre Dame, that majestic monument sombre with the tints and stains of centuries. To what uses it has been put! In the twelfth century, before its high altar, the Count of Toulouse came, barefooted and in his shirt, penitent, to be absolved by the Church and king. The King St. Louis walked barefooted under its high springing arches, carrying, it is said, the holy crown of thorns, which he bought from the Emperor of Constantinople. In the next century, Henry VI. of England was crowned at Notre Dame as king of France.

It is a long list, — the solemn and splendid ceremonies enacted in Notre Dame, — great days when the pomp of state and the consecrations of official religion were laid upon the royal heads of France. But the cathedral has evil days. The revolution comes and desecrates it in the name of Reason! The Convention decrees that its name shall be altered, and on November 10, 1793, abolishes the Catholic religion, and changes the name of Notre Dame into that of Temple of Reason! But the new name and the new worship were not destined to replace a long time the

old. The day arrived, in 1795, when it was restored to the Catholic clergy.

In 1804 the first Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France, and Josephine Empress; which occasion, writes the historian, was the most sumptuous and solemn of all the ceremonies that have taken place in the ancient edifice. In 1842, the funeral of the Duke of Orleans; in 1853, the marriage of the present Emperor with Eugénie, Countess of Teba; last, the christening of the Prince Imperial.

This is the rough outline of the public ceremonies that have been celebrated in Notre Dame de Paris, — of spectacles meant to dazzle the eye and impress the imagination of the people. But, after all, ceremonials, pomps, splendors, great and royal names, have been less than the solemn thoughts, the music-led reveries, the ardent movements of the soul of sincere worshippers, that have risen within it, amid the swinging of incense and the chant of boy-voices, up to the unseen God of all religious life.

In the summer twilight, among the grouped and lofty columns, in the dim aisles, under the high springing arches, poor, faint hearts have been consoled; and as in forests, as on the shore of the sea, the human soul has had glimpses of something infinite, something consoling; it has shaken off the load of social trivialties or social crimes, and been admonished and healed by the touch of influences emanating from things greater than its temporary sufferings and wrongs.

But the great day of Notre Dame and the religious form which it represents has gone. The time when it represented the highest word of religious life is past. I can dream those ancient days when the streets about it were narrow, dirty, thronged; when the lords were brutal, and the people helpless serfs; I can recall that ancient time when the priest was the teacher, the hope, the guide of the people; when he uttered the word nearest to democracy and equality; when Catholicism repeated the most humane word that had been given to man. Then, in the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries, the priest was the friend of the people, and made the Church powerful to protect the weak. Then the windows of Notre Dame, in celestial and intense colors, made the interior like a beautiful prism charged with sacred meanings; the three great *rosaces*, mysterious and vivid, filtered and changed the common light of day, and flattered the eye with visions of heaven itself; then the virgins consecrated to Christ, barefooted, with pure hands and white robes, made a holy chorus, a saintly procession, moving around the nave in the lofty and remote galleries, — a procession ecstatic, naïve, remote! Then the ceremonies of the church were high, sincere, solemn, — for they had not been confronted by the inflexible face of science. To-day we are emancipated, and must put aside childish things. A simpler form of religious life, with a better word for man, has appealed to his mind. The day of the color, the image, the martyr, and the saint has passed away, no more to return. We have martyrs, but science and art celebrate them; we have saints, but literature holds their memory.

We go to the grand cathedrals of the Middle Ages to-day. They retain music and the voice of bells to touch us. All the rest are nothing to the modern man. They are disfigured by tawdry looking chapels, and frivolous looking altars, and ignoble looking priests. But for the universal voice of the organ, the undying charm of music, they would be void and dreary; no better than Pagan temples and Egyptian monuments.

What actually remains of the sincere work of past ages must impress the modern man. When the great bells of cathedrals thunder over his head, he listens; when he looks at the high towers, the lofty spires, the elegant mouldings, the quaint carvings, the fecund inventions, he thinks. When he goes within, he is touched and overawed. Strasburg, Rheims, Rouen, and Notre Dame are beautiful and majestic

works that cannot be repeated, for they cannot be imitated. As soon expect to see the Pyramids, the art of Michael Angelo, or the heads of Da Vinci, in the prairies of the West. In spite of learned restorations, they shall crumble and be seen no more. The only enduring is our humanity, which goes through the centuries supplanting and inventing, always equal to its needs, always throwing its full force into some new production. The *débris* of its old march and its old work enable us to write history, — sometimes only an epitaph. Its old shell confronts the actual generation with things greater than itself. We interrogate the colossus of Memnon, the colonnades of Karnak, the ruins of Greek temples, the Gothic cathedrals, and we are humbled by what they say to us.

We pass upon the earth, accomplishing a few great works, — the greatest witness to our energy and our intelligence; and they are the final utterance, the original expression, the inimitable production of their epoch.

To-day we do not build cathedrals, that is, sanctuaries for the people; we build ships, that is, means for the commerce of peoples. The twelfth century gave us a church architecture: the nineteenth century has given us a naval architecture. To each creation all the forces of their respective epochs have contributed.

The last day I was at Notre Dame, — again impressed with its grandeur of form and its ancient color, recollecting the great bell, the largest in France, rung only on fête days and the obsequies of kings now silent in the grand towers, — I was standing under the deep-cut ogival portal, where the simple sculptor of the Middle Age had represented in full relief the drama of the Last Judgment, the serene, prim saints on one side, the crowded, precipitated sinners on the other, — with the one the angels, with the other the demons. The stones were old, broken, tinted, dear to an antiquarian and an artist. A noise of wings, a fluttering over my head, arrested my antiquarian observations, and I looked up. A brood of birds, with cries of love, in the sweet air of spring, were wavering a moment under the Gothic arch. They flew in and out of the stone vegetation, and perched an instant on the sculptured heads and robes. That brief lyric of life was sufficient to charm the mind, and dispel all the oppressiveness that seemed to emanate from the majestic old monument. Nature had reinstated herself in the place of art. One gush of bird-music, one jet of life, one hour of love, one moment of happiness, be it but that of sparrows that mate and build their nests, is better than all this antiquity and all this art! The fluttering joy of the inconstant sparrows — those wee, noisy, swift-winged birds — about the towers, the niches, the portals of Notre Dame, was a fact of *Nature*. It was her voice, her life, that deliciously recalled me from the crumbling, dusty, gray, weather-stained stones to the perennial force and good of actual life!

But for you who have not had the privilege of looking upon the great monuments of Gothic architecture, it will not be well to leave you with my purely personal thought. No; you must meditate, you must consider, you must attempt to realize what was the work done by the Franks, the Gauls, the Normans, the Saxons of the Middle Ages, in that marvellous architecture which, based upon the Roman, reached the Norman-Roman, and after the Crusades the pure Gothic. The new sap, the crossing of elements, the enlarged experience, produced a new and a national type. The Roman arch became pointed like a Norman helmet; the capitals burst into bloom; the dome became a spire. The very stones were covered with the forms of a rich and beautiful vegetation. Then the spire of Strasburg was carried to the clouds, and the cathedrals of Rouen and Rheims adorned themselves with delicate broideries of stone, and the towers of Notre Dame were bound together by a light gallery. Then in France was seen during three centuries the full development

of an architecture neither Greek nor Roman nor Oriental. But a new idea, capable of unlimited expansion, subject to the law of liberty, and not to that of the arbitrary; corresponding with the mind of its epoch, expressive of its character; corresponding especially with the Northern as distinguished from the Hellenic and the Roman mind; corresponding with the old Gallic spirit that had been cradled in dark forests, amid shadows and the brief glory of sunset; cradled amid the high branching pines and bold armed oaks, which had given to it its primitive temple, vast, shadowy, and richly toned. In the cathedral we see the beautiful result of its necessities and its experience.

The natural forms dear or terrible to the childhood of a half-civilized race are recalled by the work itself; it is the foreign achievement and the experience of travel that excites its emulation and sets it to work on a grand scale and after an original plan. But back of all was the religious sentiment, potent to seek a new, but slow to abandon an old, form of its life. It required six centuries for the Roman style imposed on the Druidic form to reach the Gothic of the twelfth century.

It is true that the most studied research and the most conscientious thinking have repudiated the term "Gothic" applied to the marvellous architecture of the Middle Ages, — to what is, properly speaking, the old national French architecture. It is true that its so-called Oriental origin is questioned, and the pretensions of a Germanic origin absolutely abandoned. The facts prove that the first churches now called Gothic were built in France; that the borders of the Rhine were marked only by Roman constructions when the masterpieces of the Gothic were being elevated in the North of France; that the Gothic churches in England, built in the twelfth century, were designed by French architects.

The first Gothic architect not French was Erwin of Steinbach, in the thirteenth century. In Germany, up to the fourteenth century, the Gothic style was called "the French style." The latest and most conscientious writer upon the subject of the art of the Middle Ages tells us that the first essays of that architecture, which seems so frail, so audacious, so barbarous to the classical mind, were in what is called "l'Ile de France, Vexin, Valois, Beauvaisis, a part of Champaigne, and all the basin of the Oise,— in the true France."

It can no longer be contested that the Gothic is an art purely French. It was born with French nationality, it was the work of communities stimulated by the clergy and directed by laymen, and represents the great social and intellectual movement of the Middle Ages. In the largest expression, it was the creation of the old Gallic genius which, audacious, inventive, rapid, has left the most poetic and impressive embodiment of the religious sentiment of Christendom. It was the last effort to make a temple large enough for humanity. The story of the building of a cathedral reads like a fairy tale. The people come from the provinces environing that of a cathedral like volunteers of a war for liberty. As they had gone pell-mell to the Holy Land, so they went pell-mell to build the cathedrals. They are blessed by the bishop; they go through the land recruiting their forces, chanting hymns, with floating banners; they rally about the walls of a church or the quarry, and labor for no other pay than bread.

In the solemn nights of the twelfth century, what a spectacle in the French provinces! By the light of torches the lofty walls of cathedrals rose as by day; they were thronged with enthusiastic workmen in the night as in the dawn. What energy of enthusiasm! All classes, vassals and nobles, men of fraternities and communities, dragged the stones from the quarry. Each one gave himself to the work he understood best. The fervor, the fanaticism of building was so great, that the women threw under the foundation-stones gold and jewels, saying, "Thy walls, O God, shall be of precious stones."

The monks' learning and the peoples' force made the cathedrals. The shafts rose, slender like reeds, and were bound in strength; the spire swam in light; the tall windows were webbed with semblances of branch and vine; the arches were adorned by carved flowers; the doors were flanked by sculptured figures. The whole made a living, expressive, elegant, aspiring form, distinct, admirable, and unlike all other great historic forms. We shall never behold a repetition of the great work of the Middle Ages. It is an accomplished fact, and the constructive and artistic genius of man seeks another embodiment.

CRETAN DAYS.

IV.

THE APOKORONA.

ANY journey from Canea has a charming commencement. The wide level plain, almost entirely covered with the rich green olive-trees, the roads, lined with aloe-hedges; glimpses here and there of gardens over whose high walls cluster the tops of orange and pomegranate, huge mulberries, and here and there a towering stone-pine, — convey an impression of exuberant fertility I have never received from any other plain country. Then, breaking precipitately down into it, the bold, bare, ravine-cloven Malaxa hills add a contrast of the most artistic character. I have spent many days among those groves, following on donkey-back lanes and by-paths amid blackberry hedges, and in the shade of olive-trees which must have seen the Roman Empire, and still are vigorous and profitable to their owners and the Sublime Porte.

But, speaking of roads, I must not be considered as indicating what would be called such in any other part of the world. There exists but one in Crete, — the high road built by the Venetians (or perhaps only restored by them after the Romans), which ran, and still limps, from Canea to Candia, passing by Retimo *en route*. But as there are no repairs in Turkey, and a paved road three hundred years old without them must be a dilapidated affair, so the Cretans, as a general thing, know the Candia road only to keep off it. When the late Abdul Medjid came to see Crete, three miles and a half English were put into repair, that a carriage might serve his Majesty to visit Canea in, he having debarked at Suda. Since that day there are three miles and a half of *road* that a carriage may roll and a horse gallop over. The Sultan's road leads only to the head of Suda Bay, whence, skirting the shore of that magnificent haven for whose possession Crete has been cursed so many years, we rise by a mule-path which extorts from the traveller unexperienced in Cretan wayfaring a crescendo of epithets, varying according to his horsemanship and habits of less or greater profanity, until he comes to a bit of road which nervous men and bad riders prefer to take afoot. But, the summit reached, we are in the mythologic land, — in one of the homes of the antiquest myth. West of us rise the heights of Mt. Berecyntius, the highest point of the Malaxa range, where the Idæan Dactyls worked the first iron mines known to semi-authentic history. These mythical beings, long reverenced in Crete as divinities of a mysterious and exalted divine power, are supposed, by those of the modern historical authors who have studied most carefully the traces of history found in the myths, to have been a Phrygian colony, which brought arts and mysteries unknown to the aborigines. Diodorus Siculus declares

them to have been the primitive inhabitants, but the fact that they were made demi-gods of indicates another and inferior race, over which the new-comers gained permanent influence, and government perhaps. The geology of Berecyntius indicates ferriferous formations, though, in the very incomplete examination of the country which has been made, it is not surprising that no indication of ancient mines has been discovered.

East of us, on a bold, isolated hill, overlooking the sea, and between it and the road, is the site of the ancient Aptera, fabled to have been so called from the result of the singing contest between the Sirens and Muses; the former of whom, defeated, lost their wings, and fell into the sea, when they were transformed into three islands, which demonstrate the existence of the mythists, if not of the Sirens, and were known to the ancients as the Leucæ Islands. One, on which stands the Venetian town of Suda, is situated like the island in the narrows of New York Harbor, and, properly fortified, would defend the bay against any fleet; but now it only holds a tumble-down town, and a saluting battery of field-pieces, with a small population of fishermen and soldiers. The opposite point of the narrows is the Akroteri, and on a hillock back of the perpendicular cliffs, where you may still see the batteries built by the Turks to reduce Suda, stood the ancient city of Nimoa, supposed to have been founded by Nimos, but of which the oldest story we possess is one of ruins. Spratt has placed it, in his chart and book, on the shore of Suda Bay, and near a small volcanic basin, which he supposed served as port to it; but a careful examination of the whole ground assures me that the slight remains supposed by him to indicate the site of the town are of some comparatively recent work. But, rounding the point of the Akroteri eastward, we enter into a perfect and land-locked harbor, with smooth sand-beach, much more favorable for the uses of ancient mariners than the confined basin with abrupt shores which Spratt supposes the harbor of Nimoa. In commencing my search for the remains of this town, I asked a peasant if there was any ancient city in that vicinity. He replied that there were some remains of a very ancient city in a locality he pointed out, but level with the ground. Misled by Spratt, who placed Nimoa a mile and a half away from this locality, I neglected at the time to search where the Cretan indicated; but, dissatisfied with the remains which Spratt points out, I commenced a systematic survey of the whole promontory, and found on the hill the peasant had shown me, not only traces of walls, but tombs and quarries of a very ancient date. As in many other places, the Venetians had found cut stone lying above ground cheaper than quarries; and so nothing remains but traces of walls, and the foundations of a few houses, which seem by their dimensions and plan to have been of the heroic age. But nothing in the remains, — not even the rare beauty of the location, sheltered from all winds but the east, with its outlook on Aptera, the white mountains (now Sphakian), and a fertile plain half round it, — had more weight with me than the evidence of the Cretan who pointed out the site as that of the ancient city. The tenacity of the ancient traditions and memories in the minds of this people is one of the most remarkable psychological phenomena I have ever observed, and their attachment to the traces of what they call the "Hellenic" period is exceedingly interesting. In fact, they can have changed little except names. The uneducated preserve the identical superstitions the ancient authors record, as my guide showed me on passing Aptera, where we will pick up the broken thread of the journey.

Near the city are some grottos, where, said my guide, a shepherd was amusing himself by playing on his violin, when from the sea came a company of nereids, who demanded his services while they danced. In a mortal fear of his supernatural visitors, he complied, and gradually his fear not only wore

off, but he began to entertain a passion for one of the nymphs, which brought him habitually to the enchanted grot. He looked and played, but spoke not of his love, yet, after pining awhile, sought the advice of a wise old woman, who told him that the only way to secure his mistress was to catch her as she passed him in the circle of dancers, and hold her by force, come what might. She would change her form to many others, but nothing must induce him to let her go; and, when he had satisfied her that his determination was invincible, she would cease her efforts to escape him, and resign herself to Hymen.

He lost no time in following directions, and, after a frightful struggle, in which his beloved was beastly and fishy and reptilian in all grades of development, she fulfilled the old woman's prediction. They were married (whether by the priest, informant did n't know), and though madame never made any attempt to escape bonds, she seemed always sad, and never spoke to her husband under any provocation. This was too much of a good thing, and he had recourse to the wise woman for a recipe to make his wife talk. They had an infant, and the father was to take this infant and pretend to lay it on the fire, when the mother would probably speak; if not, he was to put it on the fire an instant, when she would certainly find voice and rescue the child.

The menace did not succeed; but when the unhappy father actually put the child on the embers, the mother, shrieking, fled to the sea, and never was heard of again.

Of Aptera there remains a beautiful specimen of Cyclopean wall preserving nearly the whole circuit; and several cisterns are still in a state to hold water. Fragments of marble appear here and there, and Pashley and Spratt have recorded a most interesting inscription, containing a decree of the Demos, built into the foundations of the convent which gives shelter to wayfarers for the night. We would not tarry, but followed our winding road down into the plains of the Apokorona.

The view before us, as we descended into the lower lands (for, though I have used the term "plains of the Apokorona," I must qualify it as entirely a comparative use of the word), was, like an Alpine landscape reproduced on a scale of about one half. The bare, angular, seemingly crystalline, peaks of the white mountains rose against the sky, overlooking the Apokorona, where villages of white masonry glimmered through groves of olive that appeared to overspread the whole district. The road plunged down into a quiet valley, where wound, zigzag and impetuous, a clear streamlet, in which I peered and poked instinctively for some signs of trout. Who ever heard, in any part of the world, except in Crete, of a clear, cold stream, full in August and September, which had not trout in it? As we came down into the little level or bottom which enclosed the streamlet, we saw how broken and really hilly the Apokorona is. On the hillside opposite us was Stylos, since noteworthy as the scene of the first repulse of Mustapha Pacha on his Sphakian campaign, — an affair which delayed operations two weeks, and cost the Egyptians a pacha amongst their losses. The rich bottom-land nourishes noble olives, and, with its level lines and beautiful tree-groups, forms one of the most picturesque scenes I saw in Crete. We passed a group of villagers, tending their sheep among the olive-trees, piping and pastoral, *and no begging!*

We halted at Armeni to lunch. A cold fowl and boiled eggs of Cydonian production, with some coarse bread and harsh Apokorona wine, made the repast, and one of the roughest rides I had ever taken supplied the sauce,—one I can confidently recommend to all who do not know what jolting in a mule's saddle will do in the way of exciting an appetite.

The valley of the stream which we crossed many times hereabouts, and which empties into the sea at Kalyves (site of Kisamon, ancient port of Aptera, not to be confounded with another Kisamon, now Kisamo-Castelli, and of

which I have spoken earlier), is one of those best adapted for high cultivation and semi-tropical gardening which the Mediterranean basin can show. Abundantly supplied with perennial springs, securing easy irrigation, the soil alluvial along the stream, and calcareous on the ridges, it needs but application and a little capital to be made a paradise for an agricultural community. But what can be done in a country where every advance in production is met by a counter move of the tax-gatherer, and where, except by robbery, or farming of the tithes, no one can grow rich, — where capital is worth twenty per cent per annum, and would be worth more if there were any considerable demand, and where the Christian, who is the only industrious citizen, can always be robbed of his accumulations, and in many cases of his capital, by an avaricious Mussulman? I have spoken before of the general poverty of Cretan houses, and might add expletives and intensify diminutives in speaking of the dwellers in the Apokorona. It contains many villages, mainly of Christians, the Mussulmans being scattered individuals, and produces much oil, and might produce cereals and vegetables at discretion: but for what end? No road exists which would permit a profitable transport to the towns; cheese and oil only, of its productions, pay freight to Canea; and, beside these two articles, there is, therefore, no inducement to produce more than the peasants use themselves. It is almost useless to ask at one of these villages for a dinner, unless you can dine upon black bread and olives, with boiled herbs in the spring and autumn. A fowl fat enough to eat *to advantage* I never saw,—eggs seem to be all that can be expected from fowls. The houses of the villages in the plains about the cities are luxurious compared with these; — a single room divided in two for man and beast; a mat of rushes to sleep on, which the Cretan spares you willingly, to sleep on the floor of earth himself; fleas innumerable and filth immeasurable in the four walls, — are what you must expect to find. But with it all there is a something in the Cretan peasantry which commands respect; and in the Apokorona they are a hardy and independent breed, warlike to a degree. As their country is the gate to Sphakia, which has always been the abode of the bitterest resistance to local tyranny, they suffer the inroads of all the most formidable Turkish expeditions.

It is only thirty miles to Retimo from Canea, yet in ten hours' journey we were scarcely half-way. As night drew near we pushed ahead, hoping to find quarters and something to eat at a convent near or at Karidi; and as the Pacha had insisted on my accepting a guard of two mounted zapties, we made the only use of them which the journey offered, and sent them ahead to prepare our quarters, while we followed at a safer pace.

As it grew twilight, and we tired and hungry, with a mile yet to the convent, our zapties came clattering over the wretched path to say that the priests had all gone to their farm work at a distant metochi (farm establishment), that the convent was locked, and they could not get in. Too late to get to the next village beyond we had only to retrace our steps in the dark to Vamos, the village last past, where, after much running to and fro of the zapties, and a local official whose status I did not comprehend, we found an empty loft of a house, boasting two stories, which we had to ourselves, and where we spread the blankets which by day made our saddles endurable, — I, only, as the high dignitary of the occasion, having a spare mattress. While we looked after the beds, the friendly villagers brought eggs, which frying in oil below, sent up to us savory summons to come down and eat; and presently, having disposed of our eggs, olives, and bread, washed down by strong wine, with a relish worthy of a better meal, we adjourned to the village café, and took a cup of coffee, and a nargile offered with eager haste by a Sphakiote captain, who happened to be there on business; and while the curious townsmen came and looked, we

hubble-bubbled in the open air, the capacity of the café extending only to the fabrication and storing of its commodities. The Sphakiote asked many questions, and answered a few, — all I asked. He had come down to buy sheep or sell them, I forget which, and was evidently a man of much consequence, having travelled, — having even been as far as Naples. I suspect he had been a pirate in his earlier years, like most of his clansmen, and so had grown richer than his neighbors. I have passed a great many more comfortable nights than that, and, as soon as the day dawned, we were in the saddle again.

The path (it seems absurd to talk of roads) led down into the pass of Armyro, the eastern gate of the Apokorona. The river-bed was wild and picturesque, though rarely showing signs of water; the hills narrowed in their approaches; and we descended into a gorge, through which, coming from the south, on our right hand, swept a bubbling, dancing stream of clear, beautiful water. But it bubbled out of some saline depths, and would have put the last touch to the woe of Tantalus. It is both medicinal and unpalatable; but its borders are lined with green and luxuriant plants and fringed with flowering oleanders. An old Venetian castle, its battlements crumbling away and its walls festooned with ivy, rising from the little intervale at the bottom, commanded the gorge until the beginning of the Revolution of 1821–30; but the Christians then took it by storm, and dismantled it, since when it has been a ruin, of no great dignity, and not probably destined to boast to many generations.

Nothing in the deepest wilderness of the New World could be more solitary than this gorge. No sign of habitation existed; beyond us was a bleak moor, occupying a space perhaps a mile wide between the hills and the sea, and desolate as the desert. It is a broad stripe of sea-drift, scarcely as uneven as the sea itself; and at its farther side the bare, strongly marked rock ridges plunged down almost vertically to meet its level. The plain was purple with heather, and here and there springs gushed out from the boggy soil and ran to the sea; green willows, mingling with oleanders and shrubs whose names I knew not, marked their courses, and relieved the flatness of the land a little.

Armyro is, by the guess of Pashley, the site of Amphimallion, but no trace of any ancient city can be discovered; it is, like most of the hundred cities, a name and nothing more, one of the traditional witnesses of the turbulent and checkered character of the history of Crete, — each city besieging, razing its neighbor, and being razed in turn. Almost the only ruins which we find are Pelasgic, and are those which no hate could lend force to destroy, — even late Roman ruins have melted away in the fierce struggles between Christian and Saracen since the eighth century; the castle-builders and the temple-haters have left nothing that could be moved. At our left, on the sea-shore, where the river of Armyro (a name which signifies salt-spring, being the Cretan for Almyro) empties, was Amphimalla, — a maritime town having a port protected by an island, which still offers shelter for a few small craft from northerly gales; at the right, at the foot of the picturesque hills, is the lake of Kuma, now only noted for its habit of overrunning with the melting of the snows in spring, and flooding the plain around with eels, which the peasants bring to Canea for sale. It was anciently the site of a temple of Athena, and a city called Corium. No trace of ruins on either of these places exists, and so we contented ourselves with looking at them from afar, and followed the meandering path down to the sea. We passed on the way a small clearing planted with melons, which grow of excellent quality in the warm sandy soil, where running streams render irrigation easy. A Cretan, with dog and gun, inhabited a little house made of reeds, in the midst of the field, and guarded its product from passers-by; of him we purchased a supply for a few paras (a para is a hypothetical

coin little more than our mill in value). Thence we had about ten miles of smooth sand-beach, at the end of which another river cuts its passage to the sea, and affords us a bit of ruin in a fine, high, single-arch Venetian bridge, which formerly led the road part way up the steep ridge forming the eastern side of the gorge. I could only think what must have been the violence of the torrent which had cut such a chasm for itself through the eternal rock, and turn a resolute shoulder to the temptations of picturesque bits which its zigzag cliffs presented. The place is called Petres Kamara, or arched stones; and the bridge, from which doubtless it derived its name, has been only fragments for many years. Under the Turks, nothing but decay obtains.

We had passed, before reaching this point, the village of Dramia (ancient Hydramon), whence a road branches off southward to Argyropolis and Kallikrati, which we shall take on a future occasion (following the campaign of Omer Pacha against Sphakia), and now only note, that, though on the inner side of the plain, it was anciently a seaport, and attached to the important city of Eleutherna, the ruins of which are to the southeast of Retimo, at least twenty miles away. This was a curious characteristic of the early Cretan towns, most of which are built on commanding positions and far from their seaports. Thus we saw that Polyrrhenia was three hours from its port Phalasarna; Aptera, an hour or more from Kisamon; and elsewhere we shall find Cnossus, Gortyn, Lyttus, and other noted cities, placed at considerable distances from their seaports.

From Petres Kamara our ride was a rough one, and we found little beside the picturesque beauty of the scenery to interest us. The path wound over rugged ridges and along by the sea, in places at dizzy proximity to the wild precipices against which the winter storms of the Ægean beat, wearing, cutting into caves, and undermining, the massive rock. Only in one place did we halt, at Hagios Nikolas, — a little chapel built near a delicious spring, which gushes out at the bottom of a ravine, where it opens on a white, sandy beach. No Cretan will pass a favorite spring without stopping to drink, even if he is not thirsty. That a good spring is to be passed even justifies a *détour;* and as we were tired and thirsty, we ate our bread and caviare — all we had — with additional zest borrowed from the fountain of St. Nicholas, which deserves its repute.

The road ascending from this ravine was so bad that I dared not stay on my mule, and most of my retinue had dismounted before me. The old Venetian pavement, which could not be entirely avoided, was worse than the natural rock, but occupied the ledge so fully that we must hobble over its cobble-stones as best we could. And with such ups and downs we drew near to Retimo, whose castle and minarets we saw at length gleaming far off in the noonday sun, — for we had occupied twenty hours of travel in making our journey of thirty miles.

It was a bleak, rugged range of rocks from which we saw the city; but the road declined gently along the side and down near the sea. Above it other similar ridges jutted out one after the other, receding in the distance, where loomed up, sharp and flat, Mount Ida, the birthplace of mighty Jupiter. Beyond the city the sea-coast swept away in successive capes and bays, and the olive-clad and fertile slopes of Mylopotamo rose from the white-footed cliffs to the gray and glistening peaks which culminated in Ida.

It was Friday, and, noon coming before we could reach the city gates, we halted at a spring over which some charitable or spring-loving Mussulman had built a domed khan, where wayfarers might rest and cool themselves before indulging in the almost icy water. We must wait here until the noonday prayer was over, as the Mussulmans, oppressed by a prophecy which they have recorded, that their cities will be taken on Friday, their Sabbath, shut their gates while they are at the mosque. It was a hot day, but the sea-breeze

had been blowing an hour or more, and we threw our saddle-blankets on the stone seats, and lay down to rest, until passers-by from the city notified us that the gates were open.

Near the city we passed several little cave-chapels and hermitages, which, dug in the soft sandstone, — a rock resembling the Caen stone, — made dry and comfortable dwellings, as compared with those I saw at Katholico and other places. The frequency of these little monasteries, as the Cretans call them all, and of the little chapels which dot the island with their white ruins, attests, as well as history and prevalent customs, the intensely devotional tone of the Cretan character, now mostly shown in absurd superstitions, the growth of ignorance, but occasionally, in a martyr-like adherence to their faith through persecutions of which Retimo can tell many fearful stories, the Ottoman power here, remote from European influences, having had fuller swing in its dealing with the Christians.

As we entered the city, my guide called my attention to the very extensive Turkish cemeteries outside the gates, saying that they were almost entirely the growth of "the great revolution"; and, as we entered the little outwork which once defended the approach to the principal city gate, he pointed to a solitary tree, "the hangman's tree," and added that he had seen under that tree, during the insurrection, a pile of Christian heads as high as he could reach.

We rode through the gate, through a long, dark passage under the bastion which commanded it, and then through another inner gate, and came out into a little place where the full character of a Turkish town for the first time struck me, — cafés, lazy smokers, the overtopping minaret, and the grateful shade of a huge sycamore, with all the world wondering, rising, and staring, as "his Excellency" and suite brought civilization home to them, — to some for the first time.

"A MODERN LETTRE DE CACHET" REVIEWED.

[It is not our custom to print any criticism on articles which have appeared in these pages; but the following paper comes to us with such high claims for consideration, that we give space to it. — EDITORS.]

AN article in the May number of this Magazine, entitled "A Modern Lettre de Cachet," is so incorrect in most of its statements, that it does great injustice to certain individuals, and is calculated to leave a false impression respecting the merits of the question at issue. As few of its readers will be likely to detect these misstatements, and fewer still suspect that they are advanced without some color of fact, we feel constrained to give it a notice to which, otherwise, it would hardly be entitled. The scene of the occurrences is hundreds of miles away from most readers, the persons referred to are entirely unknown to them, and the subject discussed quite foreign to their thoughts. The common tendency is, in the absence of particular information, to regard that as presumptively true which is confidently and plausibly told; and, thus received, to hold rather than relinquish it, even in the face of the strongest evidence to the contrary. When a man is put on trial for a criminal offence, he is presumed in law to be innocent until proved to be guilty. On the contrary, when an individual or an institution is charged with delinquency at the bar of public opinion, the charge is generally held to be true, until — and sometimes after — it is proved to be false. A judicious scepticism in such

a case is one of those degrees of mental training which multitudes never attain.

The ostensible purpose of the article in question is to urge a change of the method by which persons are admitted into our asylums and hospitals for the insane. This, it is alleged, can be and actually is perverted into a means of the grossest wrong-doing. In the discussion of the subject, — if the wild and reckless statements which make up the staple of the article are worthy of that name, — many things are related, implicating more or less directly the honor and honesty of men who have ever stood unspotted before the world; and imputing venality or something worse to institutions generally believed to be engaged in a work of humanity, under the direction of men supposed worthy of their trust. The connection between the thing to be reformed and most of these allegations is not very obvious, for the formalities with which a patient may be admitted into a hospital can have nothing to do with his subsequent treatment. It seems to be only the old artifice of assailing a cause by bringing up some obnoxious incident, remotely, and not necessarily, connected with it; and the way in which this is managed leads us to suspect that the writer was governed more by private pique than any regard for the public good. We propose to follow him through from one statement to another, and show by indisputable evidence precisely what each is worth; and we solicit the patient attention of all who have been inclined to suppose that they were made in truth and sincerity.

It appears that patients are now admitted into hospitals for the insane chiefly on the strength of a certificate of insanity signed by one or two physicians. This is alleged to be all wrong, because physicians — considering what wretches many of them are — may be bribed to certify what they do not believe, or may honestly be mistaken in their opinion; and thus persons never supposed to be insane may be hurried away to a place of perpetual confinement, solely in order that ill-natured relatives may be the better able to work out some nefarious purpose. Relatives are so anxious to do this, and physicians are so ready to help them, according to the intimations of this writer, that we can only wonder that half the community, at least, are not shut up, with no hope of release but by death. And inasmuch as physicians have it in their power also to poison every patient whom wicked relations may think it worth their money to get rid of in that way, we wonder that they have not been swept from the face of the earth, instead of being still trusted with the lives of those we hold most dear.

Seriously, the usages of society and the common feelings of men indicate no difference between insanity and other diseases, as to the manner in which the patient should be treated by his family and friends. When a person is struck down by mental or other disease, the usual means and appliances of cure are provided; the physician is called in, nurses are engaged, and visitors are excluded from the room. If the physician advises that he can be better cared for somewhere else, that the chances of recovery would be increased by removal to the country, or the seaside, or a watering-place, or by a trip to Europe, the advice may or may not be followed; but it is not customary to think that the physician is actuated by corrupt motives, or assumes a duty that does not belong to him, in giving it. The presumption is nowise different, if, it being a case of mental disease, he advises removal to a hospital as the most approved instrumentality which the science and philanthropy of the age have created for the treatment of mental disorders. We are willing to admit that the medical profession has its share of unworthy members, some of whom, for a consideration, might be induced to commit the alleged offence; but it does not follow that this or any other possible form of delinquency should be met by indiscriminating legislation. No accumulation of safeguards can change

completely the course of human nature. To some extent, certainly, we are obliged to trust to the honesty of men. The business of life could not be carried on without this trust, and it would be no mark of wisdom to act as if everybody were only waiting for an opportunity to abuse it. A physician gives a certificate of insanity precisely as he performs any other professional duty, — in both cases under the same sanctions of morality and religion, and with the same deference to the laws of the land and the good opinion of his fellow-men. What better safeguards can we have?

But doctors disagree, and litigated cases are given in which there was a diversity of opinion among the medical witnesses. Hence it follows that a medical certificate is totally unreliable, because it is only the opinion of one or two physicians, from which one or two others might be found who would be likely to dissent. Is that in accordance with the principles on which men ordinarily act? Is the opinion of a lawyer, or a judge, or a merchant, or an engineer, or a mechanic, or a farmer, on subjects belonging to their respective callings, worthless, because other lawyers, or judges, or merchants might not concur in it? The writer labors under the mistaken notion that rare, exceptional abuse of a thing can be remedied only by the total abolition of the thing itself. The truth is, that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the medical certificate is all that can be justly required. The disease is obvious, the necessity for hospital treatment is imperative, and all parties are satisfied. For the exceptional cases, in regard to which any reasonable doubt or dissatisfaction may exist, it is easy to provide by a suitable legal process without abolishing altogether the present practice.

"There it stands," says the writer of the *Lettre de Cachet*, meaning the medical certificate, "in all its monstrous proportions, the foulest blot upon a nation's statute-books." And again he speaks of legislators "wincing at the existence of a *law* which permits such oppression," and only regretting "that it is not expunged from our statute-books," referring to the certificate, if we may judge from the context, though the connection of his thoughts one with another is not always very easily traced. He evidently supposes that this certificate is required by the laws of the State, but such is not the fact. It is required by the rules of every hospital in the land, as a salutary measure of protection against abuse; but only in two or three States is it made obligatory by law. The fact is, the merit of whatever has been done for this purpose belongs to these very institutions which are charged with favoring the designs of wrong-doers. Without their spontaneous and unsolicited action, not even the medical certificate would have been required. They have been regarded as purely benevolent in their object, and philanthropists have thought they were doing good service in the cause of humanity by providing for the admission within their walls of as many as possible of those afflicted ones who have lost Heaven's noblest gift to man. Our stupid forefathers never became aware of the appalling fact, so obvious to the keener discernment of some of their descendants, that they are only "nurseries for and manufactories of madness." Thus, completely unaware of their true character, they took no measures of prevention, and weakly reposed upon the honor and honesty of a class of men who, we are now told, are ever ready to convert the opportunities of benevolence into a means for perpetrating the foulest of wrongs. Even after the light of modern humanity had fairly dawned upon them, people continued so insensible that when one of those victims of oppression was brought from an insane asylum into court on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and his discharge was urged for the reason that his detention was authorized by no law whatever, common or statute, the court was swift to say by the mouth of that eminent judge, Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, that his detention in the

asylum was amply authorized by "the great law of humanity."

It may be well to say, in this connection, that for several years the Association of Superintendents of North American hospitals for the insane, at its annual meetings, has been discussing and maturing the project of a general law for regulating the position of the insane, which it proposes to recommend for adoption in every State of the Union. This proposed law, while recognizing the sacred right of the family, under the great law of humanity, to place one of its members in a hospital for the insane, restricted by no other condition than that of the medical certificate, provides a judicial procedure for authorizing this measure in the case of those who have no family or near friend to care for them, and also for that class of patients whose relatives may differ respecting the proper course to be pursued. It also provides a judicial inquisition for ascertaining the mental condition of such as may be alleged to be detained in a hospital after recovery from their derangement; and it makes such disposition of those who are acquitted on trial for criminal acts as will best secure the safety of society and satisfy the claims of humanity.

It would seem as if a would-be reformer of the laws should know with some degree of accuracy what the laws are; but to our writer that kind of information is a matter of perfect indifference. His remarks on the pecuniary bond given by the friends of patients exhibit the same confusion of ideas that we have witnessed in his remarks about the medical certificate. Having quoted the bond required at the Frankford asylum, he adds immediately: "Thus is written the law upon this matter, borrowed scores and scores of years ago from England. . . . . Yet here upon our statute-books it stands as it was recorded on the day of its adoption." It seems almost an insult to the understanding of our readers to tell them that neither this nor any bond for the Frankford or other hospital in Pennsylvania ever existed in the shape of a statute. It was required by the managers of the asylum, in order to secure the payment of their expenses. A similar bond is used in every hospital where the patients are not entirely supported at the public expense. It has no connection whatever with the mode of admission, and would be retained even if the former were made to depend on a trial by jury. It is a common usage of the world to require security for the payment of pecuniary obligations. Hospitals for the insane are charitable institutions, depending for their support more or less on the income derived from their patients. If the rich sometimes pay more than the actual cost, they obtain what they get at a much lower price than they could in any other way, while the excess inures to the benefit of the poorer classes, who thereby pay considerably less than the cost. The effect of bad debts, therefore, is to enhance the price to the latter class, and to that extent deprive them of the benefit of hospital treatment. To find in such a bond an occasion of reproach indicates either an extraordinary ignorance of the ways of business, or a determination to excite prejudice and ill-feeling at all hazards.

"The natural consequences," he says, "of granting physicians such immense powers" (meaning thereby, we suppose, the power of giving a certificate of insanity, and perhaps that of requiring a bond for the payment of expenses) "are flung into the faces of our legislators, judges, and jurors, with 'damnable iteration.'" What is meant by consequences that are flung about in this extraordinary manner he does not vouchsafe to inform us, but we are inclined to believe it is only one of those spontaneous flights of rhetoric in which he is fond of indulging. The sentence is immediately followed by the statement that "the law-books are full of such cases," but we are left as much in the dark as to these "cases" as we are about the "consequences" aforesaid. He can hardly mean the cases of persons who have been delivered from durance by the

writ of *habeas corpus*, because he presently harrows up our feelings with a sensational paragraph on the extreme difficulty of obtaining the writ at all, and the cold comfort afforded by it when it is obtained. At the victim's hearing, "everything is against him"; "he comes into court feverish and excited. His wrongs, his sufferings, his associations in the asylum, have wrought their worst upon him." His witnesses fail to appear, "for his star is in the descendant, and the taint of the prison is on him." Then, too, on the other side are feed counsel and the "influential citizens" that compose the Board of Directors; and "the medical staff of eminent men already biassed against any one" pronounced insane by a professional brother; and "the crowd of spectators, who glare at the prisoner as if he were a wild beast"; and the "keeper ever by his side"; and "the judge, whose face betokens no interest in him, but is lighted up with cordial recognition of each of the eminent medical jailers as they enter. They have sworn away so many men's liberties, before his Honor, that they and the court are quite old friends." If the prisoner can stand all this, and rise superior to the depressing influences that have surrounded him, and "undergo an examination with perfect calmness," even then he has but "a desperate chance." The Anglo-Saxon world has been in the habit of thinking, that, of all the instrumentalities of the law none is more potent in effecting its objects than the writ of *habeas corpus*. No strength of surroundings, no influence of wealth or station, no cunning device of lawyers, has been supposed capable of resisting its power or thwarting its purposes. All this, it appears, is one of those popular fallacies which pass among unenlightened people for veritable facts. To the poor unfortunate who has suffered the wrong and indignity of being pronounced insane, and shut up among "gibbering idiots and raving maniacs," it furnishes no relief. Plain people, insensible to the arts of rhetoric, and governed solely by the dictates of common sense, would rather conclude that the failure of the writ to procure redress in the class of cases referred to only showed that the persons were really insane and properly held in confinement.

Again we are puzzled. In spite of the inefficiency of the writ here complained of, the writer says that "a distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar lately referred to six cases in which he had been engaged during the last year, where there had been imprisonment for alleged insanity, and release effected only after long confinement and tedious efforts"; and this, he intimates, is not an unusually large proportion, "for, if we could examine the dockets of every practising lawyer in the United States, we should find multitudes of entries telling the same story." This curious fact in the statistics of insanity we commend to the attention of our friend, Dr. Jarvis, by whom it seems to have been overlooked in his researches in this department of knowledge. In the mean time, we will give him the benefit of such inquiries as the above statement induced us to make. In the last Philadelphia Directory the list of lawyers embraces about seven hundred names. On the supposition that only half of these are in actual practice, and that these have been engaged in only half as many cases of imprisonment for alleged insanity as the "distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar," with whom it may have been a specialty, then the whole number of cases must have amounted, for the year 1867, to one thousand and fifty! We find, however, that during that year two persons only were discharged from the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane by means of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and neither of them on the ground of their not being insane, and not one from either of the other hospitals, public or private, out of an aggregate of about thirteen hundred patients. During the twenty-seven years that the first-named institution has existed, out of more than five thousand patients received, only three cases have been dis-

charged by writ of *habeas corpus*, where the officers made any objection, and in these cases the discharge was not made because the patients were believed to be sane. One other patient was released during the proceedings of a Commission in Lunacy, and one was removed by his friends before the final hearing, and soon afterwards found drowned in the Delaware River. From all the other establishments together, since they began, one only — from that at Harrisburg — has been discharged by the writ. The conclusion seems to be inevitable, that "the distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar" who succeeded in delivering six persons from durance vile in the year 1867 is no better than a myth; or, if he were really a thing of flesh and blood, that he was playing upon the credulity of the writer.

The writer is not content with general assertions respecting the abuses that grow out of the present arrangement. Several cases are described that would seem to furnish some ground for his conclusions, provided they are fairly related. If, however, these accounts abound in misrepresentations, then they only prove that the writer is unreliable in anything. Let us see how this is.

The first case adduced for the purpose of showing that sane men may be caught up while quietly pursuing their customary avocations, and kept in close confinement under the false pretence of their insanity, is that of Morgan Hinchman, which occurred in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, over twenty years ago. It would be impossible within our allotted space to enter into the merits or demerits of this case, and we must, therefore, be content with noticing only the misrepresentations of the writer, vitiating, as they do, almost every statement he has made concerning it. This will show, however, the *animus* with which the article was written, and the degree of credit which it deserves.

The facts of the case were disclosed at the trial of an action of conspiracy, brought by Hinchman against fifteen persons, among whom were his sister, his wife's sister, the men who took him to the asylum, the physician who gave the certificate, the officers of the asylum, and a person who was charged with being placed corruptly on the jury that pronounced him insane (after making inquisition in compliance with a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*). The alleged object of the conspiracy was to place him in the asylum at Frankford, in order to obtain the possession or control of his property. He obtained a verdict; but few, we believe, can read the evidence now, free from the prejudices of the time, without being satisfied that he was very insane, and that no corrupt or other improper motive could be fairly imputed to any one of the defendants. In fact, there was nothing whatever to distinguish the course of events in this case from that which ordinarily occurs. For several years this person had labored under mental derangement, which at times deprived him of all self-control, and made him behave as most insane people do in the highest grade of the disease, though at other times he retained his self-possession, and to the casual observer presented no trace of disorder. Gradually he grew worse. His paroxysms became more frequent, and created constant apprehension in the family circle. Naturally reluctant to take the last step, and hoping that every attack would be the last, his friends attempted no interference until his own welfare and the safety of others rendered it imperatively necessary. Then his mother and his sister, his wife and her sister, assuming a responsibility that belonged to them alone, concluded to send him to a hospital. Accordingly, they invoked the aid of some male friends to carry this measure into effect. A physician who had long and intimately known him gave the medical certificate, his family physician advised him to go quietly, and all concerned were his friends and well-wishers. He was placed in an asylum admirably fitted for its destined purpose, allowed every comfort and privilege conducive to his welfare, and in less than six months discharged, free from all trace of active disease. On the face

of this transaction there was nothing suspicious; everything was done openly and aboveboard, in the usual way and by the usual means. The very day after his admission to the asylum application was made by his mother for a jury of inquest, which was granted; and, the fact of insanity being established, a committee was appointed to take charge of his property and manage his affairs. Yet, out of this simple transaction, conceived in kindness and completed in good faith, this writer conjures up an array of horrors suggestive of the Holy Inquisition, the Star Chamber, the Bastile, and iron cages. How much foundation the horrors have is a question we propose to answer, and we will take them in the order in which they stand.

Horror 1st. — "An estrangement arising out of it [his wife's assignment of her property to him] grew up between him and his wife, instigated, it was alleged, by her family."

There was not a tittle of proof of any estrangement on her part, nor any change of manner or feeling beyond what would necessarily result from the manifestation of Hinchman's mental disease.

Horror 2d. — "For six long and dreadful months was this gentleman kept a close prisoner, denied the usual privileges of the establishment, encompassed by gibbering idiots and raving maniacs," "deprived of all intercourse with the outer world, save those of his enemies who had placed him there."

Dr. Evans, the visiting physician, testified, on the trial, that, "during the early period of his being in the asylum, he was limited to the men's wing of the building, and to the airing-yard attached thereto. As his health improved, he was allowed the use of the garden, the library, and grounds adjoining it; and, when his convalescence was thought to be secured, he was allowed the range of the whole farm, to go where and as he would"; and it appeared from other witnesses, that once he visited a brother-in-law living a few miles from the asylum, and spent the night with him. He received a visit from his mother and his wife, though they probably are ranked by our writer among his "enemies"; from his brother-in-law, who had nothing to do with placing him in the asylum; from his uncle, who tried hard to have him discharged, and several other persons. Several letters, too, passed between him and the "outer world." By a rule of the asylum, no idiots, gibbering or otherwise, are ever received; and if raving maniacs were in the house at that time, they were in a different ward from that occupied by Hinchman, and could not have seriously annoyed him.

Horror 3d. — "In his far-away home, and unknown to him, his eldest child lay dying."

We are unable to see what bearing this event has on the question of Mr. Hinchman's insanity, or the manner in which he was placed in the asylum. He was not informed of this fact, probably for the reason that it seemed likely to disturb and agitate him, and thus retard his recovery. Such is the course often pursued in asylums; and that it is merciful and judicious no one can doubt who has been much conversant with the insane.

Horror 4th. — "His property was sold away from him under the auctioneer's hammer; his books, his furniture, his very garments, divided among '*his friends*,' who had given the orders by which he was buried alive."

It seems that one of Hinchman's creditors obtained a judgment previously to his being sent to the asylum, but the execution was issued afterwards. To prevent the sacrifice of the stock and other things on the farm, the sale of which had been ordered by the sheriff, one of the persons included in the roll of conspirators, in the kindness of his heart, advanced the money to satisfy the execution, and by judicious management obtained a good price for the property. The surplus was used to discharge other demands against the estate. So that on the discharge of the commission, as was abundantly proved by the evidence, Hinchman's real estate was restored to him just as he left it, and his personal

property accounted for to him within two hundred dollars of his own estimate, — a number of debts having been paid, his family supported, and an execution advantageously satisfied.

What ground the writer has for saying Hinchman's clothes were divided among his friends we cannot ascertain. We doubt if he has any. There is not a syllable to that effect in the testimony, and no one within reach of inquiry ever heard of it before. Hinchman's wife may possibly have given away a pair of old trousers, or some other worn-out garment supposed to be not worth keeping.

Horror 5th. — "They had consigned him to a living death; nobody came to his rescue, nobody knew of the place of his incarceration, — nobody, relative or true friend, alien or neighbor."

The testimony showed that many persons, friends, neighbors, and relatives, knew of his being in the asylum, and his uncle visited him two or three times, and used every effort to get him discharged.

Horror 6th. — At the trial, "signatures were denied, orders repudiated, minutes kept back, records vitiated and altered, letters burned."

It is true that some papers of little importance, called for from the defence, were not forthcoming at once, having been obviously mislaid; and that is the only grain of truth in the whole charge. Nothing was kept back, denied, vitiated, or burned.

Horror 7th. — When the uncle "went in his wrath to those who had placed him there, who had sold his property and divided his raiment among them, he was told 'that he had better not attempt reclaiming his nephew's property, but leave it with them, because they would either prove him insane or so blacken his character that he could not walk the streets.'"

The conversation referred to was with the person who had been appointed the committee to take charge of his affairs, and is here grossly misrepresented. This person, who had taken no part, by word or deed, in placing Hinchman in the asylum, said to the uncle, what he had already said to the nephew, as a reason why they should refrain from revoking the guardianship, — that it would be the means of blackening his character; that is, Hinchman had done things that could be excused only on the ground of insanity, such as taking money from a bank in which he was employed, and in which he consequently lost his place. The Friends' Meeting, to which he belonged, directed inquiry to be made into the matter, according to their custom; and the conclusion was that he was insane, and therefore not deserving of censure or discipline.

Horror 8th. — "Said the chief conspirator to his victim, 'Make a deed of trust. If you do that, you may come out a sane man.' Another witness testified that the superintendent of the asylum said: 'It is a mere family quarrel; if he would arrange his property, there would be an end of it.'"

The truth of these statements, which were said by the uncle to have been made to him, not to the 'victim,' was positively denied by affidavit of the persons referred to, one of whom was Hinchman's wife.

Horror 9th. — "The physician who signed the certificate had never been Morgan Hinchman's physician, had not seen him a single moment for four months previous to issuing it."

This may have been so, but it must be borne in mind that the physician was made a defendant in the case, and of course his mouth was shut. The writer was careful not to add, what he knew very well, that this gentleman was a fellow-member of the same Friends' Meeting; that, when the Meeting was obliged to take cognizance of Hinchman's conduct, he was one of the committee chosen to visit and examine him, and report on the proper course to be pursued; that, in consequence of these relations, he became well acquainted with Hinchman's mental condition, came to the conclusion that he was insane, and advised the Meeting to treat him accordingly. He was, therefore, as well fitted

to give a certificate as any other physician would have been on the strength of one or two interviews. But instead of "being outside of the reach of the law, and acquitted," as the writer states, with his usual inaccuracy, he was convicted with the rest of the conspirators.

Horror 10*th.* — "A manager of the asylum testified that 'the superintendent could not look beyond the papers of admission supplied by the patient's friends; that the superintendent had *no power to discharge an inmate, no matter how long his cure had been established, without the consent of the friends who had placed him there.*'"

We can find nothing like this in the printed testimony. On the contrary, one of the rules of the asylum, produced at the trial, is, that, "in case of a patient being fully restored, or other causes rendering his or her removal proper, reasonable notice shall be given thereof to the friends of the patient; but, should they decline applying for a discharge, the visiting managers shall report the case to the board, and proceed under its direction to discharge and remove the patient."

It must be a desperate cause that can derive any support from a distorted account of a case which no true friend of the principal party concerned would have been anxious to drag from its long sleep into the gaze of a new generation. The fact of Hinchman's insanity was abundantly established by the testimony of his own family, his neighbors, and his physicians. He was placed in an asylum where he was properly and kindly cared for, and allowed every suitable privilege, and from which he was discharged, if not as perfectly recovered, yet in a far better mental condition than when he entered. His property was very properly placed in charge of a committee, by whom it was prudently and judiciously managed. The case did present an extraordinary feature, unparalleled in the records of jury-trials. It was the spirit in which this man and his coadjutor pushed through an action at law against those from whom he had received nothing but kindness, and obtained vindictive damages, which, with a noble sense of honor, was paid chiefly by his own flesh and blood, though it stripped his aged mother of the greater portion of her humble means.

In pursuing his design of exposing the wrongs effected by the medical certificate, the writer mentions the case of a lady who was recently placed in the Pennsylvania Hospital for the insane by her husband, who had ceased to love her, and took this means of getting her out of the way, and, perhaps, of obtaining a libel of divorce, for which, with his wonderfully accurate knowledge of law, he thinks "incarceration in a mad-house for a certain period would give him grounds." This wicked scheme was frustrated, it seems, by Dr. Kirkbride, the physician of the hospital, who "became especially interested in her, watched her assiduously, examined into the facts of her case, taking a great deal of trouble in the matter, satisfied himself of her sanity, brought the attention of the court to the subject, and procured her discharge." Various circumstances render it impossible to mistake the case here alluded to, and a more unfortunate one for the purpose can scarcely be imagined. The certificate of insanity was signed by two physicians, one of whom had attended her and her children for several months, and taken great pains to ascertain her mental condition, which his relation to the family gave him ample opportunity of doing; and the other was a gentleman who had had charge of a large establishment for the insane for several years, and had observed and conversed with the patient several times. In their depositions, given before a commissioner, to be used in an application she made for the custody of the children, the reasons for their opinion are so clearly, so fully, and so intelligently presented as to remove any shadow of doubt respecting its correctness. It was strengthened, if that were possible, by the testimony of a host of witnesses, — servants, nurses, the people with whom she boarded, and casual acquaintances. It was no friendly office to try to deprive her of the only

possible excuse for conduct that would have been disgraceful to any sane woman. What is said of Dr. Kirkbride's attention to the case is all very true, we doubt not; but he authorizes us to say that he never expressed the opinion that she was not insane, that he never called the attention of the court to her case, and that neither she nor any one else was ever discharged from his care under the circumstances stated. She was removed by her brother, her husband not objecting, and without any process of law, at the end of seven or eight weeks. As an indication of the temper and designs of her husband, let it be remembered that some six or seven months previously he had placed her in the hospital, and, at the end of a fortnight, yielded to her importunities, and took her home, where her previous conduct was renewed in a more objectionable form.

Another case is given of a man recently sent to the same institution by his relatives, merely because in the indulgence of his æsthetic tastes he bought a few books and pictures, thereby diminishing the hoards that would naturally come to them after his death. The reader is to believe that for this reason alone, as no other is given, a man in Philadelphia was put into a hospital for the insane, and kept there some two or three months! Considering the multitude of indifferent pictures disposed of in that market, at almost incredible prices, the purchase of paintings would seem about the last thing to be regarded by Philadelphians as proof of insanity. There was, unquestionably, an old man in Philadelphia, who bought a great many pictures, was pronounced insane by his physician, sent to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the insane, and discharged therefrom by order of court. Thus much is true, and a great deal more not mentioned at all, which omission we propose to supply as fully as possible. We are unable to obtain any notes of the testimony, but the following private communication from Judge Allison, who issued the writ of *habeas corpus*, will sufficiently answer our purpose. "I had no doubt of his insanity at the time when he was placed in the hospital. The testimony of his friends and associates, and also that of a very respectable physician who had attended him professionally for a long time, satisfied me on that point. His conduct towards his relations suddenly, and without cause, changed from gentleness and kindness to violence and abuse. The evidence showed that his daily behavior was strange and unnatural, and wholly inconsistent with reason and sound judgment. The proof of his acts, of his speech, and of his appearance left no doubt on my mind that at the time when he was sent to the asylum he was insane, and needed both restraint and judicious treatment, with a view to his restoration to reason. When brought before me, he was, according to the evidence, very much improved; and although manifesting in court considerable excitement of manner, I did not think it would be unsafe to discharge him from custody, or that he would do violence to himself or to others. And on this ground mainly I rested my decision. To this may be added my belief, — presumptuous, perhaps, — from what I saw of the man, as well as from the testimony, that his entire recovery would be aided by freedom rather than by further restraint of liberty. That he was a monomaniac in relation to the purchase of pictures and furniture no one, I think, could doubt for a moment. His purchases at auction were frequent, as well as large in amount, reaching some thousands of dollars, and, as the auctioneer testified, without judgment, and very much at random. This was carried to so great an extent, that auctioneers, after a time, avoided or refused his bids. M—— resided with his mother, and her house was filled with his purchases; not only the rooms, but the passage-ways as well. I informed his friends at the hearing, that he could be restrained by process of law from wasting his property, because of his unsoundness of mind; and I delayed my decision, to afford them an opportunity to apply for

a commission of lunacy, as well as to test his case for my own satisfaction by a further delay; but no inquisition was instituted, and, for the reasons already stated, I discharged him." So it seems that these rapacious relatives, who did not shrink from the outrage of falsely imprisoning this old gentleman, would not trouble themselves to attempt to deprive him by legal measures of the control of his property, even with a fair prospect of success.

We are sorry to say that one statement in this case is unquestionably true. He was taken to a station-house, and kept there overnight. The stupid policeman who had charge of him either thought that patients were not received into the hospital after dark, or that it would be more agreeable to go by daylight, and so he took him to the police station for safe-keeping until morning. It was no fault of the friends or the physician, and might have happened had he been committed by order of court.

Whether this person subsequently served on a jury, as the writer states, we have not taken the trouble to ascertain. If he did, we dare say he performed the duty acceptably, but we have not been so profoundly impressed with the wisdom of juries as to regard the fact as conclusive proof that he was not then, and never had been, insane. We doubt not that many of the inmates of our hospitals would perform the functions of a juryman as creditably as the average of men now put into the jury-box. They do a great many other things requiring more forethought and steadiness than it does to say yes or no to a verdict as likely to be wrong as right.

The writer's grievances are not confined to the medical certificate nor the mercenary motives of the friends who procure it. He more than insinuates that hospitals for the insane, all the country over, are guilty of many reprehensible practices, and even gross abuses, while admitting, Judas-like, that "their laws are perfection, and their treatment of patients tender and thoughtful as it should be; that their principles are the highest results of refined and cultivated minds, and generous, sympathetic hearts."

He complains that the patients' letters are not sent without being first read by the superintendent, and not always then. This is not exactly true. In many hospitals, — for of course we cannot know respecting every one in the country, — many a patient's letters are sent without being read by the officers; and nothing is more common than a regular correspondence between a patient and friends, that meets no other eye than theirs. Patients in an active stage of disease often write letters full of folly and nonsense, which are wisely and kindly withheld; and no one is more grateful for the discretion thus exercised than the patient when he comes to himself. No sooner is convalescence fairly established than he begins to be mortified by the recollection of such letters, and experiences a sense of relief most salutary in his condition when assured that they were withheld. Why should an insane person be allowed to expose his infirmities in the shape of a letter that may be read by scores or hundreds, more than in the shape of crazy acts and crazy discourse? Not unfrequently, a refined and cultivated woman writes letters, while in the height of disease, the thought of which, when restored, overwhelms her with shame and confusion. To forward such letters would be an outrage upon decency, and would raise the blood of every true husband, brother, and parent, who would make the case their own. It would be a breach of trust on the part of any hospital officer permitting it, that should be followed by his instant dismissal. Besides, the letters of the insane often convey information respecting their mental condition of the utmost importance to those intrusted with their care. Many a patient who conceals his delusions and mad designs from ordinary observation betrays them in his writings, and many a patient has been preserved from harm to himself or to

others by means of the statements contained in his letters. It is the business and the duty of the physician of the insane to make himself acquainted with what is passing in the mind of his patient; and to inspect his writings in furtherance of this purpose is as proper as it would be to ascertain the condition of his heart and lungs by means of the stethoscope, or the state of his eyes by means of the ophthalmoscope.

The writer also complains that to the superintendent is intrusted "the sole direction of the medical, moral, and dietetic treatment of the patients, and the selection of all persons employed in their care." All this is bad enough in the public and incorporated asylums, but it must be far worse, he thinks, in "those private mad-houses whose name is legion." It will not be very obvious, we imagine, why an organization of service that has been universally adopted in mills, ships, railways, and many other industrial establishments where well-defined responsibility, harmonious working, and prompt execution are necessary to the highest degree of success, should not be equally suitable to a hospital where many persons are employed, and many operations going on requiring industry, vigilance, thoughtfulness, and fidelity, and all with reference to a common end. Hospitals are now put into the charge of a superintendent responsible for the management, because, after a thorough trial of every other method, this has been found to be the most efficient. The time was when the physician, whose duties were exclusively medical, came in three or four times a week, walked through the wards, exchanged a few words with the attendants, prescribed the necessary medicines, and then went his way. The steward, warden, or whatever might be his title, lived in the house, obtained the supplies, looked after the house and grounds, paid the employees, and reported their misconduct to the directors. The attendants were called to account by these functionaries, to whom they may have owed their appointment, and by whom their delinquencies would naturally be regarded with indulgence. The directors themselves might take a turn at executive duty occasionally, which proved not very conducive to the general harmony. In this way, nobody was strictly responsible for anything, nobody's duties were defined, and an endless jar was the usual result. It was under such management that those terrible abuses occurred in the English establishments, which were exposed by parliamentary inquiry in 1815. If we are anxious to have them renewed among ourselves, we have only to take from the physician the sole direction of affairs, fritter away everybody's responsibility, and rely upon every employee to do his duty only according to his own good will and pleasure.

How the writer arrives at the fact that we have among us a "legion of private mad-houses," as he elegantly designates them, we are quite unable to conceive. With opportunities, fully equal, probably, to his, of knowing, we doubt if there are a dozen; indeed, we cannot reckon up more than seven. We begin to think that he has some remarkable endowment of mental vision analogous to the structure of the eye in some insects, which, being composed of a multitude of lesser eyes, sees the object it looks at multiplied ten-thousand-fold. In some such extraordinary manner this writer, who may have seen our friend Given's excellent establishment at Media, beholds the images of it depicted on his mental retina, multiplied more times than any known denomination of numbers can express. Of course the mountain of abuse suggested by this large expression will sink into a very insignificant pile.

Another charge against hospitals for the insane is, that, while they may be all very well for insane people, "they become torture-houses, breeders of insanity, for those who may, by cruel chance, be brought improperly under their peculiar influences," a circumlocution which refers, no doubt, to people who are not insane. To discuss

the effect of hospitals on the sane, before we have better proof of the existence of this abuse, would be but a waste of time and space. With that class of worthies who think it their mission to excite popular prejudices against hospitals for the insane, it is a favorite means to represent them as calculated to remove any vestige of sanity that may be left, and destroy all chances of cure. Many persons have been kept away from them, under the influence of this notion, until the disease has become completely incurable, or, worse still, until some deplorable deed of violence has rendered delay no longer possible. The steadily increasing list of suicides and homicides attributed by coroners' juries to insanity bears witness to the power and extent of this miserable prejudice. Surely, nothing less than some constitutional mental obliquity can account for the satisfaction these people take in witnessing the mischief they occasion, and finding in it a fresh reason for persevering in their unholy work.

Not the least of this writer's complaints against hospitals is, that the patients are subjected to all manner of ill-treatment. He says that in England "it was recently found necessary to direct, under the authority of Parliament, an investigation into the character and treatment of the patients confined in the mad-houses of the United Kingdom. The official reports of these investigations are tales of wrong, cruelty, and oppression, at which the heart sickens," &c. Now, we feel safe in denying that any such investigation has been made *recently*, and the annual reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy must convince any reasonable mind that such charges against the asylums of the present day are groundless. The statement here quoted will apply to the famous parliamentary inquiry of 1815, which, with the writer's usual proclivity for confusing all the relations of time, space, and number, he represents as an occurrence within our own time.

According to the writer's account, our own hospitals, especially those of Pennsylvania, are no less shamefully managed; and in proof he quotes from two public documents, one, the report of what he calls the "Pennsylvania Medical Association," and the other, the "Report of a Special Commission Appointed by the Governor." The passages quoted reveal the most barbarous treatment of the insane, attributed by implication to the hospitals and asylums for the insane. Some were in cold basement rooms, without fresh air and the means of exercise; males and females without clothing were found in adjoining rooms; some were fastened by a chain to a staple in the floor; one said to be deranged was chained to a sixty-pound weight, which he was obliged to carry about; and one, over eighty years old, had been chained for twenty years. These passages are so introduced as to give the impression — which, no doubt, the writer deliberately intended to give — that such things were witnessed in the incorporated and the State hospitals for the insane. Here are the actual facts, known as well to the writer as to anybody else.

The State hospitals being filled to their utmost capacity, it was thought necessary that more should be provided; and, to make the necessity as obvious as possible, the "Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania" appointed a committee to prepare a memorial to the Legislature on the subject, in which, among other things, they exposed the wretched condition of the insane in the poor-houses of the towns and counties. With the same object in view, the special commissioner was directed to examine into the condition of the insane inmates of the poor-houses and jails. The results of these inquiries were presented to the Legislature, as an inducement for establishing another hospital, and the Legislature voted the necessary appropriation. Not one word, be it observed, is said by the writer about jails or poor-houses in connection with these passages. In view of this attempt to cast a lasting reproach upon honest men, what credit can be given to

any of his statements, and what terms of reprobation can be too strong to bestow upon such a deliberate deception?

The writer's remedy for all defects in the present practices and laws is "some statutory regulation as to the degree of aberration of mind justifying detention, and provision made for a hearing before a board of magistrates, and a sworn jury of twelve, composed of men of strong and sterling sense." He does not tell us what degree of aberration ought, in his opinion, to warrant a person's detention in a hospital; and we are puzzled to conceive how our law-makers, who are not supposed to be remarkably inclined to psychological studies, will be able to take the first step towards framing the "statutory regulation" required. Their attemps at definition would be likely to result, we apprehend, much like that of Polonius in the play: —

> "Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
> What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?"

But, supposing this difficulty surmounted, we are no less puzzled to conceive by what sort of evidence the prescribed degree of insanity is to be proved. Our writer has no faith in doctors, because doctors sometimes disagree, and besides they may be bribed, so they would have to be excluded as incompetent witnesses. But, probably, he considers it the crowning excellence of this arrangement, that the degree of insanity is to be determined solely by that strong and sterling sense which, it is well known, is so characteristic of juries. Seriously, since a jury-trial is not universally considered the perfection of wisdom, even when the facts are intelligible to the meanest understanding, we are unable to see how a jury can be the best tribunal for deciding questions of a professional nature. The Solons of Illinois think otherwise, for they have provided, by a stringent law, that no person shall be placed in any hospital for the insane whose disease has not been proved by a jury-trial. Are we prepared to follow such legislation? When an afflictive disease is filling our homes with sorrow and apprehension, is it a matter of pleasing reflection that we can lay our griefs before the judge or the sheriff, who will authorize twelve men to gather around the bedside of the beloved wife or daughter, and there, after learning those painful circumstances of the domestic history which every sentiment of propriety would forbid us to mention beyond the family circle, but which may immediately become food for gossip in the streets and the shops, — even without the aid of a newspaper-reporter, though the "representatives of the press" probably would not be excluded from the room, — this august tribunal may or may not decide that the patient is insane, and give or withhold its authority for removal to a hospital? Would we rejoice at the prospect of thus bringing the law and its ministers within our very doors, at the moment when of all others we would wish to be shielded from the public gaze? Few families, we are sure, would submit to the operation of such a law as long as it could be possibly avoided; and every expedient and makeshift would be resorted to, until the exhaustion of their means and strength left them no alternative.

One or two words respecting the great grievance which forms the burden of the article in question.

Of all the bugbears conjured up in these latter times to frighten grown people from the course pointed out by true science and true humanity, it would be hard to find one more destitute of real substance than the alleged practice of confining sane persons in hospitals for the insane. We have yet to learn of the first well-authenticated case in this country; and we have heard the same thing asserted by others, whose professional duties have enabled them to be well informed on this subject. Although this does not prove the impossibility of such an abuse, it certainly does prove that it must be an exceedingly rare occurrence. If it be answered, that these persons were biassed by their occupations, and thus labored under an insuperable difficulty in discovering the sanity of people wrongly charged with

being insane, let us listen to the declaration of one who, with the amplest opportunities for learning the truth, cannot be charged with having been under a bias that would lead him to overlook or ignore an abuse of the kind in question. Some thirty years ago, the British Parliament established a "Board of Commissioners in Lunacy," whose business it was to visit every hospital for the insane, public and private, once, at least, every year; to make themselves acquainted with their accommodations and management, their merits and defects; to point out faults and suggest improvements; to mark the circumstances of particular patients, and, if thought expedient, recommend their removal to some other establishment. Though clothed with no executive powers, yet so potent was their advice, that when they recommended, as they sometimes did, the withdrawal of the license of some private house, their advice was always followed. The present Earl Shaftesbury was a member and chairman of this Board from the beginning up to a very recent period, and was particularly distinguished by the activity and intelligence with which he discharged his duties, and by his interest in whatever pertained to the welfare of the insane. He was never slow to perceive deficiencies, nor to administer a sharp rebuke when it seemed to be deserved. He was never supposed to entertain any partiality for medical men likely to influence his opinion in questions where they were concerned. In the parliamentary session of 1858 and 1859 a committee was appointed to inquire and report respecting some lunacy question, and the Earl was requested to testify. On that occasion he said, "The notion of improper admissions or detentions is essentially wrong"; and he left it to be implied that such occurrences could only take place at rare intervals, and under unusual circumstances.

We occasionally hear it alleged, no doubt, as it is in the article before us, that a certain inmate of an asylum is not insane, but only a victim of the greed or hatred of his or her relations. A persistent clamor may be heard through the whole length and breadth of the land over some case of this kind; the newspapers may teem with angry paragraphs; and the courts be beset for writs of *habeas corpus*, writs of injunction, and every possible legal instrumentality for the relief of injured innocence. All this is perfectly compatible with what we have said above, and is satisfactorily explained by what we know of the nature of insanity. This disease is not always obvious to the casual observer. Its manifestations require time and opportunity, in the absence of which its workings are confined to the inmost thoughts, or exhibited only in those domestic relations that are not exposed to the public view; and, even when the patient proclaims his delusions, they may not be of a kind necessarily impossible. If he believes that his head is turned round, or that he is the son of perdition, nobody doubts his insanity. But when a child or parent is charged with unkindness, a husband or wife with infidelity to marriage-vows, and that too with an air of sincerity seemingly incompatible with deception and a minuteness of circumstance incompatible with fiction, it is not surprising that the stranger, or sometimes even the intimate friend, should believe the story, and use every endeavor to abate the wrong. If disposed to doubt or hesitate in view of the unsullied reputation of the parties accused, there comes the artful suggestion, that if a man is tired of his wife or a woman of her husband, and bent upon forbidden pleasures; if children are looking with greedy eyes upon houses and lands and stocks which the prolonged existence of a parent keeps from their grasp, — what more convenient course could they adopt than to declare the person who bars the way to the coveted object to be insane, and consign him to imprisonment in a hospital? The most common traits of the insane, — their ability to conceal more or less the manifestations of disease, the plausibility with which they set forth the wrongs alleged

to be inflicted on them, the fact that the mental disorder is often witnessed rather in the conduct than the conversation, their disposition to hate and malign those who have been most assiduous in offices of kindness and affection, — these are all ignored, even by persons whose culture would seem to have secured them from such grievous ignorance.

We cannot conclude without animadverting upon the spirit of hostility towards hospitals for the insane which pervades the whole article reviewed. That they are not perfect, that they are liable to defects like every other enterprise conducted by men and women, it needs no prophet to tell us. Considering the unavoidable difficulties of their work, — difficulties which the world knows little about, — and the rare moral and intellectual endowments required for its successful performance, we only wonder that they have reached a measure of excellence worthy of the admiration of all who can see in a good work something besides its little imperfections. To remedy their defects, to give them the highest degree of efficiency, to keep them fully up with the advancing steps of modern civilization, — these are things that require, not the ill-natured flings of amateur reformers who never spent a couple of hours in them in all their lives, and have no conception of any other form of insanity than that of raving mania, but the counsel and aid of those who have personal knowledge of their management and affairs, of the nature of insanity, and of the ways of the insane. It is too late in the day to decry these institutions. Consecrated by the labors of a Tuke, a Mann, a Dix, and others like them in spirit, if not in fame, and the better fitted for their work by the bounties of those who have been glad to devote a portion of their wealth to the service of humanity, they are among the best fruits of that noble philanthropy, of that peculiarly Christian spirit and principle, which distinguish the social condition of our times. To gain an adequate conception of the good they accomplish, let one traverse their halls and grounds, witness the order, peace, and freedom that prevail, — the admirable arrangements for promoting the physical and mental comfort of their inmates by means of good food, pure air, abundant recreation, and employment out of doors books, papers, pictures, amusements within, — and learn something of the unceasing, unwearied effort to prevent abuses and render the law of kindness paramount to every other influence; and then go to the jails and almshouses where these stricken ones, "bound in affliction and iron," endure too often the last extremity of human wretchedness. We envy not the heart of that man who could witness this contrast without invoking blessings on the modern hospital for the insane and bidding it God speed in its holy work.

The writer professes to entertain only the kindest feeling towards these institutions; but let him take no credit to himself on that score. Almost every sentence bears witness to a very different kind of feeling. The vocabulary of oppression and tyranny is ransacked for titles and epithets wherewith to render them odious and unworthy of confidence. They are called "prisons," "Bastiles," "torture-houses," "breeders of insanity"; their physicians are styled "jailers," and their attendants "morose keepers"; their inmates are called "prisoners," and their seclusion "imprisonment," "being buried alive," and "incarceration in a mad-house," where they "vainly beat against the iron bars of their cage." We do not suppose that such spiteful effusions do much harm to these institutions or the persons connected with them. They may excite a temporary sensation in the minds of over-credulous people, and of all those who are ever ready to believe that the fairest outside is only a cloak for concealing some hideous evil beneath it. There need be no fear that these institutions will fail to meet the demand of the times for higher and still higher grades of excellence, since the men who control them are of the sort that recognize the great law of improvement,

and have given their hearts and their hands to the duty of meeting its requirements. As an earnest of what they will be hereafter, it is fair to present the contrast between their present condition and that which marked the earliest days of their existence, — a contrast fully equal to that exhibited by the progress of any other benevolent enterprise of modern times.

LOST AND FOUND.

NO one can appreciate fully the misery of losing a husband in the unknown wilderness of the streets of New York, without having previously experienced the misery of being the very shyest person in all the uncomfortable world.

Half-way across the continent, and travelling night and day, would have been enough to fatigue Hercules himself, who never had any such labors to perform among all his famous dozen; and we were about as weary of jar and joggle and tumult as one would think the round globe itself should be at this point of time. However, the earth never stops to rest in her rolling, and why should we? We must follow her example and despatch on a smaller scale, and go straight through to Canada that night.

It might be supposed that so long a journey, and a winter's residence in one of the gayest of gay cities, would have overcome in great measure the painful diffidence of a retiring nature; but, on the contrary, it had only intensified it, — every fresh approaching face had become a fresh agony, every introduction had assumed as dreadful a guise as a death-warrant, and instead of gaining courage or *chic*, or the aplomb of a woman of the world, I had gradually acquired the habit of hiding under my thick veil, and wishing for nothing but the cap of invisibility.

This sad shyness was, and is, the curse of my existence; it put me from the beginning under the feet of servants; I took what waiters chose to bring me, and never grumbled; I hardly ever went out without the tacit permission of my chambermaid; I walked a mile rather than ask my way of the next person; in the cars I alternated between comfort and distress with my ticket, according to the exit or entrance of the conductor; and as for hackmen, they drove me to distraction, — I have seen my friend pay one at the door with my own eyes, but have unhesitatingly paid him ovér again, on his stout asseveration that nothing of the kind had ever taken place. I have been considerately requested by another to alight at the foot of Somerset Street, in a sister city, as his horses could not conveniently climb the hill, and have remunerated him with a full fare, obeyed his wish, and modestly climbed the hill myself; and I never knew the time when I seemed to be rolling along luxuriously in my private coach, that the wretch of a driver did not take a short cut down some back slum, and destroy the illusion by inviting upon the box a comrade in shirt-sleeves, — which can be the appropriate livery of nobody but bishops, and I am not a bishop. Taking the total of so much shyness, it is evident that I am not exactly the person to lose a husband in a labyrinth with which I am utterly unacquainted, and to whose mazes I have not the slightest clew, with any hope of finding him again.

However, all this is mere digression.

I lived, be it known, through the ordeal of the splendid hotel upholstery and mirrors, designed especially to put you out of countenance, endured the breakfast at the Fifth Avenue, and the impertinent staring of my *vis-à-vis;* fur-

thermore, survived several stately calls, and at last sallied forth for my purchases and the boat, safe in my husband's escort.

I had with me only my travelling-bag; for it had seemed unnecessary on the previous night to bring all our luggage up to the hotel, — big trunk, little trunk, bandbox, and bundle. Do not, I beg you, imagine that all the contents of the chests and portmanteaus were vanities of mine; indeed, lace and linen, bonnet and bernouse, filled one little trunk alone; the rest belonged to Charlie, every inch of them. And what was there in them? Why, — newspapers. I knew you would not believe me, yet I assure you again that their contents were nothing but newspapers. All the way from Omaha, from St. Louis, from Chicago, from Cincinnati, from Baltimore, — nothing but newspapers; after every stay in every town a new trunk appeared, and in its recesses were filed away the invaluable newspapers, — Chicago Tomahawks, and La Crosse What-is-its, and Baltimore Butcher-Blades, and Congressional Chesterfields, — the contemporary records of the time, Charlie said, which no student of history could spare. These, accordingly, were left in the baggage-room at the station, in one of those spasms of economy that always prove more expensive in the end, and now they were to be expressed across the city to the boat, and there was very little time to do it.

"We never can have any peace about your shopping with such a weight on our minds as all that luggage," said Charlie. "I think that had best be attended to first."

"Not at all," I answered, not feeling the possible loss of the trunks to be complete ruin; "for if we once go down there we never shall come back, and there are all our presents to buy."

"Well, then, you had best do the buying, my love, and I will do the luggage."

"Me?" I exclaimed, in a consternation.

"Yes. Why not?"

"But you know I always make somebody buy for me. I can't beat the creatures down; and they clap on the pinnacle of prices the moment they lay eyes on my face."

"Well, — it will be a good lesson to you. Early exercises in bargains. I don't see anything else to be done."

"But what?"

"But for me to take a stage down to the station, — it is an hour's ride, — and for you to saunter down Broadway."

"What — without you?"

"Why, certainly; they don't murder in open daylight on Broadway."

"But I don't know my way."

"You won't have to find your way. You have only to keep straight on. Do be strong-minded for once. Make your purchases, and wait for me at the corner — "

"Wait in the street?"

"Yes; it makes no difference, where nobody knows you. Wait for me at the corner opposite City Hall Park, — you remember that place?"

"Ye-es. We passed it last night. Yes, I should know it if I saw it. And keep straight ahead till I reach there, you said?" with a cold perspiration, which I said nothing about.

"Yes, and wait on the Astor House corner. I will attend to the trunks and then saunter up Broadway till I meet you, or you might go to Delmonico's."

"O no indeed, — I don't know where it is, — I never should find it, — I had rather not! O no indeed, I will wait for you on the corner opposite City Hall Park. I will certainly wait there."

"Very well. I will find you there. Don't be afraid now. Give me your travelling-bag, I will lock it up in the state-room."

"Will it be safe there? It has all my precious manuscript in it," — alas, I am literary! — "absolutely promised for next week, and if it is lost I shall be undone."

"Pshaw! Perfectly safe; it is n't sensational enough to explode the steamboat at the wharf, — is it? Want any money?" And then Mr. Charlie put his hand in his pocket, and drew it out as if he had burned it, — the place was

empty! His pocket-book apparently had been afraid it should be left behind, and had taken French leave.

Charlie always receives the inevitable with a good grace. "I have been robbed," said he. "About as bad a predicament — I must make haste and leave word at the Central Police Office, or whatever they call it here. Don't know as it is of any use, — all thieves together. However, we must spring round now, for we've no money to stay another night in the city. That's a —— pretty scrape, with two dividends waiting for us at home."

"Can't you borrow?"

"Don't know a soul in New York. No matter; our passage is paid, and I've change enough in my waistcoat pocket for the stages."

"But you can have this back."

"O no! The presents must be bought; we go straight through, and don't see another store, as you may say, after we leave Broadway, and the girls will expect them, of course. Good by, — straight ahead, — saunter slowly, — and wait at the corner opposite City Hall Park."

"City Hall Park," said I. And he seized my bag, hailed a stage, and was out of sight.

Protected by my husband, how brave and strong I had felt, defying the great whirlpool of the metropolis and all its terrors! but now suddenly I shrunk up into myself like a sea-anemone; and all the careless crowd, brushing by me, gave me a sensation as if I were being pricked by so many bristles.

This was Broadway then! There would be temptations; things in the windows! Now I would not be a fool, but would show myself fit to live in the world. And in that spirit I threw up my veil, adjusted my eye-glasses satisfactorily, — alas, I am nearsighted! — and commenced my sauntering.

My purse was firmly grasped, — I never trust my purse out of my hands, — it contained our little all, for the present, and demanded a share of my attention. I made no purchases yet; but, as I strolled along, kept waiting for the splendid windows to come into sight. Somebody had told me if I wanted to get cheap things to go to Sixth Avenue; but that had been out of the question on account of the want of time, and, if the things were dearer on Broadway, they were probably all the prettier. But either my glasses were poor or this was not Broadway, for the ideally lovely things that I expected failed to present themselves. Nevertheless, I continued my ramble, trusting to rumor, and not venturing inside any doors because fancying that I should certainly see the desired display behind glass a little farther down town.

All at once a mass of granite and scaffolding across the way began to loom into view; a sort of spire beyond; an iron railing and ballads hanging over it, — the new Post Office probably, that I had read was in process of erection, — Great Heavens, this was City Hall Park!

To this day I do not know whether Broadway goes any farther, that was and is the end of it to me. I dared not stir a step beyond; and here I was at the end of my tether, and not a present bought, and there were all those gaping girls at home, each expecting, without doubt, some lovely memento of my journey, which I also desired that they should have. There was a glittering window at my right hand now; it belonged to a jewelry establishment; in desperation I plunged within, — and lighted on a locket.

"Forty-five dollars."

Goodness! And I had but thirty.

"This one?"

"Forty."

"And that?"

"Thirty-five."

There were others at twenty-two, eighteen, ten, six, five, but they were the very *canaille* of lockets, — and the first one was such a piece of perfection. Suddenly a locket became the one desirable thing in all the treasures of a jeweller. What was the difference between the forty-five-dollar one and the forty? The young man hardly knew, — some trifle of workmanship he pre-

sumed. It grew upon me like a fungus, as I looked at the case, and nothing else would catch my eye, that I must have that locket, — it was such a beauty, such beaten, burnished, golden gold; such chasing and enamelling, such a charming initial in tiny diamonds, which was the very thing. I already saw it hanging on Eleanor's white throat, — no toilet could be complete without it. What was the very lowest — *vox hæsit*, but I overcame — at which either of the first two could be had? The young man hardly knew again, —looked at me, — at the lockets. Which did I wish to purchase? he would like to know.

I should like to purchase this one; but I could by no means give forty-five dollars. Still he did n't know. Could n't he find out? Would he inquire if there could be any abatement in the price, as I was in a hurry? With that he summoned a messenger, and despatched him and the locket to the cavernous back part of the store; and, in the absence of the cynosure, a great gray gentleman in gold spectacles, who seemed to be made of lockets, and who, as I heard another customer remark, "bossed round promiscuous," inquired, in a sweetly paternal way, if I were finding the article that I desired. I gave him to understand that the article was all right as soon as the price was, and by that time the locket had returned, the great gray gentleman had covered successfully the dialogue between my dapper young man and his messenger, and the young man politely requested to know how much I would be willing to pay.

It was certainly not my business to fix prices, so I summoned all my courage, and said I should be willing to pay as little as possible. And then, as he still seemed desirous that I should name my figure, I put a bold face on the matter, and said twenty-five dollars.

The young man made a movement to replace it in the case, but paused halfway. "That is not to be thought of," said he, rapidly. "I could n't listen to such a proposition; it really cost us nearly twice that; we are selling at a discount as it is. I should be glad to accommodate you, but, indeed, we might as well give it away."

"Very well," I remarked, finding the beating-down business not so tremendous after all. "But you are willing to take something less apparently. Please say what, for I am in a hurry, as I said."

"If you take it at forty dollars we shall lose — "

"Then I will not be the means of your losing. I cannot give forty for it," and I began to give it up.

"But indeed, madam, it is cheap at that," said he, glibly; "eighteen carat gold, Viennese workmanship, and the diamonds real. If you can find any at a less price in the city, we shall be glad to get them ourselves."

"A friend of mine had one much like this," I said, in a last effort, "and gave but twenty-five dollars for it. I don't think this is worth any more, but I am in haste, and will give you thirty."

"Will you have it in a box?" said he.

"No; I will take it here in my purse," I answered mechanically, in astonishment; and before I recovered from my amazement and self-congratulation the money was paid, the locket was in my purse, and I in the street.

No miser, no discoverer, ever felt better pleased; but meanwhile the locket was the only thing in my purse except a card, — and Alice's, Maud's, Susie's, and Georgie's presents had vanished into thin air.

In the street once again, I felt better than I had felt before; my skirmish with the shopman had rather inspirited me; indignation at the forty-five dollars demanded, and desire of the locket, and finally pleasure over the victory, had put my shyness momentarily out of sight, and I found it quite possible to ask an apple-woman if this was City Hall Park, to make certain.

"Faix an' it was," she assured me, — "what there was left of it."

I looked along the length of the crowded street before me, penetrating it well as eye-glasses would, but no Charlie rewarded my gaze; however,

he must be there presently, and I could wait; so I waited, a quarter, a half hour, and still no Charlie. And then it rushed over me that perhaps he had already been there before me, had grown tired, in his masculine impatience, and had begun sauntering up to meet me. In that case we should never meet, unless I took to sauntering again in my own precisely opposite direction, and we both lived long enough to turn up in China. I stood there bewildered, in a perplexity out of which the only thing that became clear was an anathematizing of the locket; and then I began to bethink me if this were the right corner or not, for I saw that there were half a dozen corners that might all claim to be opposite City Hall Park; but this seemed to be the last, and I thought it safest to assume that it was the appointed one.

I waited there till I knew exactly how my own little pony felt when she had stood three days in her stall, — and still no Charlie. There was a bitter wind blowing, the sky was overcast, all the world was hurrying by, — and still no Charlie. Had he really passed the store I was in, and gone up the street to find me? Had I best turn about and follow? or would he go all the way to the Fifth Avenue again, and then retrace his steps till he found me? It always made him ill to walk, and made me ill to stand; we should be in a nice condition to continue our journey that night. Nevertheless, there was no safety in deserting my post, — then I should never find him. All I could do was to remain where I was; and so I waited, — long enough for him to have gone up to the Fifth Avenue and back half a dozen times, — and still no signs of him. What did it mean? I then began to ask myself. Something must have happened, — what could it be? He must really be in some great trouble to leave me so; he never would in the world if he could help it; and I could not go to him. I was getting worried beyond expression, and so tired that I would have given the locket itself for a seat.

Meanwhile the crowd was still surging up and down, jostling and pushing, hastening and lingering, old and young, little and great, men and women, and every one had an eye to spare, it seemed, for me. Suddenly I remembered the New York Herald, and the first left-hand corner of it. It was only the day before that, unfolding it in the cars, I said, laughingly, to my husband, "Let me see if anybody has answered my Personal yet," and he had replied in disgust, "Don't speak of the things!" Now, if there is anything on which I pride myself, it is my stanch respectability, — a word and a thing dear to my heart of hearts; if I am nobody myself, there are my ancestors! And it is not difficult to realize how my sense of possession staggered as I began to feel that every soul that saw me knew I had been standing there a long hour and a half waiting for a gentleman; each glance that each new passer gave seemed to be more curious than the last. I put down my veil in self-defence, but threw it up again in fear, lest I should miss seeing Charlie, or his eye should fail to catch sight of me by reason of its obstruction; I grew mortally sure that every man that passed me took me for one of the miserable women of the Personals. I was faint with the idea; moreover, my back ached so with standing, that I was faint in reality. What else could they think of this despairing-looking woman in black, with the limp white lace scarf and the draggled curls, — alas, my hair curls! Is it not Thackeray who says every woman with a *nez retroussé* dresses her hair in curls to make herself as much as may be resemble a King Charles spaniel? and already in the raw east wind I knew my nose was as pink as a poodle's and as cold as a healthy puppy's, — horrible comparisons! Or, if they did not think that, — but they did, I knew they did, — they must think that I was set there to perform some public penance; and what dreadful sin must they think I had committed to deserve such a penance as this!

A little flower-girl came along with

her last bouquet, and saluted me with her petition and her poverty, begging me to buy the flowers that she might go home, — they were fuchsias and Parma violets, and one bursting rose, — they would have been a real consolation to me. I had some loose coppers in my pocket, but I dared not spend them, lest I might want them in the night for a roll; so the child went her way, and I could not find it in my heart to pity her, she was so much better off than I; she had a home to go to. The tears began to well slowly into my eyes; they only added to my distress, as I was conscious how they increased my forlorn appearance. I blushed and tingled with fresh access of mortification; I saw my dear respectability becoming small by degrees and beautifully less. If I had really been keeping an improper appointment, I could not have endured the agony of that long hour. The little urchins, who tossed down their pennies, and took dirty slices of swimming pineapple from the candy-stand behind the lamp-post at my side, hit me right and left with insulting impunity. I would have given almost the whole creation, had it been mine to give, to dare to lean against that lamp-post. Meanwhile a burly policeman eyed me, and I expected momentarily that he would tell me to move on, — and where in the world was I to move to? The sense of irretrievable disgrace was fastening upon me with fearful fangs, — still no Charlie.

When one's circumstances become a matter of breathless importance to one's self, it is the most natural thing to believe them of equal importance to everybody else. I was sure that the great gray gentleman in gold spectacles, and the dapper young man, who could plainly see me from their window, must wonder where my haste and hurry had gone. I looked across the street, and down the side street, and then this way and that, in the intricacies of the moving throng of the pavement, — far, far off, what was the appalling sight I saw? An umbrella! Ah, was it really raining down there? or was it some prim piece of precision only afraid of the dampness on her finery? Would I ever see, in all that forest of hats, the broad brim of Charlie's again? Had he possibly been meditating the awful deed for days, and, leaving me, gone to commit suicide? or had I been deceiving myself with my happiness for years, and had he taken this way to rid himself of me? I cannot endure a great deal, I was afraid I was growing crazy.

How astonishingly small all the men's hats were, — little roly-poly things, never a generous turn among them, — not one sign of Charlie's!

The umbrella had drawn nearer and had passed me. Yes, there really was a heavy dampness, a sort of settling moisture; well, I would n't mind that, of course, — though assuredly it would spoil my crape. But now it was a decided falling mist, a slow drizzle, — other umbrellas, — a woman running, — rain, real downright rain, no shower, but the regular beginning of a three days' easterly storm. What was I to do, where was I to go? I dared not take refuge in a shop, — for would Charlie be able to go into all the shops of Broadway to look for his wife? would it even occur to him at all? and was there any possibility of his hitting upon the right one, and would they not all be closed before he could make the tour of half their number? Down plunged the rain; I should certainly be arrested presently for an insane vagrant. I went and stood under an awning; the man came out and took the awning down. Then I was in despair. Where, where, where should I go?

At this crisis of my affairs I recollected that something had been said about Delmonico's. If I found the place, if I went there, would Charlie ever remember it? — he was such a forgetful fellow; he never would, I was morally sure, but it was the only thing there was left for me to do. I summoned my courage, — she could but refuse, — and ran to my apple-woman, and asked her if a gentleman with gray

eyes and a black coat, I meant with a gray coat and black eyes, — I did n't know what I meant, — questioned her about a lady looking like me, would she tell him I had gone to Delmonico's? And then I cried.

"Niver bother a bit about it, begorra!" she replied. "Sure an' I wull. An' if I 'm not by meself, alanna, there 's my ould man 'll do ye the good turn."

Blessed race with their blarney! They forget all about you the moment your back is turned, but for the time being how they encourage you! The woman who has not a sympathetic Irish girl in her kitchen wants one of the greatest blessings in life.

Quite cheered, I added a second request. Could she tell me where Delmonico's was?

"I can't that. Hi, Michael, — two cents yer honor, thanking ye kindly, — whereabouts this Delumiker's is, — the 'tel?"

Michael gave me the direction; I gave him some pennies, and many thanks, and turned back, following Broadway up to the corner of Chambers Street. Still the thought haunted me, Would Charlie dream of going to Delmonico's for me? If I dared accost a policeman! There was one, but he looked so terrible; yet he could but kill me, and for what I saw I should have to pass the night in a station, or else die a natural death, as it was. I paused in my rapid walk, and then stepped up to him deferentially, — guardian of our manners, our morals, and our peace. "Is this your beat, sir?" I asked, timidly.

He looked down at me like Gog and Magog and Memphremagog, — if that was the third giant's name, — but made me no reply. I had a nervous idea that he grasped his cudgel, — a handsome one it was, as if it were more agreeable to people to have their brains beaten out with rosewood, — grasped it more inflexibly; and I hastened to add, before he could use it, "I mean, do you stay here, whether it rains or not?"

"I do," said he, his whole face slowly opening in surprise till, like a dissolving view, it became another man's.

"Then, sir, will you do me the kindness," I said, tremblingly, "if a gentleman inquires of you concerning a lady of my description, to tell him that I have gone to Delmonico's?" And with that it rushed over me, in a burning torrent again, that he must take me for one of those horrid women of the assignations in the Personals, and would decide that his duty allowed him to further no such bad business; there was nothing for it but to bestow my confidence upon him, and I broke out with the exclamation: "It is my husband, sir; and I am a stranger in town, and do not know my way; and I have lost him, and we are to leave to-night, and the boat goes at five," and it was too much for me, and then I cried again.

"I 'll tell him," said he. And straightway I felt as if I had one protector, and could have embraced him on the spot. But I restrained my feelings, and meekly hurried to my destination.

I had always thought Delmonico's was on Broadway; there were two, I knew, and this must be the down-town one; but when I reached the designated place, no such place was to be found. I looked about me, and, at a short distance down Chambers Street a little modest sign caught my eye. Could that be the great and mighty Delmonico's? How was I to know? Must I have the misery of addressing another stranger, — could this one tell me where I should find the ladies' entrance to Delmonico's?

"Could n't raally," was the response, as the individual resumed his whistle, and passed on with his hands in his tan-colored pockets, leaving me only the satisfaction of knowing that the rain was sousing him as wet as I was.

However, I made for the modest sign, pushed open the door, ran up the stairs, and looked into the great room; peradventure — the wild thought flashed over me — Charlie had given up the search and come here to wait for me; I looked in, I say; saw a different place, at first glance, from Welcker's or

from Parker's, but no Charlie. I made bold enough to ask the gentleman at the desk if this were the ladies' dining-hall, and had no doubt of his surprise at seeing me, on his answering in the affirmative, leave the place as if I had been shot. I dared not stay up there in any one of those enticing seats, I must go down and wait in the open porch, thence looking up and numbering all that passed the head of the street; and, being seen of them, I could thus see all the people still who passed along Broadway, and, if Charlie were among them, I should certainly see him, and he might possibly see me. Still I waited and watched, and still he did not come. My glasses were so blurred with the continual pattering of the rain that I hardly trusted them any longer. If I could find a messenger now, I would send up to the Fifth Avenue, and have word left there as to my whereabouts; but nobody passed that looked at all as if an errand would be an object. What a decent and well-clothed set of people frequent Chambers Street! not a ragged one among them all. At last a boy with holes in his shoes — what delightful holes, shoes handsomer than Cinderella's! — shuffled by. I hailed him, forgetful of everything but my absolute necessities. Would he do me an errand?

"Where to?"

"The Fifth Avenue."

"No indeed," with a fiendish little laugh.

"But I will pay you."

"Don't want your pay." And he too went by on the other side.

Everybody hurried along, everybody had somewhere to hurry to. I remembered my gay friends of the morning, sitting now in their elegant dresses with attentive groups around them, and here was I, lost, bewildered, shelterless. Nobody knew and nobody cared anything about my misery. The only comfort I had was that I could still see my policeman, standing stolid in the storm. Where could Charlie be? I began to get angry as well as all the rest, — angry with fate, it may be, but certainly not with Charlie. It must be late by this time; even if he came now we should n't probably have time to reach the boat, and it would go off, and my precious, precious manuscript on board, and here we would be left in the great town without a single cent to bless us. What would become of me? Something must have happened to Charlie; he must be dead; and I never should know! Tears — I am afraid I am great on tears — ran down my cheeks in unrepressed succession.

A woman stepped up into the porch beside me to find safety for a gorgeous new bonnet, — she had some vain idea that it was going to stop raining presently. I asked her if she knew what time it was, — I was case-hardened now, — and she informed me by a lovely little watch, with a tiny fox and hounds coursing along the chain, that it was five minutes past four, and put the finishing stroke to my trouble thereby. But I did not dare to ask her if she had not made a mistake, and it was really four minutes past five; I did n't want to know if it was, relief though it would have been. I watched the head of the street as a cat watches a mouse. The woman wanted to open a conversation, but I had to turn my head to hear what she said, owing to the noise of wind and rain and pavement, and finally told her I could not talk, for I was looking for my husband, and was encouraged by her cheerful opinion that it was like looking for a needle in a haymow. Gentlemen were going in and out of the doors behind me; they all seemed to have bold eyes. I fancied painfully and shamefully that they were all fast men; one pleasant woman came out, and I blessed her for making the place respectable for such a castaway as I to stand in. And still no Charlie.

Still I stood there, puzzling, thinking, resolving, and all at once saying to myself that Charlie was of such a free-and-easy sort, he had probably gone back to the hotel, and would expect me to turn up there, and we should remain in New York while he telegraphed home for money. And, just as I was taking

comfort, I remembered that you cannot sign receipts for dividends by telegraph; and the fall from my buoyant anticipation was fathoms deep into trouble and bewilderment and fright again. Suddenly I gave a start; an omnibus was passing the head of the street; a great, broad-brimmed, black hat, and a pair of black eyes beneath it, were out of the window, evidently in search of some one through the throng upon the sidewalk. Heaven be thanked! it was Charlie and no one else. I sprang into the street without a word to my woman, regardless of rain or umbrellas or crowds or any one, and made after the omnibus, shouting "Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!" at the top of my voice. Just then the driver whipped up his horses; Charlie never heard me; the omnibus dashed along; I dashed after it. My only salvation was in keeping that vehicle in sight. I was a disreputable-looking thing enough, — wet, draggled, blown to pieces, and dishevelled, and chasing somebody in an omnibus. But if Charlie did n't see me the crowd did; everybody looked, everybody turned, everybody waved their umbrellas, everybody began chasing the omnibus with me, everybody shouted Charlie, and at last, just as I was ready to drop, panting and breathless, Charlie seemed to perceive that something unusual was happening, glanced about him hurriedly, pulled the check, leaped out, and caught me. I never knew what joy was before.

"You are a pretty-looking object," was his first exclamation, as he tucked me under his arm and walked off. "And as for me, I never experienced anything like it in my life, — could n't have happened in any other city under the sun! Got an expressman to take my trunks across; he promised to be there in fifteen minutes, and if I waited a minute I waited two mortal hours for the rascal, — knew if I did n't, my luggage would all be dumped down in the dock and made off with. However, I guess we 've time for a plate of soup at Delmonico's, — found a bill in my vest-pocket. Was that where you were? Should n't have dreamed of going for you there till everything else failed." And never did any triumphant Roman with his trophies feel more pride than did I when I vindicated myself and paraded my newly found husband by the woman waiting for the rain to leave off and save her gorgeous bonnet. "You see I found my needle," I said. "Good by."

"But how came you in the stage?" I asked Charlie, presently, as we burned our mouths with our soup.

"Why, the steamboat landing I found to be half-way up town," said he. "So I took a stage, meaning to ride down to the Astor House corner as appointed, and if I did n't find you, saunter up."

"I don't believe I 've been at the Astor House corner at all. But did you suppose I would wait out there in the rain?"

"No, I fancy you know enough to go in when it rains. Nevertheless, that worried me out of my wits, as it seems to have worried you. But," said Charlie, mischievously, "I saw I must either lose my luggage or my wife, and I decided I would attend to my luggage!"

Do you wonder that I hate newspapers? "Well," said I, as we steamed over the Sound at last, taking out my single purchase in ecstasy, after having been reviled for finding no stores in all Broadway with anything in the windows, "at any rate, I have this."

"Let me see it," said Charlie. "Where did you get it?"

I mildly told him, and was consternated to see him fillip it with his thumb and finger, as he replied, "I thought so! The great Bogus Jewelry Store; the place of Attleboro' splendors! Viennese workmanship, indeed! eighteen carats fine, and the diamonds real! Thirty dollars! You are no more to be trusted with money in your pocket — " Charlie stopped, recollecting the money in his pocket that morning. "Thirty dollars! thirty cents would have been high, my love. It is n't worth the tin it 's gilt on!"

"The natural consequence, my love, of leaving me to shop alone in Broadway!"

THE FOOTPATH.

IT mounts athwart the windy hill,
Through sallow slopes of upland bare,
And Fancy climbs with footfall still
Its narrowing curves that end in air.

By day, a warmer-hearted blue
Stoops softly to that topmost swell
Whence the mind drinks imagined view
Of gracious climes where all is well.

By night, far yonder, I surmise
An ampler world than clips my ken,
Where the great stars of happier skies
Commingle nobler fates of men.

I look and long, then haste me home,
Still master of my secret rare;
Once tried, the path would end in Rome,
But now it leads me everywhere.

Forever to the new it guides,
From former good, old overmuch;
What Nature for her poets hides,
'T is wiser to divine than clutch.

The bird I list hath never come
Within the scope of mortal ear;
My prying step would make him dumb,
And the fair tree, his shelter, sere.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,
Behind my inmost thought, he sings;
No feet avail: to hear it nigh,
The song itself must lend the wings.

Sing on, sweet bird, close-hid, and raise
Those angel-stairways in my brain,
That climb from our diminished days,
To spacious sunshines far from pain.

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment fleet,
I leave thy covert haunt untrod,
And envy Science not her feat
To make a twice-told tale of God.

They said the fairies tript no more,
And long ago that Pan was dead;
'T was but that fools preferred to bore
Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,
The fairies dance each full-mooned night,
Would we but doff our lenses strong,
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

City of Elf-land, just without
Our seeing, marvel ever new,
Glimpsed in fair weather, a sweet doubt,
Sketched-in, mirage-like, on the blue,

I build thee in yon sunset cloud,
Whose edge allures to climb the height;
I hear thy drowned bells, inly-loud,
From still pools dusk with dreams of night.

Thy gates are shut to hardiest will,
Thy countersign of long-lost speech, —
Those fountained courts, those chambers still
Fronting Time's far East, who shall reach?

I know not and will never pry,
But trust our human heart for all;
Wonders that from the seeker fly,
Into an open sense may fall.

Hide in thine own soul, and surprise
The password of the unwary elves;
Seek it, thou canst not bribe their spies;
Unsought, they whisper it themselves.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Foul Play. By CHARLES READE and DION BOUCICAULT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

PERHAPS if Robinson Crusoe had not lived, Miss Rolleston and Mr. Penfold had never been born; but this is not certain; and, on the other hand, it is very clear that the plot of this bewitching novel is one of the freshest and most taking to be imagined. If we had the very hardest heart for fiction, and were as exacting in our novels as men are in their neighbors' morals, we think we could ask nothing better than that a young lady and gentleman of this period should be cast away together upon a tropical island in the heart of the Pacific Ocean, and there left for several months to the mutual dependence, the constant companionship, and the vicissitudes of soul inevitable from the situation. If we could desire anything more, it would be that this young lady should have been wrecked in going from Australia to be married in London, and that this young gentleman should have been an escaped ticket-of-leave man, refined, conscientious, and unjustly condemned to transportation for a crime committed by her betrothed;— and these blissful conditions we have exactly in "Foul Play." It seems almost too great a happiness when we have added to them the fact that the Rev. Mr. Penfold has already quarrelled with Miss Rolleston, who rejects his love, and believes him a slanderous and wicked villain, because he has accused her betrothed, and that he is put upon his most guarded behavior by this circumstance, until she herself consents to believe him good and just, even while clinging to her troth with his enemy.

Being a character of Mr. Reade's creation, it is not necessary to say that Helen Rolleston is a very natural and lovable woman, admirably illogical, cruel, sagacious, and generous. Through all her terrible disasters and thrilling adventures she is always a young lady, and no more abandoned on that far-away island by her exquisite breeding and the pretty conventions of her English girlhood, than she would be upon her native croquet-ground. A delicious charm is gained to the romance by the retention of these society instincts and graces, which are made to harmonize rather than conflict with the exhibitions of a woman's greatness and self-devotion, when occasion calls forth those qualities. Helen's progress from prejudice to passion is tacit, and is always confessed more by some last effort of the former than by any expression of the latter. When she suspects that Penfold is only making her comfortable on the island because he intends her to pass the rest of her days there, and furiously upbraids him, she does his purpose a gross wrong, though she strikes at the heart of his unconscious desire, which nothing but her own love for him could reveal to her. She makes him a sublime reparation when at last the steamer appears which has come to seek her, and she will not kindle the signal-fire which he has built on the height, but which he cannot himself reach for illness; and so reveals that she dreads the rescue that shall divide them. It is fortunate for the author's invention, no doubt, that her father arrives upon the steamer just at that time; yet until the moment that her father takes her in his arms, nothing has soiled the purity of her dream of love. He finds in her lover an escaped ticket-of-leave man, and the shock of now beholding Penfold in this light for the first time naturally prompts those wild and most amusing reproaches that Helen heaps upon him for winning her heart under a false character; but she is heroic and quite as womanly again when she defends him against her father's blame, pours out all her love upon him, and puts a vehement and tremendous faith in his declaration that he is not a felon, but a martyr. With the chambermaid of the Holly-Tree Inn, witnessing the adieux of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, through the keyhole, the reader feels that "It 's a shame to part 'em!" and does not care much for the ingenious story after Mr. Penfold is left alone on his island, though, of course, one reads on to the reunion of the lovers, and, in a minor way, enjoys all the plotting and punishment and reward that take place.

That part, however, Wilkie Collins could have done, while the island and its people are solely Mr. Reade's. This novelist, at all times brilliant and fascinating, has given

us of his best in "Foul Play," and in a story unburdened by the problem that crushed "Griffith Gaunt," and, dealing simply with the play of character amid beautiful scenes that give it the most novel and winning relief, has produced a work of which nothing but a superhuman dulness and obduracy could resist the sorcery.

The Earthly Paradise: A Poem. By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

THE *trouvère*, as distinct from the *troubadour*, seemed almost disappearing from literature, when Mr. Morris revived the ancient line, or, to speak more exactly, the ancient thousand lines. He brings back to us the almost forgotten charm of mere narrative. We have lyric poets, and, while Browning lives, a dramatic poet; it is a comfort if we can have also a minstrel who can tell a story.

It is true, as Keats said, that there is a peculiar pleasure in a long poem, as in a meadow where one can wander about and pick flowers. One should cultivate a hopeful faith, like that of George Dyer, who bought a bulky volume of verse by an unknown writer, in the belief (so records Charles Lamb) that "there must be some good things in a poem of three thousand lines." That kindly critic would have found a true Elysium in the "Earthly Paradise."

If not so crowded as "Jason" with sweet, fresh, Chaucerian passages, it has more breadth and more maturity, and briefer intervals of dulness. Yet the word "Chaucerian" must be used with reluctance, and only to express a certain freshness of quality that no other phrase can indicate. Imitative these poems certainly are not; their simplicity is simple, whereas the simplicity of some poets is the last climax of their affectation. The atmosphere of Morris's poems is really healthy, though limited; and their mental action is direct and placid, not constrained.

The old legends of Cupid and Psyche, Atalanta, Alcestis and Pygmalion, are here rendered with new sweetness, interspersed with tales more modern. It is pleasant to see these immortal Greek stories reproduced in English verse; for, at the present rate of disappearance, who knows that there will be an American a hundred years hence who can read a sentence of that beautiful old language, or to whom the names of "the Greeks and of Troy town" will be anything but an abomination? It is a comfort to think that the tales of the world's youth may take a new lease of life in these and other English rhymes, and so something of the ideal world be preserved for our grandchildren, as well as Herbert Spencer, and Greeley's "American Conflict."

Such themes are far more congenial to Morris than to Swinburne; for Greek poetry is at once simple and sensuous, and we come nearer to it when put on short allowance of the sensuous than when it runs riot and becomes unpleasantly conscious of its own nudity. Morris is also wiser in not attempting any imitation of the antique forms. Indeed, his poems belong in a world of their own, neither ancient nor modern, and touching remotely on all human interests. The lyrical poems interspersed between the legends are the only modern things, and even those are tender little bits of English landscape-painting that might have been executed centuries ago. His story-tellers and his listeners dwell forever in a summer land, where youths and maidens may sit beneath their own vines and fig-trees, and even a poem of seven hundred pages cannot molest them nor make them afraid.

The Layman's Breviary, from the German of Leopold Schefer. Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

A GERMAN critic declares that the "Layman's Breviary" has helped more souls to the understanding of themselves than any other book of German poetry. What is more remarkable for a devotional work in that language, no other book is needed to help souls to understand it. It is simple, as varied, and as attractive as if it were not in three hundred and sixty-five parts, and in blank verse from beginning to end.

Leopold Schefer, after wandering through the world with Prince Pückler Muskau, and writing seventy-three novels of musical and Oriental life, returned at last to Germany, and found in his home, his wife, and his child the true sources of inspiration. The novels are yet untranslated, perhaps untranslatable, but this volume of poetic meditations, after passing through twelve editions in the original, has already entered

on a new career of favor in this new land. Nothing can be more remote from all the technicalities of the creeds; but there is condensed into every meditation so much of practical wisdom, such simple feeling, such appreciation of life's daily blessings, such fresh and delicate poetic beauties, as must make it dearer to the reader with every day. It fell, fortunately, into the hands of one who has, perhaps, no equal among us, save Mr. Longfellow, in the translator's peculiar gifts, and who evades the quarrel between the literal and the poetic methods, by uniting them in one. In rendering these meditations, he has put into them the beauty of his own spirit and the sympathy of his own poetic mind. In such literary service *laborare est orare.*

Going to Jericho: or Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East. By JOHN FRANKLIN SWIFT. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THERE are many reasons why California, if she gives us literature at all, should give us something very racy and distinctive. The violent contrasts and extraordinary juxtapositions of the most unassorted persons and people which mark her history were not circumstances which, according to received ideas, invited to early literary production; but since books have been therein produced, it was scarcely possible that they should not in some way reflect the mental characteristics of that anomalous civilization on the Pacific. And, in fact, they have done so with a singular vividness and strength, and are so far all marked by that fantastic spirit of drollery which is the predominant mood of the popular American mind, in the face of great novelties and emergencies. The author of the John Phœnix papers first made known to us the peculiar flavor of the Pacific literature, and he still remains at the head of the California school of humorists. Next to him is Mr. Harte, of whose "Condensed Novelists" we have heretofore spoken in this place, and whose humor has more recently found expression in a volume of very amusing verse: performances betraying greater consciousness, and having less originality of form than the sole Phœnix's, but imbued with the same unmistakable Californianism. In Mr. Swift, like quaintness and extravagance appear in a book of travel, carrying the reader through regions where almost the only new thing to be discovered and described is the traveller himself. Mr. Swift, therefore, makes a narrative of almost purely personal adventure, and lets us off with very little information. What he does give is again of personal character, and relates chiefly to interviews with President Adams of the American colony at Jaffa, with Abd-el-Kader and Lady Hester Stanhope, and is acceptable enough if you set aside some questions of taste. "Eothen" has pitched the pipe for all sarcastic travellers visiting the Holy Places, but Mr. Swift arranges the old air with much originality, and makes his reader laugh with a new though somewhat guilty pleasure, at fun which hardly stops short of sacred memories, and is at other times too lawless.

The best chapters in his book are those sketching some episodes of Spanish travel. The account of the bull-fight at Madrid is one of the most surprising of these, — it is both graphic and interesting, and thus differs from most efforts upon that shamelessly tattered old topic, in reading which you always regret that some one of the bulls had not made it a point to get at and gore the tourist intending to celebrate the spectacle. "My first Step in Crime," in which our traveller recounts his adventures in ridding himself of the bad money passed upon him in Spain, is very amusing, with occasional excess and abandon which does not seem quite necessary to the expression of humor, but which seems again quite Californian.

Romantic and Scriptural scenes are generally looked at from the same point of view, and discussed in the light of San Francisco associations, — sometimes with a delightful mock newspaper-seriousness, and a habit of unexpected allusion to American politics and society. No one could enjoy the shams and absurdities of travel so keenly as Mr. Swift does, without also appreciating its other aspects; and in spite of the levity of the book we are aware, not only of sound common sense, but of sympathy with much that is fine and good in the things seen. Still, the latter faculty is subordinated, and so we have a book in which the disposition to *droll* not only betrays the author into passages of very questionable taste, but at last fatigues the reader.

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NO NEWS.

NONE at all. Understand that, please, to begin with. That you will at once, and distinctly, recall Dr. Sharpe — and his wife, I make no doubt. Indeed, it is because the history is a familiar one, some of the unfamiliar incidents of which have come into my possession, that I undertake to tell it.

My relation to the Doctor, his wife, and their friend, has been in many respects peculiar. Without entering into explanations which I am not at liberty to make, let me say, that those portions of their story which concern our present purpose, whether or not they fell under my personal observation, are accurately, and to the best of my judgment impartially, related.

Nobody, I think, who was at the wedding, dreamed that there would ever be such a story to tell. It was such a pretty, peaceful wedding! If you were there, you remember it as you remember a rare sunrise, or a peculiarly delicate May-flower, or that strain in a simple old song which is like orioles and butterflies and dew-drops.

There were not many of us; we were all acquainted with one another; the day was bright, and Harrie did not faint nor cry. There were a couple of bridesmaids, — Pauline Dallas, and a Miss — Jones, I think, — besides Harrie's little sisters; and the people were well dressed and well looking, but everybody was thoroughly at home, comfortable, and on a level. There was no annihilating of little country friends in gray alpacas by city cousins in point and pearls, no crowding and no crush, and, I believe, not a single "front breadth" spoiled by the ices.

Harrie is not called exactly pretty, but she must be a very plain woman who is not pleasant to see upon her wedding day. Harrie's eyes shone, — I never saw such eyes! and she threw her head back like a queen whom they were crowning.

Her father married them. Old Mr. Bird was an odd man, with odd notions of many things, of which marriage was one. The service was his own. I afterwards asked him for a copy of it, which I have preserved. The Covenant ran thus: —

"Appealing to your Father who is

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in heaven to witness your sincerity, you . . . . do now take this woman whose hand you hold — choosing her alone from all the world — to be your lawfully wedded wife. You trust her as your best earthly friend. You promise to love, to cherish, and to protect her; to be considerate of her happiness in your plans of life; to cultivate for her sake all manly virtues; and in all things to seek her welfare as you seek your own. You pledge yourself thus honorably to her, to be her husband in good faith, so long as the providence of God shall spare you to each other.

"In like manner, looking to your Heavenly Father for his blessing, you . . . . do now receive this man, whose hand you hold, to be your lawfully wedded husband. You choose him from all the world as he has chosen you. You pledge your trust to him as your best earthly friend. You promise to love, to comfort, and to honor him; to cultivate for his sake all womanly graces; to guard his reputation, and assist him in his life's work; and in all things to esteem his happiness as your own. You give yourself thus trustfully to him, to be his wife in good faith, so long as the providence of God shall spare you to each other."

When Harrie lifted her shining eyes to say, "I *do!*" the two little happy words rang through the silent room like a silver bell; they would have tinkled in your ears for weeks to come if you had heard them.

I have been thus particular in noting the words of the service, partly because they pleased me, partly because I have since had some occasion to recall them, and partly because I remember having wondered, at the time, how many married men and women of your and my acquaintance, if honestly subjecting their union to the test and full interpretations and remotest bearing of such vows as these, could live in the sight of God and man as "lawfully wedded" husband and wife.

Weddings are always very sad things to me; as much sadder than burials as the beginning of life should be sadder than the end of it. The readiness with which young girls will flit out of a tried, proved, happy home into the sole care and keeping of a man whom they have known three months, six, twelve, I do not profess to understand. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. But that may be because I am fifty-five, an old maid, and have spent twenty years in boarding-houses.

A woman reads the graces of a man at sight. His faults she cannot thoroughly detect till she has been for years his wife. And his faults are so much more serious a matter to her than hers to him!

I was thinking of this the day before the wedding. I had stepped in from the kitchen to ask Mrs. Bird about the salad, when I came abruptly, at the door of the sitting-room, upon as choice a picture as one is likely to see.

The doors were open through the house, and the wind swept in and out. A scarlet woodbine swung lazily back and forth beyond the window. Dimples of light burned through it, dotting the carpet and the black-and-white marbled oilcloth of the hall. Beyond, in the little front parlor, framed in by the series of doorways, was Harrie, all in a cloud of white. It floated about her with an idle, wavelike motion. She had a veil like fretted pearls through which her tinted arm shone faintly, and the shadow of a single scarlet leaf trembled through a curtain upon her forehead.

Her mother, crying a little, as mothers will cry the day before the wedding, was smoothing with tender touch a tiny crease upon the cloud; a bridesmaid or two sat chattering on the floor; gloves, and favors, and flowers, and bits of lace like hoar-frost, lay scattered about; and the whole was repictured and reflected and reshaded in the great old-fashioned mirrors before which Harrie turned herself about.

It seemed a pity that Myron Sharpe should miss that, so I called him in from the porch where he sat reading Stuart Mill on Liberty.

If you form your own opinion of a

man who might spend a livelong morning, — an October morning, quivering with color, alive with light, sweet with the breath of dropping pines, soft with the caress of a wind that had filtered through miles of sunshine, — and that the morning of the day before his wedding, — reading Stuart Mill on Liberty, — I cannot help it.

Harrie, turning suddenly, saw us, — met her lover's eyes, stood a moment with lifted lashes and bright cheeks, — crept with a quick, impulsive movement into her mother's arms, kissed her, and floated away up the stairs.

"It 's a perfect fit," said Mrs. Bird, coming out with one corner of a very dingy handkerchief — somebody had just used it to dust the Parian vases — at her eyes.

And though, to be sure, it was none of my business, I caught myself saying, under my breath, —

"It 's a fit for life; for a *life*, Dr. Sharpe."

Dr. Sharpe smiled serenely. He was very much in love with the little pink-and-white cloud that had just fluttered up the stairs. If it had been drifting to him for the venture of twenty lifetimes, he would have felt no doubt of the "fit."

Nor, I am sure, would Harrie. She stole out to him that evening after the bridal finery was put away, and knelt at his feet in her plain little muslin dress, her hair all out of crimp, slipping from her net behind her ears, — Harrie's ears were very small, and shaded off in the colors of a pale apple-blossom, — up-turning her flushed and weary face.

"Put away the book, please, Myron."

Myron put away the book (somebody on Bilious Affections), and looked for a moment without speaking at the up-turned face.

Dr. Sharpe had spasms of distrusting himself amazingly; perhaps most men have, — and ought to. His face grew grave just then. That little girl's clear eyes shone upon him like the lights upon an altar. In very unworthiness of soul he would have put the shoes from off his feet. The ground on which he trod was holy.

When he spoke to the child, it was in a whisper: —

"Harrie, are you afraid of me? I know I am not very good."

And Harrie, kneeling with the shadows of the scarlet leaves upon her hair, said softly, —

"How could I be afraid of you? It is *I* who am not good."

Dr. Sharpe could not have made much progress in Bilious Affection that evening. All the time that the skies were fading, we saw them wandering in and out among the apple-trees, — she with those shining eyes, and her hand in his. And when to-morrow had come and gone, and in the dying light they drove away, and Miss Dallas threw old Grandmother Bird's little satin boot after the carriage, the last we saw of her was that her hand was clasped in his, and that her eyes were shining.

Well, I believe that they got along very well till the first baby came. As far as my observation goes, young people usually get along very well till the first baby comes. These particular young people had a clear conscience, — as young people's consciences go, — fair health, a comfortable income for two, and a very pleasant home.

This home was on the coast. The townspeople made shoes, and minded their own business. Dr. Sharpe bought the dying practice of an antediluvian who believed in camomile and castor-oil. Harrie mended a few stockings, made a few pies, and watched the sea.

It was almost enough of itself to make one happy — the sea — as it tumbled about the shores of Lime. Harrie had a little seat hollowed out in the cliffs, and a little scarlet bathing-dress, which was surprisingly becoming, and a little boat of her own, moored in a little bay, — a pretty shell which her husband had had made to order, that she might be able to row herself on a calm water. He was very thoughtful for her in those days.

She used to take her sewing out upon the cliff; she would be demure and busy; she would finish the selvage

seam; but the sun blazed, the sea shone, the birds sang, all the world was at play, — what could it matter about selvage seams? So the little gold thimble would drop off, the spool trundle down the cliff, and Harrie, sinking back into a cushion of green and crimson sea-weed, would open her wide eyes and dream. The waves purpled and silvered, and broke into a mist like powdered amber, the blue distances melted softly, the white sand glittered, the gulls were chattering shrilly. What a world it was!

"And he is in it!" thought Harrie. Then she would smile and shut her eyes. "And the children of Israel saw the face of Moses, that Moses' face shone, and they were afraid to come nigh him." Harrie wondered if everybody's joy were too great to look upon, and wondered, in a childish, frightened way, how it might be with sorrow; if people stood with veiled faces before it, dumb with pain as she with peace, — and then it was dinner-time, and Myron came down to walk up the beach with her, and she forgot all about it.

She forgot all about everything but the bare joy of life and the sea, when she had donned the pretty scarlet suit, and crept out into the surf, — at the proper medicinal hour, for the Doctor was very particular with her, — when the warm brown waves broke over her face, the long sea-weeds slipped through her fingers, the foam sprinkled her hair with crystals, and the strong wind was up.

She was a swift swimmer, and, as one watched from the shore, her lithe scarlet shoulders seemed to glide like a trail of fire through the lighted water; and when she sat in shallow foam with sunshine on her, or flashed through the dark green pools among the rocks, or floated with the incoming tide, her great bathing-hat dropping shadows on her wet little happy face, and her laugh ringing out, it was a pretty sight.

But a prettier one than that, her husband thought, was to see her in her boat at sunset; when sea and sky were aflame, when every flake of foam was a rainbow, and the great chalk-cliffs were blood-red; when the wind blew her net off, and in pretty petulance she pulled her hair down, and it rippled all about her as she dipped into the blazing West.

Dr. Sharpe used to drive home by the beach, on a fair night, always, that he might see it. Then Harrie would row swiftly in, and spring into the low, broad buggy beside him, and they rode home together in the fragrant dusk. Sometimes she used to chatter on these twilight drives; but more often she crept up to him and shut her eyes, and was as still as a sleepy bird. It was so pleasant to do nothing but be happy!

I believe that at this time Dr. Sharpe loved his wife as unselfishly as he knew how. Harrie often wrote me that he was "very good." She was sometimes a little troubled that he should "know so much more" than she, and had fits of reading the newspapers and reviewing her French, and studying cases of hydrophobia, or some other pleasant subject which had a professional air. Her husband laughed at her for her pains, but nevertheless he found her so much the more entertaining. Sometimes she drove about with him on his calls, or amused herself by making jellies in fancy moulds for his poor, or sat in his lap and discoursed like a bobolink of croup and measles, pulling his whiskers the while with her pink fingers.

All this, as I have said, was before the first baby came.

It is surprising what vague ideas young people in general, and young men in particular, have of the rubs and jars of domestic life; especially domestic life on an income of eighteen hundred, American constitutions and country servants thrown in.

Dr. Sharpe knew something of illness and babies and worry and watching; but that his own individual baby should deliberately lie and scream till two o'clock in the morning was a source of perpetual astonishment to him; and that it, — he and Mrs. Sharpe had their first quarrel over his persistence in calling the child an "it," — that it should *invariably* feel

called upon to have the colic just as he had fallen into a nap, after a night spent with a dying patient, was a phenomenon of the infant mind for which he was, to say the least, unprepared.

It was for a long time a mystery to his masculine understanding, that Biddy could not be nursery-maid as well as cook. "Why, what has she to do now? Nothing but to broil steaks and make tea for two people!" That whenever he had Harrie quietly to himself for a peculiarly pleasant tea-table, the house should resound with sudden shrieks from the nursery, and there was *always* a pin in that baby, was forever a fresh surprise; and why, when they had a house full of company, no "girl," and Harrie down with a sick-headache, his son and heir should of *necessity* be threatened with scarlatina, was a philosophical problem over which he speculated long and profoundly.

So, gradually, in the old way, the old sweet habits of the long honeymoon were broken. Harrie dreamed no more on the cliffs by the bright noon sea; had no time to spend making scarlet pictures in the little bathing-suit; had seldom strength to row into the sunset, her hair loose, the bay on fire, and one to watch her from the shore. There were no more walks up the beach to dinner; there came an end to the drives in the happy twilight; she could not climb now upon her husband's knee because of the heavy baby on her own.

The spasms of newspaper reading subsided rapidly; Corinne and Racine gathered the dust in peace upon their shelves; Mrs. Sharpe made no more fancy jellies, and found no time to inquire after other people's babies.

One becomes used to anything after a while, especially if one happens to be a man. It would have surprised Dr. Sharpe, if he had taken the pains to notice, — which I believe he never did, — how easily he became used to his solitary drives and disturbed teas; to missing Harrie's watching face at door or window; to sitting whole evenings by himself while she sang to the fretful baby overhead with her sweet little tired voice; to slipping off into the "spare room" to sleep when the child cried at night, and Harrie, up and down with him by the hour, flitted from cradle to bed, or paced the room, or sat and sang, or lay and cried herself, in sheer despair of rest; to wandering away on lonely walks; to stepping often into a neighbor's to discuss the election or the typhoid in the village; to forgetting that his wife's conversational capacities could extend beyond Biddy and teething; to forgetting that she might ever hunger for a twilight drive, a sunny sail, for the sparkle and freshness, the dreaming, the petting, the caresses, all the silly little lovers' habits of their early married days; to going his own ways, and letting her go hers.

Yet he loved her, and loved her only, and loved her well. That he never doubted, nor, to my surprise, did she. I remember once, when on a visit there, being fairly frightened out of the proprieties by hearing her call him "Dr. Sharpe." I called her away from the children soon after, on pretence of helping me unpack. I locked the door, pulled her down upon a trunk tray beside me, folded both her hands in mine, and studied her face; it had grown to be a very thin little face, less pretty than it was in the shadow of the woodbine, with absent eyes and a sad mouth. She knew that I loved her, and my heart was full for the child; and so, for I could not help it, I said, —

"Harrie, is all well between you? Is he quite the same?"

She looked at me with a perplexed and musing air.

"The same? O yes, he is quite the same to me. He would always be the same to me. Only there are the children, and we are so busy. He — why, he loves me, you know, —" she turned her head from side to side wearily, with the puzzled expression growing on her forehead, — "he loves me just the same — just the same. I am *his wife*; don't you see?"

She drew herself up a little haughtily, said that she heard the baby crying, and slipped away.

But the perplexed knot upon her forehead did not slip away. I was rather glad that it did not. I liked it better than the absent eyes. That afternoon she left her baby with Biddy for a couple of hours, went away by herself into the garden, sat down upon a stone and thought.

Harrie took a great deal of comfort in her babies, quite as much as I wished to have her. Women whose dream of marriage has faded a little have a way of transferring their passionate devotion and content from husband to child. It is like anchoring in a harbor, — a pleasant harbor, and one in which it is good to be, — but never on shore and never at home. Whatever a woman's children may be to her, her husband should be always something beyond and more; forever crowned for her as first, dearest, best, on a throne that neither son nor daughter can usurp. Through mistake and misery the throne may be left vacant or voiceless: but what man cometh after the King?

So, when Harrie forgot the baby for a whole afternoon, and sat out on her stone there in the garden thinking, I felt rather glad than sorry.

It was when little Harrie was a baby, I believe, that Mrs. Sharpe took that notion about having company. She was growing out of the world, she said; turning into a fungus; petrifying; had forgotten whether you called your seats at the Music Hall pews or settees, and was as afraid of a well-dressed woman as she was of the croup.

So the Doctor's house at Lime was for two or three months overrun with visitors and vivacity. Fathers and mothers made fatherly and motherly stays, with the hottest of air-tights put up for their benefit in the front room; sisters and sisters-in-law brought the fashions and got up tableaux; cousins came on the jump; Miss Jones, Pauline Dallas, and I were invited in turn, and the children had the mumps at cheerful intervals between.

The Doctor was not much in the mood for entertaining Miss Dallas; he was a little tired of company, and had had a hard week's work with an epidemic down town. Harrie had not seen her since her wedding-day, and was pleased and excited at the prospect of the visit. Pauline had been one of her eternal friendships at school.

Miss Dallas came a day earlier than she was expected, and, as chance would have it, Harrie was devoting the afternoon to cutting out shirts. Any one who has sat from two till six at that engaging occupation, will understand precisely how her back ached and her temples throbbed, and her fingers stung, and her neck stiffened; why her eyes swam, her cheeks burned, her brain was deadened, the children's voices were insufferable, the slamming of a door an agony, the past a blot, the future unendurable, life a burden, friendship a myth, her hair down, and her collar unpinned.

Miss Dallas had never cut a shirt, nor, I believe, had Dr. Sharpe.

Harrie was groaning over the last wristband but one, when she heard her husband's voice in the hall.

"Harrie, Harrie, your friend is here. I found her, by a charming accident, at the station, and drove her home." And Miss Dallas, gloved, perfumed, rustling, in a very becoming veil and travelling-suit of the latest mode, swept in upon her.

Harrie was too much of a lady to waste any words on apology, so she ran just as she was, in her calico dress, with the collar hanging, into Pauline's stately arms, and held up her little burning cheeks to be kissed.

But her husband looked annoyed.

He came down before tea in his best coat to entertain their guest. Biddy was "taking an afternoon" that day, and Harrie bustled about with her aching back to make tea and wash the children. She had no time to spend upon herself, and, rather than keep a hungry traveller waiting, smoothed her hair, knotted a ribbon at the collar, and came down in her calico dress.

Dr. Sharpe glanced at it in some surprise. He repeated the glances several times in the course of the evening, as

he sat chatting with his wife's friend. Miss Dallas was very sprightly in conversation; had read some, had thought some; and had the appearance of having read and thought about twice as much as she had.

Myron Sharpe had always considered his wife a handsome woman. That nobody else thought her so had made no difference to him. He had often looked into the saucy eyes of little Harrie Bird, and told her that she was very pretty. As a matter of theory, he supposed her to be very pretty, now that she was the mother of his three children, and breaking her back to cut out his shirts.

Miss Dallas was a generously framed, well-proportioned woman, who carried long trains, and tied her hair with crimson velvet. She had large, serene eyes, white hands, and a very pleasant smile. A delicate perfume stirred as she stirred, and she wore a creamy lace about her throat and wrists.

Calicoes were never becoming to Harrie, and that one with the palm-leaf did not fit her well, — she cut it herself, to save expense. As the evening passed, in reaction from the weariness of shirt-cutting she grew pale, and the sallow tints upon her face came out; her features sharpened, as they had a way of doing when she was tired; and she had little else to do that evening than think how tired she was, for her husband observing, as he remarked afterwards, that she did not feel like talking, kindly entertained her friend himself.

As they went up stairs for the night, it struck him, for the first time in his life, that Harrie had a snubbed nose. It annoyed him, because she was his wife, and he loved her, and liked to feel that she was as well looking as other women.

"Your friend is a bright girl," he said, encouragingly, when Harrie had hushed a couple of children, and sat wearily down to unbutton her boots.

"I think you will find her more easy to entertain than Cousin Mehitabel."

Then, seeing that Harrie answered absently, and how exhausted she looked, he expressed his sorrow that she should have worked so long over the shirts, and kissed her as he spoke; while Harrie cried a little, and felt as if she would cut them all over again for that.

The next day Miss Dallas and Mrs. Sharpe sat sewing together; Harrie cramping her shoulders and blackening her hands over a patch on Rocko's rough little trousers; Pauline playing idly with purple and orange wools, — her fingers were white, and she sank with grace into the warm colors of the arm-chair; the door was open into the hall, and Dr. Sharpe passed by, glancing in as he passed.

"Your husband is a very intelligent man, Harrie," observed Miss Dallas, studying her lavenders and lemons thoughtfully. "I was much interested in what he said about pre-Adamic man, last evening."

"Yes," said Harrie, "he knows a great deal. I always thought so." The little trousers slipped from her black fingers by and by, and her eyes wandered out of the window absently.

She did not know anything about pre-Adamic man.

In the afternoon they walked down the beach together, — the Doctor, his wife, and their guest, — accompanied by as few children as circumstances would admit of. Pauline was stately in a beach-dress of bright browns, which shaded softly into one another; it was one of Miss Dallas's peculiarities, that she never wore more than one color or two at the same time. Harrie, as it chanced, wore, over her purple dress (Rocko had tipped over two ink-bottles and a vinegar-cruet on the sack which should have matched it) a dull gray shawl; her bonnet was blue, — it had been a present from Myron's sister, and she had no other way than to wear it. Miss Dallas bounded with pretty feet from rock to rock. Rocko hung heavily to his mother's fingers; she had no gloves, the child would have spoiled them; her dress dragged in the sand, — she could not afford two skirts, and one must be long, — and between Rocko and the wind she held it up awkwardly.

Dr. Sharpe seldom noticed a woman's dress; he could not have told now whether his wife's shawl was sky-blue or pea-green; he knew nothing about the ink-spots; he had never heard of the unfortunate blue bonnet, or the mysteries of short and long skirts. He might have gone to walk with her a dozen times and thought her very pretty and "proper" in her appearance. Now, without the vaguest idea what was the trouble, he understood that something was wrong. A woman would have said, Mrs. Sharpe looks dowdy and old-fashioned; he only considered that Miss Dallas had a pleasant air, like a soft brown picture with crimson lights let in, and that it was an air which his wife lacked. So, when Rocko dragged heavily and more heavily at his mother's skirts, and the Doctor and Pauline wandered off to climb the cliffs, Harrie did not seek to follow or to call them back. She sat down with Rocko on the beach, wrapped herself with a savage hug in the ugly shawl, and wondered with a bitterness with which only women can wonder over such trifles, why God should send Pauline all the pretty beach-dresses and deny them to her, — for Harrie, like many another "dowdy" woman whom you see upon the street, my dear madam, was a woman of fine, keen tastes, and would have appreciated the soft browns no less than yourself. It seemed to her the very sting of poverty, just then, that one must wear purple dresses and blue bonnets.

At the tea-table the Doctor fell to reconstructing the country, and Miss Dallas, who was quite a politician in Miss Dallas's way, observed that the horizon looked brighter since Tennessee's admittance, and that she hoped that the clouds, &c., — and what *did* he think of Brownlow? &c., &c.

"Tennessee!" exclaimed Harrie; "why, how long has Tennessee been in? I did n't know anything about it."

Miss Dallas smiled kindly. Dr. Sharpe bit his lip, and his face flushed.

"Harrie, you really *ought* to read the papers," he said, with some impatience; "it 's no wonder you don't know anything."

"How should I know anything, tied to the children all day?" Harrie spoke quickly, for the hot tears sprang. "Why did n't you tell me something about Tennessee? You never talk politics with *me*."

This began to be awkward; Miss Dallas, who never interfered — on principle — between husband and wife, gracefully took up the baby, and gracefully swung her dainty Geneva watch for the child's amusement, smiling brilliantly. She could not endure babies, but you would never have suspected it.

In fact, when Pauline had been in the house four or five days, Harrie, who never thought very much of herself, became so painfully alive to her own deficiencies, that she fell into a permanent fit of low spirits, which did not add either to her appearance or her vivacity.

"Pauline is so pretty and bright," she wrote to me, "I always knew I was a little fool. You can be a fool before you 're married, just as well as not. Then, when you have three babies to look after, it is too late to make yourself over. I try very hard now to read the newspapers, only Myron does not know it."

One morning something occurred to Mrs. Sharpe. It was simply that her husband had spent every evening at home for a week. She was in the nursery when the thought struck her, rocking slowly in her low sewing-chair, holding the baby on one arm and trying to darn stockings with the other.

Pauline was — she did not really know where. Was not that her voice upon the porch? The rocking-chair stopped sharply, and Harrie looked down through the blinds. The Doctor's horse was tied at the gate. The Doctor sat fanning himself with his hat in one of the garden chairs; Miss Dallas occupied the other; she was chatting, and twisting her golden wools about her fingers, — it was noticeable that she used only golden wools that morning; her dress was pale blue, and the effect of the purples would not have been good.

"I thought your calls were going to take till dinner, Myron," called Harrie, through the blinds.

"I thought so too," said Myron, placidly, "but they do not seem to. Won't you come down?"

Harrie thanked him, saying, in a pleasant, *nonchalant* way, that she could not leave the baby. It was almost the first bit of acting that the child had ever been guilty of,—for the baby was just going to sleep, and she knew it.

She turned away from the window quietly. She could not have been angry, and scolded; or noisy, and cried. She put little Harrie into her cradle, crept upon the bed, and lay perfectly still for a long time.

When the dinner-bell rang, and she got up to brush her hair, that absent, apathetic look of which I have spoken had left her eyes. A stealthy brightness came and went in them, which her husband might have observed if he and Miss Dallas had not been deep in the Woman question. Pauline saw it; Pauline saw everything.

"Why did you not come down and sit with us this morning?" she asked, reproachfully, when she and Harrie were alone after dinner. "I don't want your husband to feel that he must run away from you to entertain me."

"My husband's ideas of hospitality are generous," said Mrs. Sharpe. "I have always found him as ready to make it pleasant here for my company as for his own."

She made this little speech with dignity. Did both women know it for the farce it was? To do Miss Dallas justice, — I am not sure. She was not a bad-hearted woman. She was a handsome woman. She had come to Lime to enjoy herself. Those September days and nights were fair there by the dreamy sea. On the whole, I am inclined to think that she did not know exactly what she was about.

"*My* perfumery never lasts," said Harrie, once, stooping to pick up Pauline's fine handkerchief, to which a faint scent like unseen heliotrope clung; it clung to everything of Pauline's; you would never see a heliotrope without thinking of her, as Dr. Sharpe had often said. "Myron used to like good cologne, but I can't afford to buy it, so I make it myself, and use it Sundays, and it's all blown away by the time I get to church. Myron says he is glad of it, for it is more like Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer than anything else. What do you use, Pauline?"

"Sachet powder, of course," said Miss Dallas, smiling.

That evening Harrie stole away by herself to the village apothecary's. Myron should not know for what she went. If it were the breath of a heliotrope, thought foolish Harrie, which made it so pleasant for people to be near Pauline, that was a matter easily remedied. But sachet powder, you should know, is a dollar an ounce, and Harrie must needs content herself with "the American," which could be had for fifty cents; and so, of course, after she had spent her money, and made her little silk bags, and put them away into her bureau drawers, Myron never told *her*, for all her pains, that she reminded him of a heliotrope with the dew on it. One day a pink silk bag fell out from under her dress, where she had tucked it.

"What's all this nonsense, Harrie?" said her husband, in a sharp tone.

At another time, the Doctor and Pauline were driving upon the beach at sunset, when, turning a sudden corner, Miss Dallas cried out, in real delight,—

"See! That beautiful creature! Who can it be?"

And there was Harrie, out on a rock in the opal surf,—a little scarlet mermaid, combing her hair with her thin fingers, from which the water almost washed the wedding ring. It was—who knew how long, since the pretty bathing-suit had been taken down from the garret nails? What sudden yearning for the wash of waves, and the spring of girlhood, and the consciousness that one is fair to see, had overtaken her? She watched through her hair and her fingers for the love in her husband's eyes.

But he waded out to her, ill-pleased.

"Harrie, this is very imprudent, — very! I don't see what could have possessed you!"

Myron Sharpe loved his wife. Of course he did. He began, about this time, to state the fact to himself several times a day. Had she not been all the world to him when he wooed and won her in her rosy, ripening days? Was she not all the world to him now that a bit of sereness had crept upon her, in a married life of eight hard-working years?

That she *had* grown a little sere, he felt somewhat keenly of late. She had a dreary, draggled look at breakfast, after the children had cried at night, — and the nights when Mrs. Sharpe's children did not cry were like angels' visits. It was perhaps the more noticeable, because Miss Dallas had a peculiar color and coolness and sparkle in the morning, like that of opening flowers. *She* had not been up till midnight with a sick baby.

Harrie was apt to be too busy in the kitchen to run and meet him when he came home at dusk. Or, if she came, it was with her sleeves rolled up and an apron on. Miss Dallas sat at the window; the lace curtain waved about her; she nodded and smiled as he walked up the path. In the evening Harrie talked of Rocko, or the price of butter; she did not venture beyond, poor thing! since her experience with Tennessee.

Miss Dallas quoted Browning, and discussed Goethe, and talked Parepa; and they had no lights, and the September moon shone in. Sometimes Mrs. Sharpe had mending to do, and, as she could not sew on her husband's buttons satisfactorily by moonlight, would slip into the dining-room with kerosene and mosquitoes for company. The Doctor may have noticed, or he may not, how comfortably he could, if he made the proper effort, pass the evening without her.

But Myron Sharpe loved his wife. To be sure he did. If his wife doubted it, — but why should she doubt it? Who thought she doubted it? If she did, she gave no sign. Her eyes, he observed, had brightened of late; and when they went to her from the moonlit parlor, there was such a pretty color upon her cheeks, that he used to stoop and kiss them, while Miss Dallas discreetly occupied herself in killing mosquitoes. Of course he loved his wife!

It was observable that, in proportion to the frequency with which he found it natural to remark his fondness for Harrie, his attentions to her increased. He inquired tenderly after her headaches; he brought her flowers, when he and Miss Dallas walked in the autumn woods; he was particular about her shawls and wraps; he begged her to sail and drive with them; he took pains to draw his chair beside hers on the porch; he patted her hands, and played with her soft hair.

Harrie's clear eyes puzzled over this for a day or two; but by and by it might have been noticed that she refused his rides, shawled herself, was apt to be with the children when he called her, and shrank, in a quiet way, from his touch.

She went into her room one afternoon, and locked the children out. An east wind blew, and the rain fell drearily. The Doctor and Pauline were playing chess down stairs; she should not be missed. She took out her wedding-dress from the drawer where she had laid it tenderly away; the hoar-frost and fretted pearl fell down upon her faded morning-dress; the little creamy gloves hung loosely upon her worn fingers. Poor little gloves! Poor little pearly dress! She felt a kind of pity for their innocence and ignorance and trustfulness. Her hot tears fell and spotted them. What if there were any way of creeping back through them to be little Harrie Bird again? Would she take it?

Her children's voices sounded crying for her in the hall. Three innocent babies — and how many more? — to grow into life under the shadow of a wrecked and loveless home! What had she done? What had they done?

Harrie's was a strong, healthy little

soul, with a strong, healthy love of life; but she fell down there that dreary afternoon, prone upon the nursery floor, among the yellow wedding lace, and prayed God to let her die.

Yet Myron Sharpe loved his wife, you understand. Discussing elective affinities down there over the chess-board with Miss Dallas, — he loved his wife, most certainly; and, pray, why was she not content?

It was quite late when they came up for Harrie. She had fallen into a sleep or faint, and the window had been open all the time. Her eyes burned sharply, and she complained of a chill, which did not leave her the next day nor the next.

One morning, at the breakfast-table, Miss Dallas calmly observed that she should go home on Friday.

Dr. Sharpe dropped his cup; Harrie wiped up the tea.

"My dear Miss Dallas — surely — we cannot let you go yet! Harrie! Can't you keep your friend?"

Harrie said the proper thing in a low tone. Pauline repeated her determination with much decision, and was afraid that her visit had been more of a burden than Harrie, with all her care, was able to bear. Dr. Sharpe pushed back his chair noisily, and left the room.

He went and stood by the parlor window. The man's face was white. What business had the days to close down before him like a granite wall, because a woman with long trains and white hands was going out of them? Harrie's patient voice came in through the open door: —

"Yes, yes, yes, Rocko; mother is tired to-day; wait a minute."

Pauline, sweeping by the piano, brushed the keys a little, and sang: —

> "Drifting, drifting on and on,
> Mast and oar and rudder gone,
> Fatal danger for each one,
> We helpless as in dreams."

What had he been about?

The air grew sweet with the sudden scent of heliotrope, and Miss Dallas pushed aside the curtain gently.

"I may have that sail across the bay before I go? It promises to be fair to-morrow."

He hesitated.

"I suppose it will be our last," said the lady, softly.

She was rather sorry when she had spoken, for she really did not mean anything, and was surprised at the sound of her own voice.

But they took the sail.

Harrie watched them off — her husband did not invite her to go on that occasion — with that stealthy sharpness in her eyes. Her lips and hands and forehead were burning. She had been cold all day. A sound like the tolling of a bell beat in her ears. The children's voices were choked and distant. She wondered if Biddy were drunk, she seemed to dance about so at her ironing-table, and wondered if she must dismiss her, and who could supply her place. She tried to put my room in order, for she was expecting me that night by the last train, but gave up the undertaking in weariness and confusion.

In fact, if Harrie had been one of the Doctor's patients, he would have sent her to bed and prescribed for brain-fever. As she was not a patient, but only his wife, he had not found out that anything ailed her.

Nothing happened while he was gone, except that a friend of Biddy's "dropped in," and Mrs. Sharpe, burning and shivering in her sewing-chair, dreamily caught through the open door, and dreamily repeated to herself, a dozen words of compassionate Irish brogue: —

"Folks as laves folks cryin' to home and goes sailin' round with other women — "

Then the wind latched the door.

The Doctor and Miss Dallas drew in their oars, and floated softly.

There were gray and silver clouds overhead, and all the light upon the sea slanted from low in the west: it was a red light, in which the bay grew warm; it struck across Pauline's hands, which she dipped, as the mood took her, into the waves, leaning upon the side of the

boat, looking down into the water. One other sail only was to be seen upon the bay. They watched it for a while. It dropped into the west, and sunk from sight.

They were silent for a time, and then they talked of friendship, and nature, and eternity, and then were silent for a time again, and then spoke — in a very general and proper way — of separation and communion in spirit, and broke off softly, and the boat rose and fell upon the strong outgoing tide.

"Drifting, drifting on and on,"

hummed Pauline.

The west, paling a little, left a haggard look upon the Doctor's face.

"An honest man," the Doctor was saying, — "an honest man, who loves his wife devotedly, but who cannot find in her that sympathy which his higher nature requires, that comprehension of his intellectual needs, that — "

"I always feel a deep compassion for such a man," interrupted Miss Dallas, gently.

"Such a man," questioned the Doctor in a pensive tone, "need not be debarred, by the shallow conventionalities of an unappreciative world, from a friendship which will rest, strengthen, and ennoble his weary soul?"

"Certainly not," said Pauline, with her eyes upon the water; dull yellow, green, and indigo shades were creeping now upon its ruddiness.

"Pauline," — Dr. Sharpe's voice was low, — "Pauline!"

Pauline turned her beautiful head.

"There are marriages for this world; true and honorable marriages, but for this world. But there is a marriage for eternity, — a marriage of souls."

Now Myron Sharpe is not a fool, but that is precisely what he said to Miss Pauline Dallas, out in the boat on that September night. If wiser men than Myron Sharpe never uttered more unpardonable nonsense under similar circumstances, cast your stones at him.

"Perhaps so," said Miss Dallas with a sigh; "but see! How dark it has grown while we have been talking. We shall be caught in a squall; but I shall not be at all afraid — with you."

They were caught indeed, not only in a squall, but in the steady force of a driving northeasterly storm setting in doggedly with a very ugly fog. If Miss Dallas was not at all afraid — with him, she was nevertheless not sorry when they grated safely on the dull white beach.

They had had a hard pull in against the tide. Sky and sea were black. The fog crawled like a ghost over flat and cliff and field. The rain beat upon them as they turned to walk up the beach.

Pauline stopped once suddenly.

"What was that?"

"I heard nothing."

"A cry, — I fancied a cry down there in the fog."

They went back, and walked down the slippery shore for a space. Miss Dallas took off her hat to listen.

"You will take cold," said Dr. Sharpe, anxiously. She put it on; she heard nothing, — she was tired and excited, he said.

They walked home together. Miss Dallas had sprained her white wrist, trying to help at the oars; he drew it gently through his arm.

It was quite dark when they reached the house. No lamps were lighted. The parlor window had been left open, and the rain was beating in. "How careless in Harrie!" said her husband, impatiently.

He remembered those words, and the sound of his own voice in saying them, for a long time to come; he remembers them now, indeed, I fancy, on rainy nights when the house is dark.

The hall was cold and dreary. No table was set for supper. The children were all crying. Dr. Sharpe pushed open the kitchen door with a stern face.

"Biddy! Biddy! what does all this mean? Where is Mrs. Sharpe?"

"The Lord only knows what it manes, or where is Mrs. Sharpe," said Biddy, sullenly. "It's high time, in me own belafe, for her husband to come ashkin' and inquirin', her close all in a hape on

the floor up stairs, with her bath-dress gone from the nails, and the front door swingin', — me never findin' of it out till it cooms tay-time, with all the children cryin' on me, and me head shplit with the noise, and —"

Dr. Sharpe strode in a bewildered way to the front door. Oddly enough, the first thing he did was to take down the thermometer, and look at it. Gone out to bathe in a temperature like that! His mind ran like lightning, while he hung the thing back upon its nail, over Harrie's ancestry. Was there not a traditionary great-uncle who died in an asylum? The whole future of three children with an insane mother spread itself out before him while he was buttoning his overcoat.

"Shall I go and help you find her?" asked Miss Dallas, tremulously; "or shall I stay and look after hot flannels and — things? What shall I do?"

"*I* don't care what you do!" said the Doctor, savagely. To his justice be it recorded that he did not. He would not have exchanged one glimpse of Harrie's little homely face just then for an eternity of sunset-sailing with the "friend of his soul." A sudden cold loathing of her possessed him; he hated the sound of her soft voice; he hated the rustle of her garments, as she leaned against the door with her handkerchief at her eyes. Did he remember, at that moment an old vow, spoken on an old October day, to that little missing face? Did he comfort himself thus, as he stepped out into the storm, "You have 'trusted her,' Myron Sharpe, as 'your best earthly friend'"?

As luck, or providence, or God — whichever word you prefer — decreed it, the Doctor had but just shut the door when he saw me driving from the station through the rain. I heard enough of the story while he was helping me down the carriage steps. I left my bonnet and bag with Miss Dallas, pulled my waterproof over my head, and we turned our faces to the sea without a word.

The Doctor is a man who thinks and acts rapidly in emergencies, and little time was lost about help and lights. Yet when all was done which could be done, we stood there upon the slippery, weed-strewn sand, and looked in one another's faces helplessly. Harrie's little boat was gone. The sea thundered out beyond the bar. The fog hung, a dead weight, upon a buried world. Our lanterns cut it for a foot or two in a ghostly way, throwing a pale white light back upon our faces and the weeds and bits of wreck under our feet.

The tide had turned. We put out into the surf, not knowing what else to do, and called for Harrie; we leaned on our oars to listen, and heard the water drip into the boat, and the dull thunder beyond the bar; we called again, and heard a frightened sea-gull scream.

"*This* yere 's wastin' valooable time," said Hansom, decidedly. I forgot to say that it was George Hansom whom Myron had picked up to help us. Anybody in Lime will tell you who George Hansom is, — a clear-eyed, open-hearted sailor; a man to whom you would turn in trouble as instinctively as a rheumatic man turns to the sun.

I cannot accurately tell you what he did with us that night. I have confused memories of searching shore and cliffs and caves; of touching at little islands and inlets that Harrie fancied; of the peculiar echo which answered our shouting; of the look that settled little by little about Dr. Sharpe's mouth; of the sobbing of the low wind; of the flare of lanterns on gaping, green waves; of spots of foam that writhed like nests of white snakes; of noticing the puddles in the bottom of the boat, and of wondering confusedly what they would do to my travelling-dress, at the very moment when I saw — I was the first to see it — a little empty boat; of our hauling alongside of the tossing, silent thing; of a bit of a red scarf that lay coiled in its stern; of our drifting by, and speaking never a word; of our coasting along after that for a mile down the bay, because there was nothing in the world to take us there but the

dread of seeing the Doctor's eyes when we should turn.

It was there that we heard the first cry.

"It 's shoreward!" said Hansom.

"It is seaward!" cried the Doctor.

"It is behind us!" said I.

Where was it? A sharp, sobbing cry, striking the mist three or four times in rapid succession,—hushing suddenly, — breaking into shrieks like a frightened child's, — dying plaintively down.

We struggled desperately after it through the fog. Wind and water took the sound up and tossed it about. Confused and bewildered, we beat about it and about it; it was behind us, before us, at our right, at our left, — crying on in a blind, aimless way, making us no replies, — beckoning us, slipping from us, mocking us utterly.

The Doctor stretched his hands out upon the solid wall of mist; he groped with them like a man struck blind.

"To die there, — in my very hearing, — without a chance — "

And while the words were upon his lips the cries ceased.

He turned a gray face slowly around, shivered a little, then smiled a little, then began to argue with ghastly cheerfulness: —

"It must be only for a moment, you know. We shall hear it again, — I am quite sure we shall hear it again, Hansom!"

Hansom, making a false stroke, I believe for the first time in his life, snapped an oar and overturned a lantern. We put ashore for repairs. The wind was rising fast. Some drift-wood, covered with slimy weeds, washed heavily up at our feet. I remember that a little disabled ground-sparrow, chased by the tide, was fluttering and drowning just in sight, and that Myron drew it out of the water, and held it up for a moment to his cheek.

Bending over the ropes, George spoke between his teeth to me: —

"It may be a night's job on 't, findin' of the body."

"The WHAT?"

The poor little sparrow dropped from Dr. Sharpe's hand. He took a step backward, scanned our faces, sat down dizzily, and fell over upon the sand.

He is a man of good nerves and great self-possession, but he fell like a woman, and lay like the dead.

"It 's no place for him," Hansom said, softly. "Get him home. Me and the neighbors can do the rest. Get him home, and put his baby into his arms, and shet the door, and go about your business."

I had left him in the dark on the office floor at last. Miss Dallas and I sat in the cold parlor and looked at each other.

The fire was low and the lamp dull. The rain beat in an uncanny way upon the windows. I never like to hear the rain upon the windows. I liked it less than usual that night, and was just trying to brighten the fire a little when the front door blew open.

"Shut it, please," said I, between the jerks of my poker.

But Miss Dallas looked over her shoulder and shivered.

"Just look at that latch!" I looked at that latch.

It rose and fell in a feeble fluttering way, — was still for a minute, — rose and fell again.

When the door swung in, and Harrie — or the ghost of her — staggered into the chilly room and fell down in a scarlet heap at my feet, Pauline bounded against the wall with a scream which pierced into the dark office where the Doctor lay with his face upon the floor.

It was long before we knew the poor child's story. Indeed, I suppose we have never known it all. How she glided down, a little red wraith, through the dusk and damp to her boat; how she tossed about, with some dim, delirious idea of finding Myron on the ebbing waves; that she found herself stranded and tangled at last in the long, matted grass of that muddy cove, started to wade home, and sunk in the ugly ooze, held, chilled, and scratched by the sharp grass, blinded and frightened by the fog, and calling, as she thought of it, for help;

that in the first shallow wash of the flowing tide she must have struggled free, and found her way home across the fields, — she can tell us, but she can tell no more.

This very morning on which I write, an unknown man, imprisoned in the same spot in the same way overnight, was found by George Hansom dead there from exposure in the salt grass.

It was the walk home, and only that, which could have saved her.

Yet for many weeks we fought, her husband and I, hand to hand with death, seeming to *see* the life slip out of her, and watching for wandering minutes when she might look upon us with sane eyes.

We kept her — just. A mere little wreck, with drawn lips, and great eyes, and shattered nerves, — but we kept her.

I remember one night, when she had fallen into her first healthful nap, that the Doctor came down to rest a few minutes in the parlor where I sat alone. Pauline was washing the tea-things.

He began to pace the room with a weary, abstracted look, — he was much worn by watching, — and, seeing that he was in no mood for words, I took up a book which lay upon the table. It chanced to be one of Alger's, which somebody had lent to the Doctor before Harrie's illness ; it was a marked book, and I ran my eye over the pencilled passages. I recollect having been struck with this one : "A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him."

"You believe that?" said Myron, suddenly behind my shoulder.

"I believe that a man's wife ought to be his best friend, — in every sense of the word, his *best friend*, — or she ought never to be his wife."

"And if — there will be differences of temperament, and — other things. If you were a man now, for instance, Miss Hannah — "

I interrupted him with hot cheeks and sudden courage.

"If I were a man, and my wife were *not* the best friend I had or could have in the world, *nobody should ever know it, — she, least of all, — Myron Sharpe!*"

Young people will bear a great deal of impertinence from an old lady, but we had both gone further than we meant to. I closed Mr. Alger with a snap, and went up to Harrie.

The day that Mrs. Sharpe sat up in the easy-chair for two hours, Miss Dallas, who had felt called upon to stay and nurse her dear Harrie to recovery, and had really been of service, detailed on duty among the babies, went home.

Dr. Sharpe drove her to the station. I accompanied them at his request. Miss Dallas intended, I think, to look a little pensive, but had her lunch to cram into a very full travelling-bag, and forgot it. The Doctor, with clear, courteous eyes, shook hands, and wished her a pleasant journey.

He drove home in silence, and went directly to his wife's room. A bright blaze flickered on the old-fashioned fireplace, and the walls bowed with pretty dancing shadows. Harrie, all alone, turned her face weakly and smiled.

Well, they made no fuss about it after all. Her husband came and stood beside her ; a cricket on which one of the baby's dresses had been thrown, lay between them ; it seemed, for the moment, as if he dared not cross the tiny barrier. Something of that old fancy about the lights upon the altar may have crossed his thought.

"So Miss Dallas has fairly gone, Harrie," said he, pleasantly, after a pause.

"Yes. She has been very kind to the children while I have been sick."

"Very."

"You must miss her," said poor Harrie, trembling ; she was very weak yet.

The Doctor knocked away the cricket, folded his wife's two shadowy hands into his own, and said : —

"Harrie, we have no strength to waste, either of us, upon a scene ; but I am sorry, and I love you."

She broke all down at that, and, dear me ! they almost had a scene in spite of

themselves. For O, she had always known what a little goose she was; and Pauline never meant any harm, and how handsome she was, you know! only *she* did n't have three babies to look after, nor a snubbed nose either, and the sachet powder was only American, and the very servants knew, and, O Myron! she *had* wanted to be dead so long, and then —

"Harrie!" said the Doctor, at his wits' end, "this will never do in the world. I believe — I declare! — Miss Hannah! — I believe I must send you to bed."

"And then I 'm SUCH a little skeleton!" finished Harrie, royally, with a great gulp.

Dr. Sharpe gathered the little skeleton all into a heap in his arms, — it was a very funny heap, by the way, but that does n't matter, — and to the best of my knowledge and belief he cried just about as hard as she did.

EXPECTATION.

THROUGHOUT the lonely house the whole day long
The wind-harp's fitful music sinks and swells;
A cry of pain sometimes, or sad and strong,
Or faint, like broken peals of silver bells.

Across the little garden comes the breeze,
Bows all its cups of flame, and brings to me
Its breath of mignonette and bright sweet peas,
With drowsy murmurs from the encircling sea.

In at the open door a crimson drift
Of fluttering, fading woodbine leaves is blown;
And through the clambering vine the sunbeams sift,
And trembling shadows on the floor are thrown.

I climb the stair and from the window lean,
Seeking thy sail, O love, that still delays,
Longing to catch its glimmer, searching keen
The jealous distance veiled in tender haze.

What care I if the pansies purple be,
Or sweet the wind-harp wails through the slow hours?
Or that the lulling music of the sea
Comes woven with the perfume of the flowers?

Thou comest not! I ponder o'er the leaves,
The crimson drift behind the open door;
Soon shall we listen to a wind that grieves,
Mourning this glad year, dead forevermore.

And, O my love, shall we on some sad day
Find joys and hopes low fallen like the leaves,
Blown by life's chilly autumn wind away
In withered heaps God's eye alone perceives?

Come thou, and save me from my dreary thought!
Who dares to question Time, what it may bring?
Yet round us lies the radiant summer, fraught
With beauty; must we dream of suffering?

Yea, even so. Through this enchanted land,
This morning-red of life, we go to meet
The tempest in the desert, hand in hand,
Along God's paths of pain that seek his feet.

But this one golden moment, — hold it fast!
The light grows long; low in the west the sun,
Clear-red and glorious, slowly sinks at last,
And while I muse the tranquil day is done.

The land-breeze freshens in thy gleaming sail!
Across the singing waves the shadows creep,
Under the new moon's thread of silver pale,
With the first star, thou comest o'er the deep!

SIBERIAN EXILES.

IN the sixteenth century, Russia was far from holding her present rank among the nations of Europe. Poland on the one hand, and Turkey on the other, were formidable opponents; it appeared at that time more than possible that the former would ultimately absorb what has since become the most powerful government in the world. The Mongol hordes that marched westward under Genghis-Khan readily subdued the princes of Muscovy, and met successful resistance only when they had passed through Russia and were waving their banners in Central Europe. The stream of Tartar conquest was impeded when it encountered a barrier of Polish and German breasts; its refluent course was scarcely less rapid, though more irregular than its advance. Like the wave along the sea-shore, or the flood upon a river's bank, it left enduring traces of its visit. The Tartar districts of many Russian cities, the minarets of mosques that rise along the great road from the Volga to the Ural Mountains, the dialects of Mongolia heard at the very gates of the Kremlin, and the various Asiatic customs in Russian daily life, perpetuate the memory of the invasion that made all Europe tremble for its safety. Three centuries ago, after a long and difficult campaign, the Czar of Russia stood victorious on the walls of Kazan, the Tartar city that had long been the mistress of the Volga, and compelled the Muscovite princes to bring annual tribute to its king.

The royal crown of Kazan, symbolizing the downfall of Tartar power in Europe, is preserved in the Imperial Treasury at Moscow not less proudly than the throne of Poland, or the standards and other trophies from the decisive field of Pultawa. The capture of Kazan was the beginning of a career of Russian conquest in the East, along the very route followed by the Tartar invaders; to-day the Russian flag is unfurled on the mountains overlooking the valley where Genghis-Khan first saw the light, and fancied he heard a voice from heaven calling him to lead the Mongol shepherds to victorious war.

Ivan the Terrible — to whom Russia owes the city which Nicholas called his third capital — did not get along very well with his subjects. After the conquest of Kazan, he was troubled with local insurrection and defiance of power in various parts of the country he claimed to control. The most turbulent of those who owed him allegiance were the Cossacks of the Don, several of their tribes or clans having openly refused to obey his orders. One of the leaders — Yermak by name — was particularly troublesome, and him Ivan prepared to chastise. Not able to resist successfully, and unwilling to be punished, Yermak very sensibly took himself out of harm's reach, followed by three hundred men of his tribe. He crossed the Volga, and supported himself by a system of robbery and general freebooting in the country between that river and the Ural chain. Ivan sent a military force against him, and Yermak, intent upon having things his own way, crossed the mountains and entered Northern Asia. On the banks of the river Irtish he founded a fort on the ruins of the Tartar village of Sibeer; from that village the country known as Siberia received its name. Yermak and his adventure-loving followers pushed their conquest with great rapidity, and were victorious in every encounter with the natives. The territory they occupied was proffered to the Czar, who tendered full pardon to the errant Cossacks and their leader; as a mark of special favor, he presented Yermak with a coat of mail which once adorned his royal person, and accompanied the gift with an autograph letter full of complimentary phrases. Proud of his distinction, the Cossack chief donned the armor on the occasion of dining with some Tartar friends who dwelt near his fortress. Returning homeward at night, he fell, or was thrown, into the river; the heavy steel carried him beneath the waters and caused his death.

The discoverers and conquerors of Siberia were at the same time its first exiles. The government turned their conquest to good account, just as it has since profited by the labors of the men banished for political or criminal offences.

After the death of Yermak, the Cossacks, reinforced and supplied by their friends in Russia, continued to press toward the East; in less than seventy years from the date of the first incursion the authority of the Czar was extended over more than four million square miles of Asiatic territory, and the standard of Muscovy floated in the breeze on the shores of the Ohotsk Sea. The cost of the conquest was borne entirely by individuals, who found sufficient remuneration in the profits of the fur trade. The government which acquired so much was at no expense, either of men or means, and exercised no control over the movements of the adventurous Cossacks. Was there ever a nation that extended its area with greater economy, and experienced so little trouble with its filibusters?

Considering its magnificent distances, its long winters and severe frosts, the rigor of its climate and the general attachment of the Russian people to the places of their birth, Siberia was occupied with surprising rapidity. Tobolsk was founded in 1587; Tomsk, in 1604; Yakutsk, in 1632; Irkutsk, in 1652; and Ohotsk, in 1638. The posts established throughout the country were located less with a view to agricultural advantages than for the purpose of collecting tribute from the natives. Siberia was important on account of its fur product; and, as fast as the aboriginal inhabitants became subject to Russia, they were required to pay an annual tax in furs. In return for this they received the powerful protection of the Czar, — whatever that might be, — and were privileged to trade with the Cossacks, on terms that gave handsome profits to the latter. The system then inaugurated is still in use in most parts of Siberia; the annual tax being payable in furs, though at rates proportioned to the diminished supply and consequent advance in prices. In Kamchatka, the tax for each adult man was one sable-skin; now a skin pays the tribute of four individuals.

Down to the time of Peter the Great, Siberia was colonized by voluntary emigrants, including, of course, a great many individuals who found it convenient to go there, just as some of our own citizens resorted to Texas twenty years ago. The great monarch conceived the idea of making his Asiatic possessions a place of exile for political and criminal offenders, where they make themselves useful, and have little opportunity for wrong-doing. Peter never did anything by halves, and when he began the business of exiling he made no distinctions. Not content with banishing Russians, he made Siberia the home of Polish and Swedish prisoners of war. A great many captives from the battles of Pultawa were among the early exiles, and their graves are still marked and remembered in the cemeteries of the Siberian towns. Turbulent characters in Moscow and elsewhere were sent beyond the Urals; officers and men of unruly regiments, persons suspected of plotting against the state, criminals of all grades, and numerous individuals, either bond or free, whose lives were dissolute, followed the same road. The emigrants, on reaching Siberia, were allotted to various districts, according to the character of their offences and the service required of them. Exiles under sentence of hard labor were employed in mines or upon roads; those condemned to prison were scattered among the larger towns; while those ordered to become colonists found their destination in the districts that most required development. The control of the exiles was lodged with an imperial commission which had full power to regulate local affairs in its own way, but not to change the sentences of the men confided to it. Pardon could only come from the Emperor; but there were frequent opportunities for the Siberian authorities to mitigate punishments and soften the asperities of exile. Everywhere in the world the condition of a prisoner depends much on the humanity, or the lack of it, in the breast of his keeper. Siberia is no exception to the rule.

Early in 1866 I planned a visit to Siberia, and in the same year my plan was carried out; I entered Asiatic Russia by one of its Pacific ports, and, after an interesting journey, — which included a sleigh-ride of thirty-six hundred miles, — crossed the Ural Mountains and entered Europe. Years earlier my interest in this far-off country had been awakened by that charming story, "The Exiles of Siberia," written by Madame de Cottin, and adopted as a text-book for American students of the French language. The mention of Siberia generally brought to my mind the picture of Elizabeth, — the patient, loving, and devoted girl, who succeeded by her individual effort in restoring her father to his native land. My interest in Elizabeth was the first prompting of a desire to visit Northern Asia, to see with my own eyes the men whom Russian law had banished, and to learn as much as possible of their condition. I found that the story of that heroic girl was well known, and received no less admiration in Siberia than elsewhere. Russian artists had made it the subject of illustration, as was shown by four steel engravings, bearing the imprint of a Moscow publisher, and depicting as many scenes in Elizabeth's career.

The plan inaugurated by Peter the Great has been followed by all his successors. Crime in Russia is rarely punished with death; many offences which in other countries would demand the execution of the offender are there followed by exile to Siberia. As Russia is but thinly inhabited, her rulers are greatly averse to taking the lives of their subjects; the transfer of an individual from one part of the empire to another is a satisfactory mode of punishment, and gladly practised in a country that has no population to spare. Siberia, with its immense area, has barely four millions of inhabitants, and consequently possesses abundant room for all those who offend against Russian laws. Criminals of various grades become dwellers in Siberia, and very often make excellent citizens; then there are political offenders, banished

for disturbing the peace and dignity of the state, or loving other forms of government better than the Emperor's. Outside of Russia there is a belief, as erroneous as it is general, that the great majority of exiles are *politiques*. Except at the close of the periodic revolutions in Poland, the criminals outnumber the political exiles in the ratio of twenty to one. For a year or more following each struggle of the Poles for their national independence the road to Siberia is travelled to an unusual extent; between the insurrections there is only the regular stream of deported criminals, with here and there a batch of those who plot against the government.

It is easy to go to Siberia; easier, I am told, than to get away from it. Banishment is decreed for various offences, some of them of a very serious character. Many a murderer, who would have been hanged in England or America, has been sent into exile with the opportunity of becoming a free citizen after ten or twenty years of compulsory labor. On the descending scale of culpability there are burglars, street and highway robbers, petty thieves, and so on through a list of namable and nameless offenders. Before the abolition of serfdom, a master could send a serf to Siberia for no other reason than that he chose to do so. The record against the exile stated that he was banished "by the will of his master," but it was not necessary to declare the cause of this exercise of arbitrary power. The plan was instituted to enable land-owners to rid themselves of idle, quarrelsome, or dissolute serfs, whose absence was desirable, but who had committed no offence that the laws could touch. Doubtless it was often abused; and instances are narrated where the best men or women on an estate have been banished upon caprice of their owners, or for worse reasons. Its liability to abuse was checked by the requirement that the master must pay the outfitting and travelling expenses of the exiled serf, and also those of his wife and immature children.

Of political exiles there are the men, and sometimes women, concerned in the various insurrections in Poland, taken with arms in their hands, or involved in conspiracies for Polish independence. Then there are Russian revolutionists, like the Decembrists of 1825, or the restless spirits that now and then declare that the government of the Czar is not the best for their beloved country. In the scale of intelligence, the *politiques* are far above the criminals, and frequently include some of Russia's ablest men.

Theoretically all persons sent into exile — with the exception of the serfs mentioned above — must be tried and convicted before a court, military commission, or some kind of judicial authority. Practically this is not always the case; but instances of arbitrary banishment are far less frequent now than under former rulers. Catharine II. exiled many of her subjects without so much as a hearing, and the Emperor Paul was accustomed to issue orders of deportation for little or no apparent reason. Nicholas, though severe, aimed to be just; and the present Emperor has the reputation of tempering justice with mercy quite as much as could be expected of a despotic monarch. Very likely it occasionally happens that a banished man has no trial, or is unfairly sentenced; but I do not think Russia is any worse in the matter of justice than the average of European governments. Certainly the rule of Alexander is better than that of the Queen of Spain; and, so far as I have knowledge of Austria and France, there is little to choose between them and their rugged Northern antagonist.

A criminal condemned to exile is sent away with very little ceremony; and the same is the case with the great majority of *politiques*. Where an officer of the army, or other person of note, has been sentenced to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform, and led to a scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the multitude, and of certain officials appointed to execute the sentence, he is

made to kneel. His epaulets and decorations are then torn from his coat, and his sword is broken above his head, to indicate that he no longer possesses rank and title. He is declared legally dead; his estates are confiscated to the Crown; and his wife, if he is married, can consider herself a widow if she so chooses. From the scaffold he starts on his journey to Siberia. His wife and children, sisters or mother, can follow or accompany him, but only on the condition that they share his banishment, and cannot return to Europe. Children born to him in exile are illegitimate in the eye of the law, and technically, though not practically, are forbidden to bear their family name. They cannot leave Siberia while their father is under sentence; but this regulation is occasionally evaded by daughters' marrying, and travelling under the name of their husbands.

Formerly St. Petersburg and Moscow were the points of departure for exiles on their way to Siberia, most of the convoys being made up at the latter city. Those from St. Petersburg generally passed through Moscow; but sometimes, when great haste was desired, they were sent by a shorter route, and reached the great road at Perm. At present the proper starting-point is at Nijne Novgorod, — the terminus of the railway, — unless the exiles happen to come from the eastern provinces, in which case they are sent to Kazan or Ekaterineburg. Distinctions have always been carefully made between political and criminal offenders. Men of noble birth were allowed to ride, and, while on the road, enjoyed certain privileges which were denied their inferiors. Sometimes, owing to the unusually large numbers going to Siberia, the facilities of transportation were unequal to the demand. It thus happened that individuals entitled to ride were compelled to go on foot, and occasionally, by mistake or the brutality of officials, a *politique* was placed among criminals. Persons of the highest rank were often treated with special deference, and went more like princes on pleasure-journeys than as men banished from their homes. When brave old Suwaroff, who covered the Russian name with glory, fell under the displeasure of his sovereign, and was ordered to Siberia, a luxurious coach with a guard of honor was assigned to his use. "No," said the aged warrior, as he stepped from his door, and beheld the glittering equipage, "Suwaroff goes not to parade, but to exile." He then commanded a common wagon, like that in general use among the peasantry, and departed with none but his driver and the soldier who had him in charge.

Of late years the government has increased its facilities of transportation, and assigns vehicles to a much larger proportion than formerly of its travelling exiles. In my winter journey from Lake Baikal westward I met frequent convoys of prisoners, and think that not more than a fifth or a sixth of them were on foot. Those who rode were in the ordinary sleighs of the country, and appeared comfortably protected against the cold, — as much so as travellers in vehicles of the same class. A convoy contained from five to fifteen or twenty sleighs, and generally the first and last sleighs were occupied by the guards. If prisoners were on foot, their guards walked with them, and thus insured their charges against being pressed forward too rapidly. Women accompanying the exiles are always treated with consideration, especially if they happen to be young and pretty: gallantry to the tender sex is not wanting in the Russian breast, whatever some writers may have declared to the contrary. I remember a couple of old ladies accompanying a convoy that I happened to encounter in one of my daily halts. The officers and soldiers were as deferential and kind to them as though they were their own mothers, and attended them into and out of their sleighs with evident desire to make them comfortable. Each convoy of pedestrian prisoners was generally allowed from one to half a dozen vehicles to carry women, baggage, and such of the men as became footsore.

Along the entire line of the great road through Siberia, as well as on the side roads leading to the principal districts, there are stations where exiles are lodged during their nightly halts. These stations are from ten to twenty-five miles apart, and generally just outside the villages where post-horses are changed. They consist of one or more houses surrounded with high fences, containing gateways for men and carriages. Each station is in charge of a resident guard, whose room is near the gate; while the space assigned to prisoners is farther from the place of egress. None of the stations are inviting in point of cleanliness, and the number of fleas which they can and do harbor is not easy to compute. An exile once told me that each station would average ten resident fleas to every lodger, without counting those that belong especially to the travellers, and are carried by them to their places of destination. The stations have theoretical conveniences for cooking, but these are sometimes more imaginary than real. The rations dealt out to the exiles consist of rye bread and cabbage soup, — the national diet of the Russian Empire.

The guards are responsible for the safety of the prisoners confided to them, and are equally culpable whether their charges are lost by accident or escape. Some years ago a Polish lady, on her way into exile, fell from a boat while descending a river, and barely escaped drowning; when she was rescued, the soldier wept for joy, and for some minutes was unable to speak. When his tears were dried, he said to the lady: "I am responsible for you, and shall be severely punished if you are lost; I beg of you, for my sake, not to drown yourself, or fall into the river again."

The rapidity of travel varies according to the character and offence of the prisoner. Distinguished offenders against the state are often sent forward, — in vehicles, of course, — with orders to make no halt except for food and change of horses until they have reached their journey's end. In 1825 the exiled Decembrists were taken from St. Petersburg to Nerchinsk, on the head-waters of the Amoor, a distance of five thousand miles, in thirty-one days. A few years earlier, several prisoners were sent from Moscow to Kamchatka, nearly ten thousand miles away, and made no unnecessary stoppage on the entire route. Ordinary prisoners transported in vehicles are generally halted at the stations at night, but as they can sleep quite comfortably while on the road, the most of them prefer to make little delay, and finish their journey as soon as possible. Exiles have told me that they petitioned the officers conducting them not to remain over night at the stations, as by constantly travelling they avoided the necessity of lodging in badly ventilated and generally repulsive rooms. The officers were quite willing to grant their request, but sometimes the distances between different convoys forbade the infringement of the general rule. Parties on foot travel two days in succession, and then rest one day, — their day's marches being from one station to the next. If the roads are good, the travel is no more fatiguing than the ordinary march of an army, unless the prisoners happen to wear chains or fetters. The pedestrian prisoners often ask to be excused from halting every third day, as they find the open air greatly preferable to the confinement of the station, and are naturally desirous of making an early end of their travelling life. The journey on foot from Moscow to the mines of Nerchinsk, where the worst criminals are generally sent, requires from ten to fifteen and even twenty months, according to the various contingencies of delay.

The Russian people, the Siberians especially, are very kind to prisoners; when convoys are passing through villages and towns, the inhabitants give liberally of money and provisions, and never seem weary of bestowing charity, even though their means are limited. In each party of prisoners, whatever

may be its size, there is one person to receive for all, the office being changed daily. The guards do not oppose the reception of alms, but, so far as I could observe, always appeared to encourage it. When I was in Irkutsk I was lodged in a house that fronted a prison on the other side of a public square; I used frequently to see parties carrying water from the river to the prison, — each party consisting of two men bearing a large bucket upon a pole, and guarded by two soldiers. One of the twain generally doffed his hat to every person they passed, and solicited "charity to the unfortunate." When anybody approached them with the evident intention of being benevolent, the guards invariably stopped, to afford opportunity for almsgiving. To satisfy myself, I tried the experiment repeatedly, and always found the soldiers halting as soon as I placed my hand to my pocket. One prisoner received the gift, but both returned thanks, and called for blessings on the head of the giver.

The Russians never apply the name of "prisoner" or "exile" to a banished individual, except in conversation in other languages than their own. The Siberian people invariably call the exiles "unfortunates"; in official documents and verbal communications they are classed as "involuntary emigrants."

The treatment of an exile varies according to the crime proven or alleged against him, and for which he has received sentence in Russia. The severest penalty is perpetual banishment, with twenty years' compulsory labor in mines. Hard labor was formerly assigned for life; at present, if a man survives it twenty years, he is then allowed to register himself as a resident of a specified district, and is not liable to be called upon for further service. Below this highest penalty there are sentences to compulsory labor for different terms, — all the way from one year upwards. The exiles condemned to long terms of servitude are generally sent to the district of Nerchinsk beyond Lake Baikal; technically they are required to labor underground, but practically they are employed on or below the surface, just as their superintendents may direct. Formerly all convicts sentenced to labor for life had their nostrils slit, and were branded on the forehead; this practice was abandoned nearly twenty years ago, so that few persons thus mutilated are now seen. A great many prisoners are kept in chains, which they wear day and night, whether working or lying idle; I could never hear the clanking of chains without a shudder, and, according to my observation, the Russians did not consider it a cheerful sound. By regulation the weight of the chain must not exceed five pounds, and the links are not less than a certain specified number. Some convicts wear chains, and others do not; the same is the case among the *politiques:* I was unable to learn where and why the line of fettering or non-fettering was drawn. None of the pedestrian exiles I met on the road were in chains, and I was told that the worst offenders are allowed full use of their limbs while travelling.

The exiles sentenced to forced labor (*Katorga*) are ordinarily but a small proportion — five or ten per cent — of the whole number; possibly the ratio is larger now than under previous emperors, as the emancipation of the serfs has done away with banishment "by the will of the master." The lowest sentence now given is that of simple deportation, the exile having full liberty to go where he chooses, unless it be out of the country. He may live in any province or district, engage in whatever honest business he finds profitable and agreeable, and have pretty much his own way in everything. The prohibition to return is for a specified time, and, as it gives him the range of a country larger than the United States, he has plenty of room for stretching his limbs. Less happy are the exiles confined to specified provinces, districts, towns, or villages, and required to report to the police at stated intervals. Some of them must report daily, others every third day, others once a week, and so on

through an increasing scale of time; between the intervals of reporting they can absent themselves from home either with or without special permission. Some of the simple *détenus* can engage in any business they fancy, while others are restricted as to their employments. Many exiles are condemned to be colonists, generally in the northern parts of Siberia; they are furnished with the means for building houses, and receive allotments of land to clear and cultivate. They can employ their surplus time in hunting, fishing, or any other occupation not incompatible with the life of a backwoodsman. It is not an agreeable fate to be sentenced to become a colonist in Siberia, especially if one has been tenderly reared, and knows nothing of manual labor until the time of his banishment.

Many exiles are "drafted into the army," and assigned to duty as common soldiers. They receive soldiers' pay and rations, and have the possibility of promotion, if their conduct is meritorious. They are generally assigned to regiments on the frontier of the Kirghese country, or in Circassia, where the opportunities for desertion and escape are very slight. The regulations forbid more than a certain proportion of such men in each regiment, and these are always well distributed among the faithful. In some instances revolts have occurred among the drafted men, but I never heard that they were successful. Desertions are occasional; but as the deserters generally flee to the countries beyond the border, they find, when too late, that they have exchanged their frying-pan for a very hot fire. The Kirghese, Turcomans, and other barbarous Asiatics, have an unpleasant habit of making slaves of stray foreigners who enter their country without proper authority; to prevent escape, they insert a horse-hair into a small incision in a prisoner's heel, and cripple him for life. He is thus secured against walking away, and they take good care that he does not have access to a horse.

The exiles in Asiatic Russia are far less numerous than the descendants of exiles, who form a considerable proportion of the population. Eastern Siberia is mainly peopled by involuntary emigrants, and their second and third generations; while Western Siberia is very largely so. The ordinary deportation across the Ural Mountains is about ten thousand a year, nearly all of them being offenders against the civil laws. Each revolt in Poland makes a large number of exiles, who are not counted in the regular supply. From the revolution of 1863 twenty-four thousand Poles were banished beyond the Urals, — ten thousand being sent to Eastern Siberia, and the balance to the Western Provinces. Many of these men were liberated by the ukase of 1867, and others have been allowed to transfer their banishment to countries outside of Russia. Quite recently I met in New York a young Pole who went to Siberia in 1865, and was permitted in the following year to exchange that country for America. It is hardly necessary to say that he promptly embraced the opportunity, and does not regret doing so.

Exiles are found in so many occupations in Siberia, that it would be hard to mention anything in which they are not engaged, unless it be holding high official position. Many subordinate offices are filled by them, and I believe they do their duty quite as well as the average of the rest of mankind. It was not unusual in my journey to find them in charge of post-stations, and I was told that many exiles were in service as government clerks, messengers, and employees of various grades. During a month's stay at Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, I encountered a fair number of men I knew to be exiles, and probably a great many more of the same class whose condition was not mentioned to me. The clerk of the principal hotel was an exile, and so was one of the waiters; an officer who dined there with me said the clerk was his schoolmate, and graduated in his class. A merchant, of whom I used to buy my cigarettes, was an involuntary emigrant; and I believe that the man who fabri-

cated them, and whose shop was near my lodgings, journeyed to Siberia against his will. My fur clothing was made by an exiled tailor; my boots were repaired by a banished cobbler, and my morning beefsteak and potatoes were prepared by a cook who left St. Petersburg with the aid of the police. A gentleman of my acquaintance frequently placed his carriage at my service, and with it a driver who pleased me with his skill and dash. One night this driver was a little intoxicated, and amused me and a friend at my side by his somewhat reckless driving. We commented in French upon his condition, and laughed a little at the situation; when he set us down at our door, he protested that he was perfectly sober, and hoped we would not say to his master what we had talked between ourselves. He happened to be an exile from St. Petersburg, where he had been coachman to a French family, and learned something of the French language.

I met at Irkutsk a Polish gentleman who was exiled for taking part in the revolution of 1863; he was formerly connected with the University at Warsaw, spoke French with ease and correctness, and, at the time I saw him, was in charge of the Museum of the Siberian Geographical Society. As a taxidermist, he possessed unusual skill, and was then engaged in making a collection of Siberian birds. Two Polish physicians were practising at Irkutsk; one of them was in high repute, and I was told that his services were more in demand than those of any Russian competitor in the city.

I reached the Trans-Baikal district of Siberia too late in the season to visit the mines where convicts are employed, and am therefore unable to speak of their condition from personal observation. I passed through the town of Nerchinsk, which lies two hundred miles north of Nerchinsk Zavod, the centre of the mining works of that region. English and German travellers who have visited the Zavod do not agree as to the treatment of the prisoners, — one averring that he found many evidences of cruelty on the part of keepers, and another declaring that everything appeared satisfactory. I presume the management had changed between the visits of these gentlemen, — a harsh and unpitying keeper having made way for a lenient one. From all I could learn, I infer that the truthful history of the Nerchinsk mines would contain many accounts of oppression on the part of unscrupulous managers, who cared less for the sufferings of prisoners than for the gold to be wrung from their labor. The only persons from whom I obtained information of the present condition of the mines were interested parties, and their testimony would go for nothing in a court of law. As the present Governor-General of Eastern Siberia is a man of tender heart, and very earnest in promoting the comfort of his subjects, I conclude that the prisoners in the mines are treated no worse than the average of hard-labor convicts elsewhere. I saw and heard many evidences of his enlightened and generous spirit, and believe he would not permit the oppression of unfortunates, or confide them to men less merciful than himself.

Most of the exiles condemned to be colonists are sent to the provinces of Yakutsk and Yeneseisk, where they are little likely to be seen by strangers. I saw very few of those now colonizing Siberia by involuntary emigration, not enough to enable me to form an opinion from my own knowledge. I think, however, that my comment and conclusion regarding the convicts in the mines will apply very fairly to this other class of laborers.

We come now to the exiles, pure and simple. If a man can forget that he is deprived of liberty, he is not under ordinary circumstances very badly off in Siberia. He leads a more independent life — unless under the special eye of the police — than in European Russia, and has a better prospect of wealth and social advancement. If a laboring man, he can generally be more certain of employment than in the region whence he came, and, except in times of special scarcity, can purchase food quite as

cheaply as where the population is more dense. Everybody around him is oblivious of the fault that led to his exile, and he is afforded full opportunity for reformation. If a farmer, he cultivates his land, sells his surplus crops, and sits in his own house, with no fear that he will be disturbed for past offences. If he brought no family with him, he is permitted and encouraged to marry, though not required to do so. The authorities know very well that he who has wife and children is more a fixture in the country than one who has not; and hence their readiness to permit an exile to take his family to Siberia, and their encouragement for him to commit matrimony if he goes there unmarried.

Exiles to Siberia, especially those who marry there, and are not cursed by fortune, frequently become as much attached to the country as the men who visit California or the West intending to stay but a few years, and never finding a suitable time to return. Many exiles remain in Siberia after their terms of banishment are ended, especially if they have been long in the country, and hesitate to return to Russia and find themselves forgotten. Some men consider their banishment a piece of good-fortune, as it enabled them to accomplish what they never could have done in the old country. Especially is this the case among the serfs, banished "at the will of their masters." Every exiled serf became a free peasant as soon as he entered Siberia, and no law existed whereby he could be re-enslaved. His children were free, and enjoyed a condition far superior to that of the serf, under the system prevalent before 1859. Many descendants of exiles have become wealthy through gold-mining, commerce, and agriculture, and occupy high civil positions. I know a merchant whose fortune is counted by millions, and who is famous through Siberia for his enterprise and generosity; he is the son of an exiled serf, and has risen by his own ability. Since I left Siberia, I learn with pleasure that the Emperor has honored him with a decoration, — the boon so priceless to every Russian heart. Many prominent merchants and proprietary miners were mentioned to me as examples of the prosperity of the second and third generations from banished men. I was told of a wealthy gold-miner, whose evening of life is cheered by an ample fortune and two well-educated children. Forty years ago his master gave him a start in life by capriciously sending him to Siberia; had the man remained in Europe, the chances are more than even that he would have died unnoticed and unknown.

Some of the political exiles — Poles and Russians — who remain voluntarily in Siberia say they were drawn unwillingly into the acts that caused their banishment, and may suffer again in the same way if they go home. In Siberia they are removed from all disturbing influences, while at home they are at the mercy of uneasy revolutionists, and are often led to commit acts they do not really approve. All the Poles now in Asiatic Russia, from the insurrection of 1831, are at liberty to return; I was told that less than half the prisoners liberated by the pardon ukase at the coronation of Alexander II. availed themselves of its privileges. Long absence from their old homes, and attachment to the new, caused them to give preference to the latter.

"Are you endeavoring to prove," some one may ask, "that exile is desirable, and the intended punishment really a benefit to the offender?" Not a bit of it; don't understand me to say anything of the kind. I only wish to show that banishment to Siberia is less terrible than generally supposed. While some choose to remain in that country when their terms of exile are ended, a great many others embrace the earliest opportunity to quit it, and are careful not to risk going there again. It depends very much upon a man's association, fortune, and the treatment he receives, whether he will think well or ill of any place that he visits or resides in. While Siberia is

cheerless, desolate, and every way disagreeable to one man, it is fertile, prosperous, and happy in the opinion of another; every country in the world could produce witnesses to testify in all sincerity that it was the best — or the worst — inhabited by mankind.

A traveller in Northern Asia hears frequent mention of the unfortunates of the 14th of December, and their influence upon the country. The attempted revolution on that memorable day in 1825 was caused by a variety of evils, some of them real, and others imaginary. In the early part of the present century Russia was by no means happy. The Emperor Paul, called to the throne at the death of Catharine II., displayed anything but ability; what his mother had done for the country he was inclined to undo, regardless of the results. He displayed a tyrannical disposition, and issued many orders as arbitrary as they were unjust; not content with these, he put forth manifestoes of a whimsical character, one of which was directed against round hats, and another against shoe-strings. The glaring colors now used upon bridges, sentry-boxes, and other imperial property were of his selection, and so numerous were his eccentricities that he was declared of unsound mind. In March, 1801, he was smothered in the palace he had just completed. It is said that, within an hour after the fact of his death was known, round hats appeared on the streets in considerable numbers.

Alexander I. endeavored to repair some of the evils of his father's reign. He recalled many exiles from Siberia, abolished the secret inquisition, and restored many rights that had been taken from the people. In the wars with France he displayed his greatest abilities, and, after the general peace, devoted himself to inspecting and developing the resources of the country. He was the first, and thus far the only, Emperor of Russia to cross the Ural Mountains and visit the mines of that region, and his death occurred during a tour in the southern provinces of the empire. Some of his reforms were based upon the principles of other European governments, which he endeavored to study. It is related that, on his return from England, he told his council that the best thing he saw there was the opposition in Parliament. He innocently thought it a part of the government machinery, and regretted it could not be introduced in Russia.

Constantine, the eldest brother of Alexander I., had relinquished his right to the crown, thus breaking the regular succession. From the time of Paul, a revolutionary party existed in Russia, and once, at least, it plotted Alexander's assassination. There was an interregnum of three weeks between the death of Alexander and the assumption of power by his second brother, Nicholas; the change of succession strengthened the revolutionists, and they employed the interregnum to organize a conspiracy for seizing the government. The conspiracy was widespread, and included many able men; the army was seriously implicated, particularly the regiments nearest the person of Nicholas. The revolutionists desired a constitutional government, but they did not consider it prudent to intrust their secret to the rank and file, who supposed they were to fight for Constantine, and the regular succession to the throne. The rallying cry "CONSTITUTIA" was explained to the soldiers as the name of Constantine's wife.

Nicholas learned of the conspiracy, the day before his accession. The imperial guard was changed during the night, and replaced by a battalion from Finland. On receiving intelligence of the assembling of the insurgents, Nicholas called his wife to the chapel of the palace, where he spent a few moments in prayer; then taking his son, the present Emperor, he led him to the soldiers of the new guard, confided him to their protection, and departed for St. Isaac's Square to suppress the revolt. The soldiers kept the boy till the Emperor's return, and would not even surrender him to his tutor. The conspiracy was so extended that its organizers had every hope of suc-

cess; but whole regiments backed out at the last moment, and left only a forlorn hope to begin the struggle. Nicholas rode with his officers to St. Isaac's Square and twice commanded the assembled insurgents to surrender. They refused, and were then saluted with "the last argument of kings." A storm of grape-shot and a charge of cavalry, the latter, continued through many streets and lanes of St. Petersburg, ended the insurrection.

A long and searching investigation followed, disclosing all the ramifications of the plot; the conspirators declared they were led to what they undertook by the unfortunate condition of the country, and the hope of improving it. Nicholas, concealed behind a screen, heard most of the testimony and confessions, and learned therefrom a very wholesome lesson. The end of the affair was the execution of five principal conspirators, and the banishment of many others to Siberia. Within six months from the day of the insurrection most of the banished men had reached their destination; they were sent to different districts, some to labor in mines, and others to become colonists.

The Decembrists included some of the ablest men in Russia; they were of the best families, and, though quite young, most of them were married or betrothed. By law they were considered dead, and their wives were theoretical widows; to the credit of Russian women be it said, not one of these exiles' wives availed herself of the privilege of staying in Russia and marrying again. I was told that every married Decembrist was followed by his wife, and some who were single were afterwards joined by their mothers and sisters.

The sentence to hard labor in the mines was not rigorously carried out in the case of these unfortunates. For two years the letter of the law was enforced, but at the end of that time a change of keepers operated greatly to the advantage of the prisoners. They were then employed at indoor work of different kinds, much of it being more nominal than real; and as time wore on and passion subsided, they were allowed to select residences in villages. Very soon they were permitted to go to the larger towns; and, once there, those whose wives possessed property in their own right built themselves elegant houses, and took the position to which their abilities entitled them. They became the leaders in society, and their influence upon the Siberian people was highly beneficial. I repeatedly heard the present polish of manner and general intelligence among the native Siberians ascribed to the Decembrists and their families. General Korsackoff, the present Governor-General, told me that when he first went to serve in Siberia there was a ball one evening at the house of a high official. Observing a man who danced the Mazurka to perfection, he whispered to General Mouravieff, and asked the name of the stranger. "That," said Mouravieff, "is a revolutionist of 1825; he is one of the best men of society in Irkutsk."

After their first few years of exile the Decembrists had little to complain of, except the prohibition to return to Europe; to men whose youth was passed amid the gayeties of the capitals, Siberian life was irksome, and they earnestly desired to abandon it. Year after year passed away, and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their exile they looked for pardon, but were disappointed. Nicholas had no forgiving disposition, and those who plotted his overthrow were little likely to obtain favor, even though a quarter of a century had elapsed since their crime. It was not until the death of Nicholas and the coronation of Alexander II. that they were fully pardoned, restored to all their political rights, and permitted to go where they wished. But when pardon came it was less a boon than they expected; some of them did not wish to return to a society from which they had been absent thirty years, and where they could hardly expect to meet acquaintances. Others who were unmarried when they went to Siberia had become heads of families,

and were thus fastened to the country; all were so near the end of life, that the hardship of the journey would quite likely outweigh the pleasure of going home. Not more than half the Decembrists who were living at the time of Alexander's coronation availed themselves of his permission to return to Europe.

The princes Troubetskoi and Volbonskoi hesitated for some time, but at length determined to return; both died in Europe quite recently. Their departure was greatly regretted by many persons in Irkutsk, as their absence was a considerable loss to society. Both the princes and their wives paid great attention to educating their children, and fitting them for ultimate position in St. Petersburg society. One of the princes was not in complete harmony with his wife; and I was told that the latter, with the children and servants, occupied the large and elegant mansion, while the prince lived in a small house in the court-yard. He had a farm near town, and used to sell the various products to his wife, who conducted her household as if she had no husband at all.

While in Irkutsk I saw one of the Decembrists, who had grown wealthy as a wine-merchant; another of these exiles was living in the city, but I did not meet him. Others were residing at various points in the governments of Irkutsk and Yeneseisk, but I believe the whole number of these unfortunates then in Siberia was less than a dozen. Forty-one years had brought them to the brink of the grave; as I write these lines, I hear that one of their number has died since my journey, and another cannot long survive. Very soon the active spirits of that unhappy revolt will have passed away, but their memory will long be cherished in the hearts of their many Siberian friends.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning rose clear, almost unclouded. The gray twilight, hanging like a pale shadow over the dim expanse of sea, and the roofs and gables of the sleeping town, grows paler and paler, and the crescent moon and her one attendant star are fading to the westward in the growing light. The heavens are calm and fresh with the eternal beauty of morning. The wind has died away; and though the sea still swells and rolls sonorously up the beach, this is but the unspent agitation of yesterday's tumult, and each wave, as it comes to shore, is more languid than the last. In the town all is still; there is nothing to tell of the past storm but the washed look of the streets, a shutter off its hinges at the little Hôtel des Étrangers on the wharf, a few boughs and leaves torn from the great elm-trees of the Place St. Jacques. The little light of the Madonna, in the Rue St. Remi, twinkles feebly and more feebly as the daylight grows. Suddenly the topmost pinnacle of the Church of St. Jacques is touched with golden light, and almost at that sign the herald swallows slide from their high homes beneath the eaves, and dart with ringing cries across the place. Down towards the fountain, then upward again, past the closed windows of the houses, sounding their shrill alarums to the sleeping folk within, catching, as they fly, gleams of golden light on their delicate white breasts, they skim, and veer, and dart about the pinnacles and buttresses of the church, their pointed wings flashing blue like burnished steel.

It is early yet, but the day has begun

in Dieppe. Shutters are beginning to be opened, stray people are about the streets, the sound of sabots is heard on the wharf, the great bell of the Seminaire is beginning to ring, and, already, old Defére and his partner, Robbe, and François Milette are on their way down to the wharf to examine into the condition of *La Sainte Perpetua.* The result of this examination we may as well state in a few words. The boat was in much better condition than they had supposed she would be after her rough fight with the storm. A few hours' work would be sufficient to put her into complete trim, and the journey down to Verangeville after the new rudder was consequently abandoned. François Milette blessed his good patron saint more than once for this pleasant turn of fortune, and sprang lightly up the ladder on the dock wall, as he thought of another day in Dieppe, and the expedition to the Citadelle, or to le Parc aux huîtres, that he would certainly take that evening with Marie Robbe.

Gabriel Ducrés did not start early this morning on his walk to Arques, as Jeanne had supposed. He followed François down to the dock, helped in the work on the boat, and, after that was done, went up to Jean Farge's, ostensibly to make further inquiries about the road to Arques, but perhaps also with some uncertain hope of seeing or hearing something of his cousin. But if this were his object, he was disappointed. Jeanne had already started on her journey back to Verangeville, and Épiphanie had accompanied her as far as the end of the Rue de la Barre. Gabriel found Madame Farge entertaining company. On the long wooden bench that stood against the wall under the rows of shining tin and copper pans sat a fat little man, with sleek black hair, a high, bald forehead, and a somewhat pompous expression of countenance. He was dressed in a black coat, snuff-colored trousers, and a black satin waistcoat. He was further adorned with a pink cotton necktie, and wore two thick gold rings on his fat brown hands. By his side, her face flushed, and her black eyes sparkling with the keenest animation, sat Marie Robbe, twisting the folds of her heavy *jupon* in her restless fingers.

"Gabriel," said Madame Farge, "behold our neighbor Bouffle, and Marie Robbe, whom you know, to be sure. Monsieur," (addressing the neighbor Bouffle,) "this is my third cousin, Gabriel Ducrés, son of Marie Farge, who married the *fermier* Ducrés. It is he of whom you heard just now, and of whom I have been telling you."

The little man bounded to his feet, and bowed with the utmost solemnity. "Madame, I am delighted to make Monsieur your third cousin's acquaintance," said he.

"It is quite droll," said Madame Farge; "Monsieur Bouffle was just saying he had heard of thee, Gabriel."

"Exactly, Madame," said the little man; "it is very droll. Mademoiselle and I, we make a little course this morning. I make her acquainted with some of the beauties of our town, — not all, I assure you, Mademoiselle, — by no means *all*," — turning to Marie. "We visit the Plage, the Faubourg de la Barre; we meet a friend here, a friend there, who relates of this or that of the storm of yesterday, — two men drowned a little way down the coast, the bodies to be quite agreeably seen at the hospital. Also of a young man from the country, who saves a boat with courage and sagacity. And then, Mademoiselle and I, we call on Madame Farge to say un petit bon jour, and find there this young man, who is Madame's third cousin. Voilà une circonstance particulière!"

Gabriel changed color, and for a moment his heart beat more quickly as he thought of that adventure of the previous night, undertaken in such better heart, being the common talk of the streets to-day; not that Gabriel cared more than others for the praise of men, but he had a foolish fancy that it might reach the ears of some one who had been all too deaf to *his* words, and had once, as we know, cruelly told him to spend his ill-humor on the sea.

"Gabriel," said Madame Farge, "and

where hast thou been this morning? I thought thou wast going to Arques, and I told Épiphanie Milette just now, when she came in, and was asking where thou wast, that thou hadst already started."

"What did Épiphanie want with me?" said Gabriel, with some eagerness.

"I know not, my son. Most likely to give thee a message from Jeanne or Uncle Defére; nothing of consequence, I think, or she would have left the message with me to give to thee, without doubt. My cousin," continued Madame Farge, addressing Bouffle, "has come up about the sale of the lavender, grown on their farm, and takes a little pleasure while he is in town. It is well for a young man to see something of life from time to time."

"Precisely, Madame, precisely! That is just my argument. Exactly what I observed to Mademoiselle here, as we walked. '*If*,' I said to Mademoiselle, — 'if one is not to enjoy one's self sometimes, if one is not to see a little of the world, of life, of society, of the town in fact, mais, mon Dieu! one might as well be a good *religieux* at once! Mademoiselle agrees with me, n'est ce pas?" — turning towards Marie.

"I — I detest the country!" replied Marie, glancing sidewise at her neighbor, whose expression of bland contentment deepened and broadened under the momentary flash.

"You see a good deal of the world, yourself, Neighbor Bouffle," said Madame Farge; "your bathing-houses give you great opportunity of seeing the gay people in the season."

"Madame is right," said Monsieur Bouffle; "my little property on the Plage introduces me, I may say, to all the world. Indeed, what a life does one not have in the season! With the bathers what trouble! When one has the confidence of the public, one is the slave of the public. I go down to the beach early in the morning, to find a crowd there already. The most beautifully dressed ladies are on every side, who call me, and gather round me to drive me to despair. 'Have you a house for me, Monsieur Bouffle?' 'Monsieur Bouffle, you have not forgotten me!' 'Dear Monsieur Bouffle, you must not refuse us a bathing-house,' they all cry. And I — I do my best, but I cannot serve all. Some must always be disappointed. Then in the balls one must do one's possible to accommodate the public also. Mademoiselle knows not, perhaps, that I am the proprietor of two hundred and ten chairs, to let in the Établissement where are held the balls!"

"Can you see the dancing?" said Marie, eagerly.

"Certainly! one can see admirably through the end-windows of the Établissement, when one has *interest*, it must be understood, sufficient to get the places," said Monsieur Bouffle, with impressive distinctness, — "when one has interest."

Marie gave a sigh of mingled satisfaction and envy over the recital. "Ce serait magnifique!" she said.

"Bagatelles, Mademoiselle, bagatelles!" said Monsieur Bouffle. "I will not say that Dieppe is the finest watering-place in France, but we do things very well here, I will not deny."

"I was here at the Fête of the Great Cross on the Plage," said Marie; "but that *was* beautiful!"

"Hum!" said Monsieur Bouffle, in a tone of quiet tolerance, "a religious ceremony is very well, and I know the country people always come in to see it; but in what does it consist? Monsieur le vicaire with the priests, the Religieuses from the Hôtel de Dieu, sixty jeunes gens from the college communal, some young persons from the Seminaire, a few flowers, — violà tout! But when their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, honor Dieppe with a visit, c'est une chose à voir! Monsieur le préfet, Monsieur le maire, all the municipal council, are engaged to arrange the affair. We have then a ball at the Établissement, or the Hôtel Royal, the cliffs illuminated with red and blue lights, fireworks, cannons firing at each instant; but, Mademoi-

selle," says Monsieur Bouffle, impressively, "without being a resident in Dieppe, one can have no idea of it."

Marie laughed coquettishly, and gave her head a little toss. Madame Farge lifted her bright old face. "Ah, ha! Marie," she said to herself; "so that is the way it is going,—is it? Voisin Bouffle has long been looking out for a wife, they say. Hum, hum, hum! Well, I wish him well with his bargain! But they do not make a bad pair after all." But aloud she simply said, being a wise woman, "And when are you going home, Marie?"

"I don't know," said Marie; "I have not made up my mind yet." And for some reason her eyes wandered over to Gabriel. He had taken no part in the conversation, being busy enough with his own thoughts. He sat in the window, with one arm spread on the window-sill, and his eyes wandering continually to the scene on the wharf outside.

Marie Robbe was something more than a mere coquette; she was shrewd and discerning as far as her own interests were concerned, and far from being carried away by impetuous feeling either in speech or action. She usually had, at least, two meanings in everything she said or did. She had a natural dislike of truth, as some people have of cold water. She was afraid of a clear statement of facts. It might get her into trouble, it might lead to such unforeseen circumstances. "As long as you represent things in your own way," she argued, "you have a hold on them, as it were, and they cannot get the better of you. And then, without positively lying (which has its drawbacks, it must be owned), think how many natural means of getting out of scrapes, and of managing things to suit your purposes, a kind Providence has given you! Can you not shake your head, or open your eyes wide, or laugh in the right place, or shrug your shoulders, when hearing or telling things, and then let ignorant people take the responsibility of believing what they like?"

That was Marie's logic, and one, it must be owned, calculated to produce great serenity of character and assured self-trust. It is true, in emergencies, she usually committed her affairs to the care of the saints, and had a general belief that they helped her as well as they could. In case of her schemes failing, however, she did not hesitate to lay the blame where she considered it due, and limited the number of her votive offerings at their shrines, and probably, had she been sufficiently enlightened, might have turned Protestant out of pure spite!

While Monsieur Bouffle was descanting on the glories of Dieppe, and the privilege of being a resident in that favored centre of worldly splendor, Marie was turning over one or two questions in her judicious mind. Why was Gabriel Ducrés still in Dieppe when his uncle and Jeanne had both left? Perhaps he did not care to go with Jeanne after all; one does not care for people one has in the house with one all day; and there was so little variety about Jeanne Defére. She wondered what Gabriel's plans were. She wished he would ask her to go back to Verangeville with him now, while Monsieur Bouffle was by. Not that she had any intention of leaving Dieppe for several days to come.

"I don't know when I shall go," repeated Marie, getting up, and slowly crossing the room towards the little mirror that hung between the two windows. "Some of the Verangeville folk are going back to-morrow, and two or three have asked me to go with them."

"But I suppose thou wilt prefer to stay in town," said Madame Farge. "Eh?"

"That depends," said Marie, "whether I find town as pleasant as they say it is"; and she flung a glance towards the bench and Monsieur Bouffle. "I am not in such a hurry to run away as some are," she continued, looking at herself first over one shoulder and then over the other. "This detestable wind blows one all to pieces! I met Jeanne Defére this morning,"—looking down

at Gabriel, who leaned his elbow on the little table below the looking-glass, and watched her somewhat listlessly; "she was mounted upon her donkey, and looked as solemn as Mid-lent; and when I said, quite pleasantly, 'I suppose you have got some great business on hand, Jeanne, that you are in such a hurry to leave Dieppe,' she turns quite sharply, and says, 'Yes; I am going to look after my own business, and I advise you to do the same by yours.' Mais, grâce à Dieu!" continued Marie, devoutly, "I have no business to occupy me for a week or more!"

"Neighbor Bouffle will, without doubt, do what he can to amuse thee while thou art here, Marie," said Madame Farge.

"Most certainly," replied the loquacious Bouffle; "and there is always amusement here for those who understand how to arrive at it. People come here from the country; they walk up and down the streets. What is that? Nothing at all. They wander here, they wander there. 'Where is the Citadelle?' they inquire; they are informed. They walk, walk, walk. Behold them tired, in despair, arrive at the steep ascent of the Citadelle at the wrong side! On the contrary, one who knows makes a charming little course down the Grande Rue, sees the handsomest shops where one may buy this or that by the way, then along the Plage to see the new fort and the Emperor, the Hôtel Royal, and the new residences. A little review of the troops takes place while we are there; *bien!* we see that. And then, a little cup of coffee, a morsel of sucre de pomme, and we are refreshed. We ascend, we arrive at the Citadelle with a heart gay — content."

During this speech Marie continued to smooth and plume herself with quick, ungraceful movements. She twisted the chain about her throat; she retied the ribbons of her bodice and pulled out the bows; then, bending towards the glass as if to examine them more closely, but with her black eyes bent full on Gabriel, she said, "And when are you going to Verangeville, Gabriel Ducrés? Are you going alone?"

"I don't know," said Gabriel; "I am going to Arques to-day, — or may be I shall not go till to-morrow, — and that will keep me a day longer in Dieppe, and I shall go on Sunday to Verangeville."

"Perhaps I may go then," she said. "I have not made up my mind altogether."

Monsieur Bouffle was by this time beginning to show signs of uneasiness at the low-toned conversation at the window, and every moment that foolish Marie lingered there a cloud was drawing nearer and nearer that threatened to bring a tempest into the peaceful kitchen of Madame Farge. She stood still, leaning awkwardly against the table, and said: —

"You are going to Arques! And that was the reason you stayed after the others. Eh, Gabriel Ducrés?"

"Yes," said Gabriel, with provoking dulness of apprehension. "But there will still be several going then. Was any one going with Jeanne, Marie?"

"How should I know?" said Marie, sharply. "Yes, there was," she added, with an instinctive flash of feeling that it might be disagreeable news to Gabriel. "When I saw her she had with her Épiphanie Milette and *Pierre Lennet!*" and she flung herself from him, and was turning to go to her place on the bench by Monsieur Bouffle, when she was stopped half-way.

There was a sound of feet on the steps, a brisk knock at the door, and, before Madame Farge had time to say "Entrez," the door opened, and François Milette burst in. In his haste he tripped his foot in the doorway, and stumbled forward towards Marie, who jumped back with a little scream. The rest of the company thought she was afraid of being jostled by the clumsy young man who plunged in so unceremoniously; but the fact is, that François Milette, appearing in any way at that moment, would have wrung a cry of impatience from Marie Robbe; and his awkwardness in this case was the on-

ly thing she had to thank him for, inasmuch as it furnished a cause for her sudden dismay at the sight of him. François's face flushed as he caught sight of Marie; and it must be confessed her cheeks glowed with a deeper color as the young man, regaining his balance, quickly said, with a pleasant laugh, "Here thou art, after all!"

But it was no honest emotion that tinged *her* cheeks, as we know. She, for some reason best known to herself, became suddenly cross. She pouted, hardly looked at François, and sauntered back to her place on the bench by Monsieur Bouffle.

"Ah, François," said the old woman, after the first greetings were over, "thou art not in luck to stumble at the threshold! Where hast thou been?"

But François stood dumbfoundered by Marie's manner, and looked with much perplexity and discomfiture at her and little fat Monsieur Bouffle by turns.

"I have been looking for Marie Robbe," he said. "I went up to thy uncle's, Marie," he continued, turning to her with a smile, — he was beginning to persuade himself that he was mistaken already, and that Marie's pouting meant nothing after all, — "but they could tell me nothing of thee but that thou hadst gone out. Where in the world hast thou been all the morning?" and he went towards her.

There was no room on the bench, and no seat near; so François, totally unconscious of the indignant glances of Monsieur Bouffle, seated himself on the arm of the settle by Marie, leaning towards her as he rested his hand on the back.

"We found it was not necessary to go down to Verangeville," said François in a cheerful tone, "so I have another day in Dieppe after all."

"O," replied Marie.

"What made you come down here, Marie?" said François, lowering his voice; "and who is *that?*" he said, indicating the scowling Bouffle with his thumb, but without looking at him.

Marie tilted her shoulder away from François, and listened attentively to Madame Farge, who was discussing the wholesomeness of some dish with Monsieur Bouffle.

"What is the matter, Marie?" said François. "What ails thee? Art thou angry with me?"

No answer.

"Marie, what have I done to vex thee?" he said, gently. Marie laughed vivaciously at a remark of Bouffle, but took no notice of François.

"Diantre, Marie! Must I stay here like a donkey outside the stable-door?" said François in an angry whisper.

"Just as you please," she said, with a quick glance, — the first she had vouchsafed him. If he had been cool enough to read its meaning, he would have seen little in it to flatter the heart of a lover. The black eyes were bright, cold, and hard as flint stones.

"Thou art treating me badly," said he. "I cannot bear it!"

No answer, except as much as is conveyed in a one-sided shrug of the shoulder nearest to him.

François's impatience rose. "Betise!" he said. "Who is that fat man, Marie? He looks like a porpoise. Is it because of him that thou art so little amiable towards me?"

"Little amiable!" said Marie, regarding him with a cold stare. "Indeed, François Milette, you are polite, — very polite and very obliging!"

"So is thy new friend, I observe; *very* polite and *very* obliging, and thou also, but only towards one side, I perceive," said François. "Dost thou do this merely to torment me, or not?" he continued, with a sudden gust of impatience and anger.

Marie looked up at him again. Tears of vexation had sprung to her eyes, for the unsubdued tone in which François had made this last remark, and the uncontrollable state upon which it showed him to be verging, was most exasperating, and filled her with dismay. Fortunately, tears do not always betray the exact emotions from which they spring; and Marie's tears, trembling in her upturned eyes, only gave a softened and

supplicating expression to her face, and François, though by no means satisfied, was entirely disarmed by this tearful glance.

Madame Farge was now talking earnestly to Bouffle, who turned his head, first to one side and then to the other, anxious to catch the first pause in the old woman's talk, that he might take the lead in the conversation himself, and at the same time tormented by the desire to listen to the whispered remarks passing between Marie and this audacious young man, who sat down on the arm of the bench in such an unconcerned manner, behaving as if Marie belonged to him entirely, and as if *he*, Bouffle, proprietor of bathing-machines, two hundred and ten chairs to let, and an interest in the Établissement, existed no more!

Marie sat now with her eyes cast down, and tapping her foot impatiently on the floor. She longed to be gone. She wished she had never come to Madame Farge's to get herself into this detestable trap. It was Monsieur Bouffle's fault. Did he not *insist* upon coming? And Gabriel Ducrés, — a stupid, awkward fellow without sense, who could not say a word to occupy Monsieur Bouffle or divert François! Why could not Madame Farge listen with civility to Bouffle, and mind her spinning, instead of keeping her sharp old eyes so constantly on her and François? And what right had François to come down there just at this time, to upset all one's plans, instead of keeping his word of going to Verangeville? Liar!

In Marie, feelings of animosity towards each person in the company were rapidly rising, as you see. She had reasons for disliking them all. Gabriel, because he was a fool; Madame Farge, because she was *not* a fool; and François, — any one can see that she had reason enough for regarding him somewhat malevolently, it being always hard to feel humanely towards those whom we have wronged.

François sat for several minutes, swinging his foot listlessly, and whistling softly to himself (that unfailing sign of a troubled spirit in man). He had had some uneasy suspicions as to Marie's constancy, but never before of her temper. If she had seemed to him occasionally too amiable towards others, she had never been anything but honeyed sweetness to himself. He was troubled and perplexed and angry; sickening misgivings were creeping into his heart, which he tried manfully to smother with sophisms.

Marie was angry, without doubt; she was vexed at him for something he had done, or not done, and she was simply using that obnoxious fat man as a means of punishment. *He* could not have done so by *her*, he said to himself, but then people are different, and she herself had said she did not take things so "exactly" as he did. In what could it be that he had offended her? Could it be anything he had said last night? Could it be, — but no! that was impossible. She could not have said "Good night" so pleasantly, as she turned into the house, if she had been offended at *that!* She looked troubled at this moment, and there were tears in her eyes when she looked up just now, *pauvre petite!*

So he went on, deluding himself with what he half knew were delusions; for, without doubt, he loved the little black head with its shining hair, turned so obstinately away from him and towards the loquacious Bouffle, and, at this moment of insanity, would have given any good thing he possessed to have had the little faithless face turned towards him, and the black eyes looking up to him, and Marie, with all her smiles and deceitful blushes, and glances, his own once more, spite of her crossness, spite of his doubts of her good faith and all his suspicions. So, instead of going out and thinking it over like a sensible fellow, he leaned down towards her once more, and said softly and gently: —

"If I have offended thee, Marie, I ask thy pardon. Make it up now, and say thou wilt go to the Citadelle with me this evening. Eh, Marie?" And

he tried to catch a glimpse of her face. But she turned farther away from him, and unfortunately Monsieur Bouffle was just beyond, and naturally and fatally François's eager gaze fell upon that portly form, and a very singular change took place in the expression of his face as it did so. His eyes expanded, his lips opened; it was as if he saw a ghost.

"Diantre!" shouted François, springing to his feet, — an expression which made the company generally start and look at each other, and the young man, who, on his part, seemed to care very little what the direction of their eyes might be. His own were fixed, strange to say, not upon the face of the amazed and gasping Bouffle, but upon his *black satin waistcoat!* He even took a step towards the object of his scrutiny, as if uncertain of the testimony of his own eyes at the distance of two yards. Then he turned upon Marie: "I admire your economy, — your good economy in making gifts to your friend, Marie Robbe! Take this also, and use it in the same way; it will probably do to be worn on Sunday when *you go to Arques! I* have no further *use* for it." And he tore from his button-hole a little knot of ribbon that the faithless Marie had tied there herself, and flung it at her feet.

"Mais ma foi! what is this? Voilà un beau venez-y-voir!" said the astonished Bouffle. "Is Monsieur in his right senses, or is he mad?"

"Less mad than he has been for some time," said François, looking straight at Marie, with a laugh which seemed ready to end in something else, poor fellow! Marie had turned pale, and sat trembling before this outburst; but at these last words of François she looked up at him, and certainly the expression of her countenance contained as much anger as fear, and was unsoftened by even a gleam of pity.

"Never fear," said François, "that I will disturb such pleasant company further. I am going." And he rushed out, and Gabriel jumped up and ran after him.

"Méchant!" said Marie, in a burst of tears, holding her apron to her eyes.

"This is very extraordinary," said Monsieur Bouffle, shaking his head, — "very extraordinary! I must beg of Mademoiselle to give me some explanation of this."

"I hate him!" was Marie's not very satisfactory reply.

"I should have imagined that he hated you, Mademoiselle, from his manner, and me also," said Monsieur Bouffle.

"Gamin!" sobbed Marie, behind her apron.

"His manner of regarding my person was most extraordinary. It made my blood run cold! What an expression! An eye of savage, a laugh of devils!"

"What was it that made him angry?" said Madame Farge.

"Because I would not go to the Citadelle with him, and was tired of — of his foo-foo-lish talk," sobbed Marie.

"Hadst thou promised to go with him?" said shrewd Madame Farge.

"*Promised!*" said Marie, quickly, and snatching her apron from her face, "he always thinks I promise him things; and Monsieur knows I am going with him to take supper with Mesdemoiselles his sis-sis-sisters, and when he heard that, he began to — to call Monsieur names, and —"

"Started up and rushed towards me," burst in the little man, — "*me*, who sat here tranquil, without offence to any one; shouts like a madman; regards my person," says Monsieur Bouffle, striking his black satin waistcoat with a dignified violence, "as if I were something very astounding. Ma foi, Madame! and this impertinent is one whom you cherish, whom you load with favors!" fumed Monsieur Bouffle, who somehow concluded that Madame Farge was in sympathy, if not in league, with François.

The old woman nodded her head with some vivacity. "He is a good lad," she said, and her eyes flashed threateningly under her bushy eyebrows, — "a good lad, and may be he has had good cause to be angry!"

Monsieur Bouffle wiped his brow, and looked with a distracted countenance first at Madame Farge and then at Marie, in the hope of receiving some explanation. Marie knew it was wisest not to array herself against Madame Farge, so she merely continued to cry, which was simply a defensive measure, calculated to ward off attacks and afford a reason for silence. But if it did anything to conciliate the old woman, this mode of defence had quite a contrary effect on Monsieur Bouffle. He was in the dark. What did it all mean? There was something going on which he could not understand. Marie certainly knew all about it, and Madame Farge showed by her remarks that she had some ideas on the subject, and, as Monsieur Bouffle had *not*, he naturally felt impatient.

"Voilà les femmes," said Monsieur Bouffle, in the depths of his harassed spirit, "elles se fâchent toujours de rien. If Mademoiselle would but say something, — give some explanation," he continued aloud, "to let one know what all this stamping, shouting, calling of names, and — crying (Monsieur Bouffle, like a person of delicacy, hesitated a moment before the word *crying*, but he said it at last, though it might sound a little severe) — and *crying* is about."

"I don't know at all," said Marie, looking up over her apron.

"But who is this young man? that is what I demand, Mademoiselle," said Monsieur Bouffle, with some heat and categorical distinctness.

"François Milette; he is a neighbor of ours at Verangeville. He knows my father, and comes sometimes to our house. But why he was so enraged just now I know not. I simply wanted to listen to what you, Monsieur, were saying, when he begins to talk at the same time, and when I do not answer him, — one cannot listen to two at the same time," says Marie, looking up with an expression of innocent appeal, — "he becomes at once enraged."

"Ah!" said Monsieur Bouffle, thoughtfully.

"Makes himself a lion to devour me when I say I prefer to go with Monsieur."

"C'est ça, — c'est ça! I divine the meaning of this little affair. When one has a little penetration it is no longer mysterious," said Monsieur Bouffle to himself, nodding his head, while something like a relenting smile softened the severity of his countenance.

"When I said I tired myself of his bétise, he began to call Monsieur names — to —"

"I comprehend — I comprehend — calm yourself, my friend," said the little man, laying his hand on her shoulder, "dry your tears, and we will continue our way."

And Monsieur Bouffle positively proffered the use of his red cotton pocket-handkerchief to his friend, who accepted this singular token of good-will, and after wiping her eyes, and generally smoothing her ruffled plumes, folded it neatly into a square, and returned it to him again. After this little scene of mutual regard and confidence, the pair went out together.

Now, though Marie's explanation of François's violent behavior was entirely satisfactory to Monsieur Bouffle, we know that it was not her refusal to go to the Citadelle with him that had caused this outbreak on François's part. And however angry her bad treatment of him during this interview might have made him, it need not have caused a breach impassable by the bridge of reconciliation. There was probably much combustible matter in the way of suspicion and misgiving already filling his mind, but that sudden explosion was caused by something more positive, a red-hot flash of conviction and of pain that set him in a blaze, and burst from his lips in that mad "*Diantre!*" that had startled the company, as we have seen.

Two months before, one pleasant summer evening, François gave Marie a chain which he had carved for her out of the smooth, hard shells of hazel-nuts. The work was delicate and pretty, and Marie was pleased enough with it, and wore it constantly for a time. After one

of her recent visits to Dieppe, however, she had returned with a silver chain, — a gift from her well-to-do uncle, no doubt, who had no children of his own, and always made much of his pretty niece, and frequently gave her presents. After this, François saw no more of his chain; and though he was too proud to ask Marie anything about it, he felt a little sore in observing that even on working days, when the gayer ornament was laid by, his poor little gift was still slighted. Now, as he sat on the end of the settle by Marie, and made a last attempt to get a friendly glance or word from her, his eyes fell upon Monsieur Bouffle. In that moment down toppled all poor François's simple fabric of faith and happiness in one heap of ruin; for there across the black satin waistcoat, attached to a big silver watch, was his own little nutshell chain, — identical, unmistakable, — hopelessly convincing of treachery! And now we know why it was that he made such a scene, and behaved so badly; and perhaps we may forgive him, and feel some sympathy with him, even though, like those far-sighted moralists who are always able to find some consoling lesson in the misfortunes of their friends, we can easily see that this painful opening of poor François's eyes was "all for his good."

ON THE MODERN METHODS OF STUDYING POISONS.

A POISON has, for people in general, the interest which belongs to all things that combine the qualities of mystery and power. With this conception is also associated the idea of ability for good as well as for evil, and the not unjust belief that such agents, like fire, are good slaves, but bad masters, and may be as useful in small amounts as they are hurtful in large ones.

Among civilized people, therefore, deadly substances, such as opium, arsenic, and nux vomica, have been recognized as means of good when rightly employed; and although held in dread as medicines by many, are yet among the safest of all drugs, because, when they begin to cause evil in the body, they announce their effects in the shape of symptoms so decisive as at once to lead to their abandonment. At the same time, it may be said of them again, that, like fire, or rather heat, they so vary in influence according to the quantity used, that with one or another dose they become, as it were, altogether different in the results they bring about; for just as heat may, according to amount, warm your hands, cook your meats, or burn your house down, so arsenic is in minute dose an efficient tonic, in larger dose a powerful alterative, and in still greater amount a horrible poison; while just the same account may be rendered of nux vomica, or its active principle, strychnia.

Barbarous nations seem to know of these agents only for the chase, or for evil in some shape, and use them to make deadly their arrows, to destroy a foe, or in the trial by ordeal, of which Mr. Lea has given so admirable a description in his recent work on "Superstition and Force."

These uses of poisons by savages have been the chief means of attracting the attention of travellers to certain substances which, in one way or another, have proved of the utmost value, when, from the hands of the barbarian, they have passed into the busy fingers, and under the acute eye, of the civilized man of science. As instances of this, the famous woorara of South America, and the Calabar bean, may be cited. The first, an arrow poison, used throughout Brazil and Guiana, has come to be an indispensable agent in the physio-

logical laboratory; and the latter, an ordeal poison, has been shown to possess, almost alone, the power to contract the pupil of the eye, just as belladonna has been longer known to have the ability to cause its dilatation or enlargement, — both being thus of value in certain diseases of the eye.

A vast amount of ingenious care has been spent upon the definition of poisons; and with every descriptive phrase of them all it is easy enough to find a cause of quarrel, while few will really differ as to what are truly poisons. As a general rule, the body contains, in uncombined form, none of the poisonous substances known to outside nature. Phosphorus exists as phosphoric acid in union with alkaline bases, and is only poisonous when isolated. Carbonic acid, a poison when inhaled, is found in limited amount in the body; but with these exceptions, and that of a minute quantity of the salts of copper in the bile, or of this metal and of lead in the blood, the rule holds good; so that a poison might be aptly defined as an agent which has no normal existence in the body of man.

If any reader be curious enough to look at the older classifications of poisons, he will find that the more ancient toxicologies divide them into irritants, narcotics, and acro-narcotics.

This answered well enough when but little was known as to these agents, except that they gave rise to certain general effects, which are rudely indicated in the arrangements above referred to. Modern toxicology, of which Orfila and Christison were the parents, has utterly destroyed the value of these classifications; but, while it has brought to light a vast amount of fruitful knowledge, it has only introduced confusion into every new effort at so relating them to one another as to make possible a distinct classification. The chief obstacle lies in the fact, that almost every poison acts, not on one, but on numerous organs of the body; so that it is anything but easy to decide either the order in which different vital parts undergo attack, or which organ when injured is most potent in occasioning the fatal result. Besides this, so small a number of poisons have been thoroughly studied, that it is only a very few as to which we are at all well informed. The difficulties to which I allude will be much more readily understood, as I proceed to describe how certain poisons have been investigated, and the results of these researches; so that I shall not attempt to point out further the annoyances of the classifier.

My chief object is briefly to sketch the history of three well-known poisons, and to explain, as clearly as may be, the methods by which the modern toxicologist attempts to discover upon what organs they act, and how they affect them.

For this purpose, let us select a nerve poison, a muscle poison, and a blood poison.

Nerve poisons may very well be represented by the most famous of them all, — the well-known woorara, or wourali, of South America. The ever-blessed adventurer who is said to have given to Europe the potato and the pipe was also the first to describe woorara, which he speaks of as follows: —

"There was nothing whereof I was more curious, than to finde out the true remedies of these poisonous arrowes; for besides the mortalitie of the wound they make, the partie shot indureth the most insufferable torment in the world, and abideth a most uglie and lamentable death, sometimes dying starke mad, sometimes their bowels breaking out of their bellies, and are presently discoloured as blacke as pitch, and so unsavoury as no man can endure to cure or attend them, and it is more strange to know that in all this time there was never Spaniard, either by gift or torment that could attaine to the true knowledge of the cure, although they have martyred and put to invented torture I know not how many of them. But every one of these Indians know it not, no, not one among thousands, but their soothsaiers and priests who do conceale it and only teache it from the father to the sonne."

Later travellers, as De la Condamine and Bancroft, gave more explicit accounts of this agent; but, as usual, Humboldt's statements have been proved to be the most reliable.

All over South America and the Isthmus the natives employ certain weeds whose juices they boil, in combination with numerous inert materials, until a thick extract is obtained, which is known as woorara, curare, wourali, and the like. That made on the Isthmus is a poison for the muscular tissue of the heart, and is also called corroval, whilst all of the Brazilian arrow poisons are of a different nature, and act chiefly on the nerves of motion. It is with these latter poisons that we propose first to deal. They reach Europe in gourds or little earthen pots, some of which are now before me, as well as on the points of arrows or spears dipped in the fresh extract and allowed to dry. The extract itself is a resinous-looking substance, in appearance resembling aloes.

Let us suppose such a material to have been placed in our hands for examination. How shall we treat it in order to discover its powers as a poison? — a simple matter it may seem to some of my readers, but one as regards this agent which has occupied the careful attention of several of the first intellects of the day. Let us see how our present knowledge about it was reached. De la Condamine, and all the observers up to the time of Fontana, merely recorded the obvious external effects on animals, and this was what they saw.

A morsel of woorara is introduced under the skin of an animal, as a rabbit. In a minute the creature lies down, too weak to walk, then the head falls, the hind legs become useless; the fore legs are next palsied, the rabbit rolls over. The breath becomes quick and labored, and within a few minutes the animal dies, usually without convulsions, more rarely with them. The outward phenomena tell us only that we are dealing with an active and probably a painless poison.

Fontana began to analyze the symptoms more closely, but was wrong in his final conclusion, that it destroys the power of the muscles to respond by movement to stimulus, or, as we would say, deprives them of irritability. In 1811 the famous Sir Benjamin Brodie discovered that, if an animal be poisoned with woorara, the heart continues to beat for a time after other movements cease; and that, if then we imitate breathing by blowing air at intervals into the lungs, the heart may keep on pulsating for hours, or even so long that, the poison being filtered out of the body by the excretions, life may finally be preserved. Now here was the needed clew, since it thus became clear that the heart ceased to beat in this poisoning, not because it was directly attacked, but because something had interfered with the power to breathe, which in warm-blooded beings is instantly essential to the motion of the heart.

Two German physicians, one of whom, Virchow, is now among the first savans and politicians of Prussia, next pointed out that woorara destroys primarily the activity of the voluntary muscles, but leaves untouched that of the involuntary ones, as the heart. This was only a step towards generalizing the facts; it brought nothing new.

Kölliker, and, about the same time, Claude Bernard, the greatest name in living physiology, at length solved the problem, and showed that in reality this poison only seems to palsy the muscles because it kills the nerves of motion.

Let us run over the evidence which has brought us to this point. The instrument we use, if I may so call it, is the frog, which possesses a value for physiological investigation quite incalculable. Depopulate the frog-ponds of Europe, and the toxicologist would almost lose his science. This little creature has for him these useful peculiarities, — it is cold-blooded and tenacious of life; its functions are more independent than those of warm-blooded animals, so that when one, as breathing, ceases, the others are not at once annihilated. There are three reasons for this: first, the individuality of function

which is shown by the heart continuing to beat for hours after excision; and second, as I think the fact, that whereas in mammals all the blood goes from the heart through the lungs, and is checked more or less when breathing stops, in reptiles only a part takes this channel, so that we have a possible circulation, even when respiration is at an end. Finally, in the frog, the skin is an active agent in carrying on respiration, and enables it to survive a long time the loss of its lungs. The extent to which these peculiarities protect is seen best in the snapping-turtle, which can hardly be killed by woorara. Respiration stops, but the heart goes on acting, and after several days the flaccid mass becomes alive and vicious as before.

A recent writer has shown, that, comparing the rabbit and turtle, it takes only one ninety-sixth of a grain of woorara per pound of the animal to insure death in the rabbit, whilst in the turtle not less than the seventh of a grain per pound of the reptile's weight must be directly injected into the veins in order to make very improbable its return to life. On one occasion three grains having been cast into the blood of a snapper weighing twenty-two pounds, it suddenly became feeble, and, extending its claws, lay still. During fifty-nine hours it was supposed to be dead; but at the close of this time, to the observers' amazement, feeble motions were seen, and within a few hours it was to appearance as well as ever, and both able and willing to justify its fame as the most savage of the dwellers in creek or mill-pond.

If, then, we stop the heart of a warm-blooded creature, respiration ceases. Let breathing terminate, and the heart quits beating. Whereas in a reptile only the former is true, and that not always, or of necessity, since in the alligator respiration may go on long after the heart is at rest. Mindful of these facts, we take a frog, and put under its skin a morsel of woorara. The symptoms are the same as in the rabbit; but if, just before a general relaxation of the limbs announces the coming of death, we open the chest, and expose the heart, we shall see it beating quietly, and continuing to do so for one or more hours after breathing has ceased. We are thus at once made sure that woorara does not act primarily on the heart. To vary the proof, we may blow now and then a little air into the lungs, and we shall find the flagging heart, under the influence of a properly aerated blood, at once quickening its beat anew; so that we are now doubly certain that the poison has not hurt this organ at least. Let us next expose in the hind legs the large nerve which conveys from the brain to the muscles the excitations which induce motion. We pinch or galvanize the nerve, but cause no muscular twitchings, as we may do for many hours in a frog killed by some other means, such as decapitation. We have learned thus that woorara poisons the nerves of motion, so that, as it assumes control, all movements except those of the heart at once cease and the will in vain calls upon the muscles to act when the nerves are made unable to carry its orders. Breathing depends on the regular action of muscles, to which an order to move is momently conveyed by nerves from certain parts of the brain. The poison cuts these nerve wires, if you like so to call them, and presently the breath goes in and out no longer, and the animal dies.

Meanwhile if we apply to the muscles themselves the irritations which have failed to influence them through their nerves, we see the part on a sudden convulsed. If we touch them, they move; if we galvanize them, they twitch; so that the muscles, it would seem, are themselves unpoisoned. We have learned, therefore, that the nerves of motion have been injured so as to act no longer, and that the muscles are intact. A little closer examination makes us suspect also that the irritability of the muscular fibres is increased and prolonged, rather than lessened.

We want next to ascertain if the

nerves of sensation, or those of touch and pain, be altered as are the nerves of movement; but this is not easy to do, because the only mode of expressing pain is by some form of motion, as a leap or a cry, and these are impossible, owing to the palsy of the motor nerves. The brain may be clear, the power of feeling perfect, and even the muscles healthy, but if you have not a channel for conveying messages of movement to the latter, there is left no means of outwardly expressing pain.

We reach a certainty in the following way: The arteries in one hind leg, we will say the left, having been tied so that it has no communication by bloodvessels with the rest of the body, we put under the skin of the back a morsel of woorara. Presently the animal becomes paralyzed; all its motor nerves being out of action excepting those of the left leg, into which none of the poison can enter. Now it is known that this agent acts from without inwards, so that the spinal centres and those of the brain die last. We irritate the spine with a needle, and the left leg twitches, showing that its nerves of motion are healthy. But there is another less direct way to excite the spine, namely, by irritating a nerve of sensation; and if this be unpoisoned, and able to carry a message, we shall find that the spine will show the irritation by making the unpalsied left leg move. We pinch, therefore, the right leg, and suddenly the left leg jumps or moves; and so we learn that in the right leg (poisoned) the nerves of sense can carry to the spine and brain the irritation, and that this expresses itself by motion in the left leg, the only unpoisoned part.

The condition of a creature thus affected seems to us to touch the extreme of horror, since for a time the brain may remain clear, the power to feel be perfect, and the capacity for escape or expression of feeling absolutely annihilated. In man this would hardly be the case, because the loss of breathing power would almost immediately kill by interfering with the heart's action. We have learned, then, that this potent poison first kills the nerves of motion; that this soon in a warm-blooded, and much later in a cold-blooded animal stops the heart; that the nerves of feeling do not suffer from the poison, but only after a time from the checked circulation and the consequent want of blood to nourish and vivify them; and, finally, that the poison kills from circumference to centre. It only remains for the chemist to analyze the material used, and to extract a crystalline alkaloid, which is easily proved to be its active principle, and we shall have learned all that is now known as regards this most interesting poison.

We turn next, of course, to ask what uses this knowledge may be put to. The physiologist's answer is satisfactory, the physician's rather less so. There are many occasions in the laboratory where it is highly useful to possess an agent which has power to kill without disturbing the heart,—as when, for instance, we desire to exhibit the action of this organ to a class. All we have, then, to do is to give woorara, and keep up artificial breathing. We may then open the chest, and demonstrate the heart's motions in such a way as forever to impress upon the memory of the student most important, nay, vital truths in medicine.

As to the use of woorara as a drug, there is in our minds a good deal of doubt. Given to persons who have lockjaw, it certainly stops, or may be made to stop, the awful convulsions of that disease; but as their cause lies only in the spine, and as woorara palsies the motor nerves alone, it seems likely that we are merely suppressing a symptom, and not altering the malady itself. If, however, as sometimes is the case, lockjaw proves fatal by the spasm it causes in the muscles with which we breathe, it seems possible that a limited use of the drug might so diminish this evil as to allow life to go on, and thus give added chances to the sufferer. Hitherto our experience is inconclusive, and the right-minded doctor, being of

all folks the most sceptical, is thus far unconvinced of its value, and awaits the results of a larger number of cases; feeling, meanwhile, at full freedom to test its possible utility in a disease so unconquerable by ordinary methods.

The poisonous agents which have power to destroy life by acting directly on the heart are numerous. Among them we find aconite and digitalis well known as medicines, and useful to control tumultuous or over-excited activity in this essential organ. Several, also, of the Eastern arrow poisons belong to this class, — as the upas, of Borneo; and, finally, the corroval, an arrow poison of the Isthmus of Panama.

To point out precisely in what way these various agents influence the heart would require us to explain at length the whole physiology of this organ, and to discuss the function of the different nerves which enter it. We shall therefore content ourselves with relating what is known in regard to corroval, — a poison which thus far has been investigated only by two American toxicologists. Like woorara, this substance is a resinous-looking material, which is certainly of vegetable origin. It is used as an arrow poison by the dwellers on the Rio Darien, but of the nature of the plants which yield it we know absolutely nothing. Thus far it is known only to savages, and to two or three students of poisons, nor, if it were used to kill man, would it be possible to detect it in the tissues. As in the case of woorara, let us relate briefly how the toxic characters of corroval were first investigated.

A frog was held while the operator placed a morsel of poison in a wound made in the back. In ten or twelve minutes it showed signs of lassitude, and in half an hour was totally motionless and dead. Nothing was seen to lead to the belief that the toxicologist was dealing with a substance differing from common woorara. The outward signs were alike. A second frog was then poisoned, after a little V-shaped opening had been so made as to expose the heart, whose natural beat was noted as being forty-five to the minute. In three minutes it was unaltered as to number, but had become irregular. Then it began to fail, beating thirty at the fifth minute, and ceasing half a minute later, the auricles continuing somewhat longer. As the organ failed, a strange fact was noted; at the instant when the great cavity of the heart — the ventricle — contracted so as to expel the blood into the arteries, it was observed that here and there on its surface little prominences arose, which were presumed to be due to these parts being palsied so that they yielded under the pressure from within. That this was a true view of the case was shown by pinching or galvanizing minute portions of a healthy, active heart, when the same appearances were noted at the points enfeebled by the over-stimulation to which they had been thus mechanically subjected. When the heart stopped, it could not be re-excited by a touch, or by electric currents, as was the case in woorara poisoning, or in death from violence.

During all of this time, and for twenty minutes after the heart ceased to beat, the frog leaped about with readiness and ease, so that it seemed pretty clear that corroval was a poison which paralyzed directly the tissues of the heart, without at first influencing any other portion of the economy. To put this beyond doubt, the experimenter tried to keep up the circulation by causing artificial breathing, which in the case of woorara was competent to sustain the heart's action. Here, however, the heart stopped as though no such means had been used. The same observation may be better made on the young alligator, because in this creature the breathing continues for some twenty minutes after the heart has ceased to pulsate, thus making it still more clear that the heart does not die owing to defect of respiration. Lastly, it was shown that when in a healthy frog the heart is cut out, or its vessels tied, voluntary and reflex motion disappear at about the same period as they do when corroval has been given; whence it was inferred that this agent

destroys the general movements only because it first interrupts the circulation of the blood, without which they soon cease to be possible.

The contrast between woorara and corroval is very striking, since in the former the heart dies last, and in the latter it is the first organ to suffer.

We are aware thus far of scarcely a poison which acts entirely on a single organ. In every case it has been found that the noxious effects are finally felt by other parts in turn; and, so far as we can gather, these secondary poisonings are direct effects of the poison in many cases, and not merely results of the death of the organs first injured. Thus, while pointing out that in the reptile voluntary motion exists after the heart stops, but soon ceases on account of the arrest of circulation, we might have added, that, by a variation in the mode of experimenting, it can be made clear, that where, owing to a small dose of the poison, death comes slowly, the sensitive nerves first, and then the motor nerves, and last the muscles, are all directly and in turn affected by the poison. Finally let us add, that, given by the mouth, this agent usually causes convulsions, such as do not appear if the poison be put under the skin, — a fact for which we cannot in any way account, but which aptly illustrates how easy it is to deceive one's self where such variations may arise in the symptoms caused by one and the same poison.

As an apt illustration of the difficulties which surround this study, it may not be out of place to mention the following incident. During the study of corroval it became desirable to learn the rate at which this material could be absorbed from the stomach. Accordingly a weighed morsel was pushed down the wide gullet of a large frog and into its stomach. The animal being left in a vase with a half-inch of water, the next day it was alive and well, to the operator's surprise. Repeating the experiment, the frog was left under a bell-glass, on a dry plate. This time the corroval was found on the plate, so that it seemed to have been vomited, as to which operation as possible in a frog nothing had been hitherto known. The following day a full dose of corroval in a little alcohol and water was poured through a tube into the stomach, when instantly this organ was inverted, and pushed up through the wide gullet and outside of the mouth, where the frog presently cleaned it most expertly with its fore legs. Its return was gradual, and over this act the creature seemed to possess no voluntary control.

As the power to turn the stomach inside out is rarely exercised, and therefore not anticipated, the reader may understand how easily it might deceive, if a poison having been given it were thus disposed of in the experimenter's absence.

A favorite mode of suicide in France is to breathe a confined atmosphere in which is burning a pan of charcoal. For a long time it was supposed that, under these circumstances, the death which ensued was due to the carbonic acid set free as one of the products of combustion, in which case we should have asphyxia from deficiency of oxygen and excess of carbonic acid, — a mode of death as well understood as any death can at present be.

When, however, attention was called to the presence of another gas, in the mixed products of incomplete combustion, the toxic characters of this agent, now known as carbonic oxide, became subjects of inquiry. After several theories had been set forth, only to be pushed aside by the next comer, Claude Bernard re-investigated the matter, and, with his usual happiness in discovery, pointed out what is, at least for the present, a well-accepted explanation of the mode in which this gas poisons.

Here for the first time we deal with an agent which enters the blood through the lung. Six hundredths of the volume of an atmosphere, the rest of which is common air, is fatal to a bird confined within it. The death is rapid, and usually convulsive. Upon examining the body of the poisoned animal, we are

struck with the brilliant red color of the blood; and if at the same time we compare the appearances seen in a bird killed by carbonic-acid gas, we shall be still more impressed with the difference, because this latter gas colors the blood of a very dark hue.

To make clear what is to follow, the reader should carry in mind the following facts. The blood, in circulating, goes through the lung, and there gives up carbonic acid, and, receiving oxygen from the air, becomes bright red. Thus altered it is forced by the heart along the great arteries, until, finally entering the minute vessels called capillaries, it has between it and the tissues only walls of the utmost thinness. This vast mesh of tiny tubes makes the great markets of the body, in which occur a host of exchanges, of givings and gettings on the part alike of blood and tissues, such as muscle, nerve, and bone. The most important of these is the taking of oxygen by the tissues, and the giving up of carbonic-acid gas to the blood. The first gas is needful for a multitude of purposes, without which life must cease; the second, when retained, is poisonous; and, as the interchange depends for existence upon there being *two* gases, the loss of a hurtful one is made subservient to the getting of a useful one. Moreover, as the little blood rivers flow by nerve and bone, the materials which these must get rid of as the results of their waste are cast for the most part into the general volume of these streams; but, as regards the gases, we find them transported chiefly on or in the blood-globules, which float in myriads along these tiny streamlets. In the tissues they each get a load of carbonic acid, of which they lose the most in the lungs, replacing it with oxygen, and so are continually voyaging to and fro betwixt the sources of supply and demand. Imagine for a moment these millions of little carriers become incapable of transporting their destined freights, and such precisely is what occurs when an animal is made to breathe carbonic oxide gas.

Healthy blood shaken with carbonic acid becomes dark, and fresh contact with the air will redden it again. When once it has been poisoned by carbonic oxide, such changes are no longer possible, simply because the blood-globules have grown incapable of taking up any gas but the one which has poisoned them.

Neither can we cause them in any way to give up the hurtful carbonic oxide which has taken possession of them. A fatal attachment has been formed, and they refuse to return to their every-day duty.

The careful and elaborate series of analyses and experiments which brought Bernard to this conclusion it would be folly to attempt to make clear to any but the physiological chemist. So far they have not been set aside by any more authoritative verdict.

Here, then, we have the curious case of asphyxia, or death from want of oxygen, not because the lungs have ceased to present it to the blood, but because that fluid has become unable to accept the gift. Hence results sudden cessation of every function which demands for its continuance unceasing change in the tissues which effect it, and so death follows as a matter of course.

I cannot hope that to any but very careful readers I may have been so happy as to make clear the history of these three poisons, as they act within the body, and sunder one or another of the many essential links which make the complete chain of life. One abolishes the power of the nerves of motion; one palsies the muscles of the heart, and one annihilates the function of the red blood-globules. These diverse modes of destructive activity are but instances of the wonderful variety of modes in which the fortress of life may be assailed.

The reader will not fail to have noticed that two of the three poisons here discussed are of comparatively recent introduction. The same statement applies to the two best-known kinds of upas, and to a third, admirably studied by Dr. William A. Hammond, while the

same may be said of Calabar bean and other poisons used by savage tribes. Scarcely one of these could as yet be detected in the body of man, were it employed to destroy life; so that it is as well that these dangerous agents should be carefully guarded by the toxicologists into whose hands they may chance to fall. A recent writer in these pages, alluding to this subject, also points out that the same difficulty in detection applies to many of the poisonous substances which every year are made by chemists engaged in the study of complex organic compounds. Some of the bodies thus discovered are of the most deadly character; so that here again it is well that the awful power which they give should rest in the keeping of the trustworthy men of science whose industry has brought them to light. Poisoning, as a rule, has been a crime of the intelligent classes, rather than of the poor, or of those whose passions, being under less certain government, are apt to seek gratification by the most direct means. Of late, however, it has become so well known to educated persons, that the more accessible poisons are sure to be detected by the chemist, that I have no doubt this alone has tended to lessen their fatal use. The question of the relative ease with which poisonous drugs may be obtained leads to some reflections which have especial application in our own country.

In Europe, and particularly on the Continent, the sale of poisons is surrounded by the most stringent precautions, so that it is very difficult to procure them without a physician's prescription; the doctor, as it were, coming between the apothecary and the public, to guard the latter from crime or injury. Here, however, the utmost laxity prevails, and although in some States rigid laws on the subject exist, they are daily disobeyed by almost every druggist, — the slightest excuse enabling almost any one to buy corrosive sublimate, arsenic, or opium. It is time that some effective measures be taken to check this evil, which not only invites to, crime but removes all restraint from those who desire to intoxicate themselves with opiates, ether, or chloroform.

IN VACATION.

THE sun has marked me for his own;
I 'm growing browner day by day:
I cannot leave the fields alone;
I bring their breath away.

I put aside the forms of men,
And shun the world's consuming care.
Come, green and honest hills again!
For ye are free and fair.

How wonderful this pilgrimage!
On every side new worlds appear.
I weigh the wisdom of the sage,
And find it wanting here.

I crave the tongues that Adam knew,
To question and discourse with these,—
To taunt the jay with jacket blue,
And quarrel with the bees.

To answer when the grossbeak calls
His mate; to mock the catbird's screech;
The sloven crow's, with nasal drawls,
The oriole's golden speech.

Now through the pasture, and across
The brook, while flocks of sparrows try
To quit the world, and wildly toss
Their forms against the sky.

A small owl from the thistle-tops
Makes eyes at me, with blank distrust,
Tips off upon the air, and drops,
Flat-footed, in the dust.

The meadow-lark lifts shoulder-high
Above the sward, and, quivering
With broken notes of ecstasy,
Slants forth on curvéd wing.

The patient barn-fowls strut about,
Intent on nothing every one.
A tall cock hails a cock without,
A grave hen eyes the sun.

The gobbler swells his shaggy coat,
Portentous of a conquest sure;
His *houris* pipe their treble note,
Round-shouldered and demure.

The clear-eyed cattle calmly stop
To munch the dry husk in the rack;
Or stretch their solid necks, and crop
The fringes of the stack.

But night is coming, as I think;
The moving air is growing cool;
I hear the hoarse frog's hollow chink
Around the weedy pool.

The sun is down, the clouds are gray,
The cricket lifts his trembling voice.
Come back again, O happy day,
And bid my heart rejoice!

SIDNEY AND RALEIGH.

THE characteristic of a good prose style is, that, while it mirrors or embodies the mind that uses it, it also gives pleasure in itself. The quality which decides on its fulfilment of these conditions is commonly called taste.

Though taste is properly under law, and should, if pressed, give reasons for its decisions, many of its most authoritative judgments come from taste deciding by instinct, or insight, rather than taste deciding by rule. Indeed, the fine feeling of the beauty, melody, fitness, and vitality of words is often wanting in men who are dexterous in the application of the principles of style; and some of the most philosophic treatises on æsthetics betray a lack of that deep internal sense which directly perceives the objects and qualities whose validity it is the office of the understanding laboriously to demonstrate.

But whether we judge of style by our perceptions or by principles, we all feel that there is a distinction between persons who write books, and writers whose books belong to literature. There is something in the mere wording of a description of a triviality of dress or manner, by Addison or Steele, which gives greater mental delight than the description of a campaign or a revolution by Alison. The principle that style is thus a vital element in the expression of thought and emotion, that it not only measures the quality and quantity of the mind it conveys, but has a charm in itself, makes the task of an historian of literature less difficult than it at first appears. Among the prose-writers of the Age of Elizabeth we accordingly do not include all who wrote in prose, but those in whom prose composition was laboring to fulfil the conditions of art. In many cases this endeavor resulted in the substitution of artifice for art; and the bond which connects the invisible thought with the visible word, and through which the word is surcharged with the life of the thought, being thus severed, the effect was to produce a factitious dignity, sweetness, and elegance by mental sleight of hand, and tricks of modulation and antithesis.

In one of the earliest prose-writers of the reign of Elizabeth, John Lylye, we perceive how easily the demand in the cultivated classes for what is fine in diction may degenerate into admiration of what is superfine; how elegant imbecility may pass itself off for elegance; and how hypocrisy and grimace may become a fashion in that high society which constitutes itself the arbiter of taste. Lylye, a scholar of some beauty, and more ingenuity, of fancy, was especially calculated to corrupt a language whose rude masculine vigor was beginning to be softened into harmony and elegance; for he was one of those effeminate spirits whose felicity it is to be born affected, and who can violate general nature without doing injustice to their own. The Court of Elizabeth, full of highly educated men and women, were greatly pleased with the fopperies of diction and sentiment, the dainty verbal confectionery of his so-called classic plays; and they seem to have been entirely carried away by his prose romance of "Euphues and his England," first published in 1579. Here persons of fashion might congratulate themselves that they could find a language which was not spoken by the vulgar. The nation, Sir Henry Blunt tells us, were in debt to him for a new English which he taught them; "all our ladies were his scholars"; and that beauty in court was disregarded "who could not parley Euphuism, that is to say, who was unable to converse in that pure and reformed English." Those who have studied the jargon of Holofernes in Shakespeare's "Love's Labor's Lost," of Fastidious Brisk in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," and, later still, of Sir Piercie

Shafton, in Scott's novel of "The Monastery," can form some idea of this "pure and reformed English," the peculiarities of which have been happily characterized to consist in "pedantic and far-fetched allusion, elaborate indirectness, a cloying smoothness and monotony of diction," and great fertility in "alliteration and punning." Even when Lylye seems really sweet, elegant, and eloquent, he evinces a natural suspicion of the graces of nature, and contrives to divorce his rhetoric from all sincerity of utterance. There is something pretty and puerile even in his expression of heroism; and to say a good thing in a way it ought not to be said was to realize his highest idea of art. His attitude towards what was natural had a touch of that condescending commiseration which Colman's perfumed, embroidered, and mannered coxcomb extended to the blooming country girl he stooped to admire: "Ah, my dear! Nature is very well, for she made you; but then Nature could not have made me!"

This infection of the superfine in composition was felt even by writers for the multitude; and in the romances of Greene and Lodge we have euphuism as an affectation of an affectation. Even their habits of vulgar dissipation could not altogether keep them loyal to the comparative purity of the vulgar language. The fashion subtly affected even the style of Sidney, conscious as he was of its more obvious fooleries; and to this day every man who has anything of the coxcomb in his brain, who desires a dress for his thought more splendid than his thought, slides naturally into euphuism.

The name of Sir Philip Sidney stands in the English imagination for more than his writings, more than his actions, more than his character, — for more, we had almost said, than the qualities of his soul. The English race, compound of Saxon and Norman, has been fertile in great generals, great statesmen, great poets, great heroes, saints, and martyrs, but it has not been fertile in great gentlemen; and Mr. Bull, plethoric with power, but scant in courtesy, recognizes, with mingled feelings of surprise and delight, his great ornamental production in Sidney. He does not read the sonnets or the Arcadia of his cherished darling; he long left to an accomplished American lady the grateful task of writing an adequate biography of the phenomenon; but he gazes with a certain pathetic wonder on the one renowned gentleman of his illustrious house; speculates curiously how he came into the family; and would perhaps rather part with Shakespeare and Milton, with Bacon and Locke, with Burleigh and Somers, with Marlborough and Wellington, with Latimer and Ridley, than with this chivalrous youth, whose "high-erected thoughts" were "seated in a heart of courtesy." It is not for superior moral or mental qualities that he especially prizes his favorite, for he has had children who have exceeded Sidney in both; but he feels that in Philip alone has equal genius and goodness been expressed in *behavior*.

Sidney was born on the 29th of November, 1554. His father was Sir Henry Sidney, a statesman of ability and integrity. His mother was Mary, sister of Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester. No care was spared in the harmonious development of his powers, physical, mental, and moral; and his instructors were fortunate in a pupil blessed, not only with the love of knowledge, but with the love of that virtue which he considered the proper end of knowledge. He was intended for public life; and, leaving the university at the age of seventeen, he shortly after was sent abroad to study the languages, observe the manners, and mingle in the society of the Continent. He went nowhere that he did not win the hearts of those with whom he associated. Scholars, philosophers, artists, and men of letters, all were charmed with the ingenuous and high-spirited English youth, who visited foreign countries, not like the majority of his young countrymen, to partake of their dissipations and become initiated in

their vices, but to fill and enlarge his understanding, and ennoble his soul. Hubert Languet, a scholar of whom it is recorded "that he lived as the best of men should die," was especially captivated by Philip, became through life his adviser and friend, and said, "That day on which I first beheld him with my eyes shone propitious to me!"

After about three years' absence Sidney returned to England variously accomplished beyond any man of his years: brave, honorable, and just; ambitious of political, of military, of literary distinction, and with powerful connections, competent, it might be supposed, to aid him in any public career on which his energies should be concentrated. But his very perfections seem to have stood in the way of his advancement. Such a combination of the scholar, the poet, and the knight-errant, one so full of learning, of lofty imagination, of chivalrous sentiment, was too precious as a courtier to be employed as a man of affairs; and Elizabeth admired, petted, praised, but hesitated to promote him. So fine an ornament of the nation could not be spared for its defence. Even his uncle Leicester, all-powerful as he seemed, failed in his attempts to aid the kinsman who was perhaps the only man that could rouse in his dark and scheming soul the feeling of affection. Sidney, who did not lack the knowledge—I had almost said the conceit—of his own merits, and whose temper was naturally impetuous, was far from being contented with the lot which was to make him the "mirror of courtesy," the observed and loved of all beholders, the Beau Brummel of the Age of Elizabeth, but which was to shut him out from the nobler ambitions of his manly and ardent nature, and prevent his taking that part which, both as a Protestant and patriot, he ached to perform in the stirring contests and enterprises of the time. Still, he submitted and waited; and the result is, that the incidents of the career of this man, born a hero and educated a statesman, were ludicrously disproportioned to his own expectations and to his fame. In 1576 he was sent on an ornamental embassy to the Emperor of Germany. Soon after his return he successfully vindicated his father, who was Governor of Ireland, from some aspersions which had excited the anger of Elizabeth; and threatened his father's secretary, whom he suspected of opening his own letters to Sir Henry, that he would thrust his dagger into him if the treachery was repeated; "and trust to it," he adds, "I speak it in earnest." He wrote a bold letter to the Queen, against her projected matrimonial alliance with the little French duke, on whose villanous person, and still more villanous soul, this "imperial votaress," so long walking the earth

> "In maiden meditation, fancy free,"

had pretended to fix her virgin affections. He was shortly after, while playing tennis, called a puppy by the Earl of Oxford; and it is a curious illustration of the aristocratic temper of the times, that our Philip, who saw no obstacles in the way of thrusting his dagger, without the form of duel, into the suspected heart of his father's secretary, could not force this haughty and insolent Earl to accept his challenge; and the Queen put an end to the quarrel by informing him that there was a great difference in degree between earls and private gentlemen, and that princes were bound to support the nobility, and to insist on their being treated with proper respect.

Wearied with court life, he now retired to Wilton, the seat of his famous sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and there embodied in his romance of the Arcadia the thoughts, sentiments, and aspirations he could not realize in practice. Campbell has said that Sidney's life "was poetry expressed in action"; but up to this time it had been poetry expressed in character, and denied an outlet in action. It now found an outlet in literature. Day after day he wrote under the eye of his beloved sister, with no thought of publication, the pages of this goodly folio. The form

of the Arcadia, it must be confessed, is somewhat fantastic, and the story tedious; but it is still so sound at the core, so pure, strong, and vital in the soul that animates it, and so much inward freshness and beauty are revealed the moment we pierce its outward crust of affectation, that no changes in the fashions of literature have ever been able to dislodge it from its eminence of place. There we may still learn the sweet lore of friendship and love; there we may still feed the heart's hunger, equally for scenes of pastoral innocence and heroic daring. A ray of

"The light that never was, on sea or land,"

gleams here and there over its descriptions, and proclaims the poet. The style of the book, in its good elements, was the best prose style which had yet appeared, — vigorous, harmonious, figurative, and condensed. In the characterizations of feminine beauty and excellence Spenser and Shakespeare are anticipated, if not sometimes rivalled. But all these merits are apt to be lost on the modern reader, owing to the fact that, though Sidney's thoughts were noble and his feelings genuine, his fancy was artificial, and incessantly labored to provide his rhetoric with stilts. It will not trust Nature in her "homely russet brown," but bedizens her in court trappings, belaces and embroiders her, is sceptical of everything in sentiment and passion which is easily great, and sometimes so elaborates all life out of expression, that language is converted from the temple of thought into its stately mausoleum. It cannot, we fear, be doubted that Sidney's court life had made him a little affected and conceited on the surface of his fine nature, if not in its substance. The Arcadia is rich in imagery, but in the same sentence we often find images that glitter like dew-drops followed by images that glitter like icicles; and there is every evidence that to his taste the icicles were finer than the dew-drops.

It may not here be out of place to say, that though we commonly think of Sidney as beautiful in face no less than in behavior, he was not, in fact, a comely gentleman. Ben Jonson told Drummond that he "was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples, of high blood, and long."

In 1581 we find Sidney in Parliament. Shortly after he wrote his "Defence of Poesy," in which, assuming that the object of knowledge is right action, he attempted to prove the superiority of poetry to all other branches of knowledge, on the ground that, while the other branches merely coldly pointed the way to virtue, poetry enticed, animated, inspired the soul to pursue it. Fine as this defence of poetry is, the best defence of poetry is to write that which is good. In 1583 he was married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. As his whole heart and imagination were at this time absorbed by the Stella of his sonnets, the beautiful Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, and as his passion does not appear to have abated after her marriage with Lord Rich, Sidney must be considered to have failed in love as in ambition, marrying the woman he respected, and losing the woman he adored. And it is curious that the woman he did marry, soon after his death, married the Earl of Essex, brother of the woman he so much desired to marry.

In 1585 the Queen, having decided to assist the United Provinces, in their war against Philip of Spain, with an English army, under the command of Leicester, gratified Sidney's long thirst for honorable action by appointing him Governor of Flushing. In this post, and as general of cavalry, he did all that valor and sagacity could do to repair the blunders and mischiefs which inevitably resulted from the cowardice, arrogance, knavery, and military impotence of Leicester. On the 22d of September, 1586, in a desperate engagement near Zutphen, he was dangerously wounded in attempting to rescue a friend hemmed in by the enemy; and, as he was carried bleeding from the field, he performed the crowning act of his life. The cup of water, which his

lips ached to touch, but which he passed to the dying soldier with the words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine,"— this beautiful deed, worth a thousand defences of poetry, will consecrate his memory in the hearts of millions who will never read the Arcadia.

Sidney lay many days in great agony. The prospect of his death stirred Leicester into unwonted emotion. "This young man," he writes, "he was my greatest comfort, next her Majesty, of all the world; and if I could buy his life with all I have, to my shirt, I would give it." The account of his death, by his chaplain, is inexpressibly affecting. When the good man, to use his own words, "proved to him out of the Scriptures, that, though his understanding and senses should fail, yet that faith which he had now could not fail, he did, with a cheerful and smiling countenance, put forth his hand, and slapped me softly on the cheeks. Not long after he lifted up his eyes and hands, uttering these words, 'I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.' . . . . Having made a comparison of God's grace now in him, his former virtues seemed to be nothing; for he wholly condemned his former life. 'All things in it,' he said, 'have been vain, vain, vain.'"

His sufferings were brought to a close on the 17th of October, 1586. Among the throng of testimonials to his excellence called forth by his death, only two were worthy of the occasion. The first was the simple remark of Lord Buckhurst, that "he hath had as great love in this life, and as many tears for his death, as ever any had." The second is a stanza from an anonymous poem, usually printed with the elaborate, but cold and pedantic, eulogy of Spenser, whose tears for his friend and patron seemed to freeze in their passage into words. The stanza has been often quoted, but rarely in connection with the person it characterizes: —

> "A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
> A full assurance given by looks,
> Continual comfort in a face,
> The lineaments of Gospel Books."

In passing from Sidney to Raleigh, we pass to a less beautiful and engaging, but far more potent and comprehensive spirit. We despair of doing justice to the various efficiency of this most splendid of adventurers, all of whose talents were abilities, and all of whose abilities were accomplishments; whose vigorous and elastic nature could adapt itself to all occasions and all pursuits, and who as soldier, sailor, courtier, colonizer, statesman, historian, and poet, seemed specially gifted to do the thing which absorbed him at the moment. Born in 1552, and the son of a Devonshire gentleman of ancient family, straitened income, and numerous children, fortune denied him wealth, only to lavish on him all the powers by which wealth is acquired. In his case, one of the most happily constituted of human intellects was lodged in a physical frame of perfect soundness and strength, so that at all periods of his life, in the phrase of the spiteful and sickly Cecil, he could "toil terribly." Action, adventure, was the necessity of his being. Imaginative and thoughtful as he was, the vision of imagination, the suggestion of thought, went equally to enlighten and energize his will. Whatever appeared possible to his brain he ached to make actual with his hand. Though distinguished at the university, he left it on the first opportunity for active life presented to him, and at the age of seventeen joined the band of gentleman volunteers who went to France to fight on the Protestant side in the civil war by which that kingdom was convulsed. In this rough work he passed five educating years. Shortly after his return, in 1580, an Irish rebellion broke out; and Raleigh, as captain of a company of English troops, engaged in the ruthless business of putting it down. A dispute having occurred between him and the Lord Deputy Grey, it was referred to the Council Board in England. Raleigh, determined, if possible, to escape from the squalid, cruel, and disgusting drudgery of an Irish war, exerted every resource of his pliant genius to ingratiate himself with Elizabeth; and urged his

own views with such consummate art that he got, says the chronicler, "the Queen's ear in a trice." His graces of person took her fancy, as much as his ready intelligence, his plausible elocution, and his available union of the large conceptions of the statesman with the intrepidity of the soldier, impressed her discerning mind. Here, at least, was a thoroughly able man. The story that he first attracted her regard by casting his rich cloak into a puddle to save the royal feet from contaminating mud, though characteristic, is one of those stories which are too good to be true. His promotion was as rapid as Sidney's was slow; for he had a mind which, on all occasions, darted at once to the best thing to be done; and not content with deserving to be advanced, he outwitted all who intrigued against his advancement. He was knighted, made Captain of the Guard, Seneschal of the County of Cornwall, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and received a large grant of land in Ireland, in less than three years after his victorious appearance at the Council Board. Though now enabled to gratify those luxurious tastes which poverty had heretofore mortified, and though so susceptible to all that can charm the senses through the imagination, that his friend Spenser described him as a man

> "In whose high thoughts Pleasure had built her bower,"

still pleasure, though intensely enjoyed, had no allurements to weaken the insatiable activity of his spirit, or moderate the audacity of his ambition. Patriot as well as courtier, and statesman as well as adventurer, with an intelligence so flexible that it could grasp great designs as easily as it could manage petty intrigues, and stirred with an impatient feeling that he was the ablest man of the nation, in virtue of individualizing most thoroughly the spirit and aspirations of the people and the time, he now engaged in those great maritime enterprises, inseparably associated with his name, to found a colonial empire for England, and to break down the power and humble the pride of Spain. In 1585 he obtained a patent from the Queen "to appropriate, plant, and govern any territorial possessions he might acquire in the unoccupied portions of North America." The result was the first settlement of Virginia, which failed from the misconduct of the colonists and the hostility of the Indians. He then engaged extensively in those privateering — those somewhat buccaneering — expeditions against the commerce and colonies of Spain which can be justified on no general principles, but which the instinct of English people, hating Spaniards, hating Popery, and conscious that real war existed under formal peace, both stimulated and sanctioned. Spain, to Raleigh, was a nation to be detested and warred against by every honest Englishman, for — to use his own words — "her bloody and injurious designs, purposed and practised against Christian princes, over all of whom she seeks unlawful and ungodly rule and empiry."

In the height of Raleigh's favor with the Queen the discovery of his intrigue with one of her maids of honor, and subsequent private marriage, brought down on his head the full storm of the royal virago's wrath. He was deprived of all the offices which gave him admission to her august presence, and imprisoned with his wife in the Tower. Any other man would have been hopelessly ruined; but by counterfeiting the most romantic despair at the Queen's displeasure, and by representing his whole misery to proceed from being deprived of the sight of her divine person, he was, in two or three weeks, released from imprisonment. When free, he performed such important parliamentary services that he partially regained her favor, and he managed so well as to induce her to grant him the manor of Sherborne. As this was church property, and as Raleigh was accused by his enemies of being an atheist, the grant occasioned great scandal. His disgrace and imprisonment had filled his rivals with hope. They naturally thought that his offence, which morti-

fied the coquette's vanity as well as the sovereign's pride, was of such a nature that even Raleigh's management could not gloss it over; but now they trembled with apprehensions of his complete restoration to favor. One of them writes: "It is feared of all honest men, that Sir Walter Raleigh shall presently come to court; and yet it is well withstood. God grant him some further resistance, and that place he better deserveth if he had his right."

Raleigh, unsuccessful in regaining the affection and esteem of his royal mistress, now thought to dazzle her imagination with a shining enterprise. He believed, with millions of others, in the fable of El Dorado, and conceived it to lie somewhere in Guiana, in the region between the Orinoco and the Amazon. His imagination was fired with the thought of penetrating to the capital city, where the houses were roofed with gold, where the common sand glistened, and the very rocks shone, with the precious deposit. Should he succeed, the consequences would be immense wealth and fame for himself, and immense addition to the power and glory of England; and as he purposed to induce the native chiefs to swear allegiance to the Queen, and eventually to establish an English colony in the country, he flattered himself, in Mr. Napier's words, "that he would be able, by the acquisition of Guiana, vastly to extend the sphere of English industry and commerce, to render London the mart of the choicest productions of the New World, and to annex to the Crown a region which, besides its great colonial recommendations, would enable it to command the chief possessions of its greatest enemy, and from which his principal resources were derived." Possessed by these kindling ideas, and with the personal magnetism to make them infectious, Raleigh does not seem to have found any difficulty in obtaining money and men to carry them out; and in February, 1595, with a fleet of five ships, he set out for the land of gold. The enterprise was, of course, unsuccessful, for no El Dorado existed; but on his return, at the close of the summer, he published his account of "The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana," in which the failure of the expedition is recorded in connection with a profession of undisturbed faith in the reality of its object; and some astounding stories are told concerning which it is now difficult to decide whether they belong to the class of credulous beliefs or deliberate lies. It was his intention to renew the search at once; but the Queen, having by this time nearly forgiven his offence, his ambition was stimulated by objects nearer home, and the quest of El Dorado was postponed to a more convenient season.

In 1596 he won great fame for his intrepidity and skill as Rear Admiral of the fleet which took Cadiz; and in 1597 he further distinguished himself by the capture of Fayal. Restored to his office of Captain of the Guard, he was again seen by envious rivals in personal attendance on the Queen. Between the court factions of Essex and Cecil he first tried to mediate; but being hated by Essex, he joined Cecil for the purpose of crushing the enemy of both. The intention of Cecil was to use Raleigh to depress Essex, and then to betray his own instrument. Essex fell; but, as long as Elizabeth lived, Raleigh was safe. Cecil, however, took care to poison in advance the mind of her successor with suspicions of Raleigh; and, on James's accession to the throne, Raleigh discovered that he was distrusted, and would probably be disgraced. Such a man was not likely to give up his offices and abdicate his power without a struggle; and, as he could hope for no favor, he tried the desperate expedient of making himself powerful by making himself feared. In our time he would "have gone into opposition"; in the time of James the First "His Majesty's Opposition" did not exist; and he became connected with a mysterious plot to raise Arabella Stuart to the English throne,—trusting, as we cannot but think, in his own sagacity to avoid the appearance and evidence of treason, and to use the folly

of the real conspirators as a means of forcing his claims on the attention of James. In this game, however, Cecil proved himself a more astute and unscrupulous politician than his late accomplice. The plot was discovered; Raleigh was tried on a charge of treason; the jury, being managed by the government, found him guilty, and he was sentenced to death. The sentence, however, was so palpably against the law and evidence that it was not executed. By the exceeding grace of the good King, Raleigh was only plundered of his estate, sent to the Tower, and confined there for thirteen years.

The restless activity of his mind now found a vent in experimental science and in literature; and, taking a theme as large as the scope of his own mind, he set himself resolutely to work to write the History of the World. Meanwhile he spared no arts of influence, bribery, and flattery of the King to get his liberty; and at last, in March, 1615, was released, without being pardoned, on his tempting the cupidity of James with circumstantial details of the mineral wealth of Guiana, and by offering to conduct an expedition there to open a gold-mine. With a fleet of thirteen ships he set sail, arrived on the coast in November, and sent a large party up the Orinoco, who, after having attacked and burnt the Spanish town of St. Thomas,—an engagement in which Raleigh's eldest son lost his life,—returned to their sick and mortified commander with the intelligence that they had failed to discover the mine. The accounts of what afterwards occurred in this ill-fated expedition are so confused and contradictory, that it is difficult to obtain a clear idea of the facts. It is sufficient that Raleigh returned to England, laboring under imputations of falsehood, treachery, and contemplated treason and piracy; and that he there found the Spanish ambassador clamoring in the court of James for his life. His ruin was resolved upon; and, as he never had been pardoned, it was thought more convenient to execute him on the old sentence than to run the risk of a new trial for his alleged offences since. In other words, it was resolved to use the technicalities of law to violate its essence, and to employ certain legal refinements as instruments of murder. On the 29th of October, 1618, he was accordingly beheaded. His behavior on the scaffold was what might have been expected from the dauntless spirit which, in its experience of nearly the whole circle of human emotions, had never felt the sensation of fear. After vindicating his conduct in a manly and dignified speech to the spectators, he desired the headsman to show him the axe, which not being done at once, he said, "I pray thee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" After he had taken it in his hand, he felt curiously along the edge, and then smilingly remarked to the sheriff: "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases." After he had laid his head on the block, he was requested to turn it on the other side. "So the heart be right," he replied, "it is no matter which way the head lieth." After forgiving the headsman, and praying a few moments, the signal was made, which not being immediately followed by the stroke, Raleigh said to the executioner: "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" Two strokes of the axe, under which his frame did not shrink or move, severed his head from his body. The immense effusion of blood, in a man of sixty-six, amazed everybody that saw it. "Who would have thought," King James might have said, with another distinguished ornament of the royal house of Scotland, "that the old man had so much blood in him!" Yes, blood enough in his veins, and thought enough in his head, and heroism enough in his soul, to have served England for twenty years more, had folly and baseness not otherwise willed it!

The superabundant physical and mental vitality of this extraordinary man is seen almost equally in his actions and his writings. A courtier, riding abroad with the Queen in his

suit of silver armor, or in attendance at her court, dressed, as the antiquary tells us, in "a white satin doublet all embroidered with white pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck," he was still not imprisoned by these magnificent vanities, but could abandon them joyfully to encounter pestilential climates, and lead desperate maritime enterprises. As an orator he was not only powerful in the Commons, but persuasive with individuals. Nobody could resist his tongue. The Queen, we are told, "was much taken with his elocution, loved to hear his reasons, and took him for a kind of oracle." To his counsel, more than to any other man's, England was indebted for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. He spoke and wrote wisely and vigorously on policy and government, on naval architecture and naval tactics. Among his public services we may rank his claim to be considered the introducer into Europe of tobacco and the potato. In political economy, he anticipated the modern doctrine of free trade and freedom of industry; he first stated also the theory regarding population which is associated with the name of Malthus; and, though himself a gold-seeker, he saw clearly that gold had no peculiar preciousness beyond any other commodity, and that it was the value of what a nation derived from its colonies, and not the kind of value, which made colonies important. In intellectual philosophy Dugald Stewart admits that he anticipated his own leading doctrine in respect to "the fundamental laws of human belief." His curious and practical intellect, stung by all secrets, showed also an aptitude for the experimental investigation of natural phenomena.

And he was likewise a poet. It was one of his intentions to write an English epic; but his busy life only allowed him leisure for some miscellaneous pieces. Among these, his sonnet on his friend Spenser's "Faery Queene" would alone be sufficient to demonstrate the depth of his sentiment and the strength of his imagination: —

"Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen;
(For they this Queen attended); in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse;
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse:
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief."

But his great literary work was his "History of the World," written during his imprisonment in the Tower. As might be supposed, his restless, insatiable, capacious, and audacious mind could not be content with the modern practice, even as followed by philosophical historians, of narrating events and elucidating laws. He began with the Creator and the creation, pressing into his service all the theology, the philosophy, and the metaphysics of his time, and boldly grappling with the most insoluble problems, even that of the Divine Essence. Nearly a half of the immense folio is confined to sacred history; and though the remaining portions, devoted to the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans, are commonly considered the most readable, inasmuch as they exhibit Raleigh, the statesman and warrior, sociably treating of statesmen and warriors, — Raleigh, who had lived history, penetrating into the life of historical events, — we must confess to be more attracted by the earlier portions, which show us Raleigh the scholar, philosopher, and divine, in his attempts to probe the deepest secrets of existence, his brain crowded with all the foolish and all the wise sayings of Pagan philosophers and Christian fathers and schoolmen, and throwing his own judgments, with a quaint simplicity and a quaint audacity, into the general mass of theological and philosophical guessing he has accumulated. The style of the book is excellent, — clear, sweet, flexible, straightforward and business-like, discussing the question of the locality of Paradise as he would have discussed the question of an expedition

against Spain at the council-table of Elizabeth. There is an apocryphal story of his having completed another volume of the "History of the World," but on learning that his publisher had lost money by the first, he burnt his manuscript, not willing that so good a man should suffer any further harm through him. But the story must be false; for such tenderness to a publisher is equally against human nature and author nature.

The defect of Raleigh's character, even when his ends were patriotic and noble, was unscrupulousness, — a flashing impatience with all moral obstacles obtruded in the path of his designs. He had a too confident belief in the resources of his wit and courage, in the infallibility of his insight, foresight, and power of combination, in the unflagging vigor by which he had so often made his will march abreast of his swiftest thought; and in carrying out his projects he sometimes risked his conscience with almost the same joyous recklessness with which he risked his life. The noblest passage in his "History of the World," that in which he condenses in the bold and striking image of a majestic tree the power of Rome, has some application to his own splendid rise and terrible fall. "We have left Rome," he says, "flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her leaves shall fall off; her limbs wither; and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field and cut her down."

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You 've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in peoples' eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see, —
Your fist, old fellow! off they go! —
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You 've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You 've taught your name to half the globe;

You 've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You 've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray, —
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That 's what it means," —
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show! —
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —
'T is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF CHANCE.

FEW words, as commonly used, are so entirely false and misapplied as the word "chance." Sorrow and joy, health and sickness, success and failure, life and death, the most trifling as well as the most important events of life, are familiarly referred to chance. To the same cause the gamester ascribes his gains or losses, and the unbeliever the origin and continuance of the universe. I chanced, he chanced, it chanced, — all the inflections of the word are among the most common expressions of the language. Yet there is, there can be, no such thing as chance. Nothing ever chanced to happen. Whatever occurs is due to the antecedent operations of immutable law. Whatever takes place is the result of a cause, and can, therefore, in no way, be a chance occurrence. For an event to chance implies at once no cause. If it had a cause, it did not chance. The inquiring minds of this age are earnestly engaged in exploring natural law, and in tracing out its *modus operandi*. But the unphilosophic, or rather the unthinking, do not connect man's actions, sensations, emotions, and thoughts with the same far-reaching causes which make the earth revolve and the dew fall. Prepossessed with the idea of man's free-will, they are unable to connect his passions, appetites, aspirations, conceptions, with co-relations of forces in nature. All this is physical, earthy, belonging to matter; but man's mind, his impulses, his actions resulting from the impulses, are something very different and quite apart from such physical law.

Supposing this to be the case, that all these exhibitions of human power are *sui generis*, they are all as directly traceable to a cause as rain-drops to the cloud whence they fall, — directly, but not always readily traceable. The apparently causeless occurrence of events gives rise to the familiar thought of chance. The hidden causes from which those events result may extend far into the past, may be manifold and vast in their workings. Human intelligence may not be able to trace them; their wonderful complexity and scope may altogether transcend man's limited comprehension. But the simplest, the most apparently fortuitous event is directly the result of forces coexistent with the universe. This may be called fatalism; but, style it as we may, such is the simple truth, and fatalism is only an equivalent term for the working of inevitable law governing the universe. Whatever man may reserve to himself as the motive of his own actions, certainly the events which occur without him, not emanating from him, result from the laws of nature, and are inevitable, because beyond his control. And these outer events influence him in every way: they are incentives to his actions, they sway his thoughts, impulses, and emotions.

Let us take a simple instance, and follow up a few of the antecedent causes of what seems to be mere chance. I chance to be struck on the head and killed by a brick falling from the hand of a mason, as I walk along the street. Here is certainly what may be called a chance occurrence. But what a multiplicity of causes combine directly and indirectly to produce this result. The brick fell because the support of the mason's hand was removed from beneath it, — one instance of the ever-acting law of gravitation. The mason dropped it because of the previous night's excess, which made him trembling and uncertain, — and here I might follow up the causes which led him to commit excesses, such as example, suffering, disappointments; and the causes which led the builder to undertake the erection of that house. I might go far back and trace the causes which led men to build brick houses. I was there

at that unfamiliar spot, at that time, because I was seeking a doctor for my child, who had slipped on an orange-peel and had broken his arm. Here is another series of secondary causes. The cause of his fall was the importation of a certain orange from Sicily. It was imported because oranges are edible, and he slipped because orange-peel is soft and yielding. I might go further than this, and trace the causes of ship-building, and thence to the cause of the turning of the magnetic needle to the north. Certainly the falling of the brick results from the force of gravity, the use of bricks in house-building, the use of the compass in sailing vessels. All these causes, which might be indefinitely extended, combine to make a direct series, without which the event could never have occurred. I was not there by chance, the mason was not there, the brick was not there, the orange-peel was not there, by chance. Their existence and influence, extending to the results of my death, were due to a wonderfully complex and far-reaching action of natural laws.

This is an event occurring outside of man's individuality, resulting in a consequence to him. When a similar occurrence results in protection or preservation of life, it is called providential. That is, Providence, the Deity, is supposed to come to rescue a human being from the results of his own laws. A boat's company is upset. All are drowned but one man, who has made a providential escape. The safety of that man is as directly due to laws governing the action of matter as the death resulting from the fall of the brick. But no one ever says providential death. An oar, being made of wood lighter than water, floats, — gravity again. The man was taught by his father to swim, because that father had lost a father by drowning, — other instances of gravity. He swims to the oar, and is buoyed up thereby. A vessel sails by, likewise enabled to sail by the force of gravity. The vessel was despatched by a merchant to a foreign port, the cause of the voyage being the deposition of guano on a Peruvian island. Guano is wanted because ammonia fertilizes plants. Now the safety of that man is directly traceable to the visits of certain sea-birds, years before, to a desert island. The laws which saved him were a combination of the different gravities of certain substances, the chemical action of ammonia on vegetation, the force of the wind that bore on the vessel, the desire of gain in the merchant, the nervous shock of the father who suffered the loss of his parent, and all the mingling ramifications, which might be traced indefinitely. The providential escape, that is, the chance safety, is as simply a result of cause as sunlight is the result of the sun. If these things be readily accounted for, it is because we can easily trace the primal influences to those ends. If we cannot explain others, it is because our imperfect powers fail to detect the antecedent, hidden causes, which are too complex, remote, and inappreciable. Cause is only antecedent action of persistent force, and nothing can take place which is not the result of it. Were it not so, every event would be something outside of and apart from nature, and therefore miraculous. We need scarcely recur to miracles, however, to explain occurrences which are obviously natural in their sequences. The more we know of Nature, the better we comprehend her workings, the more we discard the possibility of miracles. But, with all of our knowledge, the ignorance of men is surprising. In our own day recourse is had to the supernatural to account for novel phenomena, which, could we only trace them to their origin, would be found to be as simply natural as any familiar occurrence. From the earliest period of recorded history, ignorant men have looked outside of nature for the cause of what they could not understand. The savages were terrified at an eclipse, and thought their Great Spirit was angry. We might just as well say that the earth chances to come between the sun and the moon, every now and then, as to maintain that any of the co-ordina-

tions of events in life chance to occur. Had Adam possessed the necessary powers, he could have calculated the fall of that brick and the overturning of that boat as accurately as an astronomer to-day will calculate an eclipse which will be seen by the inhabitants of the earth thousands of years hence. We are able to calculate the orbits of the heavenly bodies; but the inconceivably complex workings of the forces of matter are infinitely beyond our petty powers. Yet, being eternal, they must ever work undeviatingly; and, consequently, their results are calculable, though not by finite human faculties.

Do these laws then rule over the minds of men as they do over their bodies? Is the will of man an exception to the influence of those far-reaching forces which sway matter with immutable certainty? Does a man chance to think, chance to feel, chance to desire? Free-will is chance. Because if thoughts, feelings, and desires do not arise from some stimulus, some incentive, some outer influence, then they chance to occur. As in the physical world nothing occurs without antecedent impulse, so mind must remain inert, or else be moved by either antecedent impulse or chance. If those thoughts and feelings have no cause, then they certainly chance to exist. Let us, as before, take an example. I am asked to take a glass of wine. Certainly, if I have free-will, I can elect to say yes or no. No simpler exercise of free-will could well be given. And yet the answer will be a direct, irresistible result of antecedent cause utterly beyond my control. My head aches badly; I say no. I am perfectly well; I say yes. I dislike wine; I say no. I like it, and say yes. Here my differing physical state dictates the reply. I have an engagement, and cannot stop; I say no. I am at leisure, and say yes. I am fond of wine, but my brother was a drunkard, and the trouble I have endured influences me to shun the temptation; I say no. I never saw a man drunk, and say yes. I have promised my parents not to drink wine; I say no. My parents offer it to me freely; I say yes. Here previous pain and previous resolution, my connection with others, compel the negative answer. I neither dislike nor like wine, I am not biassed in any way, I have perfect freedom to decide; but I dislike you, and do not wish to accept your politeness. My enmity overbears my courtesy, or I don't like wine, but I wish to please you; I have a motive for being agreeable. My impulse of friendship towards you is stronger than my impulse of aversion to the wine. In all these cases, and they might be extensively multiplied, my simple yes or no is directly determined by some physical status, some antecedent impulse, some mental stimulus. My feeling, my thought, and my decision are results which may go far back in time and to remote place to seek their cause. Indeed, we cannot imagine a state of the mind or body not the direct result of long antecedent influence.

All thought is a result. It is never original, never self-existent, self-beginning. More delicate than grosser physical phenomena, thought and its consequent action are as directly derivative from incident stimulus as the electric current is from chemical dissolution. Though it is difficult, impossible, to trace thought back to its remote or immediate stimulus, it is evident, from the manifold cases in which such tracing can be made, that the impossible cases are those in which the stimulus is recondite and hidden. Free-will is either a chance mental impulse, having no dependence upon antecedent stimulus or impulse, or else it creates itself out of nothing with a motive. If it have a motive, it is no longer free-will; for it is the result of something impelling the impulse. Thus free-will is an impossible thing in a being whose mental, as well as physical, attributes are derivative, and are swayed in their slightest action by the influences of inheritance and environment. All thought is but a reflex of previous sensation. The wildest fancy, the most soaring imagination, only reproduce in

memory sensations previously experienced. Such faculties never create, — they reassemble. The reassemblage may be heterogeneous; parts of many images may be combined in a new whole; but the new images are all made up of previously experienced cerebral sensations. If it were not so, the poet's page and the painter's canvas would be utterly incomprehensible to others. An object portrayed and a thought expressed must represent what is known, to possess any meaning. The mind cannot conceive anything which has not, in its ultimate detail, a prototype in nature. We cannot imagine anything out of nature. The Devil may be figured with horns, hoofs, and tail. No such creature is known to exist; but horns, hoofs, and tails are all common in the animal creation. We may collect in strange groupings the images of things which are novel in such groupings; but analyze them, and we shall find that the component parts are all reproductions of more or less familiar forms. It is the same with abstract thought, which we cannot free from its dependence on memory. Without memory there is no thought. What is memory, but a cerebral sensation reiterated under the same repeated stimulus, or awakened, secondarily, by a chain of stimuli which act mnemonically? Thought and memory are, to a certain extent, identical; a reproduction of cerebral sensations previously felt, but mingling in new combinations. Insanity furnishes many illustrations of a confused memory assembling a strange, incoherent, because unnatural, combination of previously experienced brain motions. Dreams are likewise unnatural series of faint sensations occurring in meaningless sequence, — meaningless, because different from their combination in the actual occurrences which they distortedly reproduce. An insane fancy and a strange dream are like the scrap-work, once common, in which all sorts of figures are pasted together in every conceivable position, having no natural connection with each other, and mingled in a chaotic manner. Thought is a cerebral sensation, of an infinitely delicate and mobile character, responding to the touch of some stimulus, often recognized, oftener hidden. Long trains of sequential thoughts are as directly initiated by a sight, a sound, or an odor, as a magnetic current is by the touch of a magnet; the sequences being identical with those which before answered to the same influence. Memory thus becomes a reiteration of previously experienced sensations. Our thoughts are often so strongly sensations that we cannot rid ourselves of them, any more than we can of disease. They infest us, and defy our will. They well up within us like spasms of pain. They sway our bodies with their sympathetic action. Fear, love, jealousy, and anger are thoughts, and the influence they exert on our bodies, by communicated nervous force, is as powerful as that produced by drugs. We sit alone in solitude, and memory is aroused, not from outer stimulus, but from coincident brain motion. We feel the same as we previously felt, our nerves are vibrated as they were at the sight of the loved or the hated. As time elapses, these sensations become fainter, from the inability of the brain to react upon the impulse, until they are only experienced at wide intervals, as some more powerful stimulus than usual is applied, which may come in a sight or a sound or an odor. Finally, utter forgetfulness ensues, when the brain refuses to respond to the stimulus. What our brains have recently felt, they are readiest to repeat. We therefore remember distinctly a recently seen or often-seen object. For an instant after an object is removed we see it almost as clearly as before. If we shut our eyes suddenly, after gazing at it, we retain the full sensation that it makes on our brain for a recognizable time; this continuance being the unexpired motion of the nerves, originating in the light from the object which touches them. So with our thoughts. They fade away with the lapse of time; and, if some remain

more permanently than others, it is because the brain, for some unknown reason, answers longer and more readily to the stimulus which awakens them. We retain the sensations aroused by an exciting scene with great freshness, and recall it with great vividness; but gradually the newer sensations, aroused by later influences, occupy the brain. Gradually our ability to experience them passes away, and no stimulus can recall them. The poignant grief of youth cannot be reawakened in age by any mnemonic stimulus. The time arrives when all ability to recall the event which caused it disappears. When we reflect upon the myriad brain sensations, the thoughts and emotions of our past lives, of which so few now remain or can be recalled, and what a vast number have passed away, utterly beyond the power of repetition, we can understand that these thoughts and emotions are states of our nervous structures, which disappear when their causes are removed, which reappear when those causes are repeated, — if our structure remains identical, if we have not too much changed, — and which cannot be reiterated when our substance has so far differentiated that the same incident force cannot produce the same result as at first.

The incident force which initiates all these changes of thought, as well as the vast ramifications of all the physical and psychical phenomena of nature, is fixed in immutable law. As no change in the physical status of nature takes place without a cause, so no change in the mind of man occurs without a cause. We may not detect it; but it exists. The action of the human brain is no exception to the laws which govern matter. If it thinks, it is because something made it think. It answers to some direct stimulus, and the answer is thought.

It may be said that chance exists in the reference of one event to another. The falling of the brick had no connection with the child's broken arm; it was therefore a chance occurrence in that relationship of events. But this is merely our finite ignorance. If I had perceptions and power to grasp all the ramifications of all the forces of nature, I should have traced out the coincident fall of the brick with my unusual walk as readily as I trace the passing of the earth between the sun and the moon on such a year, hour, minute, second. The only difference is that in the first case the workings of those laws are far beyond the measure of my faculties. The great motive-powers of the universe all move in obedience to eternal law, out of the action of which has arisen the present status of that universe. There is no exception. If there seem to be, it is because of human ignorance and weakness. The deeper we examine into these laws, the more wonderfully comprehensive they appear, holding the great host of suns in their orbits, and inciting the human brain to a thought of love. The idea of chance vanishes from us in the contemplation of their vast complexity and invariable action.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year of our Lord 1845, I, William Ayres, formerly Surgeon of the —th Regiment H. E. I. C. S., resigned my commission; packed up my worldly possessions, which are few; bade farewell to my friends, who are numerous; and sailed in the steamer Vivid, Belknap commander, for London. The cause of my departure was threefold: firstly, I was too old for the service; secondly, I was weary of it; thirdly, it was, as I had good reason to suppose, weary of me. And I had seen enough of life to enable me to appreciate the advantages to be derived from a graceful withdrawal from office, while still capable of doing some good and inspiring some regret; I had a very strong dislike and dread of lingering until younger and better men were impatient to step into my shoes, and even my best friends were led to wish that I could realize my advancing infirmities.

Such, briefly stated, were the reasons for my resignation. I landed in England in the summer of 1845, and in the following autumn took up my abode at No. 9 Lansdowne Crescent, Cheltenham, in company with my old friend and comrade, Major Buckstone, also of the —th, who is, like myself, verging upon seventy, gray-haired, and a bachelor.

We live very comfortably together; so comfortably that we are no more inclined than was that most genial of bachelors, Charles Lamb, to go out upon the mountains and bewail our celibacy. I have not taken up my pen to-day, however (and for the convenience of the reader I will inform him that I am writing on the fourth day of August, 1846), — I have not taken up my pen to-day, I repeat, for the purpose of dwelling upon the history or habits of two quiet old men, neither of whom can make any pretensions to a claim upon public interest. But I was reminded, not long since, of a singular event in my life, which I have often thought of committing to paper, when I had the leisure and the disposition to do so; and just now I have both.

I was strolling leisurely about town the other day, enjoying my cigar and the shop windows, when I was attracted by a water-color drawing of the quaint old town and Abbey of Tewkesbury. How familiar to me were those gray walls; the tall tower, on the very top of which the wall-flowers wave, just as those others did, upon which, as a boy, I often cast a longing eye; those low, moss-grown headstones, slanting in all possible and impossible directions; and, beyond, the sunny meadows. A fair, peaceful spot, but one which I will never willingly visit again, easy of access and pleasant as it is.

Writing on this quiet summer morning, with the sun shining through the open windows, and, distinctly audible, the shrill chattering of old Lady Scrampton's parrot two doors off, and the scarcely less shrill voices of two dowagers who have stopped their Bath chairs beneath my window, and are arguing volubly, — even now a strange terror possesses me as I recall what I once saw and heard in Tewkesbury more than forty years ago. Those scenes have been long absent from my memory. I have striven to forget them altogether, but in vain; and I will no longer hesitate about giving them to the world.

Early on the morning of the 4th of December, 1799, I arrived at Tewkesbury in a violent snow-storm, and put up at the Angel, intending to remain there through the day, and go on to Gloucester by the night mail. From Gloucester I intended to go to Lacebam on a visit to a married sister who lived there, and from Lacebam to London, where I had already begun life as a surgeon. I had business to transact which took me

to a certain village near Tewkesbury, and it was late in the day when I began my walk back. As I made my way through the deep snow, however, I came to the conclusion that it would be impassable for a coach and four; and I was confirmed in my opinion by the landlord of the Angel, who was evidently much relieved by my arrival, and who at once declared that there was small prospect of my getting away from the Angel for two days at least.

"I never saw such a storm in my life, sir," he concluded. "The snow is near two feet deep already, and falling fast."

After spending two hours in pacing the bar-room, looking at my watch, comparing it with the inn clock, and then running to the door to see if there were any signs of the coach, by which means I increased my impatience tenfold, I decided to make the best of my situation, and retired to a private room, called for some gin and hot water, put my feet into slippers, and settled myself comfortably for the evening. I was the more disposed to be contented, as the storm had increased in violence, the snow was deepening fast, and it was so bitterly cold and dreary without as to enhance my sense of the warmth and comfort within. The room in which I was seated was a small parlor on the ground-floor of the Angel, with casement windows, a tolerably large fireplace in which a generous fire was blazing, a dining-table, a large easy-chair, and last, though not least, an ample screen, so placed as to exclude the draughts of air which swept under the door. I was comfortable enough, with one exception. I had neglected to put a book in my portmanteau, and an examination of the stores of the Angel resulted in the discovery of a torn copy of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," which I had read several times, and a soiled file of country newspapers, none less than a year old. I looked them over carelessly, as they lay on the table, and was pushing them away in disgust, when it occurred to me that they might at least serve to keep me awake, and I accordingly selected one and began to read. But the comfortable fire, the good dinner, and the gin I had taken were too much for me, and in five minutes I was asleep. I woke up in about half an hour with a sudden start, and, highly disgusted with myself for my weakness, fixed my eyes on the paper, determined to read steadily for an hour. But my mind wandered, and my eyelids drooped in spite of my efforts. I did indeed keep my eyes open, but they fixed themselves vaguely on the paper, and for five minutes I had been staring at the same column, when a paragraph caught my eye, and I was suddenly roused to a full consciousness of what I had been reading. It was headed "Shocking Occurrence," and ran as follows: "The distinguished member for Cumberland, the Right Honorable Harrington Carteret Huntingdon of Huntingdon Hall and Avern-dean Manor, Cumberland, was found murdered at the latter residence on the 24th of September last. It will doubtless be recollected that for the past two weeks public curiosity has been much excited relative to the disappearance of the unfortunate gentleman, and it may be a melancholy satisfaction to his numerous friends and admirers to be informed of the few particulars connected with his disastrous fate. On Friday, the 8th of September, Mr. Huntingdon left home on horseback, to attend a public meeting at Cleveham, ten miles away. He declined the attendance of his groom, saying that he should probably not be at home until late, and that he preferred to ride alone. He arrived at Cleveham at eight o'clock, took the chair of the meeting, and, after having discharged the business of the evening with his accustomed clearness and despatch, delivered a brief but forcible address, and left early, alleging, as an excuse for his abrupt departure, the fact that he had business at home, and wished to return as early as possible. That home he never again entered. His horse was found the next morning wandering on Maxon Moor, on the other side of the county; and no one, it seems, had seen Mr. Huntingdon after

he quitted Cleveham on the previous night. The animal, though spirited and powerful, was completely under the control of his distinguished master, who possessed in a remarkable degree the rare and enviable *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* Any supposition, therefore, that Mr. Huntingdon was killed by a fall from his horse was groundless; and although a search was at once instituted, and conducted by Messrs. Smith and Belrow, of London, with their usual skill and perseverance, nothing whatever was discovered, and his untimely fate might ever have remained a mystery, had it not been discovered by an accident. A laborer employed on the Clareville estate, which joins Averndean Manor, had occasion to pass through Averndean, and, on passing the manor-house, noticed, to his surprise, that the hall door was open, and had evidently been open for some time, as a quantity of dried leaves had drifted in, and were strewed over the hall. He was the more surprised as he recollected the fact that the manor-house had been closed for many years, having never been occupied during the lifetime of the present possessor or his father. The man, influenced by the curiosity peculiar to his class, proceeded to examine the house. At the end of one of the four corridors which lead from the great hall of Averndean to different parts of the house, he perceived an open door. As he approached nearer, he saw Mr. Huntingdon seated at a table, and apparently engaged in writing. His horror may be imagined when the lamented gentleman was found to be a corpse. The table was strewed with writing-materials, and the unfortunate gentleman had been engaged in writing a notice of the death of his wife, who expired, it seems, on the 20th of August, at Hyères, in France. In all probability the assassin approached from behind, and struck Mr. Huntingdon while absorbed in writing. The wound was in the jugular vein, and the weapon with which it was inflicted — a small Italian stiletto — was found in the corridor, having evidently been thrown away by the assassin in his flight. The house was searched, but no further trace of the murderer was discovered, nor did there seem to have been any attempt to rifle the body, which, though much decomposed, was found evidently in the attitude which Mr. Huntingdon had assumed before he was struck, and one which was very common with him. His right hand still held the pen, and rested on the table; the left was thrust into his breast. Everything seems to indicate the fact that the murderer fled the moment the horrible deed was committed, probably alarmed by some sound. A purse containing forty sovereigns was found in the pocket of Mr. Huntingdon's coat; and his signet-ring, a large and valuable emerald, with the Huntingdon coat of arms deeply engraven upon it, on the little finger of his right hand. His overcoat, hat, and whip were thrown on a chair, near the door, together with the report of a benevolent society in which he was interested, and which Mr. Barton of Cleveham recollects having handed him on the evening he was last seen. Mr. Huntingdon appears to have used this room — the only one at Averndean which bears any traces of habitation — as a place where he could write, undisturbed by the interruptions to which he was liable at Huntingdon. The table was littered with the proof-sheets of a political pamphlet, written with his accustomed ability. The deepest interest has been felt in his unhappy end, and immense rewards are offered for the discovery of the murderer. The funeral is to take place on Monday next, and a large concourse of the nobility and gentry of the county will probably be present. Mr. Huntingdon was particularly distinguished for his interest in benevolent pursuits, and for the remarkable, we had almost said magical, influence which he obtained over individuals as well as masses. Death has put an untimely end to his illustrious, useful, and honorable career. His late wife was the only child of the Right Honorable Charles Huntingdon Carteret, of Carteret Castle, and Branthope

Grange, Cumberland, and of the Countess Alixe La Baume de Lascours. She was her husband's first-cousin, and by her death he became her heir. As the unfortunate couple have left no children, the vast estates of Huntingdon and Carteret, in default of heirs, pass to the Crown."

By the time I had finished this extract I was thoroughly awake. I sat leaning over the soiled, crumpled paper, and mentally living over the horrible tragedy which it depicted in such set and stilted phrases. I thought of the murdered man waiting in his dreary, empty house, — waiting through long days and nights, until some one came to give rest to his dishonored dust and avenge his death. I pictured to myself the assassin creeping stealthily down the dark corridor, and nearer and nearer the unconscious victim, whom a glance, a breath, a footfall, might have saved. I was dwelling upon all this with an intensity which was far from soothing to my nerves, when a light tap on the window behind me brought me to my feet with a bound. I went to the window, lifted the curtain, and looked out, but saw nothing but the snow already piled on the outer sill, and the fast-falling flakes driven against it by the violence of the wind. I dropped the curtain, and after walking round the room on a tour of inspection, of which I was somewhat ashamed, came to the conclusion that my nerves had played me a trick, and, taking my post before the fire, resolutely turned my thoughts in a different channel. Some fifteen minutes elapsed, during which time I had (mentally) arrived in London, become a distinguished practitioner, and was just about setting up a genteel brougham, with a man in livery, when the silence of the house was suddenly broken. Steps stamped along the narrow passage which led to my room. There was a confusion of voices, a rush, a sharp, terrified cry; then the slamming of a door, and silence once more. Soon after, the landlord presented himself at my door, candle in hand.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you, Doctor, I 'm sure," he began in rather a tremulous tone; "but there 's a poor cretur in the kitchen, — Lord knows where she 's come from, but she seems quite wild like, — and being as how she 's unwilling to let the women come anigh her, perhaps you would see what you can do."

I went forthwith to the kitchen. A group of servants were huddled near the door, and in the farthest corner of the room, crouched down with her back to the wall, and her pale face and terrified dark eyes turned with a mixture of fear and menace towards them, was a tall and powerfully formed woman. Her profuse dark hair, already streaked with gray, clung wet and dishevelled about her shoulders. Her features — finely moulded and beautiful they must have been once — were sharpened by an agony of fear which I have never seen before or since in any human creature. I did not wonder that the landlady, half compassionate and half frightened, stood near the door, dreading the menace which such supreme terror invariably conveys, and that the maids and men were equally afraid to approach.

As I advanced, followed by the landlord, she rose slowly from her crouching attitude and surveyed me. I paused within a few steps of her, that she might see that I had no evil intentions regarding her, and spoke.

"Do not be frightened," said I, gently, "we mean you no harm; but you must not crouch in the corner there: come out and let the landlady make you comfortable. You are cold and wet, and must be hungry too, I 'm sure."

She still gazed at me without speaking, or relaxing in the least her look of terror.

"Come," said I, gently, approaching still nearer, and extending my hand, — "come, let me take you to the fire."

She made no reply; and, as I again paused, I had a full opportunity to observe her. She was, as I have said, remarkably tall, large, and, as I now saw, symmetrically formed. Her feet were bare and bleeding, but so delicate

and beautiful as alone to give an idea of her rank, even if that had not been already visible in every attitude and feature. Her dress hung in rags about her, wet, soiled, and defaced, but enough of its former character remained to show that it had been rich and dainty; and over her shoulders hung a coarse black cloak, like those worn by the Sisters of Mercy in Belgium; her right hand was busily searching among the folds of her dress.

"Come," I repeated, approaching still nearer, and laying my hand on her shoulder.

A wild cry burst from her lips, and with a bound she eluded my grasp and made for the door; but the landlord placed himself in her way, and, suddenly turning back, she sprang upon me, clasping me close with her left hand, while her right still sought something in the folds of her dress.

"It is *gone!*" she screamed, suddenly relaxing her hold of me and sinking down on the floor, — "it is *gone!* I remember I threw it away, — it is *gone!*"

Now that she had spoken, I felt that it was safe to proceed to action; and, with the help of the landlord and Boots, I lifted and carried her, still struggling and screaming, to a room which had been hastily prepared for her. It was a small room with a fireplace, a mantel-piece, over which hung a small oval looking-glass, a window, and a low flock-bed. Plain and simple as it was, and so small as to be fully lit by the fire, and the lamp which burned on the mantel-piece, it seemed to inspire the poor, delirious creature with new terror. We laid her upon the bed, where presently she had to be held by two strong men; and I took my position beside her to wait and watch. As her ravings and delirious strength increased, her terror of us visibly diminished. Soon she was blind to everything but the dark shadows of her own tortured fancy, and deaf to any voice from the outer world; but she struggled with fearful strength, and her restless, disjointed talk, made up of French and English, and with a continual, agonized, terrified reference to the something she had lost, — *what* it was she never mentioned, — went on unceasingly through the long winter night. I soon saw plainly enough that she was no maniac. Hers was as clear a case of brain-fever as I ever saw in my life; brought on, doubtless, in the first instance, by some shock, and aggravated by subsequent privation, exposure, and an habitual dread, which was plainly evident in all she dropped in her delirium. I have said that it was a clear case of brain-fever; it was also the most acute that I have ever seen in my life. Since then I have seen some terrible cases, though then it was the first I had ever come in contact with, of any severity at least, and I was proportionably interested in it. I doubted my power to save this poor wanderer, but she was an interesting study to me, and I was not quite free from a desire to know something of her history; so that when the cold gray dawn of the winter morning drew on, and showed no abatement of the storm, I was rather relieved than otherwise by the landlord's prophecy that the coach would not be able to come through that day. His prophecy proved correct; and, before the day drew to its close, I was far too much interested to relinquish my patient. I resolved, therefore, to abandon my visit to Laceham, and to remain at Tewkesbury until forced to fulfil my engagements in London. Henceforth, for several days and nights, my interests were bounded by the narrow pallet where the poor stricken wanderer tossed and raved. The fever burned fiercely for ten days, and before they had passed I had abandoned all hope of saving her; but I knew that when the fire had burned out, when the delirium was spent, when the storm was lulled, some calm moments would follow before the final silence, and for those I resolved to wait. For this woman, coming out of the darkness on that dreary December night, must have had a history, and a tragical one. Some terrible grief had driven her forth upon the wide world, pursued by — WHAT?

That I could not yet discover. At last, after the tenth day, when the fever had spent itself, and she lay still and silent, the nurse came to me as I sat dozing from sheer fatigue in my chair by the fire.

"She 's awake, sir, now, and sensible, I think."

I went to the bed; the patient lay quite still, her dark eyes wide open, and calm save for the hovering fear which always dwelt there.

"Where am I?" said she, as I approached her. "Where are the Sisters?"

"They are not here," said I, gently. "I am your physician, and I am glad to see you looking so well."

The dread already visible in her face increased; she made an ineffectual effort to raise her head from the pillow, but, finding herself too weak, let it fall back with an impatient sigh, still looking at me with parted lips, as if longing, yet fearing, to speak.

"You may go now," I said, turning to the nurse, "and I will send for you if I want you."

She went, closed the door, and left us alone together.

"You wanted to ask me some question?" said I, turning back to the bed.

"Yes; sit down, if you please"; and she motioned to the chair beside her.

"Where am I?" she repeated.

"At the Angel, in Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire," said I, surprised, in spite of myself, at her evident ignorance of the locality.

"Who brought me here?" she continued.

"No one," said I. "You were found wandering in the streets on the night of the 4th of December, nearly two weeks ago."

Again she opened her lips to speak, and again closed them; finally she said, "Who are you?"

"Your physician, Dr. Ayres," said I, reassuringly; for I saw that she still felt a certain dread of me. "I happened to be staying here when you were brought in, and you have since been so ill that I have not been disposed to leave you."

Her brows contracted, and her dark eyes dilated, as I said this.

"Did *he* send you?" she asked, raising herself on her elbow, and looking me full in the face with a sudden return of the terror I had witnessed on the night of her arrival.

"No," said I, "certainly not; I do not know whom you mean. You forget that I neither know your name, nor anything about you."

She had lain down again as I spoke.

"Ah! but he has been here," she murmured half to herself. "He is never long away. I can never, never, never escape!" Her voice rose to a hoarse shriek as she said this.

"You only do yourself harm by such excitement," said I, authoritatively. "Lie down again, and I promise that he shall not hurt you. You are quite safe here."

"Safe!" she repeated with the strangest laugh,—"*safe!* Charlotte Carteret will never be safe or quiet even in the grave. Have you not seen him? he has been here,—he is gone now, but he will come again. O, he will,—he will,—or is he dead?"

"He shall not see you, he shall not hurt you," I answered; "I promise to protect you."

"Protect me!" she repeated, with a sigh as dreary as her laugh had been strange. "None living can do that."

I was about to reply, but she stopped me by a slight wave of the hand, and, fixing her dark eyes on the opposite wall, seemed to make an effort to recall something. She lay a long time thus. At length she murmured, "I see now; I remember all,—all. I know—" Then suddenly interrupting herself, and bending a calm, intelligent glance upon me, "I have been very ill,—have I not?"

"Very ill."

"Am I better now? I feel quite calm and free from pain."

I paused; there was no hope of recovery for her, no prospect even of lingering on the journey on which she

was bound; a few hours, a day or two at most, was all left to her of life, but I shrank from saying so.

My patient aided me. "Must I die? Am I dying now?"

She answered my silence, "I must."

"How soon, Doctor?"

"You may live several days yet."

"Then I have something to do. Get pen and paper, Doctor."

I went to my portfolio, which lay in the window-seat, selected some writing-materials, and sat down beside her.

"What time is it?" said she.

"It is late in the afternoon."

"And how long can I live? — until midnight?"

"Yes."

"Proceed then, Doctor; write as I tell you; put the date."

I wrote it.

"Now write, This is my true confession. Now, Doctor, give me the paper, — no, not this sheet, but all. I will write my name here at the end; my hand may not be strong enough by and by."

I held the paper for her, but her hand, already weak and trembling, refused to perform its office. "Lift me higher," she said, impatiently; "give me some cordial, Doctor. I must write my name there, — I *must*, I tell you."

I brought more pillows, lifted her up, and, after administering a strengthening draught, again held the paper for her, while she slowly and painfully wrote her name. Bending over her shoulder I read: —

"Charlotte Alixe La Baume Huntingdon,
née De Lascours Carteret."

"Now," she said, when she had relinquished the pen and lain down again, — "now write, — write quickly; it is a long story and the time is short, — very short; make haste, Doctor."

I began to write at once; and every word of that story, and the tones of her voice as she told it, are fresh in my memory still.

THE ISLAND OF MADDALENA.

WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF CAPRERA.

BEFORE leaving Florence for a trip to Corsica, in which I intended to include, if possible, the island of Sardinia, I noticed that the Rubattino steamers touched at Maddalena, on their way from Bastia to Porto Torres. The island of Maddalena, I knew, lay directly over against Caprera, separated by a strait not more than two or three miles in breadth, and thus a convenient opportunity was offered of visiting the owner and resident of the latter island, the illustrious General Giuseppe Garibaldi. I have no special passion for making the personal acquaintance of distinguished men, unless it happens that there is some point of mutual interest concerning which intelligence may be given or received. In this case, I imagined there was such a point of contact. Having followed the fortunes of Italy for the past twenty years, with the keen sympathy which springs from a love for the land, and having been so near the events of the last unfortunate expedition against Rome as to feel from day to day the reflection of those events in the temper of the Italian people, I had learned, during a subsequent residence in Rome, certain facts which added to the interest of the question, while they seemed still more to complicate its solution. There were some things I felt an explanation of which (so far as he

would be able to give it) might be asked of Garibaldi without impropriety, and which he could communicate without any necessity of reserve.

Another and natural sentiment was mingled with my desire to meet the hero of Italian unity. I knew how shamefully he had been deceived in certain respects, before undertaking the expedition which terminated so fruitlessly at Mentana, and could, therefore, guess the mortification which accompanied him in his imprisonment (for such it virtually is) at Caprera. While, therefore, I should not have sought an interview after the glorious Sicilian and Calabrian campaign, or when the still excited world was reading Nélaton's bulletins from Spezzia, — so confounding myself with the multitude who always admire the hero of the day, and risk their necks to shake hands with him, — I felt a strong desire to testify such respect as the visit of a stranger implies, in Garibaldi's day of defeat and neglect.

> "I did not praise thee, when the crowd,
> Witched with the moment's inspiration,
> Vexed thy still ether with hosannas loud,
> And stamped their dusty adoration." *

Of all the people who crowded to see him at Spezzia in such throngs that a false Garibaldi, with bandaged foot, was arranged to receive the most of them, there is no trace now. The same Americans who come from Paris chanting pæans to Napoleon III., go to Rome and are instantly stricken with sympathy for Pius IX., and a certain respect for the Papacy, temporal power included. They give Caprera a wide berth. Two or three steadfast English friends do what they can to make the hero's solitude pleasant, and he has still, as always, the small troop of Italian followers, who never forsake him, because they live from his substance.

Before deciding to visit Caprera, I asked the candid advice of some of the General's most intimate friends in Florence. They assured me that scarcely any one had gone to see him for months past; that a visit from an American, who sympathized with the great and generous aims to which he has devoted his life, could not be otherwise than welcome; and, while offering me cordial letters of introduction, declared that this formality was really unnecessary. It was pleasant to hear him spoken of as a man whose refined amiability of manner was equal to his unselfish patriotism, and who was as simple, unpretending, and accessible personally, as he was rigorously democratic in his political utterances.

I purposely shortened my tour in Corsica, in order to take the Italian steamer which touches at Bastia, on its way to Maddalena. Half smothered in the sultry heat, we watched the distant smoke rounding the rocks of Capraja, and the steamer had no sooner anchored outside the mole, than we made haste to embark. The cloth was already spread over the skylight on the quarter-deck, and seven plates denoted six fellow-passengers. Two of these were ladies, two Italians, with an old gentleman, who proved to be English, although he looked the least like it, and an unmistakable Garibaldian, in a red shirt. The latter was my *vis-à-vis* at table, and it was not long before he startled the company by exclaiming: "In fifty years we shall have the Universal Republic!"

After looking around the table, he fixed his eyes on me, as if challenging assent.

"In five hundred years, perhaps," I said.

"But the priests will go down soon!" he shouted; "and as for that brute," (pointing with his fork towards Corsica,) "who rules there, his time is soon up."

As nobody seemed inclined to reply, he continued: "Since the coming of the second Jesus Christ, Garibaldi, the work goes on like lightning. As soon as the priests are down, the Republic will come."

This man, so one of the passengers informed me, had come on board *en bourgeois*, but, as the steamer approached Corsica, he suddenly appeared on deck in his red shirt. After we left Bastia, he resumed his former costume. In

* Lowell, Ode to Lamartine.

the capacity to swagger, he surpassed any man I had seen since leaving home. His hair hung about his ears, his nose was long, his beard thick and black, and he had the air of a priest rather than a soldier, — but it was an air which pompously announced to everybody: "Garibaldi is the Second Christ, and I am his Prophet!"

Over the smooth sea we sped down the picturesque Corsican coast. An indentation in the grand mountain chain showed us the valley of the Golo; then came the heights of Vescovato, where Filippini wrote the history of the island, and Murat took refuge after losing his Neapolitan kingdom; then, Cervione, where the fantastic King Theodore, the First and Last, held his capital; after which night fell upon the shores, and we saw only mountain phantoms in the moonlight.

At sunrise the steward called me.

"We are passing the *bocca*," — the Straits of Bonifacio, — said he, "and will soon be at Maddalena."

It was an archipelago of rocks in which the steamer was entangled. All around us, huge gray masses, with scarcely a trace of vegetation, rose from the wave; in front, the lofty, dark-blue, serrated mountains of Sardinia pierced the sky, and far to the right faded the southern shores of Corsica. But, bleak and forsaken as was the scene, it had a curious historical interest. As an opening between the islands disclosed the white rocks, citadel, and town of Bonifacio, some fifteen miles distant, I remembered the first important episode in the life of Napoleon. It was in the year 1792, while Pascal Paoli was still President of Corsica. An expedition against Sardinia having been determined upon by the Republic, Napoleon, after, perhaps, the severest struggle of his life, was elected second in command of the battalion of Ajaccio. A work* written by M. Nasica, of the latter place, gives a singular picture of the fierce family feuds which preceded the election. It was the commencement of that truly Corsican *vendetta* between Pozzo di Borgo and the future emperor, which only terminated when the latter was able to say, after Waterloo: "I have not killed Napoleon, but I have thrown the last shovelful of earth upon him."

The first attempt of the expedition was to be directed against the island of Maddalena. A battery was planted on the uninhabited rock of Santa Teresa (beside which we passed), and Maddalena was bombarded, but without effect. Napoleon prepared a plan for its capture, but Colonna, the first in command, refused to allow him to make the attempt. A heated discussion took place in the presence of the other officers, and Napoleon, becoming at last indignant and impatient, turned to the latter, and said: "He does n't know what I mean."

"You are an insolent fellow," retorted Colonna.

Napoleon muttered, as he turned away: "We have only a *cheval de parade* for commander."

At Bonifacio, afterwards, his career came near being suddenly terminated. Some Marseilles marines who landed there provoked a quarrel with the soldiers of the Corsican battalion. Napoleon interfered to restore order, whereupon he was seized by the fierce Marseillaise, who would have hung him to a lamp-post, but for the timely aid of the civil authorities. The disfavor of Paoli, who was at that time under the control of Pozzo di Borgo, finally drove Napoleon from Corsica; so that the machinations of his bitterest enemy really forced him into the field where he was so suddenly and splendidly successful.

While we were recalling this fateful fragment of history, the steamer entered the narrow strait between Maddalena and the main-land of Sardinia, and at the same moment two stately French vessels made their appearance, crossing tracks on the route between Marseilles and the Orient. The rocky island of San Stefano, lying opposite Maddalena, forms a sheltered harbor, which Caprera,

* *Mémoires sur l'enfance et la jeunesse de Napoleon.* Ajaccio, 1853.

rising eastward against the sea, renders completely landlocked. But what a wild, torn, distorted, desolate panorama! A thin sprinkling of lavender, rosemary, and myrtle serves but to set off the cold gray of the granite rocks; the summits rise in natural bastions, or thrust out huge fangs or twisted horns. There is nowhere any softening of these violent outlines. They print themselves on the farthest distance, and one is not surprised that the little village of Maddalena, the white house on Caprera, and two or three fishing-huts on the Sardinian shore, are the only signs of human habitation.

Beside the village, however, there was a little valley, near the head of which a cool, white villa, perched on a mass of rocks, shone against the rugged background.

"That is my place," said the old Englishman, "and I shall be happy to see you there."

"I shall certainly come, if we have time enough after visiting Caprera," I replied.

The Englishman, an entire stranger, was very kind in his offers of service; the Garibaldian was so pompous and arrogant in his manner, that I soon perceived that no assistance could be expected from him. Nevertheless, chance threw us into the same boat, on landing in the little harbor. I had ascertained that there was a hotel, kept by one Remigio, in Maddalena; and although one of "our mutual friends" had advised me to go directly to Caprera, — Garibaldi's hospitality being as certain as sunrise, or the change of the tide, — I determined to stop with Remigio, and forward my letters. When the Prophet of the Second Coming stepped on shore, he was accosted by an old veteran, who wore a red shirt and blue goggles. They embraced and kissed each other, and presently came up another weather-beaten person, with an unmistakably honest and amiable face, who was hailed with the name of "Basso!"

I knew the name as that of one of Garibaldi's most faithful followers, and as the boat, meanwhile, had been retained to convey the party to Caprera, I stepped up to Basso and the Prophet and asked: "Will one of you be good enough to take these letters to General Garibaldi, and let the boatman bring me word when it will be convenient for him to receive me?"

"Certainly," said the Prophet, taking the letters, and remarking, as he pointed to Basso, "*this* is the General's secretary."

The latter made a modest gesture, disclaiming the honor, and said: "No; *you know* that you are really his secretary."

The boat shoved off with them. "It is a queer company," I said to myself, "and perhaps I ought not to have intrusted the letters to their care." One letter was from a gentleman in a high diplomatic position, whose reputation as a scholar is world-wide, and who possesses the most generous, and at the same time the most intelligent, sympathy with the aspirations of the Italian people. The other was from a noble woman, who has given the best energies of her life to the cause, — who shared the campaigns of Sicily and Calabria, and even went under fire at Monte Rotondo and Mentana to succor the wounded. Probably no two persons had a better right to claim the courtesy of Garibaldi in favor of one, who, though a stranger, was yet an ardent friend.

The Hotel Remigio directly fronted the quay. No sign announced its character, but the first room we entered had a billiard-table, beyond which was a kitchen. Here we found La Remigia, who conducted us up a sumptuous staircase of black and white marble (unwashed) into a shabby dining-room, and then left us to prepare coffee. A door into an adjoining apartment stood half-open. I looked in, but seeing a naked leg stretched out upon a dirty blanket, made a speedy retreat. In a quarter of an hour coffee came, without milk, but with a bottle of rum instead. The servitress was a little girl, whose hands were of so questionable a complexion, that we turned away lest we should see her touch the cups. I need not say

that the beverage was vile; the reader will have already guessed that.

We summoned La Remigia, to ascertain whether a breakfast was possible. "*Eh, che vuole?*" ("What can you expect?") said she. "This is a poor little island. What would you like to have?"

Limiting our wishes to the probabilities of the place, we modestly suggested eggs and fish, whereat La Remigia looked relieved, and promised that we should have both. Then, although the heat was furious, I went forth for a stroll along the shore. A number of bronze boys had pulled off their tow shirts, and were either sitting naked on the rocks, or standing in the shallow coves, and splashing each other with scallop-shells. Two or three fishing-boats were lazily pulling about the strait, but the greater part of the population of Maddalena sat in the shade and did nothing.

The place contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, but scarcely one half that number were at home. The others were sailors, or coral fishers, who are always absent during the summer months. The low, bright-colored houses are scattered along the shore, in such order as the huge, upheaved masses of granite will allow, and each street terminates in a stony path. In the scanty garden-enclosures, bristling masses of the fruit-bearing cactus overhang the walls, repellant as the rocks from which they spring. Evidently the place supplies nothing except the article of fish; all other necessaries of life must be brought from Sardinia. The men are principally pensioned veterans of the Italian navy, who are satisfied with the sight of blue water and passing vessels; the women (rock-widows, one might call them), having the very simplest household duties to perform, usually sit at their doors, with some kind of knitting or netting, and chatter with their nearest neighbors. I had scarcely walked a quarter of a mile before the sleepy spirit of the place took hold of my feet, and I found myself contemplating the shadowy spots among the rocks, much more than the wild and rugged island scenery across the strait.

Garibaldi's house on Caprera flashed in the sun, and after a while I saw a boat pulling away from the landing-place below it. I returned to the harbor to meet the boatman, and receive the answer which my letters required. It was a red-headed fellow, with a face rather Scotch than Italian, and a blunt, direct manner of speech which corresponded thereto.

"The General says he is not well, and can't see you," said he.

"Have you a letter?" I asked.

"No; but he told me so."

"He is sick, then?"

"No," said the boatman, "he is not sick."

"Where did you see him?"

"Out of doors. He went down to the sea this morning and took a bath. Then he worked in the garden."

The first sensation of a man who receives an unexpected blow is incredulity, and not exasperation. It required a slight effort to believe the boatman's words, and the next impression was that there was certainly some misunderstanding. If Garibaldi were well enough to walk about his fields, he was able to receive a visitor; if he had read the letters I forwarded, a decent regard for the writers would have withheld him from sending a rude verbal answer by the mouth of a boatman. The whole proceeding was so utterly at variance with all I had heard of his personal refinement and courtesy, that I was driven to the suspicion that his followers had suppressed the letters, and represented me, perhaps, as a stranger of not very reputable appearance.

Seeing that we were stranded for three days upon Maddalena,—until the steamer returned from Porto Torres,—I determined to assure myself whether the suspicion was just. I could, at least, give the General a chance to correct any misunderstanding. I therefore wrote a note, mentioning the letters and the answer I had received through the boatman; referring to other friends of his in America and Italy, whom I knew;

assuring him that I had had no intention of thrusting myself upon his hospitality, but had only meant to desire a brief personal interview. I abstained, of course, from repeating the request, as he would thus be able to grant it more gracefully, if a misrepresentation had really been made. Summoning the red-headed boatman, I gave him the note, with the express command that he should give it into Garibaldi's own hands, and not into those of any of the persons about him.

La Remigia gave us as good a breakfast as the house could furnish. The wine was acutely sour, but the fish were fresh and delicate. Moreover, the room had been swept, and the hands of the little servant subjected to a thorough washing. There was a dessert of cherries, brought all the way from Genoa, and then the hostess, as she brought the coffee, asked: "When will your Excellencies go to Caprera?"

"If the General is sick," I remarked, "we shall probably not be able to see him."

"He was not well two or three weeks ago," said she; "he had the rheumatism in his hands. But now he goes about his fields the same as before."

A second suspicion came into my head. What if the boatman should not go to Caprera with my letter, but merely sleep two or three hours in the shade, and then come back to me with an invented verbal answer? It was now high noon, and a truly African sun beat down on the unsheltered shores. The veterans had been chased from their seats on the quay, and sat in dozing, silent rows on the shady sides of the houses. A single boat, with sail spread, hardly moved over the dazzling blue of the harbor. There was no sign of active life anywhere, except in the fleas.

Leaving my wife in La Remigia's care, I took one of the rough paths behind the town, and climbed to a bold mass of rocks, which commanded a view of the strait from Caprera to Sardinia. Far off, beyond the singular horns and needles of rock, cresting the mountains of the latter island, a thunder-gust was brewing; but the dark, cool shadows there only served, by contrast, to make the breathless heat on Maddalena more intense. Nevertheless, a light wind finally came from somewhere, and I stretched myself out on the granite, with Caprera before my eyes, and reflected on the absurdity of any one human being taking pains to make the acquaintance of any other particular human being, while I watched the few boats visible on the surface of the water below. One, rowing and sailing, rounded the point of San Stefano, and disappeared; another crept along the nearer shore, looking for fish, coral, or sponges; and a third, at last, making a long tack, advanced into the channel of La Moneta, in front of Garibaldi's residence. It was Red-head, honestly doing his duty. Two or three hours went by, and he did not return. When the air had been somewhat cooled by the distant thunder, we set forth to seek the English recluse. The path followed the coast, winding between rocks and clumps of myrtle in blossom, until the villa looked down upon us from the head of a stony dell. On three sides, the naked granite rose in irregular piles against the sky, while huge blocks, tumbled from above, lay scattered over the scanty vineyards below. In sheltered places there were a few pines and cedars, of stunted growth. The house, perched upon a mass of rock forty or fifty feet high, resembled a small fortress. As we approached it, over the dry, stony soil, the bushes rustling as the lizards darted through them, the place assumed an air of savage loneliness. No other human dwelling was visible on any of the distant shores and no sail brightened the intervening water.

The Englishman came forth and welcomed us with a pleasant, old-fashioned courtesy. A dark-eyed Sardinian lady, whom he introduced to us as his daughter-in-law, and her father, were his temporary guests. The people afterwards told me, in Maddalena, that he had adopted and educated a Neapolitan boy, who, however, had turned out to be a

mauvais sujet. We were ushered into a large vaulted room, the walls of which, to my astonishment, were covered with admirable paintings, — genuine works of the Flemish and Italian masters. There was a Cuyp, a Paul Potter, a Ruysdael, a Massimo, and several excellent pictures of the school of Correggio. A splendid library filled the adjoining hall, and recent English and Italian newspapers lay upon the table. I soon perceived that our host was a man of unusual taste and culture, who had studied much and travelled much, before burying himself in this remote corner of the Mediterranean. For more than twenty years, he informed us, the island had been his home. He first went thither accidentally, in his search for health, and remained because he found it among those piles of granite and cactus. One hardly knows whether to admire or commiserate such a life.

Our host, however, had long outlived his yearning for the busy world of men. His little plantation, wrung from Nature with immense labor and apparently great expense, now absorbed all his interest. He had bought foreign trees — Mexican, African, and Australian — and set them in sheltered places, built great walls to break the sweep of the wind which draws through the Straits of Bonifacio, constructed tanks for collecting the rains, terraces for vineyards, and so fought himself into the possession of a little productive soil. But the winds kept down the growth of his pines, the islanders cut his choicest trees and carried them off for firewood, and it was clear that the scanty beginnings we saw were the utmost he would be able to keep and hold against so many hostile influences.

After we had inspected the costly picture-gallery, and partaken of refreshments, he took us to his orange-garden, a square enclosure, with walls twenty feet high, at the foot of the rocks. The interior was divided by high ramparts of woven brushwood into compartments about thirty feet square, each of which contained half a dozen squat, battered-looking trees. I should have imagined the outer walls high enough to break the strongest wind, but our host informed me that they merely changed its character, giving to the current a spiral motion which almost pulled the trees out of the earth. The interior divisions of brushwood were a necessity. Above the house there was a similar enclosure for pear and apple trees. The vines, kept close to the earth, and tied to strong stakes, were more easily tended. But the same amount of labor and expense would have created a little paradise on the shores of Sorrento, or the Riviera di Ponente, — in fact, as many oranges might have been raised in Minnesota, with less trouble.

According to the traditions of the people, the whole island was wooded a hundred and fifty years ago. But, as savage tribes worship trees, so the first inclination of the civilized man is to destroy them. I still hold to the belief that the disforested Levant might be reclothed in fifty years, if the people could be prevented from interfering with the young growth.

When we reached Maddalena, the boatman had returned from Caprera. This time he brought me a note, in Garibaldi's handwriting, containing two or three lines, which, however, were not more satisfactory than the previous message. "*Per motivo de' miei incomodi*" (on account of my ailments), said the General, he could not receive me. This was an equivocation, but no explanation. His motive for slighting the letters of two such friends, and refusing to see one who had come to Maddalena to testify a sympathy and respect which had nothing in common with the curiosity of the crowd, remained a mystery. In the little fishing-village, where nothing could long be kept secret, the people seemed to be aware of all that had occurred. They possessed too much natural tact and delicacy to question us, but it was easy to see that they were much surprised. Red-head made quite a long face when I told him, after reading the letter, that I should not need his boat for a trip to Caprera.

After allowing all possible latitude to a man's individual right to choose his visitors, the manner in which my application had been received still appeared to me very rude and boorish. Perhaps one's first experience of the kind is always a little more annoying than is necessary; but the reader must consider that we had no escape from the burning rocks of Maddalena until the third day afterwards, and the white house on Caprera before our eyes was a constant reminder of the manner or mood of its inmate. Questions of courtesy are nearly as difficult to discuss as questions of taste, each man having his own private standard; yet, I think, few persons will censure me for having then and there determined that, for the future, I would take no particular pains to seek the acquaintance of a distinguished man.

We were fast on Maddalena, as I have said, and the most we could make of it did not seem to be much. I sketched a little the next morning, until the heat drove me indoors. Towards evening, following La Remigia's counsel, we set forth on a climb to the Guardia Vecchia, a deserted fortress on the highest point of the island. Thunder-storms, as before, growled along the mountains of Sardinia, without overshadowing or cooling the rocks of the desert archipelago. The masses of granite, among which we clambered, still radiated the noonday heat, and the clumps of lentisk and arbutus were scarcely less arid in appearance than the soil from which they grew. Over the summit, however, blew a light breeze. We pushed open the door of the port, mounted to a stone platform with ramparts pierced for six cannon, and sat down in the shade of the watch-tower. The view embraced the whole Strait of Bonifacio and its shores, from the peak of Incudine in Corsica, to the headland of Terranova, on the eastern coast of Sardinia. Two or three villages, high up on the mountains of the latter island, the little fishing-town at our feet, the far-off citadel of Bonifacio, and — still persistently visible — the house on Caprera, rather increased than removed the loneliness and desolation of the scenery. Island rising behind island thrust up new distortions of rock of red or hot-gray hues which became purple in the distance, and the dark-blue reaches of sea dividing them were hard and lifeless as plains of glass. Perhaps the savage and sterile forms of the foreground impressed their character upon every part of the panorama, since we knew that they were everywhere repeated. In this monotony lay something sublime, and yet profoundly melancholy.

As we have now the whole island of Caprera full and fair before us, let us see what sort of a spot the hero of Italian Unity has chosen for his home. I may at the same time, without impropriety, add such details of his life and habits, and such illustrations of his character, as were freely communicated by persons familiar with both, during our stay in Maddalena.

Caprera, as seen from the Guardia Vecchia, is a little less forbidding than its neighbor island. It is a mass of reddish-gray rock, three to four miles in length and not more than a mile in breadth, its axis lying at a right angle to the course of the Sardinian coast. The shores rise steeply from the water to a central crest of naked rock, some twelve hundred feet above the sea. The wild shrubbery of the Mediterranean — myrtle, arbutus, lentisk, and box — is sprinkled over the lower slopes, and three or four lines of bright, even green, betray the existence of terraced grain-fields. The house, a plain white quadrangle, two stories in height, is seated on the slope, a quarter of a mile from the landing-place. Behind it there are fields and vineyards, and a fertile garden-valley called the Fontanaccia, which are not visible from Maddalena. The house, in its present commodious form, was built by Victor Emanuel, during Garibaldi's absence from the island, and without his knowledge. The latter has spent a great deal of money in wresting a few fields from the unwilling rock, and his possession,

even yet, has but a moderate value. The greater part of the island can only be used as a range for cattle, and will nourish about a hundred head.

Garibaldi, however, has a great advantage over all the political personages of our day, in the rugged simplicity of his habits. He has no single expensive taste. Whether he sleeps on a spring-mattress or a rock, eats *filet* or fish and macaroni, is all the same to him, — nay, he prefers the simpler fare. The persons whom he employs eat at the same table with him, and his guests, whatever their character or title, are no better served. An Englishman who went to Caprera as the representative of certain societies, and took with him, as a present, a dozen of the finest hams and four dozen bottles of the choicest Château Margaux, was horrified to find, the next day, that each gardener, herdsman, and fisherman at the table had a generous lump of ham on his plate and a bottle of Château Margaux beside it! Whatever delicacy comes to Garibaldi is served in the same way; and of the large sums of money contributed by his friends and admirers, he has retained scarcely anything. All is given to "The Cause."

Garibaldi's three prominent traits of character — honesty, unselfishness, and independence — are so marked, and have been so variously illustrated, that no one in Italy (probably not even Pius IX. or Antonelli) dares to dispute his just claim to them. Add the element of a rare and inextinguishable enthusiasm, and we have the qualities which have made the man. He is wonderfully adapted to be the leader of an impulsive and imaginative people, during those periods when the rush and swell of popular sentiment overbears alike diplomacy and armed force. Such a time came to him in 1860, and the Sicilian and Calabrian campaign will always stand as the climax of his achievements. I do not speak of Aspromonte or Mentana now. The history of those attempts cannot be written until Garibaldi's private knowledge of them may be safely made known to the world.

It occurred to me, as I looked upon Caprera, that only an enthusiastic, imaginative nature could be content to live in such an isolation. It is hardly alone disgust with the present state of Italy which keeps him from that seat in the Italian Parliament, to which he is regularly re-elected. He can neither use the tact of the politician, nor employ the expedients of the statesman. He has no patience with adverse opinion, no clear, objective perception of character, no skill to calculate the reciprocal action and cumulative force of political ideas. He simply sees *an end*, and strikes a bee-line for it. As a military commander he is admirable, so long as operations can be conducted under his immediate personal control. In short, he belongs to that small class of great men, whose achievements, fame, and influence rest upon excellence of character and a certain magnetic, infectious warmth of purpose, rather than on high intellectual ability. There may be wiser Italian patriots than he; but there is none so pure and devoted.

From all that was related to me of Garibaldi, I should judge that his weak points are, an incapacity to distinguish between the steady aspirations of his life and those sudden impulses which come to every ardent and passionate nature, and an amiable weakness (perhaps not disconnected from vanity) which enables a certain class of adventurers to misuse and mislead him. His impatience of contrary views naturally subjects him to the influence of the latter class, whose cue it is to flatter and encourage. I know an American general whose reputation has been much damaged in the same way. The three men who were his companions on Caprera during my stay in Maddalena were Basso, who occasionally acts as secretary; he whom I termed the Prophet, a certain Dr. Occhipinti (Painted-Eyes), a maker of salves and pomatums, and Guzmaroli, formerly a priest, and ignominiously expelled from Garibaldi's own corps. There are other hangers-on, whose presence from time

to time in Caprera is a source of anxiety to the General's true friends.

Caprera formerly belonged to an English gentleman, a passionate sportsman, who settled there thirty years ago on account of the proximity of the island to the rich game regions of Sardinia. Garibaldi, dining with this gentleman at Maddalena in 1856, expressed his desire to procure a small island on the coast for his permanent home, whereupon the former offered to sell him a part of Caprera, at cost. The remainder was purchased by a subscription made in England, and headed by the Duke of Sutherland. I was informed that Garibaldi's faithful and noble-hearted friends, Colonel and Mrs. Chambers of Scotland, had done much towards making the island productive and habitable, but I doubt whether its rocks yet yield enough for the support of the family.

The General's oldest son, Menotti, his daughter Teresa, her husband Major Canzio, and their five children, Manueli, Anzani, Lincoln, Anita, and John Brown, have their home at Caprera. Menotti is reported to be a good soldier and sailor, but without his father's abilities. The younger son, Ricciotti, spends most of his time in England. Teresa, however, is a female Garibaldi, full of spirit, courage, and enthusiasm. She has great musical talent, and a voice which would give her, were there need, a prima donna's station in any theatre. Her father, also, is an excellent singer, and the two are fond of making the rocks of Caprera resound with his *Inno ai Romani*.

Garibaldi was born at Nice in 1807, and is therefore now sixty-one years old. His simple habits of life have preserved his physical vigor, but he suffers from frequent severe attacks of rheumatism. The wound received at Aspromonte, I was told, no longer occasions him inconvenience. In features and complexion he shows his Lombard and German descent. His name is simply the Italian for *Heribald*, "bold in war." In the tenth century Garibald I. and II. were kings of Bavaria. In fact, much of the best blood of Italy is German, however reluctant the Italians may be to acknowledge the fact. The Marquis D'Azeglio, whose memoirs have recently been published, says in his autobiographical sketch, "Educated in the hatred of the *Tedeschi* (Germans), I was greatly astonished to find, from my historical studies, that I was myself a *Tedesco*." The "pride of race" really is one of the absurdest of human vanities. I have heard half-breed Mexicans boast of their "Gothic blood," born Englishmen who settled in Virginia talk of their "Southern blood," and all the changes rung on Cavalier, Norman, or Roman ancestry. The Slavic Greeks of Athens call themselves "Hellenes," and Theodore of Abyssinia claimed a direct descent from Solomon. Garibaldi might have become purely Italian in name, as Duca di Calatafimi, if he had chosen. His refusal was scarcely a virtue, because the offer of the title was no temptation.

While upon the rocky summits of Maddalena, we made search for the former dwellings of the inhabitants, but became bewildered in the granite labyrinth, and failed to find them. The present village on the shore owes its existence to Nelson. Previous to his day those waters were swept by Barbary corsairs, and the people of the island, being without protection, lived almost like troglodytes, in rude hovels constructed among the rocks. Nelson, while in the Mediterranean, at the end of the last century, made Maddalena one of his stations, and encouraged the inhabitants to come forth from their hiding-places. On the altar of the church in the town which they then began to build there are still the silver candlesticks which he presented. This, and Napoleon's previous attempt to gain possession of the island, are the two incidents which connect Maddalena with history.

We made a few other scrambles during our stay, but they simply repeated the barren pictures we already knew by heart. Although, little by little, an in-

terest in the island was awakened, the day which was to bring the steamer from Porto Torres was hailed by us almost as a festival. But the comedy (for such it began to seem) was not yet at an end. I had procured the return tickets to Leghorn, and was standing in Remigia's door, watching the pensioners as they dozed in the shade, when two figures appeared at the end of the little street. One was Painted-Eyes, the maker of salves, and I was edified by seeing him suddenly turn when he perceived me, and retrace his steps. The other, who came forward, proved to be one of Garibaldi's stanchest veterans, — a man who had been in his service twenty-five years, in Montevideo, Rome, America, China, and finally in the Tyrol.

"Where is the man who was with you?" I asked.

"He was coming to the locanda," said he; "but when he saw you, he left me without explaining why."

The veteran knew so much of what had happened that I told him the rest. He was no less grieved than surprised. His general, he said, had never acted so before; he had never refused to see any stranger, even though he came without letters, and he was at a loss to account for it.

There was a stir among the idlers on the quay; a thread of smoke arose above the rocky point to the westward, and — welcome sight! — the steamer swept up and anchored in the roadstead. La Remigia, who had been unremitting in her attentions, presented a modest bill, shook hands with us heartily, and Red-head, who was in waiting with his boat, carried us speedily on board. The steamer was not to leave for two hours more, but now the certainty of escape was a consolation. The few islanders we had known parted from us like friends, and even the boatman returned to the deck on purpose to shake hands, and wish us a pleasant voyage. I found myself softening towards Maddalena, after all.

In one of the last boats came the same Occhipinti again, accompanied by Guzmaroli, the ex-priest. The former was bound for Leghorn, and the prospect of having him for a fellow-passenger was not agreeable. He avoided meeting us, went below, and kept very quiet during the passage. I felt sure, although the supposition was disparaging to Garibaldi, that this man was partly responsible for the answer I had received.

A fresh breeze blew through the Strait of Bonifacio, and we soon lost sight of the rocks which had been the scene of our three days' Robinsoniad. The only other passenger, by a singular coincidence, proved to be "the Hermitress of La Moneta," as she is called on Maddalena, — the widow of the gentleman who sold Caprera to Garibaldi, and herself one of the General's most trusted friends. Through her, the island acquired a new interest. In the outmost house on the spur which forms the harbor lay an English captain, eighty years old, and ill; in the sterile glen to the north lived another Englishman alone among his books and rare pictures; and under a great rock, two miles to the eastward, was the lonely cottage, opposite Caprera, where this lady has lived for thirty years.

In the long twilight, as the coast of Corsica sped by, we heard the story of those thirty years. They had not dulled the keen, clear intellect of the lady, nor made less warm one human feeling in her large heart. We heard of travels in Corsica on horseback, nearly forty years ago; of lunching with bandits in the mountains; of fording the floods and sleeping in the caves of Sardinia; of farm-life (if it can be so called) on Caprera, and of twenty years passed in the cottage of La Moneta, without even a journey to the fishing-village. Then came other confidences, which must not be repeated, but as romantic as anything in the stories of the Middle Ages, — yet in all, there was no trace of morbid feeling, of unused affection, of regret for the years that seemed lost to us. Verily, though these words should reach her eyes, I must say, since the chances of life will scarcely bring us to-

gether again, that the freshness and sweetness with which she had preserved so many noble womanly qualities in solitude, was to me a cheering revelation of the innate excellence of human nature.

"Yet," she said, at the close, "I would never advise any one to attempt the life I have led. Such a seclusion is neither natural nor healthy. One may read, and one may think; but the knowledge lies in one's mind like an inert mass, and only becomes vital when it is actively communicated or compared. This mental inertness or deadness is even harder to bear than the absence of society. But there always comes a time when we need the face of a friend, — the time that comes to all. No, it is not good to be alone."

After all, we had not come to Maddalena in vain. We had made the acquaintance of a rare and estimable nature, which is always a lasting gain, in the renewed faith it awakens. The journey, which had seemed so wearisome in anticipation, came rapidly to an end, and there was scarcely a regret left for Caprera when we parted with the Hermitress of Maddalena at Leghorn, the next afternoon. A few days afterwards she sent me the original manuscript of Garibaldi's "Hymn to the Romans," which he had presented to her. I shall value it as much for the giver's, as for the writer's, sake.

Our friends in Florence received the news of our adventure with astonishment and mortification; but, up to the time of this present writing, the matter remains a mystery. One conjecture was made, yet it seemed scarcely credible, — that Garibaldi was getting up a new expedition against Rome.

THE MAN AND BROTHER.

I.

WHEN Major Niles, of the defunct Veteran Reserve Corps, was Sub-Assistant Commissioner in the Freedmen's Bureau, he was confronted one morning, on emerging from his hotel, by a venerable trio.

There stood a paralytic old negress, leading by the hand a blind old negro, to whom was attached by a string a sore-eyed, limping, and otherwise decrepid bulldog. The aunty asserted that the dog sucked her hens' eggs, and wanted him killed; the uncle denied the animal's guilt, and insisted on prolonging his days; and the trio had walked eight miles "to leave it out to de Burow."

"Ef she kin prove it agin him, let him be hung right up yere," said the uncle, excitedly. "But she can't prove no sech thing; no, she can't."

The Major had been pestered during his term of office with many absurd complaints, and he was annoyed now by the grinning and chaffing of several unreconstructed village jokers. Instead of issuing an order that a hen should lay an egg, and that the same should be set before the dog to test his proclivities in the matter of suction, he broke out impatiently,—

"Go away with your stupid quarrel. Go home, and settle it between yourselves. Pretty business to bring before a United States officer!"

To the Major's labors and perplexities I succeeded, and thereby acquired some knowledge concerning the Man and Brother.

That the freedmen should be ignorant and unintelligent does not appear strange when it is considered that they were brought to us, not so very long ago, in the condition of savages, and

that since they have been among us they have been kept down as bondsmen or cast out as pariahs. Walking in a wood a mile or so from the village where I held sway, I came upon a negro cemetery of the times of slavery. A headstone of coarse white marble, five or six of brick, and forty or fifty wooden slabs, all grimed and mouldering with the dampness of the forest, constituted the sordid sepulchral pomps of the "nameless people." On the marble monument I read the following inscription: —

"This stone is placed here by James M. Burden, in memory of his wife, Viney, who died Dec. 21, 1860, Aged 29 years. — A good wife & faithful servant."

Painted in black letters on the white ground of a wooden headpiece was the following: —

"to the memory of Claraca M. Ceth died on the 25 September 1850 Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for they rest from their labors."

It is a wonder that the word "servant" and the word "labors" were not put in italics. How much knowledge, or activity of brain, or high moral feeling can be fairly claimed of a race which has been followed into the grave's mouth with reminders that its life was one of bondage and travail?

Nevertheless, I brought away from the South some fine reminiscences of the negro. Among the elders of the colored people at my station — one of the persons to whom I trusted for information concerning the character of applicants for official favor — was a short, square-built, jet-black, decently dressed, well-mannered, industrious, worthy man of sixty-five or seventy, named Dudley Talley, commonly known as Uncle Dudley. Between him and Professor Charles Hopkins, the colored school-teacher, I was pretty sure to learn whether a negro who asked for rations was a proper object of charity, or whether another who brought a complaint was worthy of credence.

"Did you ever hear of Uncle Dudley's misfortunes in business?" asked a white citizen of me. "Poor Dudley! He bought the freedom of a son, and the son died; then he bought another boy's freedom, and the boy was emancipated. Dudley will tell you that he has had heavy licks in his time."

Yes, Dudley had sunk three thousand dollars in emancipating himself, his child, and another youth, only to see death and President Lincoln render his labors nugatory, leaving him dependent for his living upon a poor mule and cart, and scarcely able to pay his taxes. The story of his own manumission is a fine instance of the kindly relations which often existed between white and black during the days of slavery. Long ago, when his old master, Dr. Long, was living, Dudley was a pet servant. Hired out at the Goodlett House, he had charge of the stables, and was, moreover, allowed to keep his own bar, — a demijohn of corn-whiskey, whereat to quench the thirst of such tavern-haunters as might not, on account of their color, get drunk like gentlemen in the hotel. Those were his days of ignorance, at which we must do some charitable winking. From this elysian existence, in a healthy mountain district, surrounded by friends who had grown up beside him, he was awakened by the death of his master, the sale of the estate under letters of administration, and the appearance of negro-traders from Arkansas and Louisiana. It was rumored that Dudley was an object of especial desire to these gentlemen, and that his remaining days in the land of his birth were numbered. Terrified at the thought of separation from home and family, he looked about for some citizen of the village to buy him. His choice fell upon a gentleman whom he had always known, a lawyer by profession, Colonel Towns.

"Dudley, I don't like it," said the Colonel. "I never have bought a slave, and I have a sentiment against it."

"But won't you save me from being carried off, Colonel?" implored Dudley.

"I don't like the idea of owning you," was the answer; then, after some

reflection, "but I will manage it so that you shall own yourself. I will bid you off; you shall repay me, principal and interest, at your convenience; and, when the money is refunded, you shall be free. The law will not let me emancipate you; but you shall not be my property, nor that of my heirs. We will call it an investment, Dudley."

The purchase was made; the agreement between the two was drawn up and signed; the Anglo-Saxon waited, and the African worked. This bond between an honorable gentleman and an honorable slave was kept to the end. Every payment which Dudley made was indorsed upon the note, and, when the debt was extinguished, he received a quittance in full. From that time, although nominally and by law the property of Colonel Towns, he was practically his own master, and did what he pleased with his earnings. It was truly unfortunate for him that he should have invested them so as to be ruined precisely in the same manner as if he had been a slaveholding Rebel.

If all freedmen had the persevering industry of Dudley Talley, the race would have no cause to fear for its existence under the crucial test of free labor. But myriads of women who once earned their own living now have aspirations to be like white ladies, and, instead of using the hoe, pass the days in dawdling over their trivial housework, or gossiping among their neighbors. In scores of instances I discovered that my complaining constituents were going astern simply because the men alone were laboring to support the families. When I told them that they must make their wives and daughters work, they looked as hopeless as would Mr. Potiphar, should any one give him the same wholesome counsel. Of course, I do not mean that all the women are thus idle; the larger proportion are still laboring afield, as of old; rigid necessity is keeping them up to it. But this evil of female loaferism is growing among the negroes, as it has grown, and is growing, among us white men and brethren.

Another cause of trouble for the freed people is their disposition to seek the irregular employment, and small, bartering ways of the city and the village. Now and then one establishes himself as a drayman, or does a flourishing business as a barber or shopkeeper; but what kind of success they generally attain in the towns may be pretty fairly inferred from the history of Cox, Lynch, and Company.

Edward Cox, an elderly mulatto who boasted F. F. V. blood, and Thomas Lynch, a square-headed, thorough-bred negro, formed a mercantile partnership with two other freedmen. The "store" was a single room in a deserted hotel, and the entire stock in trade might have been worth forty dollars. On this chance of business four families proposed to live. By the time the United States license of twenty dollars, the town license of five dollars, and certain other opening expenses had been paid, the liabilities of the firm were nearly sufficient to cover its assets. In a week or so, the community were startled by a report that Cox, Lynch, and Company were in difficulties. The two minor partners sold out for nothing, and two others were taken in. Unfortunately, our merchant princes were ignorant of the Revenue Law, and formed a new partnership, instead of continuing the old one, thus exposing themselves to another tax for a fresh license. This mistake was fatal, and Cox, Lynch, and Company went to pieces.

Tom Lynch had meanwhile been studying at the freedmen's school, and had acquired an intermittent power of writing his name. Sometimes he could lay it fairly out on paper, and sometimes it would obstinately curl up into an ampersand. He occasionally called on me to write letters for him,—mainly, as I believe, to show that he could sign them; and I had become somewhat restive under these demands, holding that I could employ my time more profitably and agreeably. When the firm went down, however, and when Tom wanted me to indite an epistle for him to his late partner, Edward Cox, concerning

certain articles in dispute between them, I reflected that such opportunities do not present themselves twice in a man's life, and I consented to the labor.

It appears that Tom had borrowed a table, a balance, and a set of weights, wherewith to commence the business; and that, when the crisis came, Edward had impounded these articles, and sold them for his own profit, leaving partners and creditors and lender to whistle. Such, at least, was the case which Tom stated to me, and which I wrote out in the letter. The day after the sending of the epistle Tom reappeared with it, explaining that he had forwarded it to Edward by a messenger, and that Edward, having had it read to him, had put it in a clean envelope, and returned it without note or comment.

"I should like to know what he means?" observed the puzzled Thomas.

"So should I," said I, much amused at this method of managing a dunning letter.

"It 's mighty curous conduct," persisted Thomas. "'Pears to me I 'd like to get you to write another letter to him for me."

"Suppose he should send that back in a fresh envelope?" I suggested, not fancying the job. "I think you had better see him, and ask him what it means."

What it did mean I never learned. But Edward Cox, to whom I subsequently spoke on the general subject of justice in regard to those weights and balances, assured me that Tom Lynch was a liar and rascal. In short, the history of Cox, Lynch, and Company is as much of a muddle as if the firm had failed for a million, under the management of first-class Wall-Street financiers. Such is trade in the hands of the average freedman.

One great trouble with the negroes is lack of arithmetic. Accustomed to have life figured out for them, they are unable to enter into that practical calculation which squares means with necessities. Cox, Lynch, and Company, for instance, had not the slightest idea how large a business would be required to support four families. As farm laborers the freedmen fail to realize the fact that it is needful to work entirely through spring, summer, and fall, in order to obtain a crop. They do admirably in the planting season, and are apt to sow too much ground; then comes a reaction, and they will indulge in a succession of day huntings and night frolics, and the consequence is a larger crop of weeds than of corn. If the planters were forehanded enough to pay their people day wages, and discharge a man as soon as he turns lazy, things would go better. But the general custom, dictated by habit and by lack of capital, is to allow the negro a share of the crop; and as he thus becomes a partner in the year's business, he is disposed to believe that he has a right to manage it after his own pleasure.

It was enough to make one both laugh and cry to go out to Colonel Irvine's fine plantation, and look at the result of his farming for 1867, on land which could produce, without manure, an average of thirty bushels of corn to the acre. A gang of negroes, counting thirteen field hands, had taken a large part of his farm; and, as the produce of one field of thirty-five acres, they had to show about a hundred bushels of wretched "nubbins"; the weeds meanwhile standing four feet high among the cornstalks.

"They neglected it during the hoeing season," said the Colonel, "and they never could recover their ground afterwards. It was of no use to order or scold; they were disobedient, sulky, and insolent. As for frolicking, why, sir, from fifty to seventy darkies pass my house every night, going into the village. The next day they are, of course, fit for nothing."

And now, after the land had been used for naught, these negroes did not want to repay the advances of rations upon which they had lived during the summer; they were determined to take their third of the crop from the fields, and leave the Colonel to sue or whistle, as he pleased, for what was due him in the way of corn, bacon, molasses, and

tobacco. Fortunately for him, I had an order from the Assistant Commissioner to the effect that all crops should be stored, and accounts for the expense of raising the same satisfactorily settled, before the parties should come to a division. When I read this to the assembled negroes, they looked blasphemies at the Freedmen's Bureau.

It must not be understood, however, that all freedmen are indolent and dishonest. A large number of them do their work faithfully and with satisfactory results. But with these I seldom came in contact; they had no complaints to make, and seldom suffered injustice. My duties very naturally led me to know the evil and the unlucky among both blacks and whites.

To show the simple notions of this untaught race as to what constitutes wealth, or, at least, a sufficiency of worldly goods, I will relate a single incident. A gaunt negress, named Aunt Judy, called on me with a complaint that Mrs. F——, an impoverished old white lady, owed her a dollar, and would not pay it.

"Come, aunty, you must not be hard on Mrs. F——," I said. "You must give her time. She is very poor."

"O, *she* ain't poor, — don't you believe that," responded the aunty. "No longer 'n two months ago my sons paid her eight dollars for rent. O, go 'way *she* ain't poor; *she*'s got money."

Still convinced, in spite of this startling fact to the contrary, that Mrs. F—— was not wealthy, I continued to plead that she might not be pressed, until Aunt Judy was graciously pleased to say,—

"Wal, I won't be hard on her. I 'se a square nigger, I is. I don't want to do no hardness."

The actual state of the case was this. Aunt Judy had hired, for five dollars a month, a cabin attached to Mrs. F——'s tumble-down house, and had paid up two months' rent, but at this very time owed for half a month. Having, however, done washing and "toting" for her landlady to the value of a dollar, she wanted to collect the money at once, instead of letting it go on the account.

Five months later, I found that this "square nigger" had not settled for the rent since the payment made by her sons, and was in debt twenty-four dollars to poor old Mrs. F——, who meanwhile had nearly reached the point of starvation. I was obliged to threaten Aunt Judy with instant eviction, before I could induce her to put her mark to a due-bill for the amount of her arrears, and enter into an arrangement by which the wages of a son-in-law became guaranty for regular liquidations in future.

It would probably be unfair to suppose that this "square nigger" seriously meant to be lopsided in her morals. But she had two or three small children; the washing business was not very brisk nor very remunerative; she had benevolently taken in, and was nursing, a sick woman of her own race; and, finally, it was so much easier not to pay than to pay! My impression is that she was a pious woman, and disposed to be "square" when not too inconvenient. I should not have interfered to bring her to terms, had it not been a case of life and death with the venerable lady who let her the cabin, and had not, moreover, this evasion of rent-dues been a very common sin among the negroes. Indeed, I aided her to the amount of a dollar and a half, which was desirable for some small matter, conscious that I owed her at least that amount for the amusement which I had derived from her statement that Mrs. F—— "had money."

The thoughtless charity of this penniless negress in receiving another poverty-stricken creature under her roof is characteristic of the freedmen. However selfish, and even dishonest, they may be, they are extravagant in giving. The man who at the end of autumn has a hundred or two bushels of corn on hand will suffer a horde of lazy relatives and friends to settle upon him, and devour him before the end of the winter, leaving him in the spring at the mercy of such planters as choose to drive a hard bargain. Among the

freedmen, as among the whites, of the South, the industrious are too much given to supporting the thriftless.

As I have already hinted, the negroes waste much of their time in amusement. What with trapping rabbits by day and treeing 'possums by night, dances which last till morning, and prayer-meetings which are little better than frolics, they contrive to be happier than they have "any call to be," considering their chances of starving to death. It is not entirely without foundation that the planters and the reactionary journals complained that the Loyal Leagues were an injury to both whites and blacks. As an officer, I wanted to see reconstruction furthered, and as a Republican I desired that the great party which had saved the Union should prosper; but, believing that my first duty was to prevent famine in my district, I felt it necessary to discourage the zeal of the freedmen for political gatherings. I found that they were travelling ten and twenty miles to League meetings, and, what with coming and going, making a three days' job of it, leaving the weeds to take care of the corn. The village was an attraction; and, moreover, there was the Bureau school-house for a place of convocation; there, too, were the great men and eloquent orators of the party, and the secret insignia of the League. I remonstrated strenuously against the abuse, and reduced the number of meetings in the school-house to one a week.

"Go home, and get up your own League," I exhorted a gang who had come fifteen miles from a neighboring district for initiation. "Let your patriotism come to a head in your own neighborhood. Do you suppose the government means to feed you, while you do nothing but tramp about and hurrah?"

My belief is that nearly all my brother officers pursued the same policy, and that there is little or no foundation for the charge that the Bureau was prostituted to political uses. On the whole, no great harm resulted from the Leagues, so far as my observation extended. The planters in my neighborhood made few complaints, and my district raised more than enough corn "to do it."

On the way from Charleston to my station I was amused at a conversation which went on behind me between a rough, corpulent, jolly old planter of the middle class, and a meek-looking young Northerner, apparently a "drummer" from New York. The old fellow talked incessantly, sending his healthy, ringing voice clean through the car, and denouncing with a delightful fervor the whole "breed, seed, and generation of niggers."

"They're the meanest, triflingest creeturs agoin'," said he. "Thar ain't no good side to 'em. You can't find a white streak in 'em, if you turn 'em wrong side outwards and back again."

The six or eight Southerners in the car seemed mightily taken with the old man, and laughed heartily over his phillipic. Addressing one who sat in front of me, a tall, powerful, sunburnt young fellow, with a revolver peeping out from beneath his homespun coat, I said, —

"Do you consider that a fair judgment?"

"Well, middlin' fair," he answered; "it ain't no gret out of the way, I reckon."

"I tell you the nigger is a no-account creetur," went on the old planter. "All the men are thieves, and all the women are prostitutes. It's their natur to be that way, and they never 'll be no other way. They ain't worth the land they cover. They ought to be improved off the face of the earth."

Here the New-Yorker spoke for the first time in an hour.

"You are improving 'em off pretty fast," he said, meekly. "Got some of 'em 'most white already."

So unfair is the human mind that nobody but myself laughed at this retort. The planter turned the conversation on crops, and the audience looked out of the windows.

During the same journey I fell into conversation with an elderly Carolinian,

a doctor by profession, and planter by occupation, who, it seems, resided in the village to which I was ordered, and whom I afterwards learned to respect for his kindly and worthy qualities. We talked of the practice of whipping slaves, and he assured me that the report of it had been much exaggerated.

"Multitudes of planters never had a negro whipped," he said. "I have owned twenty or thirty, and I never punished but one. I 'll tell you the whole story, and I believe you 'll allow that I did right. It was a girl named Julia, who was brought up in our house, a regular pet of the family. Finally she went wrong somehow, and had a mulatto child; they would do that, you know, no matter what pains you took with them. After that, I noticed that Julia did n't have no more children; would n't have nothing to say to her own color; would n't take a husband. At last, I thought I ought to talk to her, and says I, 'Julia, what does this mean?' Says she, 'Doctor, I 've had one white man's child, and I 'm never going to have no black man's child.' Says I, 'Julia, that 's wrong, and you ought to know it.' Says she, 'Well, Doctor, wrong or not, I feel that way, and I 'm bound to stick to it.' Now, I knew she was wrong, you see, and I could n't let the thing go on so. I felt in duty bound to get such ideas out of her head. I whipped her. I took her out, and I give her one right good switching with a hickory. I thought I ought to do it, and I did it."

Whether the hickory reformed Julia of her wicked and unfruitful pride, so deleterious to the growth of the Doctor's planting population, I was too fastidious to inquire. Whether Julia's morals would have been in better hands than the Doctor's, had her forefathers remained in Africa, is a question more important to my present purpose, and which must probably be decided in the negative.

First savages, and then slaves, it is evident that the negroes have had little chance to keep all the Commandments. They are now precisely what might be expected, considering their history. Illegitimate offspring are less common than formerly, but still disastrously abundant. A large proportion of the colored applicants for Bureau rations were young women with three or four children, and without the pretence of a husband, — this, although bigamy is fearfully frequent; although the average woman is apt to marry again if her "old man" is absent for a year; although the average man will perhaps take a wife in every place where he stays for six months. If I exaggerate in this matter, it is because, like most officers of justice, I saw chiefly the evil side of my public, — all the deserted ones coming to me for the redress of their grievances, or for help in their poverty.

An emigration agent, named Passmore, who collected a large gang of negroes in my sub-district for work in Louisiana, told me that one of his recruits had asked him to write a letter for him to "his Cousin Jane." The man went on dictating, "Give howdy to little Cousin Abel, and little Cousin Jimmy, and little Cousin Dinah." Suddenly Passmore looked up: —

"You rascal, those are your children; are n't they your children?"

After some stammering, the man confessed it.

"Then why did n't you say your wife, instead of your cousin?"

"Bekase I did n't want the ole woman *yere* to git to know about it."

General Howard distributed a large number of ruled forms for temperance pledges to his officers, with instructions that they should endeavor to found total-abstinence societies among the freedmen. I soon discovered that if I wanted to raise a "snicker," ending, when out of doors, in a hearty guffaw, I had only to exhibit one of these documents and explain its purpose to a party of my constituents. The blacks are unquestionably less addicted to ardent spirits than the Southern whites; but I suspect that it is mainly because, up to the emancipation, they were kept from it in a measure by

police regulations, and because they are as yet too poor to purchase much of it. Like all uncultured peoples, they have a keen relish for the sense of freedom and grandeur which it gives to man, and already many of them have learned "to destroy a power of whiskey." Of General Howard's temperance pledges they certainly thought very small beer. I never got a signature; nothing but snickers and guffaws, — irrepressible anti-temperance laughter. If anything is done in this way, it must be through the medium of secret societies, with passwords, ceremonies, processions, insignia, — something to strike the imagination. To the Good Templars and the Sons of Temperance I recommend this missionary labor. It is needed, or will be.

In the matter of honesty the freedmen are doing as well as could be expected, considering their untoward education, first as savages and then as slaves. Stealing, although as yet more common among them than even among the low-down-whites, is far less known than when they held, not without reason, that it was no harm "to put massa's chicken into massa's nigger." Freedom has developed a sense of self-respect which makes the prison more terrible than was the whip or the paddle. Planters still complain that their hogs and hens disappear; and, during my official term of fifteen months, I procured the liberation of, perhaps, twenty negro thieves from jail, on condition that they should take contracts to go to Florida or Louisiana; while at least as many more were sentenced by the courts for various forms and grades of dishonesty. But, except where the population has been pinched by famine, this vice has diminished steadily and rapidly since the emancipation.

As for driving sharp bargains, and downright swindling, I am reminded of the story of Dick Ross and Caroline Gantt. Caroline's husband died toward the close of 1866, but not until he had harvested, and left to his widow, fifty-five bushels of corn. Dick Ross, a jet-black, shiny-faced fellow of twenty, saw a chance of providing himself with "something to go upon," and went to Caroline with a specious story that he was about to set up a store, that he had several boxes of goods on the way from Charleston, and that he could do well by her if she would put her corn into his business. The widow was led away by his smooth talk, and soon found that she had made a permanent investment. Dick wagoned the corn to the village, sold it, and bought himself some "store close." Patient waiting and inquiry developed the facts, that no goods had arrived for him by railroad, and that he had hired no stand for business. Then Caroline came to me for redress. I sent for Dick, and bullied him until he refunded five dollars. As he had no property beyond what was on his back, nothing more could be collected; and, as imprisonment for debt had been done away with by order of General Sickles, he could not be punished. Caroline, however, sued him, obtained judgment against him for sixty-five dollars, and, when I left, had got two dollars and a half more, which had gone to pay her lawyer.

In short, I found that the negroes not only swindled the whites quite as much as they were swindled by them, but that they cheated each other. The same man who would spend his whole substance in feeding a host of relatives and friends would circumvent whatsoever simple brother or sister darkey might fall in his way. I was more edified than astonished by the discovery of this seeming clash of virtues and vices, for I had seen the same mixture of thoughtless generosity and dishonest cupidity among the Syrians, and other semi-civilized races. The explanation of the riddle is an imperfect moral education as to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*: the negro does not feel that he has a full right to his own property, nor that his neighbor has a full right to his.

As for lying, I learned not to put faith in any complaint until I had heard both sides, and examined into the proofs. But this is a good general rule; I recommend it to all officers of justice;

I presume that every lawyer has arrived at the same judgment. The human plaintiff, whether black or white, sees his trouble from his own point of view, and does not mean that you shall see it from any other. If he varies at all from the exact truth, it will surely be to exaggerate his griefs.

So fluent and brazen-faced in falsehood were many of my constituents, that it was generally impossible to decide by personal appearances between the blameless and the guilty. A girl of eighteen, charged with obtaining goods on false pretences, displayed such a virtuous front, and denied her identity with the criminal with such an air of veracity, that I confidently pronounced her innocent; yet, by dint of keeping her for an hour in a lawyer's office, putting the charge to her persistently, and threatening her with prosecution, she was brought to own her knavery, and point out the spot where she had secreted her plunder.

Another day I was kept in a ferment of uncertainty for a couple of hours by two boys of about twelve, — a black and a mulatto, — one or other of whom had stolen a valuable pocket-knife from a little white boy. The plundered youth, and his father, — a farmer, — agreed in stating that the black boy had borrowed the knife "to look at it," and had never returned it.

"Yas, so I did borry it," admitted the accused, a shiny-faced youngster, glib, loud-tongued, and gesturing wildly in his excitement. "But I did n't steal it. Yere 's a good knife of my own, an' why should I steal another knife? I jes' borry'd it to see it, cos it had so many blades. Then, this yere yaller boy asked me to let him take it to cut a water-million. So I handed it over to him, and that 's the last I see of it. That 's so, jes' as suah as you 's bohn."

The mulatto, a handsome, dignified little fellow, faced this accusation in the calmness of innocence. A citizen whispered to me, "The black boy is the thief," and I also felt pretty sure of it. I had both the youngsters searched, but without result. Then, finding that the property had disappeared near the farmer's wagon, I told him to take the accused back there to search for it, and, if they did not find it, to bring them to me again, to be sent to jail. In ten minutes the party returned without the knife. The mulatto still wore his calm front of innocence, while the negro was now quite wild with excitement.

"I shall have to confine you both for trial," I said, "if you don't give up the knife."

"'Fore God, I dunno whar 't is," exclaimed the darkey. "I 'd lose a hundred knives 'fore I 'd go to jail. *He* don't care 'bout jail, he 's been thar so often."

"Oho!" said I, turning to the mulatto. "You have been in jail, — have you? Then you are the thief. If you don't find that knife in ten minutes, I will have you severely punished."

There was another search; the criminal was still obdurate, but his mother arrived on the scene of action, and "got after him" with a broomstick; and the result was that he pointed out the missing article amidst a pile of straw where he had contrived to secrete it. Yet so blameless had been his countenance during the whole transaction, that probably not one person in ten would have selected him as the guilty party.

On the other hand, there are negroes as truthful as the sunlight, — negroes who will bear honest testimony in a matter, though it be against their interest, — negroes whose word passes for as much as that of a white man. I have often heard Southerners say, "I would much sooner believe a decent nigger than one of these low-down white fellows." As witnesses before the courts, the freedmen have astonished their friends, as well as their detractors, by the honesty and intelligence with which they give their testimony. They feel that they are put upon honor by the privilege, and they are anxious to show themselves worthy of it. Great was the wonder and amusement of the community in which I was stationed at the superiority which Aunt Chloe, the first negro ever placed upon the stand there, exhibited

over her former master and present employer, a wealthy old planter, whom we will call McCracken.

Mr. McCracken had brought suit against a so-called Union man, named Bishop, for plundering his house after the proclamation of peace. The indictment was for theft; the case was tried before the Court of Common Pleas; the counsel for defence was the well-known Governor Perry. Mr. McCracken, a sanguine, voluble old gentleman, who had held such public trusts as magistrate, foreman of a jury, and commissioner of the poor, was called and sworn as the first witness.

"Well, Mr. McCracken, what do you know about this case?" inquired the solicitor.

"I know all about it," answered McCracken, smiling in his confident style. He then stated that he was away from home when the theft happened, but that on his return he missed two hams and some bunches of yarn, and was told that Mr. Bishop had taken them.

"But did you see Mr. Bishop take them?" demanded the counsel for the defence.

"No, sir."

"Did you see Mr. Bishop at your house that day?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever see those hams and bunches of yarn in his possession?"

"No, sir."

"Then, Mr. McCracken, it appears that you don't know anything about this case."

McCracken fidgeted and made no reply.

"Mr. McCracken, you may come down," was the next remark. "Sheriff, call Chloe McCracken."

Amidst suppressed tittering from the audience, Aunt Chloe took her place on the witness-stand. She gave a straightforward, simple story, — told what she had seen, and no more, — said nothing which was not to the point. When she came down, there was a gentle buzz of admiration and wonder, and the question of believing negro testimony was no longer a mooted one in that community. Surely we may hope something for a race which, in spite of its great disadvantages of moral education, has already shown that it appreciates the solemnity of an oath. We could not fairly have expected thus much virtue and intelligence from manumitted slaves, under half a century of freedom and exercise of civil rights.

Of course, such new acquaintance as the negro and law do not always agree. Wat Thompson, when called on to testify against a brother freedman, who was charged with assault and battery upon a white man, refused to say anything at all, holding that he was not bound "to swear agin a friend." The judge dissented from this opinion, and sent Wat to jail for contempt of court. Lame Ben, a black busybody who had put Wat up to his blunder, took exceptions to this mode of treating it, and wanted me to interfere. I advised Lame Ben that he would make a reputation for better sense by minding his own business. Another freedman, a spectator in this same case, came to me in great indignation, complaining that the jury had believed the evidence of the prosecutor, and not that of the defendant; and that the court had sentenced the latter to jail, and done nothing at all to the former. I was obliged to explain that the prosecutor had not been on trial, and that the jury had a right to decide what testimony seemed most credible.

As chief of a sub-district I made a monthly report headed, "Outrages of Whites against Freedmen"; and another, headed "Outrages of Freedmen against Whites." The first generally, and the second almost invariably, had a line in red ink drawn diagonally across it, showing that there were no outrages to report. After three small gangs of white robbers, numbering altogether ten or twelve persons, had been broken up by the civil and military authorities, few acts of serious violence were committed by either race against the other. The "high-toned gentlemen," a sufficiently fiery and pugnacious race, were either afraid of the garrisons, or scorned to

come to blows with their inferiors. The "low-downers" and small farmers, equally pugnacious, far less intelligent, and living on cheek-by-jowl terms with the negroes, were the persons who generally committed what were called outrages. They would strike with whatever came handy; perhaps they would run for their guns, cock them, and swear to shoot; but there was no murder. There had been shootings, and there had been concerted and formal whippings; but that was during the confusion which followed the close of the war; that was mainly before my time. Such things were still known in other districts, but mine was an exceptionally quiet one.

The negroes themselves were not disposed to violence. They are a peaceable, good-tempered set, and, except when drunk, are no more likely to pick a fight than so many Chinamen. Whether it is a virtue to be pacific I cannot say. Anglo-Saxons are the most belligerent race, whether as individuals or as peoples, that the world now contains; and yet they have been of far greater service in advancing the interests of humanity than negroes or Chinamen; at least they will tell you so, and whip you into admitting it. But if peaceableness is a virtue, and has any promise of good in it, the negro is so far admirable, and gives hopes.

Now and then there was a bad boy of this stock in my district. There was one such called Wallace, a bright, restless mulatto of seventeen or eighteen, who stole hens, overcoats, &c., and occasionally fought. Tom Turner, a low-down white man, getting jocosely drunk one day, thought it a fine thing to slap this youth in the face with a meal-bag. Wallace collected a party of his comrades, chased Turner nearly half a mile, dragged him from his wagon, stabbed him in the shoulder with a jack-knife, and was hardly prevented from killing him. All the parties in the scuffle, including the white man, were arrested, fined, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Wallace became a convert to the Baptist Church, and was let out of jail one Sunday to undergo immersion.

"Well, have you got the wickedness all out of you?" I heard an unbelieving citizen say to him. "I reckon *you* ought to have hot water."

"O yes! all out this time," returned Wallace, with a confidence which I thought foreshadowed a speedy falling from grace.

Whether many Wallaces will arise among the negroes, whether the stock will develop aggressive qualities as it outgrows the timidity of long servitude, is not only an interesting, but a very important question. If so, then there will be many riots and rencontres between them and their old masters; for the latter are as bellicose as Irishmen, and far more disposed than Irishmen to draw the life-blood. It is desirable, in my opinion, that the freedmen may be moderate in their claims, and grow up with some meekness into their dignity of citizens. Their worst enemies are such leaders as Bradley and Hunnicutt.

Meanwhile most negroes are over-fearful as to what the whites may do to them. A freedman from St. George's Creek, Pickens District, shut himself up with me in my office, and related in a timorous murmur, and with trembling lips, how he had been abused by two low-down fellows, named Bill and Jim Stigall.

"I never done nothin' to 'em," said he. "They jes' come on me yesterday for nothin'. I 'd finished my day's job on my lan', an' was gone in to git my supper, — for I lives alone, ye see, — when I heerd a yell, an' they come along. Bill Stigall rode his mewl right squar' inter the house. Then Jim come in, an' they tole me to git 'em some supper, an' take care of the mewl. While I was out takin' care of the mewl, they eat their supper, an' then begun to thrash roun' and break things. I stayed outside when I heerd that. But my brother Bob come down that day to visit me, an' walked inter the house; an' then they got kinder skrimmagen with him, an' wanted to put him out. But when Bob pulled out his

pistil, they clar'd out, an' as they were gwine away they threatened me. Says they, 'You leave this settlement, or we 'll shoot your brother an' you too.' An' sence then, they 's been hangin' roun' my place, an' I 'm afeard to stay thar."

"Have they done anything to you?" I asked, doubtful whether the affair was more than a rough frolic.

"Yes. They sont word to me sence, how they was gwine ter shoot me ef I did n't leave the settlement."

"But they have n't shot?"

"No. But I 'm afeard of 'em. An' some of the folks thar tole me to come over yere an' name it to the Bureau."

Thinking that some harm might come if I did not interfere, I wrote a note to the magistrate at St. George's Creek, requesting him to examine into the complaint, and, if it seemed important, to bind the Stigalls over to keep the peace. The negro went off with it, evidently disappointed that I had not used the military force against his persecutors, and fearful of venturing back into their "settlement." Three days later the magistrate called, and stated that these Stigalls were a nuisance to his neighborhood; that they had persecuted whites as well as blacks with their rowdyism; that he had issued a warrant for their apprehension; and that they had taken refuge in the swamps. In a day or two more the negro reappeared in a state of great terror.

"Well, what is the news?" I asked.

"I took your ticket to the Square," he said; "but he don't seem to do nothin'."

"But he tells me that he has done all he can. The fellows have run away, haven't they?"

"Yes," he admitted, sheepishly; "not to say run clear away. They 's thar somewhar, lyin' out, an' waitin' roun'? Las' night I heerd a gun fired in the woods back o' my house."

"Come, you are too much of a coward," I protested. "You want more protection than there is to give. Do you suppose that I can send a guard of soldiers to watch over you?"

He probably had supposed that I could and would do it. Very unwillingly and fearfully he retraced his steps to St. George's Creek, and I heard no more of Jim and Bill Stigall.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

AN American artist who, for many years, has pursued his vocation with honor and success in an inland Italian city, and whose love of country has been intensified by foreign experience and long exile, was accustomed to escape at intervals from the treasonable prognostics of his apostate countrymen, and the covert sneers of monarchical sycophants, during the sanguinary struggle now triumphantly closed, and, hastening to the nearest seaport, revive his patriotic faith and hopes by visiting one of our national vessels. The sight of the flag, the order and beauty of the craft, the gallant and courteous companionship of the officers, were all full of welcome and encouragement; and he returned to his work with renewed national sentiment. It is thus that true men and loyal citizens, all the world over, regard the official insignia and representatives of their country in a foreign land; it is thus that ships of war and accredited agents carry round the earth the eloquent expression of distant nationalities, winning for them the respect of aliens, and bringing to the hearts of their children a sense of protection and an evidence of sympathy alike cheering and sublime. And yet there are those who fail to appreciate the worth of these vital links be-

tween far-away lands and our own, whereby our character and career as a nation, to say nothing of our welfare, are manifest with "victorious clearness." Men of purely local experience and limited sympathies are apt to imagine that society and government have outgrown what the spirit of the age has modified; they mistake transition for extinction, and would have us summarily forego that which we have merely changed relations with; because science has, to so large an extent, conquered superstition, they think the need of organized religion has ceased; because hygienic discoveries have revealed the abuses of the healing art, they believe the profession of medicine is an imposition; and because the old mystery and elaborate formulas of diplomacy have, with the advance of true principles, lost their original influence, they declare legislative provision for foreign representation superfluous. Especially is this latter idea proclaimed by our own shallow demagogues; to us, they argue, the "balance of power," so long the ideal of European diplomacy, is of no consequence, and the very name of a Holy Alliance an impertinence; and from such premises, infer that we are absolved from national duties in this regard. Unfortunately, the moral sensibility of such charlatans in civic philosophy is as deficient as their mental scope is narrow; otherwise, noting the superior charm and social ministry of the class of gentlemen who represent foreign governments among us, they would instinctively recognize the civilizing element of modern diplomacy — feel that the intercourse of nations was never before so vital an interest as now, that mutual objects transcend the range of politics and economy, and include the diffusion of knowledge, the amenities of social progress, and the welfare of humanity. With the renewal of our national life on the basis of universal freedom, an opportunity and an impulse for special reforms have arisen among all who feel the obligations, and recognize the scope of enlightened citizenship. And the increased influence we have attained abroad suggests and necessitates ameliorations in American diplomacy. The intercourse of nations, like all other vital interests, has been essentially expanded and modified by the spirit of the age. Unification in Italy and Germany has done away with the necessity for those perpetual arrangements to equalize the power and maintain the integrity of small states, such as, in the Middle Ages, made the alliances of the Italian Republics with Papal and Imperial governments, and, in earlier times, the cities of Greece with each other, a great sphere of political astuteness. Grote and Sismondi have ably illustrated this prolific chapter in the civic history of the Old World; and every popular annalist of our day has derived from its records the most valuable materials, so that the archives of Europe furnish, in the correspondence of ambassadors, the best data of national development, especially in such records as those of the Venetian envoys. While the guarded and sagacious relations of small communities thus formed an excellent school of diplomatic discipline, the Reformation and the French Revolution introduced so many new and conflicting elements into European state-craft, that the very name of foreign ambassador became synonymous with disingenuousness, if not duplicity. The isolation of the United States, long after their independence, rendered it comparatively easy to follow the parting advice of Washington, and keep free from entanglements with the countries of the Old World. We had but one great interest to protect abroad, and that was our commercial welfare. The vast tide of foreign immigration, the increase of travel incident to the new facilities of communication, the political and social sympathies awakened by a great experiment of free government on this side of the ocean, and the prestige acquired by a civil war waged to overthrow an enormous national wrong, and consolidate an immense territory, have given an entirely fresh force and feeling to our foreign relations. We have principles to rep-

resent, migratory colonies to protect, mutual interests to cherish, and a national life to vindicate and honor all over the world. Meantime Diplomacy has, like all other human institutions, gradually shared the transitions of society and science; these peerless agencies have emancipated that vocation from the trammels of conventional and insincere methods; integrity is now more effective than intrigue; justice recognized as more auspicious than cunning; to consult the tides of humanity rather than the mirage of ambition, to deal with the facts of the time rather than with the schemes of power, to recognize the rights instead of taking advantage of the weakness of states, is felt to be the path, not only of wisdom but of success. Before the days of steam and the telegraph, there was excuse for tedious negotiation, — a reason for evasion and indirectness; but now that every incident in the life of nations, every official act, every political opinion, civic aspiration, and administrative resource, is promulgated by the press, sped along the chambers of the sea, discussed in *salon* and mart as well as in cabinet and parliament, only by frank and free utterance can the prosperity of a people be assured, their interests promoted, and their dignity preserved.

Science has made public opinion, — national sentiment, — a power which princes respect; arbitrary will, though sustained by bayonets, is obliged to yield to moral and social influences, which, in feudal times, were comparatively ineffective; hence special pleading and unscrupulous deceit have, in a great measure, lost their effect as diplomatic agencies. The system represented by such names as Kaunitz, Metternich, and Talleyrand is, to a great degree, obsolete; liberal interpretation of rights, enlightened estimates of duty in national affairs, have more and more superseded the intense and subtle self-seeking of states; traditional policies have lost their significance, and the spirit of the age, so pervasive and triumphant, has altered the game by exalting the motives and enlarging the sphere of diplomacy. Even Austria, so long the synonyme of despotic perversity, gives way to the protest and the plea of progress. Cavour obtained for Italy, so long the spoil of the stranger, the sympathetic recognition of Europe, not by shrewd manœuvres, but through manly and confident use of modern enlightened and humane aspirations; the vast Middle Kingdom, whose stationary civilization and traditional exclusiveness had, for ages, isolated her people and territory from contact with the western world, throws open the gates of her capital to Christian envoys, and sends an Embassy to all the governments of the earth, to establish free intercourse therewith; the flag of every nation is welcomed to the long-sealed ports of Japan; and the Turk is dragged along in the procession of reform. The byways as well as the highways of the world are thus opened to enterprise, to curiosity, to co-operative association; and Social Science, however inadequate in special experiments, has inaugurated a new era in the life of nations, that renders their old laws and limits in relation to each other a mere tradition.

Shakespeare hints the essential scope of diplomacy, — "take with you free power to ratify, augment, and alter"; he alludes to those "who know not how to use ambassadors," adjures the authority thus addressed to receive them "according to the honor of the sender," and gives the admirable counsel "to fight with gentle words till time lends friends."

The philosophy of diplomatic agency is also well stated by Lord Bacon: "It is better to deal by speech than by letter and by the medium of a third than by a man's self"; but his maxims set forth in the Essay on Negotiating are more remarkable for worldly wisdom than comprehensive insight. Montaigne suggests the necessity of discretionary power, when he says that "the functions of an ambassador are not so fixed and precise but that they must, in the various and unforeseen occurrences and accidents that may fall out

in the management of a negotiation, be wholly left to their own discretion. They do not simply execute the will of their master, but, by their wisdom, form and model it also." Precepts like these indicate how special and limited comparatively the function of the *diplomate* was of old. Now it includes much voluntary service, and is subject to generous interpretation, owing to the social and scientific range it has attained. The courtly smile, the sagacious nod, the contravention, conciliation, and concealment associated with the office, are no longer essential, and the snuff-box, parchment, and ribbon have little symbolic meaning. Beyond and often above his specific duties, the ambassador of our day is expected to furnish his country with facts of interest in every sphere of knowledge, to represent not merely authority but culture, and to illustrate, in his own person and influence, progress and the arts of peace as well as the *dicta* of Power. More or less of this genial ministry has been always recognized. Hence men of letters and science are wisely selected, for the double purpose of doing honor to their country's reputation and enjoying the best opportunity for research and observation. In English literature many illustrious names are associated with these appointments, from those of Sir Kenelm Digby to Addison, and from Sir William Temple to Mackintosh, Sir Henry Bulwer, and Sir Francis Head. It is incalculable what indirect, but none the less memorable, influence such a foreign representative as Baron Bunsen may exert; the prestige and even the official service being subordinate to the social mission. And a recent English writer has well said that "to know thoroughly the history, literature, and politics of different countries, so far as the length of their residences in each permits, has become the ideal of diplomatists of the new school." Such an exercise of the authority and improvement of the opportunities incident to the diplomatic career elevates it as a medium of civilization and a mission of humanity; the life of nations is thus made to nourish the sentiment of brotherhood, to promote the cause of science, and to weave alliances from the "records of the mind"; it accords with the benign aspirations and responds to the latent appeals of intelligence, culture, and character; and, when associated with benevolent sympathies and high convictions, renders the national representative a social benefactor. Bunsen, when ambassador at Rome, became a disciple of Niebuhr, and was one of the few to appreciate and encourage Leopardi; and, in England, he was the ally of Arnold and Hare; ostensibly a Prussian envoy, in reality he was an apostle of knowledge, freedom, and truth, ever intent upon diffusing the eternal elements of progress and humanity, by the magnetic earnestness and noble spirit of a Christian scholar; and in his quality of ambassador he did not regard himself, according to the sarcastic definition of Sir Henry Wotton, as one "sent to lie abroad for his country."

The foreign representatives of nations to-day are social rather than selfish agents, purveyors of knowledge, ministers of civilization, auspicious to their own, without being antagonistic to alien, nationalities. Their office is urbane, their spirit cosmopolitan; and if intrepid in the performance of national duty, they are none the less genial in the observances of international courtesy. The "smooth barbarity of courts" and the "insolence of office" are not indeed extinct; but the ameliorations of modern society have harmonized and humanized them. Vast mutual interests have developed in the consciousness, and are recognized in the foreign policy, of nations; and the history, the position, the resources, and the destiny of the United States give them a prominence and a part therein too evident to be ignored. Unfortunately, many of our members of Congress are men of purely local affinities, devoid of the comprehensive views born of travel and culture, and therefore prone to treat with indifference and ignorance the diplomatic interests of the government, — apparently unconscious of their renewed

importance to the national dignity and honor, and their social necessity and possible elevation and utility.

When an important treaty is negotiated, a national right vindicated, the country honored by the conduct or influence of her representative abroad, or even an American citizen protected when in peril of life, liberty, or property, in a foreign country, these legislators acknowledge that an efficient and respected agent of the Republic abroad is very useful and desirable; that his salary is a profitable investment, and his office no sinecure. But, apart from these exceptional occasions, they are apt to regard foreign missions as the best sphere for economical experiments, — as a branch of the government rather ornamental than requisite, and chiefly valuable as affording convenient means of rewarding partisan services. Indeed, this latter abuse of a class of appointments which, more than any other, should be based on disinterested motives, regulated by absolute considerations of capacity and character, has brought our diplomatic service into disrepute. During the war for the Union, when so much depended on the intelligence and patriotism of our foreign representatives, — when the national honor was assailed, and treason to the flag stalked, with arrogant front, through the aristocratic ranks of Europe, — the nation felt to her heart's core the vital necessity of selecting for these duties and dignities men of honor, ability, and national sentiment; such men, indeed, saved the country at that memorable crisis, and their services endear their names, and should permanently exalt their office, to the American heart.

One who has been a wanderer on the face of the earth, who has known what it is to be alone in a foreign land, learns to appreciate the signal benefit of citizenship when he encounters the flag or escutcheon of his country, and experiences the protection and advantages afforded by an accredited agent of her authority. Especially in every exigency and vicissitude he finds support and defence in this representative of his nation; when sick and alone, or when grasped by the power of an alien government, or when desirous of promoting an enterprise, or exploring a region, or searching the arcana of Nature or the archives of History, or forming responsible social relations, — in all the varied occasions when he needs official sanction or social indorsement, there is one spot as sacred to his rights as his native soil, one friend upon whom he has a legitimate claim, one watchword that enables him to assert his individuality and exercise his birthright. And there are circumstances incident to every stranger's lot, and every absentee's interest, when the embassy of his country becomes a sanctuary, a court of justice, or a shrine before which the marriage vow, the funeral rite, or the weekly worship have the hallowed influence, if not the local associations, of home. In times of war he seeks and finds security beneath the recognized and respected flag of his native land; his nationality has a significance never before realized, for it is upheld and guarded by the law of nations; and, when adequately and worthily represented, links him, by a permanent and powerful agency, to all the honors and privileges of his country.

Much of the usefulness of diplomatic relations is negative, the advantages whereof are not like those of official duties nearer home, constantly recorded and announced; obligations thus conferred on the citizen often have no testimony but that of private gratitude, and hence inexperienced legislators are apt to ignore them. Yet many a pilgrim never knows how much of love and pride are associated with the land of his birth, how much of latent patriotism glows in his heart, until such far-away tribute and triumph are accorded by the deference of foreign governments, and enjoyed by the errant children of his own. This personal gratification is, however, but an incidental good, compared to the prestige, the consideration, and the influence thus obtained for a nation, the facilities of intercourse, the

advancement of mutual interests, the desirable knowledge and faith propagated by intelligent and faithful representative agents. Herein the social amelioration of the world has a civic demonstration; the brotherhood of man is recognized as a political fact, the supremacy of law is illustrated as a cosmopolitan principle, and the primitive virtue of hospitality rises to national significance. In this broad and social light, Diplomacy is a great element of Civilization; and just in proportion as our country is exempt from the dynastic necessities which have dwarfed and perverted it in Europe, is she bound, in the interests of freedom and education, to contribute generously and graciously thereto.

And this conviction suggests the necessity of a more liberal provision for our diplomatic system, which is due to the honor of a vast and prosperous country, to a just American pride, to the increased costliness of living and entertainment abroad. It has long been a matter of publicity, that the leading missions of the United States can, with the present salaries, be filled only by men of large private means; in those of the second class the salaries are rarely equal to the expenses. It is a paltry economy, unworthy a great nation, to deny foreign representatives the means to maintain their households with dignity and comfort, or to exercise a liberal hospitality. Whatever places them on a basis inferior to that of their brother *diplomates* should be deprecated by every true patriot. If represented at all, let our nation be represented in no niggardly fashion; without extravagance or ostentation, but, at least, in that refined and prosperous style which should characterize a people in whom self-respect is engendered by freedom and industry; otherwise we pay an equivocal compliment to the government with whom we exchange the amenities of official intercourse. On the same principle, the absurd cavillings in regard to diplomatic costume should be ignored by virtue of the law of courtesy prescribed in our instructions to envoys, that, in matters of etiquette, the minister, chargé, or consul shall *conform to the customs of the court or country to which he is accredited;* it is simply vulgar to insist on intruding one's idea of dress, *as a guest*, in the face of precedent.

An American sojourning along the shores of the Mediterranean, thirty years ago, had a memorable experience of the incongruities of our diplomatic system. At one post he found a gentleman of alien birth exercising consular functions, with hospitable courtesy, merely to enjoy the opportunities thus secured of frequent association with the citizens of a land he honored and loved. At another the intemperate habits or ignorant assumption of a consul of native birth made him blush for his citizenship; while, as he looked from a consular mansion on the destructive feats of a Sicilian mob, goaded to revolution by pestilence, ascribed, in their savage ignorance, to wells poisoned by their rulers, or walked amid the batteries of a British fort, side by side with his nation's official representative, a glow of pride and a consciousness of security under the honored flag of his distant home made him realize, as never before, its auspicious significance. But too often such honest elation was subdued by the contrast between the intelligent efficiency, the personal accomplishments, and the thorough fitness of the other members of the diplomatic corps and our own. If the necessity of reform was then so apparent, it is infinitely more so now, when the standard of official culture is higher, the number of our errant countrymen so much larger, and the fusion of states, as well as social interests, so continuous and prevalent, as to make enlightened and humanitarian diplomatists the vanguard in the "federation of the world."

It requires no elaborate argument to prove that the normal benefits and the legitimate utility of Diplomacy, in the actual condition of the world, depends mainly upon the character and equipment of national representatives. What-

ever may have been the requisites of the past, those of the present are obvious. Probity, knowledge, and patriotism are essential qualifications; a certain sympathy with liberal studies, and some grace of manner and accomplishment of mind, are indispensable. Historical acquisitions, in order to be *en rapport* with previous relations, self-respect, and broad views are implied in such a position. "Steady and impartial observation, free though cautious correspondence, friendly, social relations with the members of the diplomatic body at the place of residence," are designated in the regular instructions to envoys; and the duty is prescribed of "transmitting such information relating to the government, finances, commerce, arts, sciences, and condition of the countries where they reside as they may deem useful." Such functions are only possible for men of education, judgment, industry, and tact; and to secure these, the system should be progressive. The superiority of European diplomats is owing to their vocation being a recognized official career with grades, advancement, and preparation, as well as permanence assured. Legal and linguistic training and social efficiency are more than ever desirable. Lord Clarendon has shown that the importance of the diplomatic branch of government has increased within the last decade; that its standard has risen, and its capabilities grown with the progress of science and society; and the time has arrived when its higher claims should be practically realized in our country.

The needed reforms and the argument therefor are clearly stated by the representative in Congress who advocated and reported the bill to "regulate the civil service of the United States, and promote the efficiency thereof. A brief extract will illustrate his reasoning: —

"We see at every change of administration over fifty thousand persons removed from office to make way for others of a different partisan creed, every one of whom will owe his appointment to something other than personal merit. And again, all these are liable to be removed, and a similar class of successors appointed, at the next change of party. If patriotism ever prompted the desire for office, such a system would tend to eradicate that sentiment. It tends to weaken all the obligations of society for the purpose of strengthening a mere party; it elevates private interests above the welfare of the state; it tends to disintegrate the political fabric; and at last, as we have felt in our bitter experience, it destroys allegiance itself. That element which invigorates a monarchy corrupts the life of a republic.

"Social standing and consideration, by reason of such employment, is not thought of. The administration is always saying, in effect, to each of its civil servants: 'Your skill, your experience, your long and faithful service, are as nothing to us; we can discharge you to-morrow, and at once find a hundred others who will answer our purposes as well.' Each one thus suffers a standing discredit. His place is due to accident, and gives him no title to respect. It implies, rather, a damaged reputation, and a character that can be tampered with. A tide-waiter can be nothing more, nor is he sure of even being that, although he proves to be the most faithful and capable of tide-waiters. If he does not bury his talent himself, it is buried for him, and his possible skill in making usance by it can avail him nothing. No grades, no promotions, no hopes, no honors, no rewards, are open to the most faithful, diligent, and honest officer, and while the incentive to excellence in service which these might give is wholly lost, his office itself gives him no character or social position. But if by merit and fidelity the tide-waiter can win the higher places in the customs, his place, himself, and the service itself acquire respectability. The cadet of either of the warlike services has a prestige in this regard over even the higher grades of the civil service. All doors may be open to him, for his uniform is evidence

of his education, character, and of an opening career. Although the lowest subaltern, he may become a general or an admiral. A lieutenant or an ensign has a standing in society, by virtue of his being in the service of the government, but there is no element of respectability in the service of a clerk, inspector, or special agent, which would entitle him to be recognized, even by a member of Congress. I cannot believe that the reason of this is that the civil service is in itself less worthy of respect than the military, but is it not because the element of honor, which is inherent in the one, has not hitherto been added to the other? All serve alike under the flag; and while the glory cannot be equal, no discredit should be cast on either class of public servants by reason of their service." *

The bill, the necessity and advantages of which are thus ably set forth, provides for the appointment by the President, with the consent of the Senate, of a Board of Four Commissioners, with the Vice-President as their head, who shall prescribe the qualifications for civil offices, provide for the examination of candidates therefor, and periods and conditions of probation, and report rules and precedents; the candidate who stands highest to have the preference.

No one unfamiliar with the diplomatic correspondence of the United States can estimate the great conveniences and facilities which faithful government agents afford American citizens. The legal guaranties in the transaction of business abroad, the immense saving of time and money in cases of contested local rights and personal claims, the maintenance of the national influence and honor, and the suggestions and information of vital importance only to be obtained at head-quarters and through official authority, are fruits of diplomatic service that make the record one of patriotic interest and practical value of which few of our citizens are aware. In some cases, where the official representative is not of adequate rank to arrange disputes and decide questions in his own person, the voluminous correspondence of interested parties, and the expense of sending a ship of war to the scene, emphatically indicate the false economy which, in failing to provide a minister, incurs, in a few weeks, an expense which would have maintained him for years. Occasionally, also, when grave international problems are discussed, or political changes, and military or commercial facts cited or described, these reports abound in luminous expositions and interesting details, alike creditable to the vigilance, ability, and humane sympathies of the writers, and of rare worth and interest to our government and people. When a foreign war is being waged, a treaty under consideration, a revolution imminent or in progress, — when a citizen is despoiled of liberty, a fugitive from justice is running the gauntlet of our legations, — when an equitable pecuniary claim is withheld, or the decease of an eminent or wealthy fellow-countrymen demands the active protection of the law of nations, or when this law is violated, and only prompt and judicious explanation can ward off serious consequences, and when scientific or mercantile enterprise or emigration calls for special arrangements, with the sanction of foreign rulers, — in these and other exigencies the labors and influence of the diplomatist impress the public as an invaluable civil economy, and benignant as well as indispensable provision of civilization; but it should be remembered that, beyond these conspicuous duties and sometimes brilliant achievements, which attain historical prominence, there are the less-known but equally important ministries to the country's welfare, fulfilled in obedience to private needs, in the use of social privileges only attainable through official claims, in the protective and hospitable exercise of diplomatic functions, so requisite for the stranger, and so grateful to the citizen, to whom his passport is not only a shield but thus becomes the most auspicious letter of introduction and a national indorsement.

* Speech of Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes of Rhode Island, May 14th, 1868.

The increased interest in, and more accurate knowledge of, our country in Europe of late is apparent from the greater attention and sympathy accorded the United States by the foreign press; it is evidenced by the enthusiastic welcome bestowed in every port and city upon our naval hero, and the honors lavished on our household poet; it is manifest in the candid and cordial acknowledgment of official merit and private enterprise, whether expressed in the parting compliments paid a retiring minister, or the prandial honors offered to the patient and persistent American actuary of the Atlantic telegraph; and it finds expression in hospitality on one side of the Channel, and the liberal interpretation of our national proclivities by publicists on the other. All these signs of the times give emphasis to our diplomatic influence, attest its renewed importance, and suggest its improvement. The London Spectator, alluding to our late minister at the Court of St. James, remarks: —

"We can conceive of no career more likely to impress upon a public which is apt at times to talk with silly fluency of the superfluousness, in these days of popular government, of embassies and ambassadors, than the career of the Ambassador who for seven years has had to manage the relations of the two most popular governments on the globe, and but for whose personal wisdom and tact those two popular governments would probably at this moment be peppering each other with proclamations, orders in council, general orders, turret guns, and all the elaborate missiles of scientific war."

A leading British statesman, in a recent discussion of the English diplomatic system, declared in Parliament that, for every pound sterling paid to their foreign ministers, tens of thousands of pounds were saved to the treasury, by the avoidance of entangling disputes and misunderstandings between subjects abroad, which, through personal interviews between the ministers, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, were arranged amicably, and by the strengthening of national good-will and developing commercial relations. In a subsequent debate, it was shown that the increased facilities of intercourse had added largely to the labor and expense of foreign representatives, while they increased the need and enlarged the sphere of their duties.

"After the acquisition of Russian America," says *La Presse*, "which increases their domains on the Pacific, the Americans have purchased from Denmark the island of St. Thomas. They annex, also, by the same process, the Bay of Samana. Then, as to Mexico, it is indisputable that one of the causes of the fall of Maximilian was, at first the covert, and afterwards open opposition of the Washington Cabinet; quite lately, General Prim was in treaty therewith to cede the pearl of the Antilles, — Cuba. Even in South America, the Starry Banner presents itself as the guardian of the little local republics against European pretensions. There, also, the Monroe doctrine will produce its effects. The impartial America of Washington is dead. There is, now-a-days, on the other side of the Atlantic, a people that wishes to extend its action over the whole world, and which, with this object, tends to become more and more unitarian." Thus, increase of territory and neighborhood seems to necessitate fresh wisdom in our diplomatic system, and to render it alike expedient, and morally as well as politically desirable that in this, as in every other national sphere of action, the solemn purpose and earnest aim of our government and people should be to have, always and everywhere, the right man in the right place.

Our brief diplomatic history opened most auspiciously with the name, character, and influence of Benjamin Franklin, who, to this day, is the most complete representative American, and is regarded abroad as the peerless expositor of the genius of our institutions; the philosopher and republican gaze fondly on his portrait at Versailles; young Italy buys his autobiography at a bookstall in Florence; and

the London printer and Berlin *savant* cherish the memory of his eminent success, attained through frugality and self-reliance, and his experimental research in a sphere of natural phenomena whose later developments are among the greatest marvels of science. The eulogies of Turgot and Helvetius of old are echoed by those of Brougham and Laboulaye to-day. To the bold attacks on superstition whereby Voltaire opened the way for the reception of vital truths and to the vindication of the original and pervasive sentiments of humanity, which made Rousseau the pioneer of social reform, Franklin added the practical, common-sense, and humanitarian element which gave to these efficiency; his discoveries as a natural philosopher, his example as a free citizen, and his *bonhomie* and simple personal habits gave prestige and effect to his services as an ambassador. As agent for the Colonies in London, as one of the Committee of Secret Correspondence during the Revolution, as the medium of the French Alliance, by his vigilance, his moderation, his patience, wisdom, firmness, and loyalty, he secured us European recognition and the sinews of war; while his social attractiveness and solidity of character were, with rare singleness of purpose, made to subserve patriotic ends. The elder Adams with his assiduous energy, Jay with his intrepid rectitude, Gouverneur Morris with his comprehensive mind and high tone, and Deane with his conciliatory tact, ushered in our foreign representation with dignity and moral emphasis. These men of intellectual scope and culture, of disinterested self-devotion, of legal acumen, republican faith, and courteous manners, gained for America, at the hour of her civic birth, the confidence and respect of the world. Nor were their immediate successors unworthy of such illustrious forerunners, for on the roll of our early ambassadors we read with justifiable pride such names as Rufus King, William Pinckney, Albert Gallatin, and Edward Livingston, followed at a subsequent era by those of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, — names enshrined in the national heart and radiant on the page of history. Thenceforth the list becomes incongruous; here and there, now and then, preserving its original distinction, as worthily representative of a free and intelligent people, but too often degraded by mere political fortune-hunters, whose careers reflect no credit and whose appointments accuse the integrity of those in power. Not without memorable exceptions, however, is this perversion of diplomatic opportunities; we have fortunately had men always on the floor of Congress, and in the Executive chair and the Department of State, who "have kept steadily in view the honor and prosperity of the whole country," and, rising above partisan objects, have had the civic wisdom and courage to select as American ambassadors, envoys, and official agents, citizens of approved character and devoted to liberal studies, whose personal influence abroad has been auspicious, and whose diplomatic station has gained lustre and utility from their renown as intellectual benefactors. In this noble phalanx we can rank with patriotic satisfaction such men as Webster and Wheaton, Legaré and the Everetts, Bancroft, Irving, Motley, Walsh, Fay, Marsh, and Hawthorne; and while the social and official eminence of Bowdoin, Middleton, Rush, McLean, and others is gratefully remembered, the later and essential services of Charles Francis Adams and his national compeers in the diplomatic corps, during the late war, have already an historical recognition.

In what may be called the incidental fruits of diplomatic opportunities we are not without gratifying evidence, where these appointments have been judiciously made. Thus our graceful pioneer author gathered materials for his cherished bequest of literature; official position in England and Spain was of great practical value to Irving as an author; while the scholarship of Alexander H. Everett made him, when American minister in the latter country, an

excellent purveyor for Prescott. The standard treatise on International Law perhaps would never have been undertaken, and certainly not so ably achieved, but for Wheaton's diplomatic position at Copenhagen and Berlin. Soon after the Revolution the public spirit of such men as Humphreys and Barlow, while holding office abroad, made them benign coadjutors in many desirable enterprises; the former first imported our best breed of sheep, and the latter promoted the success of Fulton's inventions. Bancroft gleaned an historical harvest while at the Court of St. James; Hawthorne gave us the most finished picture of England since the Sketch-Book while consul at Liverpool; Kinney held counsel with Cavour and D'Azeglio at Turin, during the auspicious epoch of Italian unification, bringing to their encouragement, not only republican sympathy, but many educational and civic precedents to guide the experimental state reforms. From Peru, South America, China, the East, and many parts of Western Europe, interesting and valuable researches and records of observation have employed the leisure, and honored the offices, of our diplomatic representatives; while one of the most popular and creditable histories which has enriched the literature of the day owes its existence in no small degree to the facilities afforded its accomplished author, by his residence and position abroad as a Minister of the United States. These and similar facts point to the expediency and desirableness, other things being equal, of selecting for such appointments scholars and men of science or lettered aptitudes. It is one of the few methods incident to our institutions, whereby not only a race of gentlemen, but a class of disinterested, social, artistic, and literary men can be fostered and become intellectual benefactors as well as patriotic representatives of our country.

As we write, a gifted native sculptor is putting the finishing touches to a statue of Commodore Matthew Perry, to commemorate the Expedition by which Japan was opened to the commerce of the world; and a group of Orientals are on a pilgrimage to the nations, with treaties of comity and trade, under the guidance and guardianship of an American selected for the office by their government from among the diplomatists of Europe, not less because of his personal qualifications, than in recognition of the independent position, harmonious relations, and liberal policy of his country; while the educational and economical progress of Greece, so dear to the American scholar, and so identified with our Christian enterprise, have just received the national recognition which the last and noblest offspring of Time owes to the primeval source of its culture, by the establishment of a mission at Athens, and the cordial reception of a minister from that classic land. In view of such facts, and in the recent efforts to elevate and systematize our diplomacy, we have reason to hope that the abuses which have succeeded its brilliant initiation will be reformed; that the more enlightened interpretations of the principles of international law, and the fresh sense of national responsibility induced by the costly sacrifices and second birth of the Republic, will inspire our legislators to aim at securing in the future, what the historian of our early diplomacy claimed therefor, that "we entered into the old and venerable circle of nations in no vulgar spirit, but calmly, as conscious of right, resolutely, as conscious of strength, gravely, as conscious of duty."

THE GENIUS OF HAWTHORNE.

TO understand the Marble Faun, or, as the English publishers compelled Hawthorne to call their edition, "Transformation," it should be read in the atmosphere of Rome. Everything in that moral, or rather entirely immoral, atmosphere serves to interpret the artistic work of an author in whom intellect and sensibility are one to a degree that scarcely can be predicated of any other; and whose power to express what he *felt with his mind*, and *thought with his heart* (we use these expressions advisedly), are unsurpassed, if not unsurpassable.

Every one, whether cultivated or uncultivated, acknowledges the charm of Hawthorne's style; but the most cultivated best appreciate the wonder of that power by which he wakes into clear consciousness shades of feeling and delicacies of thought, that perhaps have been experienced by us all, but were never embodied in words before.

We are not prepared to fully adopt the dogmatic statement of a recent critic, who declared prose composition a higher kind of expression than that which the world has hitherto united in calling poetry; but Hawthorne goes far to prove that language even without rhythm is an equal organ of that genius which, whether it speak in music, sculpture, painting, or measured words, is a still more ethereal image of the Infinite in the finite; an utterance of the divine by the human which may not always be understood at once, but which creates understanding within us more and more forever.

Judging by this standard, — the power of creating understanding within those whom he addresses, — Hawthorne takes rank with the highest order of artists. For it is not the material in which a man works that determines his place as an artist, but the elevation and fineness of the truth his work communicates. Was ever a more enduring house built by architectural genius, or made more palpable to the senses of men, than The House of the Seven Gables? Or did any sculptor ever uncover a statue of marble that will last longer than the form of Judge Pyncheon, over whose eyeball the fly crawls as he sits dead? And what painted canvas or frescoed wall by any master of color has preserved a more living, breathing image of the most evanescent moods of sensibility and delicacies of action than are immortalized in the sketches of Alice and of Clifford, and the tender nursing of the latter after the arrival of Phœbe?

The House of the Seven Gables is a tragedy that takes rank by the side of the Trilogy of the Agamemnon, Choephoroi, and Eumenides, without the aid of the architecture, sculpture, verse, dancing, and music which Æschylus summoned to his aid to set forth the operation of the Fury of the house of Atrides that swept to destruction four generations of men. It takes two hundred years for the crime which the first Pyncheon perpetrated against the first Maule to work itself off, — or, we should rather say, for the forces of the general humanity to overcome the inevitable consequences of one rampant individuality, that undertook to wield the thunderbolts of Omnipotence against a fellow-mortal possessing gifts not understood, and therefore condemned. The peaceful solution of the problem of fate in the modern tragedy is undoubtedly due to the Christian light which the noble heathen lacked; it is love, in every pure and unselfish form, that undoes the horrible spell which pride of possession and place and a pharisaic lust of rule laid upon the house of Pyncheon. As soon as the father of Phœbe freely followed out, in his own individual case, the genial impulse of nature, which consumed in its passionate glow the family pride that had proved so fatal, and thus admitted the general humanity into equality, or rather sued, as lovers wont, to be allied to it, even at the expense

of all the external advantages of his birthright, the good providence of God accepted and justified the deed, by sending into the first real home that a Pyncheon had made for himself one of those "angels that behold the face of the Father," who, in process of time, goes back to the desolate old house to bless it, without consciousness of the high place she holds among ministering spirits, or what a mighty deed she does by simply being the innocent, sweet, loving creature she is; while the corresponding last Maule in the light of the science which the general progress of society has given him finds an explanation of the peculiar power which the exceptional organization of his lineage had made hereditary; and, exercising it in a common-sense way, and with simple good feeling, the curse of the first Maule upon the first Pyncheon is at last replaced by a marriage blessing and bond, laying to sleep the Fury of Retribution, attendant on the crime which is the key-note of the whole story, and which had reappeared through so many generations, — for it makes the two families one.

In The Marble Faun we have a picture of Rome, not only as it appears to the senses and to the memory, but also to the spiritual apprehension which penetrates the outward show. Genius in Hawthorne was limited, as that of all men must be, by his temperament, but less than that of most men by his will. To "give his thought act" was not his impulse, but to represent it to other men. He was not, therefore, so much an effective power among other powers in the current life, as the quiet, open eye that gathers truth for other men to enact. His vocation was to set forth what he saw so clearly with such accuracy of outline, fulness of coloring, and in such dry light as would enable other men to interpret the phenomena about them as he did. He does not invent incidents, much less a dramatic narrative. He loved best to take some incident ready made to his hand, and to work out in thought the generation of it from eternal principles, or the consequences of it in the spiritual experience of those concerned in it, whether actively or passively. Most writers of fiction not only tell you what their heroes and heroines do, but why; dogmatically stating how they feel and what they think. Hawthorne seldom does this. He does not seem to know much more about his heroes and heroines than he represents them to know of each other; but, recognizing the fact that most outward action is from mixed motives, and admits of more than one interpretation, he is very apt to suggest two or three quite diverse views, and, as it were, consult with his readers upon which may be the true one; and not seldom he gives most prominence to some interpretation which we feel pretty sure is not his own.

This characteristic peculiarity is nowhere more conspicuous than in The Marble Faun. He does not seem to know whether Donatello has pointed and furry ears or not. He touches the story of Miriam with such delicacy that those readers who are more interested in the gossip of temporary life than in the eternal powers which underlie it, generating a spiritual being which is never to pass away, are angry with the author, and accuse him of trifling with their feelings by raising curiosities which he does not gratify, and exciting painful sympathies which he does not soothe; they even call it a malicious use of a power which he ought to consecrate to increasing the enjoyment of his readers.

But few authors are really so little guilty as Hawthorne of any wanton use of their power over other minds. A work of literary art he did not view as merely an instrument for giving pleasure, but as a means to discover truth, or, rather, to put his readers on the track of discovering it in company with himself. What he especially seeks for are those great laws of human thought, feeling, and action which are apt to be covered from self-consciousness by transient emotions, and the force of outward circumstances of habit and general custom. In The Scarlet Let-

ter, for instance, he is plainly inquiring into the law of repentance, or the human being's sober second thought upon his own action, after it has become an irrevocable fact of nature; and he also asks what is the part that the social whole has to do, or does do, to make this sober second thought work the cure of the sinning soul and of wounded society. In one of the Twice-told Tales (Endicott and his men) he brings before our eyes, by the magic of his art, a day of the Puritan life of New England which was historical; for the dry chronicles tell us of Endicott's cutting the Red Cross out of the English banner on a "training-day," when the news suddenly reached him from England of some untoward act of Charles I. As usual, Hawthorne gives a framework to this historical incident from the characteristic phenomena of Puritan life as it appeared at that period in New England. "Training-day" was always the afternoon of "lecture-day," when all the people were required to assemble for a sermon, and the militia were in their uniforms. It was on this day that all the wrong-doers were punished. Among these he mentions a woman standing on the "meeting-house" steps, with the letter A on her breast, which, he adds, she was condemned to wear all her life before her children and the townspeople. For our fathers, he observes (we quote from memory), thought it expedient to give publicity to crime as its proper punishment. And then he queries whether the modern mode of keeping certain kinds of crime out of sight were better, or even more merciful, to the criminal and society. A friend asked Hawthorne if for this particular punishment he had documentary evidence; and he replied that he had actually seen it mentioned in the town records of Boston, but with no attendant circumstances. This friend said to another at that time, "We shall hear of that letter A again; for it evidently has made a profound impression on Hawthorne's mind." And in eight or ten years afterwards appeared the romance of The Scarlet Letter, throwing its lurid glare upon the Puritan pharisaism and self-righteous pride, and engraved with spiritual fire on the naked breast of the *unsuspected* sinner.

If the musty chronicles of New England history could afford an artist material for such a sharp-cut high-relief of real life as excited him to a study of its meaning so earnest that it has drawn into sympathetic interest tens of thousands of readers, who feel as if they were living in the midst of that terribly bleak locality and day, we cannot wonder that Rome, whose very aspect is so picturesque, and whose history combines such varieties of human experience, should have awakened emotions and suggested questions of a kindred depth. Many such questions are certainly asked and answered, at least hypothetically, in The Marble Faun. It is rather remarkable that criticism has not yet attempted to analyze the power of this book, or even to pluck out the heart of Miriam's mystery, — the key to which, as we apprehend, is to be found in the conversation over the copy of Beatrice Cenci's portrait in Hilda's studio.

It is entirely characteristic of Hawthorne's genius to take up such a subject as the history of Beatrice Cenci, and to inquire what was her internal experience; how a temperament so delicate and a spirit so innocent as Guido's portrait shows Beatrice's to have been stood before herself, whether as a victim or as a participator in the bloody deed for which she suffered death. Still more would he be apt to inquire what would be the spiritual result of the same outrage upon quite another temperament and cast of mind, — Miriam's, for instance. And again it was inevitable, as we have already intimated, that Rome should have suggested to his mind questions upon the efficacy or inefficacy of ritualistic confession and penance on the various degrees of criminal consciousness. Hilda says of Beatrice Cenci, that "sorrow so black as hers oppresses very nearly as sin would," for she was innocent in

her own eyes until her misfortune had driven her into parricide; which, trusting to the fidelity of Guido's portrait of her remembered face, and comparing that with the portrait of the stepmother, may be believed to have been not the suggestion of her own mind, though "that spotless flower of Paradise trailed over by a serpent," as Beatrice has been well described, was too much bewildered by the incomprehensible woe in which she found herself involved, and her will was too much paralyzed to do other than obey the impulse given by the only less outraged wife. The same calamity met by the clearer reason and stronger character of Miriam would not only suggest means of escape, especially if she had, as is intimated, wealth, and other easily imagined favoring circumstances, but would give energy to accomplish a certain moral independence of her most unnatural enemy, and would excite her intellect and creative imagination, rather than "oppress her whole being." It would seem from the sketches which Donatello found in Miriam's portfolio, that her hideous circumstances had not failed to arouse thoughts of murderous revenge which had governed her artistic creativeness in the selection and treatment of subjects, but that she had not thought of any more harmful realization of the dark dreams that haunted her than upon canvas. Until the fatal "look" passed from her eyes, which tempted Donatello to give free way to the impulse of hatred, with which his love for her had inspired him, towards one who was evidently her enemy, — and no common enemy, — the author plainly accounts her not only actually innocent, but a most humane person, and, like Beatrice, "if a fallen angel, yet without sin." Thus he speaks of her "natural language, her generosity, kindliness, and native truth of character," as banishing all suspicions, and even questions, from the minds of Hilda and Kenyon, to both of whom he ascribes the fine poetic instincts that intimate more truths concerning character than we can account for by phenomena. These traits insured to her their warm friendship and confidence, though her history was no less unknown and mysterious to them than to the public, who had speculated on it so wildly. They therefore acquiesced in the generally received opinion, that "the spectre of the catacomb" was her model; nor ever asked why it was that he followed her so pertinaciously. Any relation between Miriam and him other than the most superficial and accidental one was effectually forbidden by their sense of her character, which also annulled in the mind of Kenyon the strange significance of the "Spectre's" own words: —

"'Inquire not what I am, nor wherefore I abide in the darkness,' said he, in a hoarse, harsh voice, as if a great deal of damp were clustering in his throat. 'Henceforth I am nothing but a shadow behind her footsteps. She came to me when I sought her not. She has called me forth, and must abide the consequences of my reappearance in the world.'"

But the reflective reader, not being, like Kenyon, under the spell of Miriam's individuality, will hardly fail of detecting the relations between her and the so-called model, if he will compare this not unmeaning speech with the conversation in Hilda's study, to which we have already referred, when that inexperienced child pronounced the parricide an "inexpiable crime": —

"'O Hilda! your innocence is like a sharp steel sword,' exclaimed her friend. 'Your judgments are often terribly severe, though you seem all made up of gentleness and mercy. Beatrice's sin may not have been so great; perhaps it was no sin at all, *but the best virtue possible in the circumstances.* If she viewed it as a *sin*, it may have been because *her nature was too feeble for the fate imposed upon her.* Ah,' continued Miriam, passionately, 'if I could only get within *her consciousness!* — if I could only clasp Beatrice Cenci's ghost, and draw it into myself! I would *give up my life* to know whether she *thought herself innocent, or the one great criminal since time began.*' As Miriam gave utterance to these words, Hilda looked from the picture into her face, and was startled to observe that her friend's expression had become almost exactly that

of the portrait, as if her passionate wish and struggle to penetrate poor Beatrice's mystery had been successful. 'O, for Heaven's sake, Miriam, do not look so!' she cried. 'What an actress you are! and I never guessed it before. Ah! now you are yourself again,' she added, kissing her. 'Leave Beatrice to me in future.'

"'Cover up your magical picture then,' replied her friend, 'else I never can look away from it.'"

And again, further on in the same chapter: —

"Hilda read the direction; it was to Signor Luca Barboni, at the Cenci Palace, third piano.

"'I will deliver it with my own hand,' said she, 'precisely four months from to-day, unless you bid me to the contrary. Perhaps I shall meet the ghost of Beatrice in that grim old palace of her forefathers.'

"'In that case,' rejoined Miriam, 'do not fail to speak to her, and win her confidence. Poor thing! she would be all the better for pouring her heart out freely, and would *be glad to do it if she were sure of sympathy.* It irks my brain and heart to think of her all *shut up within herself.*' She withdrew the cloth that Hilda had drawn over the picture, and took another long look at it. 'Poor sister Beatrice! for she was still a woman, Hilda, — still a sister, be her sins what they might.'"

And still further on in the same chapter she says: —

"'After all, if a woman had painted the original picture, there might have been something in it we miss now. I have a great mind to undertake a copy myself, and try to give it what it lacks.'"

And again, having in a touching manner alluded to Hilda's devout habits of mind, she says: —

"'When you pray next, dear friend, remember me.'"

These significant sentences may be compared with others in Chapter XXIII. when Miriam, after the catastrophe of the Tarpeian rock, seeks Hilda; who, with the unconscious pharisaism of a child's innocence, repulses her because she knows her to have consented to a murder. Here the author makes Hilda appeal to Miriam for advice in her own uncertainty as to what she should do with her distressing knowledge, and adds: —

"This *singular appeal* bore striking testimony to the impression Miriam's natural uprightness and impulsive generosity had made on the friend who *knew her best.*"

He also makes Miriam's answer justify Hilda's instinctive confidence: —

"'If I deemed it for your peace of mind,' she said, 'to bear testimony against me for this deed, in the face of all the world, *no consideration of myself* should weigh with me an instant. But I believe that you would find no relief in such a course. What men call justice lies chiefly in outward formalities, and has never the close application and fitness that would be satisfactory to a soul like yours. *I cannot* be *fairly tried and judged before an earthly tribunal;* and of this, Hilda, you would perhaps become fatally conscious when it was too late. Roman justice, above all things, is a byword.'"

It is certain that Hilda's narration of the scene of the murder had "settled a doubt" in Miriam's mind. She took it, gladly perhaps, as collateral evidence that Donatello had not been mistaken when he said she had commanded his action with her eyes; for then she had all the responsibility of it. But how was it, then, that *she* was not crushed by remorse, seemed to feel no remorse? Was it not that she felt herself "in the circumstances" that made the crime "her best possible virtue"? The "sorrow that was so black as to oppress (Beatrice) very much as sin would" (which was the limit of Hilda's view of her case) did actually, in Miriam's case, not only excite to artistic expression, but drove her further; and she was not "too feeble for her fate," as she proved in the Chapel of the Cappucini, when —

"She went back, and gazed once more at the corpse. Yes, these were the features that Miriam *had known so well;* this was the visage that she remembered *from a far longer date than the most intimate of her friends suspected;* this form of clay had held the evil spirit which *blasted her sweet youth,* and *compelled her, as it were, to stain her womanhood with crime.* . . . . There had been nothing in his lifetime viler than this man; there was no other fact *within her*

consciousness that she felt to be so *certain;* and yet, because her persecutor found himself safe and irrefutable in death, he frowned upon *his victim*, and threw back the blame on her. 'Is it thou indeed?' she murmured, under her breath. 'Then thou hast no right to scowl upon me so! But art thou real or a vision?'

"She bent down over the dead monk till one of her rich curls brushed against his forehead. She touched one of his folded hands with her finger. 'It is he,' said Miriam, 'there is the scar which I know so well on his brow. And it is no vision, he is palpable to my touch. I will question the fact no longer, but deal with it as I best can. It was wonderful to see how the crisis developed in Miriam its own proper strength and the faculty of sustaining the demand which it made on her fortitude. She ceased to tremble; the beautiful woman gazed sternly at her dead enemy, endeavoring to meet and quell the look of accusation that he threw from between his half-closed eyelids. 'No, thou shalt not scowl me down,' said she, 'neither now, nor when we stand together at the judgment-seat. *I fear not to meet thee there!* Farewell till that next encounter.'"

Surely there is but one interpretation that can be put upon the power this vile wretch had over the noble Miriam, more than once bringing her to her knees: —

"She must have had cause to dread some unspeakable evil from this strange persecutor, and to know that this was the very crisis of her calamity; for, as he drew near, such a cold, sick despair crept over her, that it impeded her natural promptitude of thought. Miriam seemed dreamily to remember falling on her knees; but in her whole recollection of that wild moment, she beheld herself in a dim show, and could not well distinguish what was done and suffered; no, not even whether she were really an actor and sufferer in the scene."

But Hilda had settled all doubts by her narration: —

"'He approached you, Miriam; you knelt to him.'"

The hardly bestead, noble Miriam! Was there ever pictured a more tragic moment of human life than that brief one in which she knelt on the verge of the Tarpeian rock in spiritless deprecation? Only in Rome does natural innocence and virtue kneel in helplessness before personified vice, clad in the sacramental garments, and armed with the name and prestige of a Father!

And did not the genius of humanity hover over its priest when he gave that master-stroke to his picture, — making Miriam a symbol of Italy, beautiful in form, with the natural language of all nobleness; true to herself with all the unspent energies of her youth; and, in spite of outrage ineffable, reduced by the stress of her natural relationship to beg as a mercy, not the protection she has a right to demand, but mere immunity from its extreme opposite? Italy! outraged so beyond credibility that no one dares to tell the tale, lest humanity should be too much discouraged by the knowledge of the hideous moral disabilities her misfortunes involve; leaving her no path to purity and peace but through violence and civil war, which are apparently her "best possible virtue in the circumstances," or certainly not to be accounted as sin.

An æsthetic critic must needs shrink from the work of elucidating the dark shadow which seems to be Miriam's evil fate; for the author himself seems to endeavor to hide its secret, as Hilda says Beatrice seemed to try "to escape from (her) gaze." There is a delicate moral sentiment in the author, which shrinks from giving definite outlines and name to a crime that is an unnatural horror. He says in Chapter XI.: —

"Of so much we are sure, that there seemed to be a sadly mysterious fascination in the influence of this ill-omened person over Miriam; it was such as beasts and reptiles of subtle and evil nature sometimes exercise upon their victims. Marvellous it was to see the hopelessness with which, being naturally of so courageous a spirit, she resigned herself to the thraldom in which he held her. That iron chain, of which some of the massive links were round her feminine waist and the others in his ruthless hand, or which perhaps bound the pair together by a bond equally torturing to each, must have been forged in some

such unhallowed furnace as is only kindled by evil passions and fed by evil deeds.

"Yet let us trust there may have been no crime in Miriam, but only one of those fatalities which are among the most insoluble riddles propounded to mortal comprehension; the fatal decree by which *every crime is made to be the agony of many innocent persons*, as well as of the single guilty one."

Again, when in pity for her tormentor, she suggests prayer and penance: —

"In this man's memory there was something that made it awful for him to think of prayer, nor would any torture be more intolerable than to be reminded of such divine comfort and success as await pious souls merely for the asking. This torment was perhaps the token of a native temperament deeply susceptible of religious impressions, but which he had wronged, violated, and debased, until at length it was capable only of terror from the sources that were intended for our purest and loftiest consolation. He looked so fearfully at her, and with such intense pain struggling in his eyes, that Miriam felt pity. And now all at once it struck her that he might be mad. It was an idea that had never before seriously occurred to her mind, although, as soon as suggested, *it fitted marvellously into many circumstances that lay within her knowledge*. But alas! such was her evil fortune, that, whether mad or no, his power over her remained the same, and was likely to be used only the more tyrannously if exercised by a lunatic."

This chapter of "fragmentary sentences" has suggested to some readers the idea that a mutual, or at least a shared crime, was "the iron link that bound" these two persons together. But a careful reading will find no proof of this in any word of the author or of Miriam; and the "unmitigable will" which she tells him he mistook for an "iron necessity" is quite sufficient to explain the identification which the possible madman insists on at that time, and intimates afterwards, by beckoning her to wash her hands in the Fountain of Trevi when he did so himself.

To all those who ask if the author meant to represent Miriam, previous to the fatal night on the Tarpeian rock, as guilty of any *crime*, we commend a consideration of her words in her last conversation with Kenyon, when she tells him her history and name.

"'You shudder at me, I perceive,' said Miriam, suddenly interrupting her narrative.

"'No, you were innocent,' replied the sculptor. 'I shudder at the fatality that seems to haunt your footsteps, and throws a shadow of crime about your path, *you being guiltless*.'

"'There was such a fatality,' said Miriam; 'yes, the shadow fell upon me innocent, but I went astray in it, — as Hilda could tell you, — into crime.'"

What crime it was that *first* threw the shadow the author does not tell. It was unspeakable; and yet it is "an open secret" to his readers, after all the indications that he has given. It took place "some time after" she had repudiated the proposed marriage with a man

"So evil, so treacherous, so wild, and yet so strangely subtle, as could only be accounted for by the insanity which often develops itself in old close-kept races of men."

Yet it is plain that this intended husband was not "the spectre of the catacomb," any more than that Miriam was an accomplice in the crime of which she was suspected. When she refers to this suspicion in her narrative: —

"'But you know that I am innocent,' she cried, interrupting herself again, and looking Kenyon in the face.

"'I know it by my deepest consciousness,' he answered, 'and I know it by Hilda's trust and entire affection, which you never could have won had you been capable of guilt.'

"'That is sure ground, indeed, for pronouncing me innocent,' said Miriam, with the tears gushing into her eyes. 'Yet I have since become a horror to your saint-like Hilda by a crime which she herself saw me help to perpetrate.'

The fatal word which Miriam so dreaded was unquestionably that which would prove that she had *not* "committed suicide," and so expose her, like Beatrice Cenci, to an ignominious death, notwithstanding her innocence.

"'Looking back upon what had happened,' Miriam observed, she now considered him 'a madman. Insanity must have been mixed up with his original composition, and *developed by those very acts of depravity* which it suggested, and still more intensified, by the remorse that ultimately followed them. Nothing was stranger in his dark career than the penitence which often seemed to go hand in hand with crime. Since his death she had ascertained that it finally led him to a convent, where his severe and self-inflicted penance had even acquired him the reputation of unusual sanctity, and had been the cause of his enjoying greater freedom than is commonly allowed to monks.

"'Need I tell you more?' asked Miriam, after proceeding thus far. 'It is still a dim and dreary mystery, a gloomy twilight into which I guide you; but possibly you may catch a glimpse of much that I myself can explain only by conjecture. At all events, you can comprehend what my situation must have been after that fatal interview in the catacomb. My persecutor had gone thither for penance, but followed me forth *with fresh impulses to crime.*'"

What a fine sarcasm it is to put this man, than whom, whether mad or not, "nothing was viler," into the brown frock and cowl of a Capuchin, and bury him in earth of the Holy Land in all the odor, such as it is, of Capuchin sanctity! Why not? He had said prayers at all the shrines of the Coliseum, going on his knees from one to another, until his devotions (?) were interrupted by Miriam's unexpected and unintentional appearance before his eyes, awakening in him "fresh impulses" of the passion in which he was lost.

It is not unlikely, however, that Hawthorne, who, like Kenyon, "was a devout man in his way," was half unconscious of the sarcasm, in the deep religious earnestness with which he was treating those problems, inevitably presented to his mind in the place where he certainly first conceived the idea of this romance. As we have already intimated, how could such a man be in Rome, which pretends to be the centre of the spiritual universe, without having perpetually presented to his mind spiritual and moral problems deeper than all questions of ritualism without asking what is the nature of sin? what is its relation to crime? and for what were men put on the earth by God? Was it to outrage and lead each other astray; to dominate, and punish, and make each other suffer? or was it to "honor all men," to "further one another" in worthy action, "preferring one another in love"?

Or was it the Divine idea, that men should get into relation with God by becoming isolated from each other; denying the nearest relations in which they find themselves with each other as well as with outward nature? Is human existence a curse or a blessing? Is dying the business that God has given men to do? Is self-denial the substantial essence of human life, instead of the pruning of an exuberant tree, in order to its more beautiful growth? Where is the life of God to be seen?—in the exuberant sport of happy childhood; in the rush together of young hearts in love; in the subjection of stone and marble to beautiful forms that flow from the thinking mind; in the transfiguration of earths and minerals into the seven colors of light, to symbolize the glowing affections of the heart; in the heroic virtue, that, conscious of its own immortality and divinity, imperially gives away the lesser life of the senses, whenever it interferes with the larger life of the spirit? Is it, in short, in all manner of manifestation of the inner man to kindred men, in humble imitation, as it were, of God creating the outward universe to manifest himself to his rational and sensible creatures? Or is it in the asceticism of all these religious orders; in some of which the members make it their specialty *never to speak to each other*, much less do each other any service; who indulge in no natural sympathies; who, even when they actually do serve each other, eliminate all the spontaneity of love from the service, superseding it with a ritual by which they are earning a curtailment of the pangs of purgatory, or an immunity from everlasting suffering? This is not decla-

mation. Vincent de St. Paul, in his manual for the Sisters of Charity, tells them that if they do the deed of the good Samaritan from compassion for the poor man who has fallen among thieves, and bind up his wounds with an absorption of heart and mind in the relief of his suffering which shall make them forget themselves; if their outgushing sympathies for him cause a momentary oblivion of those church formulas to which are attached indulgences, and the *pater-nosters* and *ave Marias* are not consciously repeated as they do their charitable work, — their deed gains no indulgences, nor forms any part of their own divine life (which is the only meaning of being accepted of God).

The highest human activity, that which has a more spiritual quarry than marble, color, or whatever is the material of the so-called fine arts, is entirely unknown in Rome. Instead of a state which receives the coming generation as the father of a future age, leaving it free as a son to find "the business which God has given it to do," pondering all its expressed intuitions, and nurturing it with all means of development; giving it to eat of the fruit of all the trees of the Garden of Life, and only restraining it by the warning of love from the poisonous influence which will lead it into a lower plane of existence, — in short, instead of a state such as might be composed of men with the freedom to will, tender to nature, encouraging to spirit, cherishing infinite varieties of harmonizing and harmonized power, the Church gives this whited sepulchre of the Papacy, in which ghastly skeletons of humanity, or, what is worse, half-corrupted bodies, like those filthy Capuchins, — in their loathsome dresses (which they are compelled to wear three or four years without laying them off for the purposes of cleanliness), and hardly less disgusting Franciscans, doing nothing for the welfare of themselves and other men, but walking about idly, and begging, — alternate with magnificently arrayed ecclesiastical princes, expending upon their own pleasures and pompous environment whatever of wealth flows to this centre of Christendom from all parts of the world, over which it preposterously claims a dominion in the name of God, exacting taxes wrung from the fear of everlasting punishment, which it has made it its great business of fifteen centuries to exasperate to madness, until that base and selfish passion has wellnigh swallowed up all the nobleness, as well as beauty, of human nature.

It was in this mockery of a Church and State that Hawthorne seized the idea of his *chef d'œuvre;* and the more we shall see into his multifarious meanings, the more we shall acknowledge that he has uttered no idle word from the beginning to the end. In the whole sweep, from the nameless miscreant whose blackness makes the shadow of the picture, up through Miriam, Kenyon, Hilda, to Donatello, his imagination does not fail him in the effort to grasp and represent the common life, whose actions and reactions within itself kindle the fire that purifies, till, as the prophet says, the Refiner may see his own image in the furnace. Deeply as Hawthorne was impressed with "what man has made of man" in Rome, his own exquisitely endowed organization opened every pore to the revelations of the nature in the midst of which Rome had grown up. Nothing is more wonderful than the power with which, in the whole delineation of Donatello, he withdraws himself from the present of Rome, heavy as it is with the ponderous ruins of time, and looks back to the original Italy, and even still further to the age of the world before this sin-shadowed human experience began. The innocence of Donatello is as far above the ordinary human experience as the evil of the so-called model is below it. If the latter is the nadir, the former is the zenith, of the natural universe; and yet we observe that the model is not treated as out of the pale of human sympathy, much as his own unnatural depravity has done to put him out. By a single stroke of genius,

he is associated with "the lost wretch" who betrayed the early Christians, but "pined for the blessed sunshine and a companion to be miserable with him," which, as Kenyon is made to playfully suggest, "indicates something amiable in the poor fellow." And when he is dead, the author says that

"A singular *sense of duty* . . . . impelled (Miriam) to look at the final resting-place of the being whose fate had been so disastrously involved with her own, ... and to put money into the sacristan's hand to an amount that made his eyes open wide and glisten, requesting that it might be expended in masses for the repose of Father Antonio's soul."

Besides the artistic balance of Donatello's innocence and joyousness with this monster's guilt and wretchedness, there is another fine contrast of his indescribable gayety with Miriam's unutterable sorrow, all the more touching because we see that in her proper nature she has an equal gayety. Her occasional self-abandonment to the pure elixir of mere existence, — witness the wild dance in the Borghese villa; the intellectual freedom that lifts her above her fate into creative genius, — witness her sporting with it in her pictures, her petulant criticisms on Guido's archangel, and the stories she invents to connect herself with the spectre of the catacomb; above all, the balm she finds for her wounded soul in Donatello's unqualified devotion to her, although for his sake she will not encourage, but even deprecates it, — all go to prove that her suffering has a source essentially out of herself, but yet so intimately connected with herself, that, as Hilda had said of Beatrice Cenci,

"'She knows that she ought to be solitary forever, both for the world's sake and her own.'"

In Chapter XXIII. the author has said of the portrait: —

"Who can look at that mouth, with its lips half apart as innocent as a baby's that has been crying, and not pronounce Beatrice sinless? *It was the intimate consciousness of her father's sin* that threw its shadow over her, and frightened her into a remote and inaccessible region, where no sympathy could come."

Miriam had at one moment looked so like that picture "of unutterable grief and mysterious shadow of guilt" that Hilda had exclaimed, "What an actress you are!" (Chap. VIII.) But, for all the difference between Miriam's powerful and Beatrice's feebler temperament, she could only momentarily dwell in the mood of mind that would give that expression of face, and immediately afterwards feel that there was something missed in Guido's portrait which she could have given to it.

No one can say that Hawthorne does not appreciate "the night side" of human nature. Many have maintained that he is morbid in the intensity of the shadows thrown over his delineations of character. So much the more, then, do we see and feel the inspiration of an insight which goes back beyond all historic memory, and sees men as they came forth from the creating breath, bound to one another by flesh and blood, instinct with kindly affections, and commanding all animated nature below him with a voice "soft, attractive, persuasive, friendly"; and lying upon the universe like the smile of God which created it.

Donatello, like Undine, like Ariel, is a new creation of genius. As Hawthorne himself says, in the Postscript that his *philistine* English publishers compelled him to append to their second edition: —

"The idea of the modern Faun loses all the poetry and beauty which the author fancied in it, and becomes nothing better than a grotesque absurdity, if we bring it into the actual light of day. He had hoped to mystify this anomalous creature between the real and fantastic in such a manner that the reader's sympathies might be excited to a certain pleasurable degree, without impelling him to ask how Cuvier would have classified poor Donatello, or to insist upon being told, in so many words, whether he had furry ears or no. As respects all who ask such questions, the book is to that extent a failure."

But there are other questions which he intended his readers should ask, of a different nature, and whose answers are suggested in the representation of Donatello: What is or was man before he was acted upon from without by any moral circumstances, — a blank paper, an evil propensity, or the perfection of passive nature, every one of whose parts, including the phenomenon man, are so many words of God's conversation with all men? Donatello first comes upon us in the passive form of his existence, — a healthy sensibility, — when, as Madame de Staël has said of the child, "The Deity takes him by the hand, and lifts him lightly over the clouds of life." His soul lives in the vision of natural beauty, and his whole expression is joy. He sympathizes with all harmless forms of animal life, and the innocent animal life, in its turn, recognizes his voice. Woman, the citadel and metropolis of beauty, so completely fulfils his conscious identity, that he seems to himself only to have lived since he knew Miriam, in whose "bright natural smile" he was blest; but whose sadder moods disturbed him with a presentiment of pain he did not understand; and whose extremity of suffering inspired him with a "fierce energy" to annihilate its manifest cause, that "kindled him into a man." For it is certain that his spiritual life began in the deed revealing to him that the law it broke came from a profounder and wider love than that which impelled him to its commission. If the reader asks then, with Hilda, "Was Donatello really a faun?" he is referred for an answer to the words of Kenyon, in the original conversation in the Capitol, on the immortal marble of Praxiteles, where he says of

"That frisky thing . . . . neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. (Chap. II.) In some long past age he really must have existed. Nature needed, and still needs, this beautiful creature; standing betwixt man and animal, sympathizing with each, comprehending the speech of either race, and interpreting the whole existence of one to the other."

It was nothing less unsophisticated that could have served the author's purpose of simplifying the question of the origin of sin, which both etymologically and metaphysically means *separation*, — conscious separation from the principle of life. It was the perfected animal nature that revealed to his hitherto unreflecting mind, that an action which certainly originated in his "loving much" was a crime. In one of his conversations with Kenyon he reveals this unawares. That "long shriek wavering all the way down," that "thump against the stones," that "quiver through the crushed mass, and no more movement after that," of a "fellow-creature (but just before) living and breathing into (his) face," awakened the idea in poor Donatello, — who himself clung to the life which he had felt to be "so warm, so rich, so sunny," — that there is a bond which antedates all the attractions of personal affinity, and whose violation takes the joy out of all narrower relations, however close they may be, startling the spirit into moral consciousness with the question *de profundis*, "Am *I* my brother's keeper?"

It is true that for a moment the excitement of the action which took him so completely out of himself was felt both by him and Miriam to have "cemented" their union "with the blood of one worthless and wretched life," — for that moment when they felt that neither of them could know any more loneliness; that they "drew one breath" and "lived one life." But immediately afterwards they began to see that they had joined another mighty company, and "melted into a vast mass of human crime" with a sense of being "guilty of the whole"; and the next day, the sight of the corpse in the Chapel of the Capuchins, and the sound of the chant for the dead, made Donatello's "heart shiver," and put "a great weight" in his breast; and the love which he had felt to be his life was disenchanted! When Miriam saw that this was so, and, in spite of her warmly declared affection, which he had hitherto so passionately craved, that he "shuddered" at her touch, and

confessed that "nothing could ever comfort" him, "with a generosity characteristic alike of herself and true love" she bade him leave and forget her: —

"'Forget you, Miriam,' said Donatello, roused somewhat from his apathy of despair. 'If I could remember you and behold you apart from that frightful visage which stares at me over your shoulder, that were a consolation and a joy.'"

But, as he could not do this, he reciprocated her farewell with apparent insensibility: —

"So soon after the semblance of such mighty love, and after it had been the impulse to so terrible a deed, they parted in all outward show as coldly as people part whose mutual intercourse has been encircled within an hour."

This parting, with all the reaction upon Donatello of what he had impulsively done, whether in the "fiery intoxication which sufficed to carry them triumphantly through the first moments of their doom," or in the blind gropings of his remorse, when he had returned to the old castle of Monte Beni, Hawthorne would evidently have us see, as in a pure mirror, that the fundamental principle of humanity, the brotherhood in which God created all souls, is affirmed in the law inscribed in our hearts, and handed down in all civilized tradition, which forbids an individual to assume over his fellows the office of judge and executioner; for that is the inherent prerogative of the social whole, which, and nothing less, is the image of God created to sit at his own right hand.

As long as Donatello fulfilled the law of impartial humanity by his geniality, easy persuadability, and glad abandonment of himself to friendship and love, though there might be "no atom of martyr's stuff in him" considered as "the power to sacrifice himself to an abstract idea," yet there was no discord in all the echoes of his soul. As soon as he had made an exception to the universality of his good-will by executing on his sole responsibility a capital judgment on a fellow-pensioner of the Heavenly Father, he felt himself to be mysteriously and powerlessly drifting towards perdition, and his voice was no longer sterling in nature. Hawthorne is perhaps the only moral teacher of the modern time who has affirmed with power, that the origin of sin is in crime, and not *vice versa*. But it was affirmed of old by the most venerable scripture of the Hebrew Bible, in the statement that the first murderer was also the first who "went out from the presence of the Lord," and began the dark record of fallen humanity.

It was, therefore, an inconsiderate reader of the romance of Monte Beni, who said: "But Donatello, with his unappeasable remorse, was no Italian; for, had he been one, he would at once have gone and confessed, received absolution, and thought never again of 'the traitor who had met his just doom.'" Hawthorne was not painting in Donatello an Italian such as the Church has made by centuries of a discipline so bewildering to the mind as to crush the natural conscience by substituting artificial for real duties, yet not restraining men, or itself refraining, from bursting into God's holy of holies, the destined temple of the Holy Spirit, — an Italian incapable of dreaming of anything holier than a passionate deprecation of that punishment for his crimes which he should crave as their expiation, — life for life. Donatello is an original inhabitant of Italy, as yet "guiltless of Rome."

In the genealogy of the Counts of Monte Beni, *historic* vistas open up beyond recorded memory to

"A period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear."

But of this the author himself may have been unconscious; for it was not historic facts, but the eternal truths they embody, on which his eye was fixed; and in the intimation that the Church ritual to which Donatello resorted to heal the wound of his soul, and which all his earnest sincerity of purpose found as ineffectual for that end as it had proved to the lost sinner

whom the sight of the object of his vile passion had driven forth alike from the Catacombs he had sought as a penance and the shrines of the Coliseum which he was visiting on his knees, we have hints of an interpretation of Christianity more vital than has yet been symbolized by any ritual, or systematized by any ecclesiasticism. This is generally put into the mouth of Kenyon, who seems to be the keystone of the arch of characters in this story, combining in his own healthy affections and clear reason, and comprehending in his intelligent and discriminating sympathy all the others.

It is almost impossible to make extracts from the chapters describing the summer in the Apennines with his saddened friend, to whom he ministers with such unpretending wisdom and delicate tenderness. Quoting almost at random, his words seem to be oracles. For instance, in Chapter II. of the second volume: —

"'What I am most inclined to murmur at is this death's head. It is absurdly monstrous, my dear friend, thus to fling the dead weight of our mortality upon our immortal hopes. While we live on earth, 't is true we must needs carry our skeletons about with us; but, for Heaven's sake, do not let us burden our spirits with them in our feeble efforts to soar upwards! Believe me, it will change the whole aspect of death, if you can once disconnect it in your idea with that corruption from which it disengages our higher part.'"

And when Donatello subsequently says: —

"'My forefathers being a cheerful race of men in their natural disposition found it needful to have the skull often before their eyes, because they dearly loved life and its enjoyments, and hated the very thought of death.' 'I am afraid,' said Kenyon, 'they liked it none the better for seeing its face under this abominable mask.'"

Again, in Chapter III. of the same volume, Kenyon says: —

"'Avoid the convent, my dear friend, as you would shun the death of the soul. But for my own part, if I had an insupportable burden, if for any cause I were bent on sacrificing every earthly hope as a peace-offering towards heaven, I would make the wide earth my cell, and good deeds to mankind my prayer. Many penitent men have done this, and found peace in it.'

"'Ah! but you are a heretic,' said the Count. Yet his face brightened beneath the stars, and, looking at it through the twilight, the sculptor's remembrance went back to that scene in the Capitol where both in features and expression Donatello had seemed identical with the Faun, and still there was a resemblance; for now, when first the idea was suggested of living for his fellow-creatures, the original beauty, which sorrow had partly effaced, came back, elevated and spiritualized. In the black depths the Faun had found a soul, and was struggling with it towards the light of heaven."

Afterwards, in Chapter IV. of the second volume, we find this wise advice: —

"'Believe me,' said he, turning his eyes towards his friend, full of grave and tender sympathy, 'you know not what is requisite for your spiritual growth, seeking, as you do, to keep your soul perpetually in the unwholesome region of remorse. It was needful for you to pass through that dark valley, but it is infinitely dangerous to linger there too long; there is poison in the atmosphere when we sit down and brood in it, instead of girding up our loins to press onward. Not despondency, not slothful anguish, is what you require, but effort! Has there been an unutterable evil in your young life? Then crowd it out with good, or it will lie corrupting there forever, and cause your capacity for better things to partake its noisome corruption.'"

It is an originality of the religious teaching of Hawthorne, that he really recognizes the inherent freedom of man, that is, his freedom to good as well as to evil. While he shows forth so powerfully that "grief and pain" have developed in Donatello "a more definite and nobler individuality," he does not generalize the fact, as is so common, but recognizes that "sometimes the instruction comes without the sorrow, and oftener the sorrow teaches no lesson that abides with us"; in fine, that love like Kenyon's and Hilda's reveals the same

truth much more fully and certainly than did the crime which is made so cunningly to lie between Miriam and Donatello, that they become one by it in sorrow, as Hilda and Kenyon become one in joy ineffable, by their mutual recognition of each other's humility and purity.

Yet Hilda is not put above that "common life" which is never to be lost sight of, being God's special dwelling-place, into any superhuman immunity from the "ills that flesh is heir to." She suffers, as well as Miriam, from "the fatal decree by which every crime is made to be the agony of many innocent persons." Hence we are told of

"That peculiar despair, that chill and heavy misery, *which only the innocent can experience*, although it possesses many of the gloomy characteristics of guilt. It was that heartsickness which, it is to be hoped, we may all of us have been pure enough to feel once in our lives, but the capacity for which is usually exhausted early, and perhaps with a single agony. It was that dismal certainty of the existence of evil in the world which, though we may fancy ourselves fully assured of the sad mystery long before, never becomes a portion of our practical belief until it takes substance and reality from the sin of some guide whom we have deeply trusted and revered, or some friend whom we have dearly loved."

And, besides, Hilda is indirectly developed into a larger sphere of duty and more comprehensive practical humanity, by the share she necessarily has in the misfortunes and sorrows of Miriam and Donatello.

Her conversation with Kenyon, after the relief experienced by her communication of the cause of her long-pent sorrow, leaves on her mind the painful doubt, whether in her struggle to keep "the white robe" God had given her, "and bade her wear it back to him as white as when she put it on," "a wrong had not been committed towards the friend so beloved";

"Whether a close bond of friendship, in which we once voluntarily engage, ought to be severed on account of any unworthiness which we subsequently detect in our friend."

Here we have Hawthorne's judgment upon a subject which is often an importunate practical problem in our daily conversation: —

"In these unions of hearts — call them marriage or whatever else — we take each other for better, for worse. Availing ourselves of our friend's intimate affection, we pledge our own as to be relied on in every emergency. . . . . Who need the tender succor of the innocent more than wretches stained with guilt? And must a selfish care for the spotlessness of our own garments keep us from pressing the guilty ones close to our hearts, wherein, for the very reason that we are innocent, lies their securest refuge from further ill. . . . . 'Miriam loved me well,' thought Hilda, remorsefully, 'and I failed her in her utmost need.'"

This adjustment of the contending claims of the law of individuality and the law of our common nature frequently solicited Hawthorne's attention; and in The Blithedale Romance he has discussed it with earnestness. That Romance was intended to meet a peculiar and transient mood of mind in a special locality when there seemed to spread abroad a sudden doubt of those natural social unions growing out of the inevitable instincts and wants of human beings, which insure the organization of families. In The House of the Seven Gables he had shown how the tendency of families to isolation results, when unchecked by a liberal humanity, in physical deterioration, morbid affections, and malignant selfishness. In The Blithedale Romance, on the other hand, he teaches that by wilfully adopting schemes of social organization, based on abstractions of individual intellects, — however great and with whatever good motives, — we are liable ruthlessly, even if unconsciously, to immolate thereto living hearts that are attracted to us by profound affinities and generous imaginations. Zenobia, — was she not murdered by Hollingsworth as certainly, though not as obviously, as was Father Antonio by Donatello? No real philanthropy can grow out of social action that ignores the personal duties of parents, children, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, friends, and lovers.

The last conversation between Hilda and Kenyon upon Donatello is one of those great touches of art by which Hawthorne is accustomed to lead his readers to a point of view from which they can see what the personages of his story, who seem to see and say all, certainly do not say, if they see: —

"'Here comes my perplexity,' continued Kenyon. 'Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him. Is sin, then, which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe, — is it like sorrow, merely an element of human education through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?'

"'O, hush!' cried Hilda, shrinking from him with an expression of horror which wounded the poor speculative sculptor to the soul. 'This is terrible, and I could weep for you if you indeed believe it. Do not you perceive what a mockery your creed makes, not only of all religious sentiment, but of moral law, and how it annuls and obliterates whatever precepts of Heaven are written deepest within us? You have shocked me beyond words.'

"'Forgive me, Hilda!' exclaimed the sculptor, startled by her agitation; 'I never did believe it! But the mind wanders wild and wide; and, so lonely as I live and work, I have neither polestar above, nor light of cottage window here below, to bring me home. Were you my guide, my counsellor, my inmost friend, with that white wisdom which clothes you as a celestial garment, all would go well. O Hilda, guide me home.'"

We must bring this protracted article to a close, though we have by no means made an exhaustive analysis of the Romance of Monte Beni. The mere drama of it is wonderfully knit together, all its incidents growing directly out of the characters, and their interaction with universal laws. As Hilda's imprisonment is the direct consequence of her faithful execution of Miriam's commission, and complicated with her involuntary knowledge of Donatello's crime, so her deliverance is the immediate motive of the self-surrender of Donatello, which Miriam makes to bear this fruit of practical justice. He is no martyr, therefore, even at last, "to an abstract idea," but sacrifices himself for a substantially beneficent end. And it is left probable that the sacrifice proved by Divine Providence no immolation; for the last words of the original romance are, after asking, "What was Miriam's life to be? and Where was Donatello? .... Hilda had a hopeful soul, and saw sunlight on the mountain-tops." Thus we are led to hope that "the bond between them," which Kenyon had pronounced to be "for mutual support, ... for one another's final good, ... for effort, for sacrifice," and which they had accepted "for mutual elevation and encouragement towards a severe and painful life," "but not for earthly happiness," did at last conciliate "that shy, subtle thing" as "a wayside flower springing along a path leading to higher ends."

We shall have done quite as much as we had proposed to ourselves in this review, if we shall induce any of our readers to recur to the book and study it; for in it they will find earnestly treated the highest offices and aims, as well as the temptations and limitations, of art, in its well-discriminated and fairly appreciated varieties of mode; they will find there delicate criticisms on pictures and statues, ancient and modern, with original thoughts on nearly every subject of moral, intellectual, and æsthetic interest presenting itself to a sojourner in Italy, to whose richest meanings, whether sad or glad, the romance will prove the best of guide-books. But we must not close without observing that whatever short comings in theory or iniquities in practice the author hints at or exposes in the Roman Catholic Church and state, he exhibits no narrow Protestantism. In many time-honored customs, in "the shrines it has erected at the waysides, as reminders of the eternal future imbosomed in the present"; and especially in the description of the "world's cathedral" where he makes the suffering Hilda find relief, he does not fail to recognize whatever Romanism has appropriated of the methods of universal love.

But he puts the infallible priesthood to school, as it were, to the pure soul which has preserved by humble religious thought "the white robe" of pristine innocence God had bid her "wear back to him unstained," and has faithfully *increased in the knowledge of God* by the study and reproduction of beauty, without making into stumbling-blocks, as the merely instinctive too generally do, the stepping-stones given for our advancement from the glory of the natural to the glory of the spiritual life.

Hilda's rebuke to the priest, who would narrow the sacred confidences of his office to orthodox ritualism and her confession, which she tells Kenyon would have been made to him if he had been at hand, express the idea that in the loneliness created by sin, not only in the guilty, but in the guiltless soul, it is at once inevitable and legitimate to claim *human* sympathy; also that "it is not good for man to be alone," because God created us in countless relations, which it is our salvation to discover and fulfil, as is revealed by the very etymology of the word *conscience*. In fine, may we not say that The Marble Faun takes a high place in that library of sacred literature of the modern time which is the prophetic intimation of the Free Catholic Christian Church, "whose 'far-off coming' shines," — a Church whose *credo* is not abstract dogma, but the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love; whose cathedral is universal nature, and whose ritual is nothing short of virtue, truth, and charity, the organs of piety?

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Life in the Argentine Republic; or, Civilization and Barbarism. From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by MRS. MARY MANN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO is known to our public as the Minister to the United States from the Argentine Republic, and as the author of a Spanish life of Abraham Lincoln, heretofore noticed in these pages. Many also are aware of the cordial and intelligent interest he takes in our free-school system, and of the efforts he has made for its introduction and adoption in his own country, where, after a long life of services and sacrifices, he now occupies the first place in the popular esteem, and where the recent elections have actually placed him at the head of the state, as President. Few of our readers, however, whose curiosity has not been directed specially to him, can justly appreciate the greatness of his character and career. In any civilization these would be very remarkable: appearing as a part of the history of a Spanish-American republic, and involved with that tale of barbaric intrigue, violence, and revolution which has always greeted us in the "latest advices from South America," they have a value of the highest kind to the student as well as the lover of men.

In the early circumstances of Señor Sarmiento's life there is much to remind us of Lincoln's humble beginnings, though there is of course the ineffaceable difference between the two men of race, religion, and traditions. Lincoln doubtfully derived his origin from an unknown Quaker family of Pennsylvania: the blood of an ancient Spanish line mixed with that of a noble Arabic stirp in the veins of Sarmiento. But the parents of both were very poor; and they were alike in their heritage of privation and hard work. The Lincolns began as pioneers: the Sarmiento-Albarracines arrived at the same condition after centuries of high station and wealth in the Old World, and some generations of adventure and impoverishment in our own hemisphere.

The story of his boyhood, as Señor Sarmiento relates it in one of his vivid and picturesque books, — half politics, half history and personal narrative, — and as Mrs. Mann transfers and compiles it in

the work before us, is in all respects attractive and instructive. It depicts a family of South American pioneers struggling for bare subsistence, but cherishing their memories of the past and their vague ambition for the future, — a hard-working father resolved that his son shall be a scholar and a great man; a mother who toils all day at her loom to help supply the necessaries of life, and still aspires for her son; sisters who share her labors; and the boyish hope of the house who hesitates whether to be a soldier or a priest, who makes and worships an army of mud saints in the morning, and in the afternoon leads to the fight a battalion of clay warriors. The character of Sarmiento's mother is portrayed by her son with touching affection, and he takes the reader's heart, as he tells, with mingling humor and pathos, of her conscientious industry, her old-fashioned faith and prejudices, and her grief at the progress of modern ideas in her children. She was a woman, however, not only of the best heart, but of strong mind, and her son piously acknowledges her excellent influence upon his whole life. He was put to school in his fifth year, and remained at his studies till he was fifteen, the family meanwhile denying itself the aid of his services, and supporting him in the career marked out for him. His parents, his teacher, and his friends expected him to be chosen for public education among the six youth selected in those days by the Argentine government from each of its provinces; local influences defeated this hope, and so young Domingo became a grocer's clerk, but in the intervals of business he continued his studies, and devoured books with an inappeasable hunger. "In the mornings after sweeping the shop, I read, and as a certain señora passed by on her way from church, and her eyes always fell day after day, month after month, upon that boy, immovable, insensible to every disturbance, his eyes fixed upon a book, one day, shaking her head, she said to her family, 'That lad cannot be good; if those books were good, he would not read them so eagerly!'" It is interesting to know that the favorite book of this young Spanish American was the "Life of Franklin," and that in all his ambitious dreams, it was of Franklin's fame that he was most emulous.

At sixteen he had advanced so far in his education as to be imprisoned for a political offence against one of the local despots who had already begun in the new republic to substitute their atrocities for the misgovernment of Spain. He was among the first to take arms against these on the side of liberty and civilization; and when his party was crushed he fled to Chili. Returning to his native state of San Juan in 1836, when twenty-five years old, he renewed his studies with the help of several languages acquired during his exile, and issued a few numbers of a newspaper, which the government presently suppressed. Of course, he was in opposition to this government; he was imprisoned again, and his life was often in danger; but he remained four years in San Juan, expressing by every word and act his unconquerable zeal for letters and civilization. He spent the two succeeding years in Chili, where he employed himself in literature and politics, with a view to promoting friendship between the people of all the Spanish states, and in 1841 went back to his own country to participate in a revolt against Rosas the tyrant. The movement failed, and his residence in Chili was thus prolonged. He established a literary journal in Santiago, wrote schoolbooks, founded the first normal school in America, and devoted himself to elevating the intellectual and social condition of teachers in a country where a man had been sentenced, for robbing a church, "to serve three years as a schoolmaster." He published several works of a biographical and political nature at this time, and substituted in the schools such books as the 'Life of Franklin' for the monkish legends from which the children once learned to read. But he met with annoying opposition as a foreigner, and Chili never fully acknowledged the good he did till long after he had quitted her soil. In 1847 he set out on his travels through Europe and the United States, of which he has written a spirited and charming narrative, and which he put to the most practical use, devoting his close observation of communities and governments everywhere to the benefit of his own countrymen. In the United States he made the acquaintance of the late Horace Mann, and thoroughly studied our free-school system, which after great difficulty he caused to be adopted in Buenos Ayres.

He helped to overthrow Rosas in 1851, but again left his country when he found that the general of the insurgents only desired to become another Rosas. He went to live in Buenos Ayres, however, in 1857, and soon re-entered the public service, on the side of liberty, education, and moderation.

He carried through the Senate a measure for building two model schools in the capital, and in 1860 there were 17,000 children receiving free instruction in the city; he also advocated perfect religious equality, and there are now as many Protestant as Catholic churches in Buenos Ayres. Having always detested cattle-rearing as barbarizing, through the isolation and idleness in which it maintained the farmers, he procured from the government the right to survey public lands in small farms, and sell these cheaply to actual settlers; and, in a single province, the lands once belonging to thirty-nine individuals now support a happy and industrious population of twenty thousand freeholders. These and other benevolent measures engaged his attention during intervals of revolution at Buenos Ayres, and they have never ceased to have his sympathy and co-operation during the years he has represented his country at Washington. Any book by such a man would demand attention from us; the book which of all others seems to teach us Spanish America, which exhibits the struggles of a convulsed and unhappy state now at last entering upon a period of just and tranquil government, and which explains the causes contributing for so long a time to the misery and oppression of her people, has singular claims upon our interest. No difference of race or faith can separate our fate wholly from that of the other American republics. Self-government if good in itself is good for every people. Its failure anywhere is a blow at our prosperity; its endeavors have a perpetual hold upon our sympathies.

Señor Sarmiento's work was first published in Chili, in 1841; the French translation which attracted the flattering notice of the Parisian critics (especially those of the Revue des Deux Mondes), at the time of its publication, was printed in 1846. It merited this notice, aside from the interest of its subject, by its clear and graphic style, and its comprehensive and confident philosophy. It is the story of that strange yet logical succession of events, by which, in Buenos Ayres and the Argentine States, the cities collected within their gates the civilization of the country, and the people who dwelt without on the great plains, and isolated from all humanizing influences, lapsed into barbarism. Our author continually likens these terrible peasants to the Bedouins, whose appearance and usages when he beheld them in later years, for the first time, were familiar to him through their similarity to those of the gauchos. The gaucho never learned anything but the lasso and the knife; with the one he ruled over his vast herds, with the other he defended himself against wild beasts, and fought out his personal feuds to the death. There was no law for him, and scarcely anything like religion; there was no society but that of his fellow-herdsmen, when they met at the country stores which here and there dotted the plains, and supplied the few necessaries and luxuries of the barbarous inhabitants. For amusement he drank and danced, or listened to the rude songs of the *cantores*, — a race of minstrels, whose life and office reflected a faint and distorted image of those of the feudal troubadors, and who celebrated the deeds and characters of the gauchos. These poets had so deep a hold upon the affections of the gauchos, that they made the name of minstrel sacred, and caused even a poet from the hated cities, who once fell into their hands, to be treated with respect and tenderness. But nearly all the circumstances of the gaucho's life fostered his savage egotism, his pride and faith in personal prowess, and his desire to excel by violence. When in an evil hour they began to talk politics at the country stores, this cruel and fearless animal was filled with the lust of rapine and dominion; and when Facundo Quiroga, a gaucho famous throughout the plains for his strength, his courage, and his homicides, proposed an invasion of the cities, and a subversion of settled government, an irresistible force of gauchos was ready to follow him.

Señor Sarmiento tells the tale of Quiroga's success with vivid minuteness, and presents, in a series of pictures and studies of character, an idea of one of the strangest political convulsions known to history. At this time, and at this distance from the scene of the events, the reader feels the want of some general outline of narrative, but this Mrs. Mann has supplied in a Preface to the work; and in accepting the author's statements, it is only necessary to account for the warmth and color with which a partisan of the cities must speak of the gauchos and their leaders. There is no reason to doubt his truth. It at once explains the character of such tyrants as Rosas of Buenos Ayres, and Lopez of Paraguay, when they are described as gaucho chiefs, the heirs of Quiroga's system and ideas.

It is needless to follow in detail the adventures of this leader, who employed

the most unscrupulous guile where force did not serve him to capture the cities. The plains triumphed through him; the towns one after another fell before him, and were desolated by the punishments he ordered, sometimes for their resistance, but often merely to strike terror into them. Men were shot by scores; women were subjected to every insult and outrage; commerce was paralyzed by exactions that took every coin from circulation, and heaped the gaming-tables with the stakes for which Quiroga and his gauchos played. Savage and treacherous caprice ruled instead of law; churches were desecrated; schools were destroyed; whatever bore the mark of civilization or refinement was trampled under foot. The triumph of barbarism was complete.

Quiroga's career is one of several very fully portrayed in this interesting book, and scarcely surpasses in its curious fascination that of Aldao, the monk turned gaucho leader, or that of either of Aldao's brothers. Rosas and Lopez are introduced only incidentally, though sufficiently to identify them with the gaucho movement; but a multitude of subordinate actors in the scenes of that singular tragedy are sketched with an effect of making us know the political and social life of Spanish America as it has never appeared before in literature.

The History of the Navy during the Rebellion. By CHARLES B. BOYNTON, D. D., Chaplain of the House of Representatives, and Assistant Professor at the U. S. Naval Academy. Illustrated with numerous engravings. 2 Vols. New York: Appleton & Co.

THE false impressions conveyed by this work begin with the title-page. The author has never reported at the Naval Academy. Probably he has been appointed Assistant Professor, and assigned to duty as an historian.

Of the numerous engravings with which these volumes are illustrated, three are heads of naval officers, and six of politicians or contractors. The frontispiece is the venerable countenance of Mr. Secretary Welles. The original appointment of this gentleman was a piece of poetical justice. Mr. Secretary Toucey having betrayed his trust, his successor was chosen from the same rural town. President Lincoln had humor, and a good-natured confidence that any man could do anything if he tried. He himself became the embodiment of Northern public sentiment, with all its faithful courage and cheerful justice. During the President's lifetime, Mr. Welles displayed a measure of the same spirit. At the outset of the war he sustained Commodore Stringham in protecting and employing colored refugees; and, although the veteran sailor soon shared the fate of General Fremont, the government vessels continued to be a safe refuge for runaway slaves. In the navy it was hardly an innovation for blacks and whites to sail and fight side by side in the same ship; while, in the army, the utmost that was done at any period of the war was to enroll the blacks in separate regiments, which were usually assigned to separate service.

On the legal questions which arose in the administration of the Navy Department Mr. Welles was frequently mistaken. He desired the President to close the Southern ports instead of blockading them. He sustained Captain Wilkes in the Trent case. And, to this day, gallant officers are deprived of prize money, on the ground that the statute at the time of capture regulates the distribution. It is true that prize-money is a relic of more barbarous times. It is also a lottery tainted with favoritism. The Admiralty can send whom it pleases to watch the rich avenues of hostile trade. There is a premium laid upon sufficient connivance to keep the golden current flowing; and, at best, low motives are substituted for sterling patriotism. Good pay at all times, and good work everywhere required, are the conditions of sound service. Profits and perquisites belong to the Republic. So long, however, as prize-money is given, it should follow well-known rules; and no rule is better settled than that the statute at the time of adjudication determines the distribution.

Dr. Boynton's history and Mr. Beecher's late novel resemble each other in consisting largely of bits of sermons afloat in a war-story; but Dr. Boynton nowhere alludes to the sin of nepotism. Whatever becomes the ordinary way of the world ceases to appear objectionable; and yet we punish crimes, not for their novelty, but for their criminality. Perhaps, however, we ought to thank Mr. Welles for his moderation with such a wide field for jobbery before him. The whole commercial marine was driven from the seas just when the

government wanted a large extemporaneous force to blockade the Southern coast. It is not in political human nature to manage such a vast transaction without enriching one's friends.

In the construction of new ships for the permanent fleet, both Mr. Welles and Mr. Assistant Secretary Fox deserve credit for accepting the monitor scheme. The elementary principles of building war steamships are even now so dimly discerned, and so much involved in costly and various experiments, that the sole success of the new fleet might easily have been missed. The wooden clipper ship was the latest triumph of American ship-building. The appropriate application of steam to this model was the side-wheel, as in the case of the Adriatic; and the natural armament consisted of broadside batteries of moderate-sized rifled guns. Instead of the long and high lines of the clipper, the screw requires a broad and low ship, which affords great buoyancy and lateral steadiness. This suggests a central battery of heavy shell-guns, and the iron-clad turret follows. The single-turret monitor of moderate size, for coast service, is right in principle and practice. The large, sea-going, iron-clad, screw man-of-war is yet to seek.

Neither Mr. Welles nor the historian of his administration has clearly set forth the valuable lessons taught by the Confederate naval operations, namely, how to encounter steam and cuirass. First, with regard to steam, the simplest resource was submarine obstruction, which at least detains the enemy under fire of shore-batteries, and prevents that rapid running of the gantlet which is one of the capital advantages of steam. The next question is, If the enemy will not come to the snag, how can the snag be launched against the enemy? The practical answer is the steam ram; and how effective this may prove against long and high ships at rest was seen at Lissa. Secondly, with reference to cuirassed ships, the first observation is, that they are virtually impregnable above the water-line. Can they not, then, be assailed from below, as the negro kills the shark? The rebels were not slow in trying the experiment; and more than one of our stoutest monitors lie at the bottom of Southern bays, blown up by electrical torpedoes. The five military ports of France are already defended with these terrible engines; while Austria is making them more deadly by using gun-cotton, and Prussia is experimenting in nitro-glycerine. The problem not yet satisfactorily solved, in this method of warfare, is how to send out a torpedo to assail the enemy, in case he will not approach the channel where the earthquake lies. The rebels were bold, and sometimes successful in their attempts to do this with submarine boats, or "Davids," as they were called, in allusion to our Goliaths in armor.

Mr. Welles was naturally more attentive to the positive introduction of steam and armor than to the methods of resisting them; but the results of his labors are by no means commensurate with the great expenditure of money. We have a number of wooden ships, whose delicate clipper hulls are tortured with monstrous ordnance, propelled by screws, and encumbered with a full cargo of fanciful machinery burning prodigious quantities of coal, and logging rates of speed very properly described as fabulous. For iron ships, we have a large assortment of monitors, some of them costing a million apiece, half of them totally unserviceable, and thirty or forty of them incapable of floating. The real state of the case would become manifest, if the good monitors were designated by numbers, and the senseless jargon of Algonquin names was reserved for those which are virtually extinct. In view of these facts, it is not strange that the "line" of the navy call with singular unanimity for a Board of Survey, composed of naval officers, to control naval construction. The creation of such a board is perhaps wrong in theory, but apparently necessary under present circumstances, just as the State of New York has found it necessary to put the most important interests of the city into commission. Under President Grant, however, the Board may cease to be required. With his masterly eye for men, he may be expected to man the Navy Department with a view to thorough efficiency; and the only innovation we may then desire is an admiral commanding the navy, and residing at Washington, like the General commanding the army.

The most animated opposition to the Board of Survey has come from the corps of naval engineers. This corps has risen into importance during the war, gaining influence in Congress, and favor with the Department. They aspire to the position of the engineer corps in the army, but unfortunately in many cases without corresponding social qualifications or scientific attainments. Latterly, however, they have endeavored to secure young graduates of

scientific schools, and to make the examinations for promotion more stringent. But the surest way to create a scientific corps in harmony with the rest of the service is to assign annually, from the best graduates at the Naval Academy, a certain number, who shall then enjoy the advantage of two or three years' technical training. Of course these young gentlemen would not expect to drive engines, at the termination of this extended course of study. The engine-driver should be a master-mechanic and a warrant officer. Moreover, there is no reason why officers of the marine corps, and also of the surveying and revenue services, should not be drawn from the Naval Academy.

The Secretary has done well in establishing the system of school-ships, where apprentices are taught the mariner's trade, for the supply of the navy; but at present the boys have too much the air of galley-slaves, and the schooling is said to be merely nominal. They ought to be quartered ashore, like the midshipmen, six months in the year, and receive a thorough common-school education. Considering the great demand made upon the merchant service, during the war, for ships, men, and officers, something should be done to promote the efficiency of this grand naval reserve. In every considerable maritime country but ours, masters and mates are subjected to examination. The perfect working of this system would call for a marine college at every large seaport, where aspirants for the merchant service might receive professional training.

Passing from the discussion of naval construction and administration to the more stirring record of naval achievement, we find in these volumes a popular sketch of important events, but we are soon impressed with the belief that some abler and less partisan hand is wanted to complete the picture. For instance, we find no mention of the important service rendered by the navy just after the battle of Bull Run, which threatened to be a second Bladensburg, and to lay the capital at the feet of the enemy. A disciplined naval force under Lieutenant Foxhall A. Parker quickly and quietly occupied Fort Ellsworth, got heavy guns into position, stopped the enemy's advance upon Alexandria, and probably saved that city, if not Washington. We see no mention of Rodgers's agency in organizing the naval force on the Western waters, previously to Foote's taking the command there; nor of the service rendered by the navy about the time of the seven days' fight, when the enemy, alluding to the size of the navy missiles, said we pitched Dutch-ovens at them, and the rebel historian Pollard says, that the gunboats prevented the march of their forces along the river-banks.

No mention is made of the fights with the Fort on Drury's Bluff, May 15, 1862; nor of the gale weathered by the Weehawken, in which the sea-going capabilities of a monitor were first well ascertained. And in the account of the Weehawken's fight with the Atlanta, where the fifteen-inch gun was first practically proved efficient, no mention is made of the name of Captain John Rodgers, the commander of the Weehawken, although he received the thanks of Congress for that action, and was promoted to the rank of Commodore.

The case of Commander Preble, who was hastily dismissed the service for not preventing the Oreto (or Florida) from running into Mobile, is not fairly stated in this work. It was not known off Mobile that the rebels had a man-of-war afloat, and the Oreto had the appearance of a large English gunboat. The blockading squadron had accidentally been reduced to two vessels, one of which was the Oneida, commanded by Preble. One of the Oneida's boilers had been undergoing necessary repair, and steam was hardly raised in it when the Oreto hove in sight. She was steering directly for the Oneida's anchorage; and when she had approached within about five miles, the Oneida was got under way, and went out to meet her. The Oneida rounded to across the bow of the Oreto, hailed her, fired three guns in as rapid succession as possible across her bow, the last to graze her stem; and then, three minutes after the first gun was fired, and when she was only about four hundred yards distant, the whole broadside was fired into her. After that broadside, the Oreto hauled down her English colors, and rapidly gained on the Oneida, which pursued the chase until the Oreto was under cover of Fort Morgan, and the rapid shoaling of the water showed that another minute's continuance of the chase would put the Oneida aground on the south-east shoal. Dr. Boynton says the Oreto ran in unscathed; the rebel account says that she was struck several times, four men killed, and several wounded. She afterwards ran out through a squadron of seven vessels, and no officer was punished.

After Commander Preble was reinstated,

he led the fleet brigade, which was organized from the officers, seamen, and marines of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and which did good service in preparing for the arrival of General Sherman from his celebrated march, participating in all the actions, which were often severe. Dr. Boynton makes no mention of this brigade. He says that he had not time or space to give a full account of the doings of the South Atlantic Squadron.

The account of the Fort Fisher attack and capture is very meagre. Only the names of the iron-clads and of their commanding officers are given. There is no list of vessels composing the squadron, or of their commanders; and the names of the commodores who commanded divisions are not mentioned.

The account of the cruise of the Kearsarge is also meagre and inaccurate. Captain Winslow was not placed in command of the Kearsarge "in the early part of 1862." The Rappahannock was not blockaded by the Kearsarge. Semmes did not send Winslow a challenge. The Kearsarge had no intention to close with the Alabama. The reason for fighting in circles seems to have been simply the accident that both vessels had pivoted to starboard. The name of the only person whose death resulted from the action was not "Gorrin," but Gowan. No shots were fired by the Kearsarge after the white flag had been seen, although the Alabama did fire two shots after she had surrendered. Mr. Lancaster, of the Deerhound, was asked to assist in rescuing the drowning men. The Kearsarge was close by, and made no objection to his departure. The officer who came aboard the Kearsarge stated that he was an Englishman, and master's mate aboard the Alabama; that Captain Semmes did not instruct him to surrender the Alabama, but ordered him to urge the Kearsarge to hasten to the rescue of the former vessel's crew. It is true that this officer was allowed to depart with his boat's crew, and he sought the protection of the English flag.

We are forced to conclude that a good history of the navy during the Rebellion is still to be desired. Our next war will very possibly be a naval one, inasmuch as France and England are not likely to relinquish the Pacific to the American and Russian flags without a struggle. There are four points which we require: San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands in the south, Victoria and Sitka in the north. Of those we have already two. We shall need a first-class yard with ample docks and shops, at San Francisco, and eventually another at Victoria. We shall need a thoroughly efficient Navy Department, and a large list of brave, sensible, and scientific officers. And we want to see the service cheered by a wise, impartial, and patriotic history of its past achievements, which have, perhaps, been only preliminary to the grand contest of the future.

The Spanish Gypsy. A Poem. By GEORGE ELIOT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

IT is disagreeable and mistaken criticism which attempts to prescribe some particular form of expression as the best for a given author; and we do not concern ourselves with the wisdom of Miss Evans's choice of the poetic form for the story told in The Spanish Gypsy, nor with the possibilities and limitations of her genius, when we say that up to this moment we think she has scarcely proved herself a poet. The fact is felt in nearly every part of her present work, and is noticeable in its dramatic and descriptive passages, no less than in the lyrics with which it is interspersed. She betrays her unfamiliarity with the mere letter as well as the spirit of poetic art, and makes blunders in versification, which cannot be blamed without some apparent petulance in the critic; for perfection of mechanical execution in a modern poem is so entirely taken for granted, that the charge of failure in this respect looks much like ungenerous carping, and is received with liberal incredulity. But even a careless reader of The Spanish Gypsy could not fail to note how many lines have but four feet, or four feet and a half, and how little is done to restore the lost balance by giving other lines five and a half, six, and even seven feet. It was altogether hardy in so imperfect a versifier as Miss Evans to attempt to make English ears acquainted with the subtile music of the Spanish *asonante*, and it is not surprising that the effort should have failed, although sense, movement, everything, is sacrificed to the *asonante*, which obstinately remains at last as little like the peculiar Spanish rhyme, as the lyrics are like poetry, especially the poetry of Spanish *canciones*. The inequality of the versification infects the expression of ideas, which is sometimes null, and quite often confused and imperfect.

Until we read The Spanish Gypsy, nothing would have persuaded us that Miss Evans could write lines so absolutely discharged of meaning as these : —

> "For strong souls
> Live like fire-hearted suns to spend their strength
> In furthest striving action."

Or so turgid and obscure as these : —

> "Sweeping like some pale herald from the dead,
> Whose shadow-nurtured eyes, dazed by full light,
> See naught without but give reverted sense
> To the soul's imagery, Silva came."

Or burdened with such confused and huddled figures as these : —

> "Walked hesitating, all his frame instinct
> With high-born spirit never used to dread,
> Or crouch for smiles, yet stung, yet quivering
> With helpless strength, and in his soul convulsed
> By visions where pale horror held a lamp
> Over wide-reaching crime."

In fact, this reluctant and deceitful poetic form always seems to seek unfair advantages over the author's thoughts, and to get them where, as it appears to us, prose would be entirely subject to her will. We cannot suppose, for example, that if she had not been writing the first lines of the poem in verse, she would have permitted any such tumult of images as now appears in them : —

> "'T is the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
> Like fretted leaflets breathing on the deep :
> Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
> A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines,
> On the mid-sea that moans with memories,
> And on the untravelled ocean, whose vast tides
> Pant dumbly passionate with the dreams of youth."

We can hardly, however, attribute to unfamiliarity with metrical expression the following very surprising lyric : —

> "Day is dying! Float, O song,
> Down the westward river,
> Requiem chanting to the Day, —
> Day, the mighty Giver.
>
> "Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
> Melted rubies sending
> Through the river and the sky,
> Earth and heaven blending ;
>
> "All the long-drawn earthy banks
> Up to cloud-land lifting ;
> Slow between them drifts the swan,
> 'Twixt two heavens drifting.
>
> "Wings half open, like a flower
> Inly deeper flushing,
> Neck and breast as virgin's pure, —
> Virgin proudly blushing.
>
> "Day is dying! Float, O swan,
> Down the ruby river ;
> Follow, song, in requiem
> To the mighty Giver."

This is the worst, we think, — though we are not sure, — of the lyrics, which are all bad. Commonly Miss Evans is a poet of the kind described in the fortunate jest made of her minstrel Juan, and is

> "Crazed with finding words
> May stick to things and seem like qualities."

The splendor of her performance is an intellectual polish, not a spiritual translucence, and its climax is eloquence, with the natural tendency of eloquence to pass into grandiloquence ; though Miss Evans does at least in one place express the quality of things in words which reveal poetry of thought. It is where Fedalma says to her lover : —

> "Do you know
> Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air
> Breathes gently on us from the orange-trees,
> It seems that with the whisper of a word
> Our souls must shrink, get poorer, more apart.
> Is it not true?"

And Don Silva answers : —

> "Yes, dearest, it is true.
> Speech is but broken light upon the depth
> Of the unspoken ; even your loved words
> Float in the larger meaning of your voice
> As something dimmer."

We recall fine effects in the poem, though none of them owe their success to the poetic form, and one of the best is in prose. It is a good scene, where the people of Don Silva's household attend the old soldier as he reads from the book of Alfonso the Wise, that "a noble is more dishonored than other men if he does aught dishonorable" ; and the page who doubts and disputes the precept puts it in a question to Don Silva, at that moment entering with a purpose of treason in his heart. It is also fine where Don Silva, having renounced rank and creed and country, and turned Gypsy for love's sake, is tormented by his own remorse, and by the suspicion of those fierce adoptive brothers of his, as they chant around their camp-fire the curse which shall fall upon the recreant to their tribe. Usually, however, the best points to the poem are in the descriptions ; and though descriptive poetry is of the same grade in art as landscape-painting, yet it is poetry, and it includes about all that can be so called in The Spanish Gypsy. It is great praise to say of the picture of the mountebank's performance in the plaza at Bedmar, (where the scene of the drama for the most part is,) that it is not surpassed by anything in Miss Evans's romances ; and we think any reader who has known a southern evening of summer, and has seen

a southern population in its unconscious, intense enjoyment of it, must exult to feel the truth and beauty of such passages as these : —

"'T is daylight still, but now the golden cross
Uplifted by the angel on the dome
Stands rayless in calm color clear-defined
Against the northern blue ; from turrets high
The flitting splendor sinks with folded wing
Dark-hid till morning, and the battlements
Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
By summers generous and winters bland.
Now in the east the distance casts its veil,
And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
. . . . .
And within Bedmar
Has come the time of sweet serenity
When color glows unglittering, and the soul
Of visible things shows silent happiness,
As that of lovers trusting though apart.
The ripe-cheeked fruits, the crimson-petalled flowers ;
The wingéd life that pausing seems a gem
Cunningly carven on the dark green leaf :
The face of man with hues supremely blent
To difference fine as of a voice 'mid sounds : —
Each lovely light-dipped thing seems to emerge
Flushed gravely from baptismal sacrament.
All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
Lies still, yet conscious, with clear open eyes
And gentle breath and mild suffuséd joy.
'T is day, but day that falls like melody
Repeated on a string with graver tones, —
Tones such as linger in a long farewell.
. . . . .
From o'er the roofs,
And from the shadowed pátios cool, there spreads
The breath of flowers and aromatic leaves
Soothing the sense with bliss indefinite, —
A baseless hope, a glad presentiment,
That curves the lip more softly, fills the eye
With more indulgent beam. And so it soothes,
So gently sways the pulses of the crowd
Who make a zone about the central spot
Chosen by Roldan for his theatre.
Maids with arched eyebrows, delicate-pencilled, dark,
Fold their round arms below the kerchief full ;
Men shoulder little girls ; and grandames gray,
But muscular still, hold babies on their arms ;
While mothers keep the stout-legged boys in front
Against their skirts, as the Greek pictures old
Show the Chief Mother with the Boy divine.
Youths keep the places for themselves, and roll
Large lazy eyes, and call recumbent dogs
(For reasons deep below the reach of thought).
The old men cough with purpose, wish to hint
Wisdom within that cheapens jugglery,
Maintain a neutral air, and knit their brows
In observation. None are quarrelsome,
Noisy, or very merry ; for their blood
Moves slowly into fervor, — they rejoice
Like those dark birds that sweep with heavy wing,
Cheering their mates with melancholy cries.
. . . . .
The wingéd sounds exalt the thick-pressed crowd
With a new pulse in common, blending all
The gazing life into one larger soul
With dimly widened consciousness : as waves
In heightened movement tell of waves far off.
And the light changes ; westward stationed clouds,
The sun's ranged outposts, luminous message spread,
Rousing quiescent things to doff their shade
And show themselves as added audience.
Now Pablo, letting fall the eager bow,
Solicits softer murmurs from the strings.
. . . . .
And still the light is changing : high above
Float soft pink clouds ; others with deeper flush
Stretch like flamingoes bending toward the south.
Comes a more solemn brilliance o'er the sky,
A meaning more intense upon the air, —
The inspiration of the dying day."

Good as this is, there is a picture of Juan the poet, with his audience at the inn, which is equally good, with like richness of color, and like felicity of drawing : —

"While Juan sang, all round the tavern court
Gathered a constellation of black eyes.
Fat Lola leaned upon the balcony
With arms that might have pillowed Hercules
(Who built, 't is known, the mightiest Spanish towns) ;
Thin Alda's face, sad as a wasted passion,
Leaned o'er the coral-biting baby's ; 'twixt the rails
The little Pepe showed his two black beads,
His flat-ringed hair and small Semitic nose
Complete and tiny as a new-born minnow ;
Patting his head and holding in her arms
The baby senior, stood Lorenzo's wife
All negligent, her kerchief discomposed
By little clutches, woman's coquetry
Quite turned to mother's cares and sweet content.
These on the balcony, while at the door
Gazed the lank boys and lazy-shouldered men."

It is the sort of people here pictured with whom we think Miss Evans has her only success with character in her poem, and they are true both to the sixteenth century and to human nature, which is not the case with their betters. We desire nothing racier, more individual, than the talk of Blasco, the Arrogonese silversmith, and that new-baptized Christian, the jolly host of the inn, as well as some of their interlocutors, leaving out Juan the poet, who is not much better when he talks than when he sings. We imagine that these characters, so strongly and so distinctively Spanish, as well as the happy local color of the descriptions, are the suggestion of that visit which the author made to Spain after the story of the poem was written. The Middle Ages linger yet in Spain, and the scenes in the plaza and inn, though so enchanting as pictures of the past, must have been in great part painted from life in our own time, and Blasco, Lopez, the Host, Roldan and Roldan's monkey, remodelled if not created from actual knowledge of Spanish men and manners. But admirable as these characters are in themselves and in association, they do nothing to advance the action of the story, and they belong to that promise

of interest which dwindles rapidly after the first books of the poem, and is never wholly fulfilled.

There is grandeur in the conception of the work. The intention of representing a conflict between national religions and prejudices and personal passions and aspirations, which should interpret the life of a period so marvellous and important as the close of the fifteenth century, was a great one, and Miss Evans has indicated it almost worthily in the prologue of the first book of her poem, recurring to it with something of like strength in the prologues of each succeeding book. In these we are aware of the far-reaching imagination and fine synthetic power which are so notable in the proem to "Romola"; and in those minor characters of the drama which we have mentioned we recognize success not inferior to that which delights in the people of the great romance. But nothing could be in sharper contrast than the distinct impression left upon the mind by the chief ideas and personages of Romola, and by the painfully recollected intent and the figures which develop it in The Spanish Gypsy. In either case the author deals with a distant period, and with people and conditions equally strange to her experience and observation. In either case it is a psychical problem she proposes to solve or at least to consider. In either case the chief characters about which the action revolves appear as human beings, with positive, personal desires and purposes. But while in Romola they retain this personal entity to the last, with the hold which nothing else can keep upon the reader's sympathies, and ineffaceably imprint the lesson of their lives in his memory, in The Spanish Gypsy the personal principle is soon removed, and they all disappear from us, dry, rattling assemblages of moral attributes and inevitable results. It is especially to this effect that poets never work, and Miss Evans does not attain it by creating new and original characters. On the contrary, she adopts dresses and figures more or less familiar in romance, and evolves allegoric circumstances and actions from a plot smelling curiously of the dust of libraries and the smoke of foot-lights. We have the daughter of a Gypsy chief stolen in earliest childhood by the Spaniards, and bred in ignorance of her origin, who becomes the affianced of a Spanish grandee; we have a monkish inquisitor, fierce with the pride of family and of faith, who hates this Fedalma both as a new Christian and as the accomplice of his cousin the grandee in the purpose of an ignoble marriage, and who arranges for her seizure by the holy office on the eve of her marriage; then we have Zarca, Fedalma's father, who escapes the same night from Christian captivity, and who, revealing himself to his daughter, persuades her to fly with him, and share his aspirations and labors for the redemption of the Gypsy race. Her lover, desiring to win her back, applies to his friend, a Jewish physician, who knows enough of astrology to doubt it, as a learned and liberal-minded Jew of the Middle Ages naturally would. We are not so clear of any positive part this Hebrew has in the drama, as of the contrast to the inquisitor which he forms; and doubtless the author values the two less as persons than as the opposite principles of liberal science working to truth, and pitiless faith constituting itself a divine purpose. But for this use, Sephardo, whose talk is rather like a criticism and explanation of his attributive character than an expression of character, might with his speculative and philosophical turn be more naturally employed in writing for the reviews.

In Zarca we have a modern reformer a little restricted and corrected at first by costume and tradition, as all his fellow-characters are, but early declaring himself a principle and not a person, as all his fellow-characters do. He appears as an embodiment of those aspirations for independent national existence, which now more than ever before are stirring the true peoples, but which probably existed in all ages; and if he does not act very wisely, nor discourse very entertainingly, perhaps it is because men of one idea are very apt to be short-sighted and tedious, unless skilfully managed, in fiction as in real life. Morally, Zarca comes to be a theatrical kind of Hollingsworth, though we imagine nothing could be farther from the author's consciousness than such a development. It is doubtful whether a purpose and grandeur such as his are predicable of the Gypsy race in any age; but in his daughter's case we must grant even more to the author with less effect. In Fedalma is portrayed the conflict which would arise in the nature of a woman held to her betrothed by love, and identity of civilization and social custom, and drawn toward her father by the attraction of kindred, and race, and by vague sympathy with a devoted and heroic pur-

pose; and in accounting for her desertion of her lover Don Silva, all is confided to the supposition that these remote instincts and sudden sympathies are stronger than the use of a lifetime. Fedalma is a Gypsy by birth; and it is poetic, if not probable, that, yielding to the wild motions of her ancestral blood, she should wander with her duenna through the streets of Bedmar, and, forgetting the jealous decorums of her station, and the just claims of her lover's pride, should dance in the circle drawn about the mountebank, that lovely evening in the plaza. At any rate, this escapade wins us the fine effect of her encounter with Zarca, her father, before whom she pauses, touched by some mysterious influence, as he passes through the circle with the other captive Gypsies. Yet this scarcely prepares us for her renunciation, at her father's bidding, of Don Silva, Spain, and Christianity; nor is the act sufficiently accounted for by the fact that if she had remained, she would have been seized by the Inquisition, for she did not know this; or by the other fact that, as is afterwards intimated, she never was true Spaniard or quite Christian. True lover she was, and believed in love, and she never believed in the purpose for which she sacrificed love. That she should act as she did was woman's weakness, perhaps, — the weakness of Miss Evans. The reader cannot help resenting that the author throws the whole burden of remorse for the ensuing calamities and crimes upon Don Silva, who is at least faithful to love when he forsakes his command at Bedmar, follows Fedalma to the Gypsy camp, and, to win her from her father, renounces everything, and becomes himself a Gypsy. He is also true at least to Spanish and human nature of the fifteenth century when, tortured by the cruel sight of his slaughtered friends, on re-entering Bedmar with its Gypsy captors, he asks of Zarca the life of his cousin, the Inquisitor, and, being denied it, stabs Zarca to death, — who, remembering his duty to the nineteenth century, commands with his dying breath that Don Silva shall go unharmed. He accordingly goes unharmed — towards Rome, willing to assume any penance which may be laid upon him for his sins; and the poor soul, who never loses our sympathy, has a kind of sublimity in his honest recognition of his crimes and his honest remorse for them; while Fedalma, bidding him adieu in solemn impertinences that betray much doubt and regret, but dim sense of error, is a very unedifying spectacle. As she departs with the Gypsies whom she distrusts, to fulfil a purpose which she never thought possible, her last care is explicitly to state the poem's insufficiency of motive, and to put in the wrong the chief good that was in her by saying to Don Silva: —

"Our dear young love, — its breath was happiness!
But it had grown upon a larger life
Which tore its roots asunder. We rebelled,
The larger life subdued us."

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INEBRIATE ASYLUMS, AND A VISIT TO ONE.

THERE are two kinds of drunkards, — the Regular and the Occasional. Of each of these two classes there are several varieties, and, indeed, there are no two cases precisely alike; but every drunkard in the world is either a person who has lost the power to refrain from drinking a certain large quantity of alcoholic liquor every day, or he is one who has lost the power to refrain from drinking an uncertain enormous quantity now and then.

Few get drunk habitually who can refrain. If they could refrain, they would; for to no creatures is drunkenness so loathsome and temperance so engaging, as to seven tenths of the drunkards. There are a few very coarse men, of heavy, stolid, animal organization, who almost seem formed by nature to absorb alcohol, and in whom there is not enough of manhood to be ashamed of its degradation. These Dr. Albert Day, the superintendent of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, sometimes calls Natural Drunkards. They like strong drink for its own sake; they have a kind of sulky enjoyment of its muddling effect upon such brains as they happen to have; and when once the habit is fixed, nothing can deliver them except stone walls and iron bars. There are also a few drunkards of very light calibre, trifling persons, incapable of serious reflection or of a serious purpose, their very terrors being trivial and transitory, who do not care for the ruin in which they are involved. Generally speaking, however, drunkards hate the servitude into which they have had the misfortune to fall; they long to escape from it, have often tried to escape, and if they have given up, it is only after having so many times slidden back into the abyss, that they feel it would be of no use to climb again. As Mrs. H. B. Stowe remarks, with that excellent charity of hers, which is but another name for refined justice, "Many a drunkard has expended more virtue in vain endeavors to break his chain than suffices to carry an ordinary Christian to heaven."

The daily life of one of the steady drunkards is like this: upon getting up in the morning, after a heavy, restless, drunkard's sleep, he is miserable beyond expression, and almost helpless. In very bad cases, he will see

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double, and his hands will tremble so that he cannot lift to his lips the glass for which he has a desire amounting to mania. Two or three stiff glasses of spirituous liquor will restore him so far that he can control his muscles, and get about without betraying his condition. After being up an hour, and drinking every ten or fifteen minutes, he will usually be able to eat a pretty good breakfast, which, with the aid of coffee, tobacco, and a comparatively small quantity of liquor, he will be able to digest. After breakfast, for some hours he will generally be able to transact routine business, and associate with his fellows without exciting their pity or contempt. As dinner-time draws near, he feels the necessity of creating an appetite; which he often accomplishes by drinking some of those infernal compounds which are advertised on the eternal rocks and mountain-sides as Bitters, — a mixture of bad drugs with worse spirits. These bitters do lash the torpid powers into a momentary, morbid, fierce activity, which enables the victim to eat even a superabundant dinner. The false excitement subsides, but the dinner remains, and it has to be digested. This calls for an occasional drink for three or four hours, after which the system is exhausted, and the man feels dull and languid. He is exhausted, but he is not tranquil; he craves a continuation of the stimulant with a craving which human nature, so abused and perverted, never resists. By this time it is evening, when all the apparatus of temptation is in the fullest activity, and all the loose population of the town is abroad. He now begins his evening debauch, and keeps up a steady drinking until he can drink no more, when he stumbles home to sleep off the stupefying fumes, and awake to the horror and decrepitude of a drunkard's morning.

The quantity of spirituous liquor required to keep one of these unhappy men in this degrading slavery varies from a pint a day to two quarts. Many drunkards consume a quart of whiskey every day for years. The regular allowance of one gentleman of the highest position, both social and official, who made his way to the Inebriate Asylum, had been two quarts of brandy a day for about five years. The most remarkable known case is that of a hoary-headed man of education and fortune, residing in the city of New York, who confesses to taking "fifty drinks a day" of whiskey, — ten drinks to a bottle, and five bottles to a gallon. One gallon of liquor, he *says*, goes down his old throat every day of the year. Before he is fit to eat his breakfast in the morning he has to drink twelve glasses of whiskey, or one bottle and one fifth. Nevertheless, even this poor man is able, for some hours of the morning, to transact what people of property and leisure call business, and, during a part of the evening, to converse in such a way as to amuse persons who can look on and see a human being in such bondage without stopping to think what a tragedy it is. This Old Boy never has to be carried home, I believe. He is one of those most hopeless drunkards who never get drunk, never wallow in the gutter, never do anything to scare or startle them into an attempt to reform. He is like a certain German "puddler" who was pointed out to me in a Pittsburg iron-works, who consumes exactly seven dollars' worth of lager-beer every seven days, — twenty glasses a day, at five cents each. He is also like the men employed in the dismal work of the brewery, who are allowed as much beer as they can drink, and who generally do drink as much as they can. Such persons are always fuddled and stupid, but seldom drunk enough to alarm their neighbors or themselves. Perhaps they are the only persons in all the world who are in any degree justified in passing their lives in a state of suspended intelligence; those of them at least whose duty it is to get inside of enormous beer-barrels, and there, in darkness and solitude, in an atmosphere reeking and heavy with stale ale, scrape and mop them out, before they are refilled. When you see their dirty, pale faces at the "man-hole" of the barrel,

down in the rumbling bowels of the earth, in one of those vast caves of beer in Cincinnati, you catch yourself saying, "Drink, poor devils, drink! Soak what brains you have in beer!" What can a man want with brains in a beer-barrel? But, then, you think again, even these poor men need their brains when they get home; and *we* need that they should have brains on the first Tuesday in November.

It is that *going home* which makes drunkenness so dire a tragedy. If the drunkard could only shut himself up with a whiskey-barrel, or a pipe of Madeira, and quietly guzzle himself to death, it would be a pity, but it could be borne. He never does this; he goes home to make that home perdition to some good souls that love him, or depend upon him, and cannot give him up. There are men at the Asylum near Binghamton, who have admirable wives, beautiful and accomplished daughters, venerable parents, whose portraits are there in the patient's trunks, and who write daily letters to cheer the absent one, whose absence now, for the first time in years, does not terrify them. *They* are the victims of drunkenness, — they who never taste strong drink. For *their* deliverance, this Asylum stands upon its hill justified in existing. The men themselves are interesting, valuable, precious, worth every rational effort that can be made to save them; but it is those whom they have left at home anxious and desolate that have the first claim upon our consideration.

With regard to these steady, regular drunkards, the point to be noted is this: very few of them can stop drinking while they continue to perform their daily labor; they absolutely *depend* upon the alcohol to rouse their torpid energies to activity. Their jaded constitutions will not budge without the spur. Everything within them gapes and hungers for the accustomed stimulant. This is the case, even in a literal sense; for it seems, from Dr. Day's dissections, that the general effect of excessive drinking is to enlarge the globules of which the brain, the blood, the liver, and other organs are composed, so that those globules, as it were, stand open-mouthed, empty, athirst, inflamed, and most eager to be filled. A man whose every organ is thus diseased cannot usually take the first step toward cure without ceasing for a while to make any other demands upon himself. This is the great fact of his condition. If he is a true drunkard, i. e. if he has lost the power to do his work without excessive alcoholic stimulation, then there is no cure possible for him without rest. Here we have the simple explanation of Mrs. Stowe's fine remark just quoted. This is why so many thousand wives spend their days in torment between hope and despair, — hope kindled by the husband's efforts to regain possession of himself, and despair caused by his repeated, his inevitable relapses. The unfortunate man tries to do two things at once, the easiest of which is as much as he can accomplish; while the hardest is a task which, even with the advantage of perfect rest, few can perform without assistance.

The Occasional Drunkard is a man who is a teetotaler for a week, two weeks, a month, three months, six months, and who, at the end of his period, is tempted to drink one glass of alcoholic liquor. That one glass has upon him two effects; it rouses the slumbering demon of Desire, and it perverts his moral judgment. All at once his honor and good name, the happiness and dignity of his family, his success in business, all that he held dearest a moment before, seem small to him, and he thinks he has been a fool of late to concern himself so much about them. Or else he thinks he can drink without being found out, and without its doing him the harm it did the last time. Whatever may be the particular delusion that seizes him, the effect is the same; he drinks, and drinks, and drinks, keeping it up sometimes for ten days, or even for several weeks, until the long debauch ends in utter exhaustion or in delirium tremens. He is then compelled to submit to treatment; he must needs go to

the Inebriate Asylum of his own bedroom. There, whether he raves or droops, he is the most miserable wretch on earth; for, besides the bodily tortures which he suffers, he has to endure the most desolating pang that a decent human being ever knows, — the loss of his self-respect. He abhors himself and is ashamed; he remembers past relapses and despairs; he cannot look his own children in the face; he wishes he had never been born, or had died in the cursed hour, vividly remembered, when this appetite mastered him first. As his health is restored, his hopes revive; he renews his resolution and he resumes his ordinary routine, subdued, distrustful of himself, and on the watch against temptation. Why he again relapses he can hardly tell, but he always does. Sometimes a snarl in business perplexes him, and he drinks for elucidation. Sometimes melancholy oppresses him, and he drinks to drive dull care away. Sometimes good fortune overtakes him, or an enchanting day in June or October attunes his heart to joy, and he is taken captive by the strong delusion that now is the time to drink and be glad. Often it is lovely woman who offers the wine, and offers it in such a way that he thinks he cannot refuse without incivility or confession. From conversation with the inmates of the Inebriate Asylum, I am confident that Mr. Greeley's assertion with regard to the wine given at the Communion is correct. That sip might be enough to awaken the desire. The mere odor of the wine filling the church might be too much for some men.

There appears to be a physical cause for this extreme susceptibility. Dr. Day has once had the opportunity to examine the brain of a man who, after having been a drunkard, reformed, and lived for some years a teetotaler. He found, to his surprise, that the globules of the brain had not shrunk to their natural size. They did not exhibit the inflammation of the drunkard's brain, but they were still enlarged, and seemed ready on the instant to absorb the fumes of alcohol, and resume their former condition. He thought he saw in this morbid state of the brain the physical part of the reason why a man who has once been a drunkard can never again, as long as he lives, safely take one drop of any alcoholic liquor. He thought he saw why a glass of wine puts the man back instantly to where he was when he drank all the time. He saw the citadel free from the enemy, swept and clean, but undefended, incapable of defence, and its doors opened wide to the enemy's return; so that there was no safety, except in keeping the foe at a distance, away beyond the outermost wall.

There are many varieties of these occasional drunkards, and, as a class, they are perhaps the hardest to cure. Edgar Poe was one of them; half a glass of wine would set him off upon a wild, reckless debauch, that would last for days. All such persons as artists, writers, and actors used to be particularly subject to this malady, before they had any recognized place in the world, or any acknowledged right to exist at all. Men whose labors are intense, but irregular, whose gains are small and uncertain, who would gladly be gentlemen, but are compelled to content themselves with being loafers, are in special danger; and so are men whose toil is extremely monotonous. Printers, especially those who work at night upon newspapers, are, perhaps, of all men the most liable to fall under the dominion of drink. Some of them have persuaded themselves that they rest under a kind of necessity to "go on a tear" now and then, as a relief from such grinding work as theirs. On the contrary, one "tear" creates the temptation to another; for the man goes back to his work weak, depressed, and irritable; the monotony of his labor is aggravated by the incorrectness with which he does it, and the longing to break loose and renew the oblivion of drink strengthens rapidly, until it masters him once more.

Of these periodical drunkards it is as true as it is of their regular brethren, that they cannot conquer the habit

without being relieved for a while of their daily labor. This malady is so frequent among us, that hardly an individual will cast his eyes over these pages who cannot call to mind at least one person who has struggled with it for many years, and struggled in vain. They attempt too much. Their periodical "sprees," "benders," or "tears" are a connected series, each a cause and an effect, an heir and a progenitor. After each debauch, the man returns to his routine in just the state of health, in just the state of mind, to be irritated, disgusted, and exhausted by that routine; and, at every moment of weakness, there is always present the temptation to seek the deadly respite of alcohol. The moment arrives when the desire becomes too strong for him, and the victim yields to it by a law as sure, as irresistible, as that which makes the apple seek the earth's centre when it is disengaged from the tree.

It is amazing to see how helpless men can be against such a habit, while they are compelled to continue their daily round of duties. Not ignorant men only, nor bad men, nor weak men, but men of good understanding, of rare gifts, of the loftiest aspirations, of characters the most amiable, engaging, and estimable, and of will sufficient for every purpose but this. They *know* the ruin that awaits them, or in which they are already involved, better than we other sinners know it; they hate their bondage worse than the most uncharitable of their friends can despise it; they look with unutterable envy upon those who still have dominion over themselves; many, very many of them would give all they have for deliverance; and yet self-deliverance is impossible. There are men among them who have been trying for thirty years to abstain, and still they drink. Some of them have succeeded in lengthening the sober interval, and they will live with strictest correctness for six months or more, and then, taking that first fatal glass, will immediately lose their self-control, and drink furiously for days and nights; drink until they are obliged to use drunken artifice to get the liquid into their mouths, — their hands refusing their office. Whether they take a large quantity of liquor every day, or an immense quantity periodically, makes no great difference, the disease is essentially the same; the difficulties in the way of cure are the same; the remedial measures must be the same. A drunkard, in short, is a person so diseased by alcohol, that he cannot get through his work without keeping his system saturated with it, or without such weariness and irritation as furnish irresistible temptation to a debauch. He is, in other words, a fallen brother, who cannot get upon his feet without help, and who can generally get upon his feet with help.

Upon this truth Inebriate Asylums are founded; their object being to afford the help needed. There are now four such institutions in the United States: one in Boston, opened in 1857, called the Washingtonian Home; one in Media, near Philadelphia, opened in 1867, called the Sanitarium; one at Chicago, opened in 1868; and one at Binghamton, New York, called the New York Inebriate Asylum. The one last named was founded in 1858, if the laying of the corner-stone with grand ceremonial can be called founding it; and it has been opened some years for the reception of patients; but it had no real existence as an asylum for the cure of inebriates until the year 1867, when the present superintendent, Dr. Albert Day, assumed control.

The history of the institution previous to that time ought to be related fully for the warning of a preoccupied and subscribing public, but space cannot be afforded for it here. The substance of it, as developed in sundry reports of trials and pamphlets of testimony, is this: Fifteen or twenty years ago, an English adventurer living in the city of New York, calling himself a doctor, and professing to treat unnamable diseases, thought he saw in this notion of an Inebriate Asylum (then much spoken of) a chance for feathering his nest. He entered upon the enterprise

without delay, and he displayed a good deal of nervous energy in getting the charter, collecting money, and erecting the building. The people of Binghamton, misled by his representations, gave a farm of two hundred and fifty-two acres for the future inmates to cultivate, which was two hundred acres too much; and to this tract farms still more superfluous have been added, until the Asylum estate contains more than five hundred acres. An edifice was begun on the scale of an imperial palace, which will have cost, by the time it is finished and furnished, a million dollars. The restless man pervaded the State raising money, and creating public opinion in favor of the institution. For several years he was regarded as one of the great originating philanthropists of the age; and this the more because he always gave out that he was laboring in the cause from pure love of the inebriate, and received no compensation.

But the time came when his real object and true character were revealed. In 1864 he carried his disinterestedness so far as to offer to *give* to the institution, as part of its permanent fund, the entire amount to which he said he was entitled for services rendered and expenses incurred. This amount was two hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars, which would certainly have been a handsome gift. When he was asked for the items of his account, he said he had charged for eighteen years' services in founding the institution, at thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and the rest was travelling-expenses, clerk hire, and salaries paid to agents. The trustees were puzzled to know how a man who, at the beginning of the enterprise, had no visible property, could have expended so much out of his private resources, while exercising an unremunerated employment. Leaving that conundrum unsolved, they were able at length to conjecture the object of the donation. One of the articles of the charter provided that any person giving ten dollars to the institution should be a stockholder, and entitled to a vote at the election of trustees. Every gift of ten dollars was a vote! If, therefore, this astounding claim had been allowed, and the *gift* accepted, the audacious villain would have been constituted owner of four fifths of the governing stock, and the absolute controller of the entire property of the institution! It was a bold game, and the strangest part of the story is, that it came near succeeding. It required the most arduous exertions of a public-spirited board of trustees, headed by Dr. Willard Parker, to oust the man who, even after the discovery of his scheme, played his few last cards so well that he had to be bought off by a considerable sum cash down. An incident of the disastrous reign of this individual was the burning of one of the wings of the building, after he had had it well insured. The insurance was paid him ($81,000); and there was a trial for arson, — a crime which is easy to commit, and hard to prove. Binghamton convicted the prisoner, but the jury was obliged to acquit him. The man and his confederates must have carried off an enormous booty. The local trustees say, in their Report for 1867: —

"Less than two years ago the Asylum received about $81,000 from insurance companies for damage done by fire to the north wing. About $20,000 have since been received from the counties; making from these two sources about $100,000; and, although the buildings and grounds remain in the same unfinished state as when the fire occurred, except a small amount of work done in one or two wards in the south wing, the $100,000 have nearly disappeared. . . . . Aside from the payment of interest and insurance, this money has been expended by Dr. ——, and in just such ways as he thought proper to use it.

"It may well be asked why this is so? The answer is, that Dr. —— assumes and exercises supreme control, and allows no interference, at least on the part of the resident trustees. . . . .

"His control and management of everything connected with the institution has been as absolute in fact, if not in form, as if he were its sole proprietor.

He goes to Albany to obtain legislation giving him extraordinary police powers, without as much as even informing the trustees of his intentions. When the iron grates for the windows of the lower ward were obtained, the resident trustees knew nothing of the matter, until they were informed that the patients were looking through barred windows. Everything has been done in the same way. He is not known to have had any other official relation to the institution by regular appointment than that of corresponding secretary, and yet he has exercised a power over its affairs which has defied all restraint. He lives there with his family, without a salary, and without individual resources, and dispenses hospitality or charity to his kindred with as much freedom and unreserve as if he owned everything, and had unlimited means at his command. In fact, incredible as it may seem, he claims that he is virtually the owner of the institution. And his claim might have challenged contradiction, had his plans succeeded."

Such things may be done in a community where almost every one is benevolent enough to give money towards an object that promises to mitigate human woe, but where scarcely any one has leisure to watch the expenditure of that sacred treasure!

The institution, after it was open, remained for two years under the blight of this person's control. Everything he did was wrong. Ignorant, obstinate, passionate, fussy, and false, — plausible and obsequious at Albany, a violent despot at the Asylum, — he was, of all the people in the world, the precisely worst man to conduct an experiment so novel, and so abounding in difficulties. If he had a theory, it was that an inebriate is something between a criminal and a lunatic, who is to be punished like the one and restrained like the other. His real object seemed to be, after having received payment for a patient six months in advance, to starve and madden him into a sudden departure. The very name chosen by him for the institution proves his hopeless incompetency. "Inebriate Asylum!" That name to-day is, perhaps, the greatest single obstacle to its growth. He began by affixing a stigma to the unfortunate men who had honored themselves by making so gallant an effort at self-recovery. But let the man and his doings pass into oblivion. There never yet was a bad man who was not, upon the whole, a very stupid ass. All the genuine intelligence in the world resides in virtuous minds. When, therefore, I have said that this individual was an unprincipled adventurer, I have also said that he was signally incapable of conducting an institution like this.

While we, in the State of New York, were blundering on in this way, permitting a million dollars of public and private money to be lavished in the attempt to found an asylum, a few quiet people in Boston, aided by a small annual grant from the Legislature, had actually established one, and kept it going for nine years, during which three thousand inebriates had been received, and two thousand of them cured! The thing was accomplished in the simplest way. They hired the best house for the purpose that chanced to be vacant, fitted it up at the least possible expense, installed in it as superintendent an honest man whose heart was in the business, and opened its doors for the reception of patients. By and by, when they had results to show, they asked the Legislature for a little help, which was granted, and has been renewed from year to year ever since. The sum voted has never exceeded five thousand dollars in any year, and there are three men in Boston at this moment reclaimed from drunkenness by the Washingtonian Home who pay taxes enough to support it.

In an enterprise for the management of which no precedents exist, everything of course depends upon the chief. When you have got the right man at the head you have got everything, and until you have got the right man there you have got nothing. Albert Day, the superintendent for nine years of the Washingtonian Home at Boston, and,

during the last year and a half the superintendent of the Asylum at Binghamton, has originated nearly all that is known of the art of curing the mania for alcohol. He struck into the right path at once, guided by instinct and sympathy, rather than by science or reflection. He was not a professional person; he was simply a business man of good New England education, who had two special qualifications for his new position, — first, a singular pity for drunkards; and, secondly, a firm belief that with timely and right assistance, a majority of them could be restored to self-control. This pity and this faith he had possessed for many years, and they had both grown strong by exercise. When he was a child upon his father's farm in Maine, he saw in his own home, and all around him, the evils resulting from the general use of alcoholic liquors, so that when the orators of teetotalism came along, he was ready to receive their message. He is one of the very few persons now living in the world who never partook of an alcoholic beverage, — so early was he convinced of their preposterous inutility. Losing his father at thirteen, he at once took hold of life in the true Yankee way. He tied up his few worldly effects into a bundle, and, slinging it over his shoulder, walked to a farmer's house not many miles away, and addressed to him a plain question, "Do you want to hire a boy?" to which the farmer with equal directness replied, "Yes." From hoeing corn and chopping wood the lad advanced to an apprenticeship, and learned a mechanical trade; and so made his way to early marriage, decent prosperity, and a seat in the Legislature of Massachusetts. From the age of sixteen he was known, wherever he lived, as a stanch teetotaler, and also as one who would befriend a drunkard after others had abandoned him to his fate.

I once heard Dr. Day relate the occurrence which produced in his mind the conviction that drunkards could be rescued from the domination of their morbid appetite. One evening, when he came home from his work, he heard that a certain Jack Watts, the sot of the neighborhood, was starving with his wife and three young children. After tea he went to see him. In treating this first patient, Albert Day hit upon the very method he has ever since pursued, and so I beg the reader will note the manner in which he proceeded. On entering his cottage he was as polite to him, as considerate of his dignity as head of a household, as he could have been to the first man of the village. "Mr. Watts," said he, after the usual salutations, "I hear you are in straitened circumstances." The man, who was then quite sober, replied: "I am; my two youngest children went to bed crying for food, and I had none to give them. I spent my last three cents over there," pointing to a grog-shop opposite, "and the barkeeper said to me, as he took the money, says he, 'Jack Watts, you 're a fool,' and so I am." Here was a chance for a fine moral lecture. Albert Day indulged in nothing of the kind. He said, "Mr. Watts, excuse me for a few minutes"; and he went out, returning soon with a basket containing some flour, pork, and other materials for a supper. "Now, Mrs. Watts, cook something and wake your children up, and give them something to eat. I 'll call again early in the morning. Good night."

Perfect civility, — no reproaches, — no lecture, — practical help of the kind needed and at the time needed. Observe, too, that the man was in the condition of mind in which patients usually are when they make the *confession* implied in entering an asylum. He was at the end of his tether. He was — to use the language of the bar-room — "dead beat."

When Mr. Day called the next morning, the family had had their breakfast, and Jack Watts smiled benedictions on the man whom he had been wont to regard as his enemy, because he was the declared enemy of Jack Watts's enemy. Now the time had come for a little talk. Jack Watts explained his

circumstances; he had been out of work for a long time, and he had consumed all his substance in drink. Mr. Day listened with respectful attention, spoke to him of various plans for the future, and said that for that day he could give him a dollar's worth of wood-chopping to do. Then they got upon the liquor question. In the softened, receptive mind of Jack Watts Albert Day deposited the substance of a rational temperance lecture. He spoke to him kindly, respectfully, hopefully, strongly; Jack Watts's mind was convinced; he said he had done with drink forever. He meant it, too; and thus he was brought to the second stage on the road to deliverance. In this particular case, resting from labor was out of the question and unnecessary, for the man had been resting too long already, and must needs to go to work. The wood was chopped. The dollar to be paid for the work at the close of the day was a fearful ordeal for poor Jack, living fifteen yards from a bar-room. Mr. Day called round in the evening, paid him the dollar without remark, fell into ordinary conversation with the family, and took leave. John stood the test; not a cent of the money found its way into the till of the bar-keeper. Next morning Mr. Day was there again, and, seeing that the patient was going on well, spoke to him further about the future, and glided again into the main topic, dwelling much upon the absolute necessity of total and eternal abstinence. He got the man a place, visited him, held him up, fortified his mind, and so helped him to complete and lasting recovery. Jack Watts never drank again. He died a year or two ago in Maine at a good age, having brought up his family respectably.

This was an extreme case, for the man had been a drunkard many years; it was a difficult case, for he was poor and ignorant; and it made upon the mind of Albert Day an impression that nothing could efface. He was living in Boston in 1857, exercising his trade, when the Washingtonian Home was opened. He was indeed one of the originators of the movement, and took the post of superintendent, because no one else seemed capable of conducting the experiment. Having now to deal with the diseased bodies of men, he joined the medical department of Harvard University, and went through the usual course, making a particular study of the malady he was attempting to cure. After nine years' service he was transferred to the Asylum at Binghamton, where he pursues the system practised with success at Boston.

I visited the Binghamton Asylum in June of the present year. The situation combines many advantages. Of the younger cities that have sprung into importance along the line of leading railroads there is not one of more vigorous growth or more inviting appearance than Binghamton. Indications of spirit and civilization meet the eye at every turn. There are long streets of elegant cottages and villas, surrounded by nicely kept gardens and lawns, and containing churches in the construction of which the established barbarisms have been avoided. There is a general tidiness and attention to appearances that we notice in the beautiful towns and villages of New England; such as picturesque Northampton, romantic Brattleboro', and enchanting Stockbridge, peerless among villages. The Chenango River unites here with the Susquehanna; so that the people who have not a river within sight of their front doors are likely to have one flowing peacefully along at the back of their gardens. It is a town, the existence of which in a State governed as New York is governed shows how powerless a government is to corrupt a virtuous and intelligent people, and speaks of the time when governments will be reduced to their natural and proper insignificance. Such communities require little of the central power; and it is a great pity that that little is indispensable, and that Albany cannot be simply wiped out.

Two miles from Binghamton, on a high hill rising from the bank of the Susquehanna, and commanding an extensive view of the beautiful valleys of both rivers, stands the castellated palace

which an adventurer had the impudence to build with money intrusted to him for a better purpose. The Erie Railroad coils itself about the base of this eminence, from the summit of which the white puffs of the locomotive can be descried in one direction nine miles, and in the other fifteen miles. On reaching this summit about nine o'clock on a fine morning in June, I found myself in front of a building of light-colored stone, presenting a front of three hundred and sixty-five feet, in a style of architecture that unites well the useful and the pleasing. Those numerous towers which relieve the monotony of so extensive a front serve an excellent purpose in providing small apartments for various purposes, which, but for them, could not be contrived without wasting space. At present the first view of the building is not inviting, for the burnt wing remains roofless and void, — the insurance money not having been applied to refitting it, — and the main edifice is still unfinished. Not a tree has yet been planted, and the grounds about the building are little more pleasing to the eye than fifty acres of desert. On a level space in front of the edifice a number of young men were playing a game of base-ball, and playing it badly. Their intentions were excellent, but their skill was small. Sitting on the steps and upon the blocks of stone scattered about were fifty or sixty well-dressed, well-looking gentlemen of various ages, watching the game. In general appearance and bearing these persons were so decidedly superior to the average of mortals, that few visitors fail to remark the fact. Living up there in that keen, pure air, and living in a rational manner, amusing themselves with games of ball, rowing, sailing, gardening, bowling, billiards, and gymnastic exercises, they are as brown and robust as David Copperfield was when he came home from the Continent and visited his friend Traddles. Take any hundred men from the educated classes, and give them a few months of such a life as this, and the improvement in their appearance will be striking. Among these on-lookers of the game were a few men with gray hairs, but the majority were under thirty, perhaps thirty-two or thirty-five was about the average age.

When I looked upon this most unexpected scene, it did not for a moment occur to me that these serene and healthy-looking men could be the inmates of the Asylum. The insensate name of the institution prepares the visitor to see the patients lying about in various stages of intoxication. The question has sometimes been asked of the superintendent by visitors looking about them and peering into remote corners, "But, Doctor, where do you *keep* your drunkards?" The astonishment of such inquirers is great indeed when they are informed that the polite and well-dressed gentlemen standing about, and in whose hearing the question was uttered, are the inmates of the institution; every individual of whom was till very recently, not merely a drunkard, but a drunkard of the most advanced character, for whose deliverance from that miserable bondage almost every one had ceased to hope. A large majority of the present inmates are persons of education and respectable position, who pay for their residence here at rates varying from ten to twenty dollars a week, and who are co-operating ardently with the superintendent for their recovery. More than half of them were officers of the army or navy during the late war, and lost control of themselves then. One in ten must be by law a free patient; and whenever an inebriate really desires to break his chain, he is met halfway by the trustees, and his board is fixed at a rate that accords with his circumstances. A few patients have been taken as low as five dollars a week. When once the building has been completed, the grounds laid out, and the farms disposed of, the trustees hope never to turn from the door of the institution any proper applicant who desires to avail himself of its assistance. The present number of patients is something less than one hundred,

which is about fifty less than can be accommodated. When the burnt wing is restored, there will be room for four hundred.

Upon entering the building, we find ourselves in a spacious, handsome, well-arranged, and well-furnished hotel. The musical click of billiard-balls, and the distant thunder of the bowling-alley, salute the ear; one of the inmates may be performing brilliantly on the piano, or trying over a new piece for next Sunday on the cabinet organ in the temporary chapel. The billiard-room, we soon discover, contains three tables. There is a reading-room always open, in which the principal periodicals of both continents, and plenty of newspapers, are accessible to all the patients. A small library, which ought to be a larger one, is open at a certain hour every day. A conservatory is near completion, and there is a garden of ten acres near by in which a number of the inmates may usually be seen at work. A croquet-ground is not wanting, and the apparatus of cricket is visible in one of the halls. The chapel is still far from being finished, but enough is done to show that it will be elegant and inviting soon after the next instalment of excise-money comes in. The dining-room is lofty and large, as indeed are all the public rooms. The private rooms are equal, both in size and furniture, to those of good city hotels. The arrangements for warming, lighting, washing, bathing, cooking, are such as we should expect to find in so stately an edifice. We have not yet reached the point when housework will do itself; but in great establishments like this, where one man, working ten minutes an hour, warms two or three hundred rooms, menial labor is hopefully reduced. In walking about the wide halls and airy public apartments, the visitor sees nothing to destroy the impression that the building is a very liberally arranged summer hotel. To complete the illusion, he will perhaps see toddling about a lovely child with its beautiful mother, and in the large parlor some ladies visiting inmates or officers of the institution. The table also is good and well served. A stranger, not knowing the nature of the institution, might, however, be puzzled to decide whether it is a hotel or a college. No one, it is true, ever saw a college so handsomely arranged and provided; but the tone of the thing is college-like, especially when you get about among the rooms of the inmates, and see them cramming for next Monday's debate, or writing a lecture for the Asylum course.

This institution is in fact, as in appearance, a rationally conducted hotel or Temporary Home and resting-place for men diseased by the excessive use of alcoholic drinks. It is a place where they can pause and reflect, and gather strength and knowledge for the final victorious struggle with themselves. Temptation is not so remote that their resolution is not in continual exercise, nor so near that it is tasked beyond its strength. There lies Binghamton in its valley below them in plain sight, among its rivers and its trees, with its thousand pretty homes and its dozen nasty bar-rooms. They can go down there and drink, if they can get any one to risk the fifty dollars' fine imposed by the law of the State upon any one who sells liquor to an inmate of the Asylum. Generally, there is some poor mercenary wretch who will do it. Until it has been proved that the sight of Binghamton is too much for a patient, the only restraint upon his liberty is, that he must not enter the town without the consent of the superintendent. This consent is not regarded in the light of a permission, but in that of a physician's opinion. The patient is supposed to mean: "Dr. Day, would you, as my medical adviser, recommend me to go to Binghamton this morning to be measured for a pair of shoes? Do you think it would be salutary? Am I far enough advanced in convalescence to trust myself to breathe the air of the valley for an hour?" The doctor gives his opinion on the point, and it is etiquette to accept that opinion without remark.

Not one patient has yet visited the town, with the consent of the superintendent, who has proved unequal to the temptation. If an inmate steals away and yields to his craving, he is placed in confinement for a day or two, or longer if necessary. It occasionally happens that a patient, conscious of the coming on of a paroxysm of desire, asks to have the key of his room turned upon him till it is over. It is desired that this turning of the key, and those few barred rooms in one of the wards, shall be regarded as mere remedial appliances, as much so as the bottles of medicine in the medicine-chest. It is, however, understood that no one is to be released from confinement who does not manifest a renewed purpose to refrain. Such a purpose is sometimes indicated by a note addressed to the superintendent like the following, which I happened to see placed in his hands: —

"DR. DAY: —

"DEAR SIR: I cannot let the circumstance which happened yesterday pass by without assuring you that I am truly sorry for the disgrace I have brought on the institution, as well as myself. I certainly appreciate your efforts to guide us all in the right direction, and more especially the interest that you have taken in my own welfare. Let me assure you now, that hereafter, as long as I remain with you, I shall use every endeavor to conduct myself as I should, and cause you no further trouble."

Lapses of this kind are not frequent, and they are regarded by the superintendent as part of the means of restoration which the institution affords; since they aid him in destroying a fatal self-confidence, and in inculcating the idea that a patient who lapses must never think of giving up the struggle, but renew it the instant he can gain the least foothold of self-control.

The system of treatment pursued here is founded on the expectation that the patient and the institution will co-operate. If a man does not desire to be reclaimed, and such a desire cannot be awakened within him, the institution can do no more than keep him sober while he remains an inmate of it. There will, perhaps, one day be in every State an asylum for incurable drunkards, wherein they will be permanently detained, and compelled to live temperately, and earn their subsistence by suitable labor. But this is not such an institution. Here all is voluntary. The co-operation of the patient is assumed; and when no desire to be restored can be roused, the experiment is not continued longer than a few months.

The two grand objects aimed at by the superintendent are, to raise the tone of the bodily health, and to fortify the weakened will. The means employed vary somewhat in each case. The superintendent designs to make a particular study of each individual; he endeavors to win his confidence, to adapt the treatment to his peculiar disposition, and to give him just the aid he needs. As the number of patients increases, this will become more difficult, if it does not become impossible. The more general features of the system are all that can be communicated to others, and these I will endeavor briefly to indicate.

It is interesting to observe the applicants for admission, when they enter the office of the Asylum, accompanied generally by a relative or friend. Some reach the building far gone in intoxication, having indulged in one last farewell debauch; or having drunk a bottle of whiskey for the purpose of screwing their courage to the sticking-point of entering the Asylum. A clergyman whom this institution restored told me that he reached Binghamton in the evening, and went to bed drunk; and before going to the Asylum the next morning he had to fortify his system and his resolve by twelve glasses of brandy. Sometimes the accompanying friend, out of an absurd kind of pity for a poor fellow about to be deprived of his solace, will rather encourage him to drink; and often the relatives of an

inebriate can only get him into the institution by keeping him intoxicated until he is safe under its roof. Frequently men arrive emaciated and worn out from weeks or months of hard drinking; and occasionally a man will be brought in suffering from delirium tremens, who will require restraint and watching for several days. Some enter the office in terror, expecting to be immediately led away by a turnkey and locked up. All come with bodies diseased and minds demoralized; for the presence of alcohol in the system lowers the tone of the whole man, body and soul, strengthening every evil tendency, and weakening every good one. And this is the reason why men who are brought here against their will are not to be despaired of. Alcohol may only have suspended the activity of their better nature, which a few weeks of total abstinence may rouse to new life. As the health improves, ambition often revives, the native delicacy of the soul reappears, and the man becomes polite, docile, interested, agreeable, who on entering seemed coarse, stupid, obstinate, and malign.

The new-comer subscribes to the rules, pays his board three months in advance, and surrenders all the rest of his money. The paying in advance is a good thing; it is like paying your passage on going on board ship; the voyager has no care, and nothing to think of, but the proposed object. It is also one more inducement to remain until other motives gain strength.

Many hard drinkers live under the conviction that if they should cease drinking alcoholic liquors suddenly, they would die in a few days. This is a complete error. No "tapering off" is allowed here. Dr. Day discovered years ago that a man who has been drinking a quart of whiskey a day for a long time suffers more if his allowance is reduced to a pint than if he is put at once upon the system of total abstinence. He not only suffers less, but for a shorter time. The clergyman before referred to informed me that, for two years and a half before entering the Asylum, he drank a quart of brandy daily, and he felt confident that he would die if he should suddenly cease. He reached Binghamton drunk; he went to bed that evening drunk; he drank twelve glasses of brandy the next morning before eleven o'clock; he went up to the Asylum saturated with brandy, expecting to make the preliminary arrangements for his admission, then return to the hotel, and finish the day drinking. But precisely at that point Albert Day laid his hand upon him, and marked him for his own. Dr. Day quietly objected to his return to the town, sent for his trunk, caused the tavern bill to be paid, and cut off his brandy at once and totally. For forty-eight hours the patient craved the accustomed stimulant intensely, and he was only enabled to sleep by the assistance of bromide of potassium. On the third day the craving ceased, and he assured me that he never felt it again. Other morbid experiences he had, but not that; and now, after two years of abstinence, he enjoys good health, has no desire for drink, and is capable of extraordinary exertions. Other patients, however, informed me that they suffered a morbid craving for two or three weeks. But all agreed that the sudden discontinuance of the stimulant gave them less inconvenience than they had anticipated, and was in no degree dangerous. It is, indeed, most surprising to see how soon the system begins to rally when once it is relieved of the inimical influence. Complete recovery, of course, is a slow and long effort of nature; but the improvement in the health, feelings, and appearance of patients, after only a month's residence upon that breezy hill, is very remarkable.

There is an impression in the country that the inmates of such asylums as this undergo some mysterious process, and take unknown medicines, which have power to destroy the desire for strong drink. Among the quack medicines of the day is a bottled humbug, pretending to have such power. It is also supposed by some that the plan which Cap-

tain Marryat mentions is efficacious, — that of confining a drunken sailor for several days to a diet of beef and brandy. Accounts have gone the rounds of the papers, of another system that consists in saturating with brandy every article of food of which the inebriate partakes. Patients occasionally arrive at the Asylum who expect to be treated in some such way; and when a day or two passes without anything extraordinary or disagreeable happening, they inquire, with visible apprehension, "When the treatment is going to begin." In this sense of the word, there is no treatment here. In all nature there is no substance that destroys or lessens a drunkard's desire for intoxicating liquors; and there is no such thing as permanently disgusting him with brandy by giving him more brandy than he wants. A drunkard's drinking is not a thing of mere appetite; his whole system craves stimulation; and he would drink himself into perdition while loathing the taste of the liquor. This Asylum simply gives its inmates rest, regimen, amusement, society, information. It tries to restore the health and renew the will, and both by rational means.

Merely entering an establishment like this is a long step toward deliverance. It is a confession! It is a confession to the patient's family and friends, to the inmates of the Asylum, and, above all, to himself, that he has lost his self-control, and cannot get it back without assistance. He comes here for that assistance. Every one knows he comes for that. They are all in the same boat. The pot cannot call the kettle black. False pride, and all the thin disguises of self-love, are laid aside. The mere fact of a man's being an inmate of an inebriate asylum is a declaration to all about him that he has been a drunkard, and even a very bad drunkard; for the people here know, from their own bitter experience, that a person cannot bring himself to make such a confession until, by many a lapse, he has been brought to despair of self-recovery. Many of these men were thinking of the asylum for years before they could summon courage to own that they had lost the power to resist a physical craving. But when once they have made the agonizing avowal by entering the asylum, it costs them no great effort to reveal the details of their case to hearers who cannot reproach them; and, besides relating their own experience without reserve, they are relieved, encouraged, and instructed by hearing the similar experience of others. All have the same object, the same peril, the same dread, the same hope, and each aids the rest as students aid one another in the same college.

In a community like this, Public Opinion is the controlling force. That subtle, resistless power is always aiding or frustrating the object for which the community exists. Public Opinion sides with a competent superintendent, and serves him as an assiduous, omnipresent police. Under the coercive system once attempted here, the public opinion of the Asylum applauded a man who smuggled a bottle of whiskey into the building, and invited his friends into his room to drink it. An inmate who should now attempt such a crime would be shunned by the best two-thirds of the whole institution. One of their number, suddenly overcome by temptation, who should return to the Asylum drunk, they would all receive as cordially as before; but they would regard with horror or contempt a man who should bring temptation into the building, and place it within reach of those who had fled hither to avoid it.

The French have a verb, — *se dépayser*, — to uncountry one's self, to get out of the groove, to drop undesirable companions and forsake haunts that are too alluring, by going away for a while, and, in returning, not resuming the old friends and habits. How necessary this is to some of the slaves of alcohol every one knows. To many of them restoration is impossible without it, and not difficult with it. To all such, what a refuge is a well-conducted asylum like this! Merely being here, out of the coil of old habits, haunts, pleasures, comrades, temptations, which had proved too much for them a thousand

times, — merely being away for a time, so that they can calmly survey the scenes they have left and the life they have led, — is itself half the victory.

Every Wednesday evening, after prayers, a kind of temperance meeting is held in the chapel. It is the intention of the superintendent, that every inmate of the Asylum shall become acquainted with the nature of alcohol, and with the precise effects of alcoholic drinks upon the human system. He means that they shall comprehend the absurdity of drinking as clearly as they know its ruinous consequences. He accordingly opens this meeting with a short lecture upon some one branch of the subject, and then invites the patients to illustrate the point from their own experience. At the meeting which I happened to attend the subject of Dr. Day's remarks was suggested (as it often is) by an occurrence which had just taken place at the institution, and had been the leading topic of conversation all that day. At the last meeting, a young man from a distant State, who had been in the Asylum for some months and was about to return home, delivered an eloquent farewell address to his companions, urging them to adhere to their resolution, and protesting his unalterable resolve never, never, never again to yield to their alluring and treacherous foe. He spoke with unusual animation and in a very loud voice. He took his departure in the morning by the Erie Road, and twelve hours after he was brought back to the Asylum drunk. Upon his recovery he related to the superintendent and to his friends the story of his lamentable fall. When the train had gone three hours on its way, there was a detention of three hours at a station that offered little entertainment to impatient travellers. The returning prodigal paced the platform; found it dull work; heard at a distance the sound of billiard balls; went and played two games, losing both; returned to the platform and resumed his walk; and there fell into the train of thought that led to the catastrophe. His reflections were like these: "How perfect is my cure! I have not once *thought* of taking a drink. Not even when I saw men drinking at the bar did it cross my mind to follow their example. I have not the least desire for whiskey, and I have no doubt I could take that 'one glass' which Dr. Day keeps talking about, without a wish for a second. In fact, no man is perfectly cured till he can do that. I have a great mind to put it to the test. It almost seems as if this opportunity of trying myself had been created on purpose. Here goes, then, for the last glass of whiskey I shall take as long as I live, and I take it purely as a scientific experiment." One hour after, his friend, who was accompanying him home, found him lying in a corner of a bar-room, dead drunk. He had him picked up, and placed in the next train bound for Binghamton.

This was the text of Dr. Day's discourse, and he employed it in enforcing anew his three cardinal points: 1. No hope for an inebriate until he thoroughly distrusts the strength of his own resolution; 2. No hope for an inebriate except in total abstinence as long as he lives, both in sickness and in health; 3. Little hope for an inebriate unless he avoids, on system and on principle, the occasions of temptation, the places where liquor is sold, and the persons who will urge it upon him. Physicians, he said, were the inebriate's worst enemies; and he advised his hearers to avoid the tinctures prepared with alcohol, which had often awakened the long-dormant appetite. During my stay at Binghamton, a clergyman resident in the town, and recently an inmate of the Asylum, had a slight indisposition resulting from riding home from a meeting ten miles in the rain. One of the physicians of the place, who knew his history, knew that he had been an inebriate of the most pronounced type (quart of liquor a day), prescribed a powerful dose of brandy and laudanum. "I dare not take it, doctor," he said, and put the damnable temptation behind him. "If I *had* taken it," said he to me, "I should

have been drunk to-day." The case, too, required nothing but rest, rice, and an easy book. No medicine was necessary. Dr. Day has had under his care a man who, after being a confirmed drunkard, had been a teetotaler for eighteen years, and had then been advised to take wine for the purpose of hastening a slow convalescence. His appetite resumed its old ascendency, and, after drinking furiously for a year, he was brought to the Asylum in delirium tremens. Dr. Day expressed a strong hope and belief that the returned inmate mentioned above had *now* actually taken his last glass of whiskey; for he had discovered his weakness, and was in a much more hopeful condition than he had been before his lapse. The Doctor scouted the idea that a man who has the misfortune to break his resolution should give up the struggle. Some men, he said, *must* fall, at least once, before the last rag of self-confidence is torn from them; and he had had patients who, after coming back to him in Boston four times, had conquered, and had lived soberly for years, and were still living soberly.

When the superintendent had finished his remarks, he called upon his hearers to speak. Several of them did so. One young gentleman, an officer of the army during the war, made his farewell speech. He thanked his companions for the forbearance they had shown him during the first weeks of his residence among them, when he was peevish, discontented, rebellious, and had no hope of ever being able to conquer his propensity, so often had he tried and failed. He would have left the Asylum in those days, if he had had the money to pay his fare on the cars. He felt the importance of what Dr. Day had advanced respecting the occasions of temptation, and especially what he had said about physicians' prescriptions, which he knew had led men to drink. "If," he added, "I cannot live without alcohol, I would rather die. For my part, I expect to have a struggle all my life; I don't think the time will ever come when it will be safe for me to dally with temptation, and I feel the necessity of following Dr. Day's advice on this point." He spoke in a simple, earnest, and manly manner. He was followed by another inmate, a robust, capable-looking man of thirty-five, who also spoke with directness and simplicity. He hoped that fear would help him to abstain. If he could only keep sober, he had the best possible prospects; but if he again gave way, he saw nothing before him but infamy and destruction. He spoke modestly and anxiously, evidently feeling that it was more than a matter of life and death to him. When he had concluded, a young gentleman rose, and delivered a fluent, flowery address upon temperance; just such a discourse as might precede a lapse into drinking.

On Monday evening of every week, the Literary Society of the institution holds its meeting, when essays are read and lectures delivered. The course of lectures delivered last winter are highly spoken of by those who heard them, and they were all written by inmates of the Asylum. Among the subjects treated were: Columbus, a Study of Character; Goldsmith; The Telegraph, by an Operator; Resources of Missouri; Early English Novelists; The Age, and the Men for the Age; Geology; The Passions, with Poetical Illustrations; The Inebriate Asylum, under the Régime of Coercion. It occasionally happens, that distinguished visitors contribute something to the pleasure of the evening. Mrs. Stowe, the newspapers inform us, was kind enough some time since to give them a reading from Uncle Tom's Cabin; and the copy of the book from which she read was a cheap double-columned pamphlet brought from the South by a freedman, now the porter of the Asylum. He bought it and read it while he was still a slave, little thinking when he scrawled his name across the dingy title-page that he should ever have the honor of lending it to the authoress.

Nearly twelve years have now elapsed

since Dr. Day began to accumulate experience in the treatment of inebriates, during which time he has had nearly four thousand patients under his care. What proportion of these were permanently cured it is impossible to say, because nothing is heard of many patients after they leave; but it is reasonably conjectured that two thirds of the whole number were restored. It is a custom with many of them to write an annual letter to Dr. Day on the anniversary of their entering the Home under his management, and the reading of such letters is a highly interesting and beneficial feature of the Wednesday evening temperance meetings. The alcoholic mania is no respecter of persons. Dr. Day has had under treatment twenty-one clergymen, one of whom was a Catholic priest (who had delirium tremens), and one a Jewish Rabbi. He has had one old man past seventy, and one boy of sixteen. He has had a Philadelphia "killer," and a judge of a supreme court. He has had steady two-quarts-a-day men, and men who were subject only to semi-annual debauches. He has had men whose "tears" lasted but forty-eight hours, and one man who came in of his own accord after what he styled "a general spree" of three months' continuance. He has had drunkards of two years' standing, and those who have been slaves of strong drink for thirty years.

Some of his successes have been striking and memorable. There was Dr. X—— of Tennessee, at thirty-five a physician of large practice, professor in a medical college, happy in an excellent wife and seven children. Falling into drink, he lost at length his practice, his professorship, his property, his home; his family abandoned him to his fate, and went to his wife's father's in another State; and he became at last a helpless gutter sot. His brother, who heard by chance of the Home in Boston, picked him up one day from the street, where he lay insensible, and got him upon the train for the East. Before he roused from his drunken stupor, he was half-way across Virginia. "Where am I?" he asked. "In Virginia, on your way to Boston." "All right," said he, in a drunkard's drunkenest manner, — "all right! give me some whiskey." He was carried into the Home in the arms of men, and lay for some weeks miserably sick. His health improved, and the *man* revived. He clutched at this unexpected chance of escape, and co-operated with all his heart with the system. Dr. Day wrote a hopeful letter to his wife. "Speak not to me of a husband," she replied; "I have no husband; I buried my husband long ago." After four months' stay in the institution, the patient returned home, and resumed his practice. A year after, his family rejoined him. He recovered all his former standing, which to this day, after nine years of sobriety, he retains. His ninth annual letter to his deliverer I have read. "By the way," he says, in a postscript, "did you receive my letters each year of the war?" Yes, they reached Dr. Day months after they were written; but they always reached him. The secret of this cure, as the patient has often asserted, was total abstinence. He had attempted to reduce his daily quantity a hundred times; but never, until he entered the Home, was he aware of the physical *impossibility* of a drunkard's becoming a moderate drinker. From the moment when he had a clear, intellectual comprehension of that truth, the spell was broken: abstinence was easy; he was himself again.

Then there was Y——, a Philadelphia street savage, — one of those firemen who used to sleep in the engine-house, and lie in wait for rival companies, and make night and day hideous with slaughter. Fearful beings were those Philadelphia firemen of twenty years ago! Some of them made a nearer approach to total depravity than any creatures I have ever seen that wore the form of man, — revelling in blood, exulting in murder, and glorying in hellish blows with iron implements, given and received. It was difficult to say whether it gave them keener delight to wound or to be wounded. In all com-

munities where external observances and decorums become tyrannical, and where the innocent pleasures of youth are placed under a ban, there is sure to be a class which revolts against the invisible despot, and goes to a horrid extreme of violence and vice. This Y—— was one of the revolters. Once in many weeks he would return to his decent home, ragged and penniless, to be reclothed. It is only alcohol that supports men in a life of *wanton* violence like this; and he, accordingly, was a deep and reckless drinker. His sister prevailed upon him, after many months of persuasion, to go to the Home in Boston, and he presented himself there one morning, black all over with coal-dust. He explained his appearance by saying that he had come from Philadelphia in a coal-vessel. Dr. Day, who had been notified of his coming, received him with that emphatic politeness which produces such magical effects upon men who have long been accustomed to see an enemy in every one who behaves decently and uses the English language in its simplicity. He was exceedingly astonished to be treated with consideration, and to discover that he was not to be subjected to any disagreeable process. He proved to be a good, simple soul, very ignorant, not naturally intelligent, and more capable, therefore, of faith than of knowledge. The Doctor won his confidence; then his good-will; then his affection. Something that was read in the Bible attracted his attention one day, and he asked to be shown the passage; and this was the beginning of his reading the Bible regularly. It was all new to him; he found it highly interesting; and, this daily reading being associated in his mind with his reform, the book became a kind of talisman to him, and he felt safe as long as he continued the practice. After a six-months' residence, he went to work in Boston, but always returned to spend the evening at the Home. At the beginning of the war he enlisted. He was in Colonel Baker's regiment on the bloody day of Ball's Bluff, and was one of the gallant handful of men who rescued from the enemy the body of their slain commander. He was one of the multitude who swam the Potomac amid a pattering rain of bullets, and walked barefoot seven miles to camp. The first man that met him there offered him whiskey. Mistaken kindness! Senseless offer! A man who is sinking with fatigue wants rest, not stimulation; sleep, not excitement. "Don't offer me *that*," he gasped, shuddering. "I dread that more than bullets." Instead of the whiskey, he took twelve hours' sleep, and consequently awoke refreshed, and ready for another day's hard service. At Antietam he had the glory and high privilege of giving his life for mankind. A bullet through the brain sent him to heaven, and stretched his body on the field in painless and eternal sleep. It lies now in a cemetery near his native city; a monument covers it; and all who were connected with him are proud to point to his grave and claim him for their own. What a contrast between dying so, and being killed in a motiveless street-fight by a savage blow on the head with a speaking-trumpet!

Perhaps, long as this article already is, I may venture to give, with the utmost possible brevity, one more of the many remarkable cases with which I became acquainted at the Asylum.

One Sunday morning, a loud ringing of the front-door bell of the Home in Boston induced Dr. Day himself to answer the summons. He found a man at the door who was in the most complete state of dilapidation that can be imagined, — ragged, dirty, his hat awry, torn and bent, spectacles with one eye gone and the other cocked out of place, the perfect picture of a drunken sot who had slept among the barrels and cotton-bales for six months. He was such a person as we thoughtless fools roar at in the theatre sometimes, about 10.30 P. M., and who makes the lives of sundry children and one woman a long and hopeless tragedy up in some dismal garret, or down in some pestilential cellar.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the superintendent.

"My name is A. B——; will you take me in?"

"Have you a letter of introduction from any one?"

"No."

"We must have something of the kind; do you know any one in Boston?"

"Yes; there is Dr. Kirk; *I've preached in his church;* he ought to know me; I'll see if he does."

In a few minutes he returned, bearing a note from that distinguished clergyman, saying that he thought he knew the man; and upon this he was admitted.

He was as complete, though not as hopeless a wreck as he appeared. He had been a clergyman in good standing and of ability respectable; but had insensibly fallen under the dominion of a mania for drink. For ten years he had been a downright sot. He had not seen his family in that time. A benevolent man who chanced to meet him in New York described to him the Washingtonian Home, made him promise to go to it, and gave him money for the purpose. He immediately spent the money for drink; but yet, in some forgotten way, he smuggled himself to Boston, and made his appearance at the Home on that Sunday morning. Such cases as this, hopeless as they seem, are among the easiest to cure, because there are knowledge, conscience, and pride latent in the man, which begin to assert themselves as soon as the system is freed from the presence of alcohol. This man was easily made to see the truth respecting his case. He soon came to understand alcohol; and this alone is a surprising assistance to a man at the instant of temptation. He remained at the Home six months, always improving in health, and regaining his former character. He left Boston twenty-two months ago, and has since lived with perfect sobriety, and has been restored to his family and to his profession.

Inebriate asylums, rationally conducted, cannot fail to be worth their cost. They are probably destined to become as generally recognized a necessity of our diseased modern life as asylums for lunatics and hospitals for the sick. It is not necessary to begin with a million-dollar palace, though it is desirable that the building should be attractive, airy, and large enough to accommodate a considerable number of patients. When the building has been paid for, the institution may be self-sustaining, or even yield a profit. It is possible that the cure of inebriates may become a specialty of medical practice, to which men, gifted with the requisite talent, will devote their lives. The science of the thing is still most incomplete, and only one individual has had much success in the practice. Albert Day is a good superintendent chiefly because he is a good Yankee, not because he is a great scientific healer. It seems instinctive in good Yankees to respect the rights and feelings of others; and they are accustomed to persuade and convince, not drive, not compel. Albert Day has treated these unfortunate and amiable men as he would have treated younger brothers taken captive by a power stronger than themselves. His polite and respectful manner to his patients on all occasions must be balm to men accustomed to the averted look and taunting epithet, and accustomed, too, to something far harder to bear, — distrust and abhorrence of themselves. Others, of course, will originate improved methods, and we shall have, at length, a Fine Art of assisting men to overcome bad habits; but *this* characteristic of Dr. Day will never be wanting to an asylum that answers the end of its establishment.

The disease which such institutions are designed to cure must be very common; for where is the family that has not a drunkard in its circle of connections? It is true that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; but not on that account must the pound of cure be withheld.

The railroad which connects New York and Binghamton is the Erie, which is another way of saying that I was detained some hours on the journey home; and this afforded me the novel

experience of working my way up town in a New York street-car an hour or two before daylight. The car started from the City Hall at half past two A. M., and received, during the first three miles of its course, twenty-seven persons. It so happened that nearly every individual of them, including the person coming home from the Asylum, was out of bed at that hour through alcohol. There were three drunken vagabonds asleep, who were probably taking a cheap lodging in the car by riding to Harlem and back, — two hours and forty minutes' ride for fourteen cents. In one corner was coiled away a pale, dirty, German Jew of the Fagin type, very drunk, singing snatches of drinking choruses in broken English. Next to him was his pal, a thick-set *old* Charley Bates, also drunk, and occasionally joining in the festive songs. A mile of the ride was enlivened by an argument between C. Bates and the conductor, on the subject of a cigar, which Mr. Bates insisted on smoking, in violation of the rule. The controversy was carried on in "the English language." Then there were five German musicians, perfectly sober and very sleepy, with their instruments in their hands, returning, I suppose, from some late saloon or dance-house. One woman was in the car, a girl of twenty, who appeared to be a performer in a saloon, and was now, after having shed her spangles and her ribbons, going home in dirty calico drawn tight over a large and obvious hoop, under the protecting care of a nice young man. There were several young and youngish men, well-dressed, in various stages of intoxication, who had probably been at the lawless "late houses," singing and drinking all night, and were now going home to scare and horrify mothers, sisters, or wives, who may have been waiting five hours to hear the scratch of their latch-key against the front door.

What a picture did the inside of that car present, when it was filled upon both sides with sleepy, bobbing drunkards and servants of drunkards, the girl leaning sleepily upon her neighbor's shoulder, the German musicians crouching over their instruments half dead with sleep, old Fagin bawling a line of a beery song, and the conductor, struggling down through the midst, vainly endeavoring to extract from boozy passengers, whether they were going "through," or desired to be dropped on the way. It was a fit ending to a week at the Inebriate Asylum.

PETROLEUM IN BURMAH.

ON the east bank of the Irrawaddi River, about six hours by a war-boat, above the great barbaric town of Mahgwé, and nearly midway between the northern frontier of the new British-Indian possessions and Amarapoora, the "Throne of the Golden Foot," is the considerable village of Ye-nan-gyoung, or "Fetid-water Rivulet," of which the name explains the fame. It is an odd, rather than picturesque little town, its lack of beauty being offset by the aspect of fantastic remoteness, that sort of Chinese wall-paper pattern, which it derives from the numerous pagodas and multi-roofed kyoungs, or Buddhist monasteries, that crown the eminences round about it. Between these eminences, in shady holm-like hollows, the flimsy bamboo houses are scattered irregularly; and below them creeps sluggishly the oily-looking stream from which the town derives its appellation, — the internal supply of water being quite cut off through all the dry season, though the stream then borrows enough from the Irrawaddi to form, for a short distance above its mouth, a

convenient harbor for war-boats and the lighter trading craft. A narrow stretch of alluvial slope, skirting the sandy channel, nourishes an oasis of noble mango-trees, interspersed with palms, and affords a refreshing contrast to the desert of sterile, burning heights, drearily relieved by grim euphorbias in the background and on either hand. On these heights, and as far as the eye can reach from them eastward, the face of the land is, for the most part, gray and naked, hard and hot, — the soil sandy and stony, with no more herbage between the "thin bandith" of scraggy bush than may pitifully serve to redeem the surface from absolute desertness. Substantial trees, with comely foliage, appear only in the bottoms; but on every side fossil wood abounds, and as late as 1856 there was a ruined temple on a hill-top, surrounded by posts of that material.

As for the town itself, an all-pervading coal-tarry fragrance proclaims its rich and nasty staple, while innumerable potters' kilns dotting the outskirts, and piles of earthen jars lining the beach, relate to the eye the same golden story which the unctuous abomination of odor so triumphantly imparts to the nose. "Fetid-water Rivulet" (what a perfect nitrous-oxide of a name to set before the mind's nose of an imaginative stock-taker!) is eminently a place for surfeited and *blasé* Petroleans to get away to; if for such there be an oily Eden outside of Venango County, it is this.

The principal wells are about three miles from the town, near the village of Twen-goung. You ride to them no small, tough ponies, generally very pretty, but very perverse, and equipped with a tolerable saddle, somewhat English-looking, except for an unsightly hump on the pommel, and distressingly small stirrups, made to be gripped with the great toe of the naked foot, and rudely hitched to the two ends of a piece of rope, which is twisted into the girth on the seat of the saddle. Thus grotesquely mounted, you wind through the ravines and climb the steep sides of the rotten sandstone hills, till you reach the plateau where the wells are, — "an irregular table, with a gently sloping surface, forming a sort of peninsula among the ravines."*

The wells, of which there are said to be about a hundred, all told (though nearly twenty are exhausted, or no longer worked), are most numerous along the upper surface of this plateau, and on the sides and spurs of the ravines that bound it on the north and southeast. The area within which all these wells are included does not exceed half a square mile, — though there is another and smaller group in a valley about a mile to the southward; in some places they are less than a hundred feet apart. The oil appears to be found in a bed of impure lignite, with much sulphur. In one of the valleys a stratum of this was observed outcropping, with the petroleum oozing from between the laminæ; and Captain Yule concludes that it was in this way that the oil was originally discovered, — "some Burman, with a large inductive faculty, having been led to sink a shaft from above."

There are no diversities in the appearance of the wells; all, without exception, are rectangular orifices about four and a half feet by three and a half, and lined with horizontal timbers to the bottom. Their depth varies in noticeable proportion with the height of the well-mouth above the river level, but all are sunk much below the level of the ravine bottoms that bound the plateau; some of those on the top of the plateau are one hundred and eighty, one hundred and ninety, and even two hundred and seventy feet deep, to the oil, — the deepest of all about three hundred and six feet.

The machinery used in drawing the oil is of the most primitive description, — simply a rude attempt at a windlass, mounted on the trunk of a small tree,

* So described by Captain Henry Yule, of the Bengal Engineers, late Secretary to the Governor-General's Envoy, and to whose superb work, A Narrative of a Mission to the Court of Ava in 1855, the writer of this paper is largely indebted for his materials.

laid across two forked uprights; a gurrah, or earthen pot, is let down and filled, and then a man or woman walks down the slope of the hill with the rope.

In this northern group there were, in 1855, about eighty wells yielding oil; in the southern (the only other group known to foreigners), not more than fifty, if so many, and the oil obtained from them was of inferior quality, and mixed with water. In both groups there are many exhausted wells.

The Burmese have no record or tradition of the original discovery of petroleum, no note of the time, or of the flow, since the first shaft was sunk. The wells are private property. Twenty-three families of Ye-nan-gyoung are supposed to be the representatives and natural heirs of the "mute, inglorious" explorers who first found and drew the oil; to these the ground belongs, and chief among them is the myo-thoo-gyee of Ye-nan-gyoung, who lately was also myit-tsin-woon, or chief magistrate of the great river.* The twenty-three proprietors constitute a kind of corporate body for the protection of their joint interests in the land, but each holds individual and exclusive rights in his own wells. When any one proprietor has sunk a well, no other member of the association may dig within thirty cubits of it, — hence much protracted litigation on boundary questions; but neither can any member sell or mortgage to parties outside of the association. Not only do they mortgage, but formerly they intermarried, only among the stockholders; of late years, however, this exhausting custom has not been honored by those most nearly concerned.

No stranger is allowed to dig a well; for though the incorporated proprietors hold no written grant or confirmation of their exclusive privilege, they are recognized and upheld in it by the Burmese authorities. But aside from the influence they can thus bring to bear against interlopers, to prevent them from sinking wells on or near their "claims," there are also the great expense, the dearth of capital, and the uncertainty of returns, to deter any intruding speculator from competing with them. The cost of digging a well 150 cubits deep is, at least, 2,000 tikals, — about eleven hundred dollars, the tikal being equivalent to a trifle more than a rupee and a quarter; 2,000 tikals is a great sum in Burmah, and, after all, the money may be lost in an empty hole; for it often happens that a well-dug within a few yards of others that are flowing freely is found to be quite dry. The work of excavation, as it approaches the oily stratum, becomes dangerous, and the laborers are often rendered senseless by the exhalations; even in wells that have been long worked this sometimes happens. "If a man is drawn up with his tongue hanging out," said a Burmese overseer, "the case is hopeless. If his tongue is not hanging out, he may be brought round by hand-rubbing and kneading his whole body." Captain Macleod, in 1838, saw a gang engaged in sinking a well which had reached a depth of 125 cubits; each workman in his turn remained below only from fifteen to thirty seconds, and appeared dangerously exhausted on coming to the surface.

The yield of the wells varies remarkably; some afford no more than five or six viss (the viss being equivalent to $3\frac{65}{100}$ pounds), while others give 700, 800, 1,000, and even 1,500 viss daily. The average yield in the northern group may be stated at 220, and in the southern at 40 viss. If a well be allowed to lie fallow for a time, the yield is found to be diminished when work on it is resumed. The oil is described, by the Burmese overseers, as gushing like a fountain from openings in the earth. It accumulates in the well in the afternoon and night, is drawn off in the morning, and then carted in earthen

* "*Thoo-gyee* (great man) is the head man of a small circle of villages. *Myo* is properly a fortified place, and hence a city, or chief town, of a district. The *Myo-thoo-gyee* is the Mayor, or town magistrate, and may be the deputy of the *Myo-woon*, who is the Governor, or Lord Lieutenant of the District. The *Myo-tsa* is the 'Eater,' a prince, princess, or court official, to whom the revenues of the district have been assigned as an apanage. *Myo-ok* is a subordinate town magistrate under the *myo-thoo-gyee*." — YULE.

pots, of ten viss each, to the river-side, where it is sold. Formerly it brought one tikal the hundred viss, or about sixteen shillings English the ton. Since the annexation of Pegu, the demand at Rangoon has carried it up to thirty-five shillings.

Burmese jealousy and suspicion are so easily excited that it is impossible to pursue a careful train of inquiry concerning even the most insignificant of their interests without giving umbrage to officials and provoking an ingenious conspiracy of false information. But from notes taken on the spot from time to time, under the most favorable circumstances, the inquirers being visitors, extraordinary and honored guests of the King, and the monopolizing gentlemen in the oil line correspondingly amiable and confiding, it is fair to conclude that from the eighty wells yielding oil in the northern group, at the daily average of 220 viss from each well, the annual product is not less than 6,424,000 viss; and from the fifty wells of the southern group, at an average of 40 viss, 730,000 viss in the year; making the total annual yield from the two groups 7,154,000 viss, or about 11,690 tons. This estimate agrees at all points with the statement made to Major Phayre, the British Envoy, by the Myo-ok of Ye-nan-gyoung, a man of sound information, intelligent, candid, without dissimulation or reserve. He furthermore explained that out of 27,000 viss, which formed the whole monthly yield of his wells, 9,000 went in the form of wages to his workpeople, 1,000 to the King, and 1,000 to the Myo-tsa or "Eater" — happily titled! — of the district.

Mr. Crawford, in the Journal of his Embassy (1827), estimated the annual exportation of petroleum at 17,568,000 viss, basing his calculations upon the number of boats employed in transporting it. He makes the number of wells 200, and the average daily yield of each 235 viss. But Mr. Crawford's accuracy is not a thing to take for granted; in one place he describes the pits as "spread over a space of sixteen square miles." To carry from the wells to the river seventeen and a half millions of viss a year, at the average ascertained cart-load of 120 viss, would require 400 carts a day; but the carts seldom make more than one trip in the day between Ye-nan-gyoung and the wells, and from 160 to 170 is the usual number of loads. The carts are small, and the compact and sturdy cattle that draw them share with their masters a comfortable exemption from overwork.

The most common mode of shipping the oil to Rangoon is in the singular craft called *pein-go*. This is an awkward-looking sloop, flat-bottomed, or nearly so, having no solid canoe or keel-piece, as in the splendid but fantastic *hnau*, but entirely composed of planks, which extend throughout the length of the vessel, — wide in the middle, and tapering to stem and stern, like the staves of a cask. A wide gallery or sponson of bamboo, doubling the apparent beam of the boat, runs the entire circuit of the gunwale. The *pein-go* is usually propelled with oars or poles, though occasionally carrying sail, but never that great bellying spread of light cotton cloth which makes a fleet of *hnaus* before the wind, with their vast gleaming wings and almost invisible hulls, resemble a flight of monster butterflies skimming the silver surface of the Irrawaddi.

The oil is often shipped *in bulk*. Amidships the boat is left empty, to permit the baling of water, which, as heavier than the oil, settles into this, the lowest part of the hull. Forward and aft, the hold is divided into two great cisterns, and into these the oil is "dumped," like grain. Such a boat can carry 10,000 viss of oil, or about fifteen tons, very much more than could be stowed by means of earthen pots. Eight men, paid at the rate of six tikals a month, compose the crew, and the craft may be chartered for the run to Rangoon for one hundred tikals.

In the immediate vicinity of the wells, embedded in shaley layers, are many small, irregular patches of coaly matter, obviously the remains of mineralized fragments of wood, which have been

deposited in the silty drift, and subsequently fossilized.* Portions of this are a true jet coal with a brilliant lustre and perfectly conchoidal fracture; other parts are powdery, friable, and like charcoal; and every intermediate state may be seen. In conjunction with these little seams and patches of coaly matter there is invariably a thick inflorescence of sulphur, imparting a well-marked color to all about it. Traces of this may be found in many other parts also, and not in connection with the patches of coal; but in nine cases out of ten the development of sulphur accompanies the appearance of the coal. In several localities along the banks of the watercourse the petroleum is observed actually oozing out from the rock; and in one place it is very clearly seen to exude along the walls of a crack or break which has been filled up with calcareous sand.

No complete section of any of the wells has been obtained. In all cases they are carefully lined with timbers as the sinking proceeds; and as this process is continued from the very top to the very bottom, no examination of the sides of a well or pit can be made. The soft and insecure nature of the materials through which the sinkings are carried renders this precaution necessary; and where the adventure has been unsuccessful, or when the well seems exhausted, all the timbering is removed, and the sides allowed to fall in. The natives say that, after passing through the sandstones and shales visible at the surface and in the ravines adjoining, they sink through what they term a black soil or "black rock," about ten feet thick. This is evidently their name for the dark bluish-gray or blackish shales, or clunchy clays. Under this they cut through a yellow soil, from which they say the petroleum flows. Between the black and the yellow "rocks" there is commonly, though not always, a greenish bed, oily, and strongly impregnated with petroleum, — which, in all probability, is but the ordinary shaley clay, charged with the oil. Mr. Oldham supposed the "yellow rock" to be clayey beds, from which, or on which, sulphur has been segregated or thrown out, as an efflorescence.

The wells, which are sunk vertically, and are in all cases rectangular, are invariably provided with the rude cross-beam supported on ruder stanchions; this, in its turn, supports the small wooden drum or cylinder over which slides the rope used in hauling up the oil. In all probability this is the same contrivance, without improvement, which was devised when the first well was dug. The oil thus raised is poured into a greater gurrah,* or into a small basin or tank excavated close to the well-mouth, from which it is again potted, and so carted to Ye-nan-gyoung for shipment. Each gurrah holds about ten viss of oil, and ten or twelve gurrahs constitute a load. When first drawn, it presents in mass a peculiar yellowish-green color, is watery rather than oily, and of the consistence of common cream.

The wells do not range in any particular line or direction; there is nothing to point to the occurrence of any fault or disturbance along the line of which the petroleum might issue; and the varying depths of the wells themselves, according to their position (those on the top of the plateau being in all cases deeper than those on the slope of the hillside, and this approximately in the same ratio as the surface of the ground is higher in the one place than in the other), indicate a decided horizontality in the source of supply. This, says Mr. Oldham, is a question of considerable importance; for if it be the case that one bed or layer of peculiar mineral character is the source of the petroleum, the probability — nay, the

* Notes on the Geological Features of the Banks of the Irrawaddi. By T. Oldham, Esq., Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India.

* There was formerly a kind of gurrah, strong and glazed, manufactured at Martaban, Paghan, and Monchoboo, and known in Western India as Pegu jars, which were of the enormous capacity of 200 viss or about 182 gallons. Queer stories are told of resident foreigners smuggling their little daughters out of the country in Pegu jars, to elude the Burmese law, which imposes a heavy penalty on *the exportation of native females of every kind.*

certainty — is that the supply must be gradually diminishing. It does not appear that the number of wells has increased of late years, while the demand for the oil has certainly multiplied more than fourfold, and is still increasing.*

The temperature of some of the oil, drawn up quickly from a depth of 270 feet, was 99°, — the air being 79.25° at the time. This temperature would appear to indicate a deeper source for the petroleum than the bed from which it actually issues. Mr. Oldham is not, however, with those who think that such conclusions, based solely on thermometrical observations, can be admitted as against the other clear proofs, that the supply is actually from the beds from which the oil issues; he thinks the increase of temperature must be considered as due to chemical changes in progress in those beds, and resulting in the production of petroleum from the vegetable matter embedded in the rocks.

Each head of the twenty-three families in whom the proprietorship of the wells was supposed to be vested was registered by sovereign edict as a Thu-thé or "rich man," almost the only hereditary title in Burmah out of the royal family. A woon or a thoo-gyee is made or unmade with a nod, and not only the rank and title and emoluments, but in many cases even the private possessions, of the incumbent disappear with the office. Any subject of the "Lord of the Celestial Elephant" (so that he be not of the class of slaves or outcasts) may aspire to the first office in the state, and such offices are often held by persons of the meanest origin. The first woman who ever sat on the throne of Burmah, side by side with the awful "Master of the Supernatural Weapon," and shared his title of "Sovereign Lord," was the daughter of a jailer; and her brother, Men-tha-gyee, "The Great Prince," had been a fishmonger. With every new promotion in office a new title is conferred; but, without office, no title.

To the order of Thu-thé certain privileges of questionable advantage are attached. The title being hereditary, the son or grandson of a thu-thé may be a "rich man" without a tikal to tickle a poonghee with. Being under the protection of the court, he is subject only to *regular* extortion; it may be frequent, but it must be periodical. He enjoys the exalted privilege of making presents to the King on public holidays and "Beg-pardon Days"; and especially of lending money (when he has any) to the princes and high officers of state, who cannot return it without offending against an ancient and irrevocable custom. If he happens to be the proud possessor of one fair and dainty daughter, she may be complimented with an invitation to the palace "for adoption and instruction"; and the right to decline the honor shall not cost the paternal thu-thé more than a couple of thousands of tikals or so.

Thu-thé is not without education. When he was as yet scarce ten years old, his father sent him to the monastery, where he was taught to read, write, and cipher; in consideration of which he served the priests in a menial capacity, and shared his noble drudgeries with a stripling of the blood royal. He has the Then-pong-Kyee, or spelling-book, by heart, can repeat and copy the Men-ga-la-thok, or moral lessons, is advancing to the study of astrology, and the Thaddu-Kyau or Pali grammar; and even looks forward with presumptuous aspirations to the day when the Then-gyo, or book of metaphysics, may be unsealed to him.

As for his standing in the Church, he devoutly worships the Buddha; keeps his commandments, and honors his priests; refrains from intemperance,

* "The ordinary price of petroleum, before the British annexation of Pegu, was, at the village of Ye-nan-gyoung, from 10 to 14 annas per 100 viss. It has since increased from 1 rupee to 1 rupee 8 annas; and an agent for a mercantile house at Rangoon, who was there at the time of our visit (1855), stated that he had to pay even so much as 2 rupees 4 annas for 100 viss. At Rangoon the price used to be from 2 rupees to 2.8; it now is never less than 5 rupees, and has been so high as 25 rupees per 100 viss. An export duty of 10 per cent is now charged on this oil; the Burmese government charge also 3 per cent. Under the former system, it is stated, the charges including the established douceurs to brokers, &c., were not less." — OLDHAM.

falsehood, theft, adultery, and murder; regards the images and the temples more dearly than himself; hearkens to the precepts of religion at full moon, new moon, and quarters; makes offerings for the support of the poonghees; and assists at funerals and pious processions. Thu-thé is respectable.

When the Myo-ok of Ye-nan-gyoung told Major Phayre that of the monthly yield of the wells 9,000 viss went in wages to the laborers, it was the *free* laborers he meant; if any labor can be termed free under a government which claims every subject — of either sex or any age, and from the most illustrious woon-gyee to the abjectest crawling leper — as the slave of the sovereign, in mind, body, and estate, with life, services, and possessions, and as completely a property of the King as the awful fly-flapper or the sublime spittoon. Still it is a sort of technical freedom which is enjoyed in Burmah by those hewers of wood and drawers of water, or oil, who belong to the King alone, — the freedom of being forgotten by their capricious and besotted owner; and to such as these exclusively, we must suppose, the Myo-ok's 9,000 viss a month were paid. For of the drawers of oil the greater number, no doubt, were of those who are not free, even by so much as a figure of speech; slaves, not of the King alone, but of other slaves, by whom they are never forgotten, — "slave-debtors," whose services are held in mortgage for their own debts or the debts of their fathers, or, if not their services, perhaps their charms, — since among them are found pretty and tender daughters, who never owed a tikal in their lives; and hereditary slaves, prisoners of war or their children, bestowed by royal grant on their captors, or sold for a price in open bazaar, — but these latter are not very common, custom in Burmah dealing mildly with such captives, and willingly converting them into slave-debtors, with the right to work out their own ransom. That ugly old woman, who walks off so sullenly down the slope with the end of the windlass rope, is the wife of a stubborn Peguan, caught on the English side in 1853, when Captain Loch's force was taken in ambuscade at Doonoobyoo by Nya-Myat-Toon, the jungle chief, and almost cut to pieces. That pretty young *maima* who coquets so archly with her betel-box, idling among the gurrahs, is daughter to the master of an oil-boat, who owed the Myo-ok's father five hundred tikals before she was born; and the Myo-ok has inherited the claim. The provoking jauntiness of the white jacket that she calls an *engi* hides but little, and the barbaric *naïveté* of the skimped petticoat (*thabi*), open at the side, ingenuously discloses much, of her supple form. Hers is the true modesty of nature, — else the superior decency of the Myo-ok's *putso*, drawn about his loins like a shawl, and falling in broad, deep folds to the knee, even concealing the elaborate and expensive tattooing which vanity and custom alike prompt him to display, would put her to the blush. The cumbrous cylinders of silver that so monstrously deform the dainty lobes of her ears are a gift from the Myo-ok; and the witching lotos, that with the skilful simplicity of an intuitive refinement adorns her raven hair, she found in the weird tank down by the Kyoung.

At Ye-nan-gyoung, as at Boston, there are seven days to the week. Ta-nen-ganwa, Ta-neng-la, Eu-ga, Budda-hu, Kyatha-bada, Thaok-kya, and Chaua. The day begins with the dawn, and has a natural division into sixty or more parts called *nari*. The longest day or night has thirty-six naris; the shortest, twenty-four. There is also a popular division for the allotment of labor and rest, into eight watches of three hours each, — four for the day and as many for the night. A copper cup with a perforated bottom, set in a vase of water, serves for a timekeeper. A certain mark to which it sinks in a certain time stands for a nari, and naris and watches are struck on a bell.

The Burmese month is divided into the waxing and the waning moon. The

first day of their increasing moon corresponds to the first of our month, and the first of their waning moon to our sixteenth. The new moon, the eighth of the increase, the full moon, and the eighth of the wane, are days of public worship, when the people meet for devotion in the temples; but the days of the new and the full moon are kept holy with peculiar respect.

On the west side of the river, close to the village of Memboo, and nearly opposite Mahgwé, are some curious "mud volcanoes." As you approach them from the huts, the first "signs" you meet with are several little streams of bluish muddy water, which now and then smokes, and is decidedly saline. On topping a trifling rise in the road, a little more than a mile from Memboo, you have before you a vast lake of blue mud, with here and there a projecting hump, looking soft and sloshy. Gradually the scene opens a little, and from the expanse of mushiness several queer conical hills are seen, rearing their heads boldly. From these, in radiating lines, flows of the mud can be traced, marked by the different degrees of consolidation they have acquired, and the consequently different modes in which they reflect the light, as well as by the peculiar manner in which the drying of the mass has produced jointing or "division planes" on it. At short intervals a hollow, gurgling sound is heard, followed by a kind of stuffed *flop* in the mud.

Passing to these hills across the mud, which to your surprise you find tolerably firm and foot-worthy, you mount the side of one which appears more active than the others, and perceive that the conical hollow, or crater, of the volcano is filled nearly to the brim with bluish-gray, oily-looking mud, — liquid mud, — about as stiff as heated pitch, although, of course, less sticky. This crateriform hollow is not exactly at the top of the cone, but at one side, and a little below the summit.

As you watch it, all the surface of the liquid mud within heaves and swells upward like the throes of the human chest in laborious inspiration; then suddenly a great bladder-like expansion is thrown up, and, breaking, falls back into the caldron below with a sullen flop. At one side is a narrow channel, the bottom of which is just above the level of the mucilaginous mass when at rest, but through which, at each successive eructation, a portion is ejected, and comes flowing down the side of the cone in a regular sewer it has formed for itself, its course marked by thin filmy flakes of earth-oil, with which it is partially associated. These thin films follow the curved bands of the quasi-viscous mass, and so produce regular scallops of color on the surface of the stream of mud. The mixture of mud and muddy water thus thrown out is only slightly saline to the taste, but is largely used in the preparation of salt near by; the process being similar to that employed elsewhere in Burmah, and consisting simply of lixiviating the mud, collecting the water thus passed over it, and concentrating it to crystallization over slow fires.

All the while a strong odor of petroleum is emitted, and that oil is continually thrown out in small quantities with the mud; but there is no smell of sulphuretted hydrogen or of carbonic acid.

Of the many cones, the highest stands about fifteen feet above the general level of the mud around, and is of very regular form. From the very summit of this, Mr. Oldham saw a little jet of mud projected at intervals to the height of a foot or more. The most active cone is not more than twelve feet high; the "crater" being about four feet wide at top, and a little below the summit. Another principal cone, of from twelve to fifteen feet, stands to the south of these; and remains of others, now inactive and partially washed away, are near it. The people of the village say that occasionally one of these, which has been for months or years extinct or inactive, will again begin to heave and discharge mud; while frequently, in others which are in operation, the position of the discharging orifice will be altered.

The eructations, or heaves, of the

most active of these vents are very irregular as to time, as well as force. They are governed by no law which can be traced with accuracy, although there does appear to be an uncertain approximation to some law by which the most vigorous outbursts occur at intervals of about thirty seconds; these greater shocks being accompanied and followed by many slighter motions, or the bursting of small bubbles in the interval.

The channel, or canal, raised above the general level, is very quickly formed by the mud flowing down the side of the cone. The mud on the edges and sides drying more rapidly than toward the centre, small raised banks are formed, between which the still fluid mud, ejected at each strong burst, flows in a more or less continuous stream. Occasionally the side bursts, or is broken down, and then the fluid finds an outlet, and cuts a side or branch channel in which the same phenomena are repeated. While the mud is yet fluid and in motion, curved lines of structure, produced by the more rapid flow of the centre, as compared with that of the sides, can readily be traced. But when dried and solid, the desiccation of the mass of mud containing so large a quantity of moisture results in numerous wide cracks, and open joints or fissures, traversing the mud, with comparatively definite direction in the lines, — the most marked being at right angles to the sides of the channel in which the mud has flowed; and others, again, nearly at right angles to those, "diceing up" the whole mass rudely into square fragments.

Half a mile northward from these mud cones there is a group of petroleum springs, rising out of the level flats at the foot of the small range of hills. Mr. Oldham found one in lively operation in a pool, or hole, about three feet six inches wide; it was continually bubbling up. There is a free discharge of gas or air; and, after the bubbles have burst, the oil can be seen floating on the surface of the water in flaky thin coatings, displaying the most beautiful prismatic colors. The wall of this particular pool, or spring, was on a level with the ground around, or barely raised above it; but to the north, about twenty yards off, there was a mound which at first sight was supposed to be a kind of coaly lignite, but which on examination proved to be a cone of mud, originally thrown out by springs similar to those described above, but which must have brought with it a much larger proportion, relatively, of petroleum than the springs then in operation. The petroleum had impregnated the muddy mass, and formed a brown-black substance, readily inflammable, and in fact an earthy-brown coal. Fragments of vegetables, leaves, &c. were embedded in it, and in some of the smaller cavities were portions of the petroleum consolidated into a hard, black, pitchy substance. This conical heap was between eight and ten feet high, and about twenty-five feet in diameter at the base. Other small springs are found to the north of this, and in the same line. The villagers say no flame is ever seen to burst from these springs, but that occasionally smoke is; but as they said this only occurred in cold weather, the "smoke" was probably no more than the heated air of the spring coming suddenly in contact with the colder atmosphere, and so producing a cloud.

The petroleum of Burmah always resembles a thin treacle of a greenish color; and in the open air its odor is not unpleasant. It is universally used as a lamp-oil all over the Empire, for domestic purposes and public illuminations. The poonghees, or priests, who are the only physicians, also apply it abundantly as a liniment for bruises, swellings, and sores, and even administer it internally in cholera, and as a "pain-killer" generally. In the Chinese Geography, translated in Thévenot's *Voyages Curieux*, it is recommended as a sovereign remedy for itch,* — a statement which its sul-

* "To the north lies Zorzania [the kingdom of Georgia, bordering on Armenia], near the confines of which there is a fountain of oil, which discharges so great a quantity as to furnish loading for many camels. The use made of it is not for the purpose

phurous affinities render highly probable.

The wood-work and planking of houses, especially the fine fantastic carvings which so profusely adorn the roofs and porticos of the Kyoungs, are painted with petroleum almost to the point of saturation, to preserve them from the ravages of insects. And in this connection it may not seem irrelevant to help the reader to a just idea of the opulent magnificence, the marvellous delicacy, and bewildering elaborateness of Burmese wood-carving, gilding, and mirror-blazoning, by transcribing a passage from Captain Yule's description of the *Maha Oomiyepuina*, a royal monastery at Amarapoora : —

"In this second building the three spires remain ungilt, the work probably having been interrupted by the civil commotions of 1852. The contrast thus arising between the mellow color of the teak and the brilliant mass of gold is no detriment to the effect. The posts of the basement, instead of being wholly gilt, are covered with scarlet lacker, banded with gilded carving. From post to post run cusped arches in open filigree-work of gilding, very delicate and beautiful.

"The corbels bearing the balcony are more fantastic and less artistic than those of the Toolut Boungyo.* Instead of dragons, they here consist of human figures in rich dresses, with the scallop wings of the Burman military costume, and wearing the heads of various animals, — elephants, bulls, &c. These figures are all in different dancing attitudes, and all jewelled and embellished in sparkling mosaic of mirror and gilding."

[In the Toolut Boungyo the corbels, or brackets, represent griffins or dragons with the head downward, the feet grasping the post, and the tail rising in alternate flexures, which seem almost to writhe and undulate.]

"The balcony balustrade is quite unique. Instead of the usual turned rails, or solid carved panels, it is a brilliant openwork of interlacing scrolls; the nuclei of the compartments into which the scrolls arrange themselves being fanciful, fairy-like figures in complete relief, somewhat awkward in drawing, but spirited in action. Below this balcony is an exquisite drooping eaves-board, in shield-like tracery, with interlacing scrolls cut through the wood, like lace-work.

"The staircase parapets (gilt masonry) are formed in scrolls of snakes, scaled with green looking-glass, and each discharging from its mouth a wreath of flowers in white mirror mosaic. The posts are crowned with tapering *htees*,* inferior in effect to the imperial crowns of the other monastery. The panels of the walls in the upper stories are exquisitely diapered and flowered in mosaic of looking-glass, while the eaves-crests and ridge-crest (the latter most delicate and brilliant) are of open carving in lattice-work, and flame-points tipped with sparkling mirror. The indispensable religious pinnacles or finials, with their peculiar wooden vanes or flags, are of unusually fanciful and delicate carving, each crowned with its miniature golden *htee* and bells."

Yet in all the generations since that Burman with a large inductive faculty sank the first shaft, these Pathan-like artificers, "designing like Titans and executing like jewellers," have not been able to devise anything better to draw their petroleum with than a rude earthen pot, — anything better to burn it in than another pot, with some cotton-seeds for a wick.

of food, but as an unguent for the cure of cutaneous distempers in men and cattle, as well as other complaints; and it is also good for burning. In the neighboring country no other is used in their lamps, and people come from distant parts to procure it." — MARCO POLO.

"Near to this place [Baku in Shirvan, on the border of the Caspian] is a very strange and wonderful fountain under ground, out of which there springeth and issueth a marvellous quantity of black oyl, which serveth all the parts of Persia to burn in their houses; and they usually carry it all over the country upon kine and asses, whereof you shall oftentimes meet three or four hundred in company." — JOHN CARTWRIGHT, *The "Preacher's Travels."*

* The Maha Toolut Boungyo is the residence of the Tha-thana Bain, "The Defender of the Faith," High-Priest and Patriarch of all the poonghees.

* Umbrellas, or canopies, of gilt iron filigree.

THE MAN AND BROTHER.

II.

DIALOGUES similar in nature to the following were quite frequent in the office of the Bureau Major.

"I wants to know ef I can't hev my little gal," explains a ragged freedwoman of an uncertain age.

"I suppose you can, if you can prove that she is yours, and if you have not bound her out as an apprentice."

"I ha' n't bound her out. I let Mr. Jack Bascom, up to Walhalla, have her to stay with him awhile, an' now I wants her back, an' I sont to Mr. Bascom more 'n a month ago to fotch her back, an' 'pears like he ain't gwine to fotch her."

"Perhaps she is very well off with Mr. Bascom; I understand that he is a man of property. What do you want her back for?"

"I wants to see her. She 's my little gal, an' I has a right to hev her, an' I wants her."

Here a citizen who was lounging in the office took part in the conversation.

"Look here, aunty, you had better leave your girl with Mr. Bascom; he is a very kind, honorable man. Besides, he made twenty-five hundred bushels of corn this last season, and it stands to reason that she won't suffer there, while you, probably, don't know whether you 'll have enough to go upon through the winter. It 's going to be a hard winter for poor folks, aunty, and you 'd better take as light a load into it as you can."

"I don't keer for all that," persists the short-sighted, affectionate creature. "Yes, I does keer. But I can't go without seein' my little gal any longer. I ha' n't sot eyes on her for nigh four months, an' I can't stan' it no longer. 'Pears like I don't know how she 's gettin' on."

"But you must have faith," I said, attacking her on the religious side, always an open one with the negroes. However sinful their lives may chance to be in practice, they feel bound to admit the authority of certain doctrines. "It 's your duty to have faith," I repeat. "If you have put your child into the hands of a decent man, well off in this world's goods, — if you have done by her to the best of your intelligence, — you must trust that God will do the rest. You are bound to believe that he will take just as good care of her as if you were there and saw it all."

"Yes, that 's so; that 's true preachin'," responded the woman, nonplussed at discovering that preaching could be made so practical as to apply to Bureau business. "But I don't keer for all that. Yes, I does keer, but I wants to see my little gal."

"Suppose you should move up to Walhalla yourself? Then your child could keep her good place, and still you could see her."

"No, no, I can't do that," she affirmed, shaking her head with energy.

"Ah, aunty! I see through you now," said I. "You have a lot of old cronies here; you love to gossip and smoke pipes with them; you care more for them than for your girl. All you want of her is to wait on you while you sit and tattle. You just want her to go for water and to put a chunk of fire on your pipe."

"No, no, no!" denied the aunty, but she looked dreadfully guilty, as though my charge were at least half true. The result was, that, by dint of ridicule, coaxing, and arguing, I prevailed upon her to leave her child with Mr. Jack Bascom, in whose care the pickaninny was of course far better off than she could have been with her poverty-stricken parent.

Other women wanted their children, male and female, big and little, brought back from Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas. It was useless to say,

"They have but just gone; they have not fulfilled a quarter of their year's contract; besides, they are earning far more than they can here." A combination of affection, stupidity, and selfishness easily responded, "I don't keer for all that, an' I wants to see 'em." The only effective opposition which the Bureau Major could raise consisted in declaring with official firmness and coldness, "I have no transportation for such purposes."

A middle-aged freedwoman came to me with a complaint that her son-in-law would do nothing for the support of his wife and children.

"He 's down on the railroad twenty-five miles below yere, an' he 's git'n' good wages, an' I can't keep 'em no longer."

"Won't he have them with him?" I inquired.

"Yes, he 's sont for 'em once or twice; but I ain't gwine to let 'em go so fur off. Ef he wants my da'ter, he 's got to live with her, and she 's got to live with me."

"Very well; then you may continue to support her," was of course my decision.

Another granny pestered me by the hour for a week together to induce me to save her youngest son Andy from being deported. Andy had stolen a pig; as a consequence he was in jail, awaiting trial; but the sheriff was willing to release him on condition that he would take a contract out of the State; and consequently a planter who was going to Florida had hired him, paid his jail fees, and secured his liberation.

"He must go," said I. "If he breaks his bargain, I 'll have him shut up again."

"O, I would n't keer for that," whimpered the old creature. "'Pears like I 'd rather hev him in jail all his life than go away from me."

Andy did break his bargain, lurked in the neighborhood a few days, and then, being pursued by the sheriff, absconded to parts unknown.

These aged freedwomen, and many also of the aged freedmen, had the bump of locality like old cats. No place in the world would answer for them except the very place in which they had been brought up and had formed their little circle of now venerable gossips. If all their sons and grandsons went to Florida or Louisiana, they would stay with the ancients with whom they were accustomed to smoke and tattle.

And yet the negroes have a great love for children; it is one of the most marked characteristics of the race. Allowing for their desire to have somebody to wait on them, and somebody at hand over whom they can exercise authority; allowing also for their prejudice against everything which in any manner recalls their ancient burden of slavery, — they must still be credited with a large amount of natural affection. One of the strongest objections to the apprenticing of colored children lies in the fact that the relatives soon sicken of their bargain, and want to regain possession of the youngsters. If the father and mother are not alive to worry in the matter, it will be taken up by grandparents, aunts, and cousins. They coax the pickaninny to run away, and they bring horrible stories of cruel treatment to the Bureau officer. Finding, in every case which I investigated, that these tales were falsifications, I invariably refused to break the bond of apprenticeship, and instructed the applicants that their only resource was a trial for the possession of the orphan before the Judge of the District Court. I did this partly from a sense of justice to the master, partly because he was always better able to care for the apprentice than the relatives, and partly because I considered it my duty to aid in setting the civil law on its legs and preparing the community to dispense with military government. As an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* costs money, I never knew mother, grandmother, aunt, or cousin to make it.

One might think that apprentices thus furiously sought for would be gladly let go by their masters; but the

Southern whites are themselves noticeably fond of children, and even of negro children. I have known two small farmers to carry on a long war, involving fights, drawing of knives, suits for assault and battery, and writs of *habeas corpus*, for the possession of a jet black girl only seven years of age, and almost valueless except as a plaything. I have known a worthy old gentleman of the higher class to worry away time and money in endeavoring to recover a pet little octoroon from her relatives.

If the negro younglings are well loved, they are also well whipped; the parents have no idea of sparing the rod and spoiling the child; and when they do flog, it is in a passion and with a will. Passing a cabin, I heard a long-drawn yell of anguish from within, and then saw a little freedman rush out, rubbing his rear violently with both hands, his mouth wide open to emit a scream of the largest calibre and the longest range. In the language of a spectator, he looked "powerful glad to git out o' do'."

One of the teachers of the Bureau school at my station having dismissed a girl for bad behavior, the mother appeared to remonstrate. "What you turn her out for?" she demanded. "Ef she 's naughty, why don' you whip her?"

"I don't approve of whipping children," was the reply. "It is a punishment that I don't wish to inflict."

"It 's your business," screamed the mother,—"it 's your business to whip 'em. That 's what you 's sont here for."

The most hopeful sign in the negro is his anxiety to have his children educated. The two or three hundred boys and girls whom I used to see around the Bureau school-house—attired with a decency which had strained to the utmost the slender parental purse, ill spared from the hard labor necessary to support their families, gleeful and noisy over their luncheons of cold roasted sweet-potato—were proofs that the race has a chance in the future. Many a sorely pinched woman, a widow, or deserted by her husband, would not let her boy go out to service, "bekase I wants him to have some schoolin'." One of the elder girls, a remarkably handsome octoroon with Grecian features and chestnut hair, attended recitations in the morning, and worked at her trade of dress-making in the afternoon. There were some grown men who came in the evening to wrestle, rather hopelessly than otherwise, with the depravities of our English spelling. One of them, a gray-headed person with round spectacles, bent on qualifying himself for the ministry, was very amusing with his stereotyped remark, when corrected of a mistake, "I specs likely you may be right, mum."

It is a mooted point whether colored children are as quick at learning as white children. I should say not; certainly those whom I saw could not compare with the Caucasian youngster of ten or twelve, who is "tackling" French, German, and Latin; they are inferior to him, not only in knowledge, but in the facility of acquisition. In their favor it must be remembered, that they lack the forcing elements of highly educated competition and of a refined home influence. A white lad gets much bookishness and many advanced ideas from the daily converse of his family. Moreover, ancestral intelligence, trained through generations of study, must tell, even though the rival thinking machines may be naturally of the same calibre. I am convinced that the negro as he is, no matter how educated, is not the mental equal of the European. Whether he is not a man, but merely, as "Ariel" and Dr. Cartwright would have us believe, "a living creature," is quite another question, and of so little practical importance that no wonder Governor Perry has written a political letter about it. Human or not, there he is in our midst, four millions strong; and if he is not educated mentally and morally, he will make us trouble.

By way of interesting the adherents of the "living-creature" hypothesis, I offer the following letter, which I received from a negro "pundit," probably to be forwarded to his relatives: —

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,
the 14 March 1867

To the freedmen Bureau in Green ville S. C.

Dear freinds the deep crants of rivous ceprate ous but i hope in God for hours prasous agine and injoying the same injoyment That we did before the war begun and i am tolbile know but much trubbel in mind and i hope my truble Will not Be all Ways this Ways for which enlist the roused up energies of nation and Which Would Be followed by the most disastrous consequences but for these master spirits That reign over the scene of their troubled birth thare are no tampests in a tranquil atmosphere no maountain Waves upon a great sea no cataracts in an even stream and rarely does a man of pereminent po Wars burst upon our admiration in the ever undisturbed flow of human affairs those men Who rise to sway the opinions or control the energies of a nation to move the great master springs of human action are developed By events of infinite moment they appear in those conflicts Where pollical or religious faith of nation is agitated and Where the temporal and eternal Welfare of millions is at issue if on please to inquire for Caline then inquire for marther live at Jane Ransom and Harriett that live at doctor Gant and if you heir from tham let me know if you Plese soon Writ to Pittsburg Pa to Carpenters No 28

Robard Rosemon that lived in Andison Destrect my farther and Carline my mother i remien your refactorate son SAM ROSEMON.

It will be observed that Sam has tackled some large subjects, if he has not satisfactorily thrown them. I recommend to him the "living creature" hypothesis, as being perhaps worthy of his attention.

I took much pride in the Greenville colored school, for I had aided to establish it. Its real founder, the person who can boast that without him it would not have existed, is Charles Hopkins, a full-blooded black from the low country, for many years a voluntary exhorter among his people, and now an ordained preacher of the Methodist Church. His education, gathered in the chance opportunities of a bondage of fifty years, is sufficient to enable him to instruct in the lower English branches. He is a meek, amiable, judicious, virtuous, godly man, zealous for the good of the freedmen, yet so thoroughly trusted by the whites, that he was able to raise a subscription of two hundred and sixty dollars among the impoverished citizens of Greenville.

During the summer of 1866 Hopkins obtained a room in a deserted hotel which had been seized by the government, and, aided by two others of his race, gave spelling and reading lessons to sixty or seventy scholars. For this labor he eventually received a modest remuneration from the New York Freedmen's Union Association. When I assumed command of the sub-district the school had closed for the autumn, the hotel had been restored to its owners, and a schoolroom was needed. The officer whom I relieved had much to say concerning plans of rent or purchase, and earnestly recommended Hopkins to my consideration. It was at this time that the enthusiastic old man raised his subscription. Meanwhile I wrote to the Bureau Superintendent of Education, and received assurances of help in case a school was established.

His private purse reduced to a few dollars, his remaining means pledged for the support of his assistants, Hopkins purchased a storehouse belonging to the defunct State-arsenal works, and took a three years' lease of a lot of ground in the outskirts of the village. A mass meeting of freedmen tore the building to pieces, moved it nearly two miles, and set it up on the new site. Then came much labor of carpenters, masons, and plasterers, and much expense for new materials. By the time the school-house was completed it had cost, together with the rent of the land, five hundred and sixty dollars, or more than twice the amount of the subscrip-

tion. Hopkins was substantially bankrupt, and, moreover, he was drawing no salary.

It must be understood that the Bureau had no funds for the payment of teachers; by the act of Congress it is limited in the matter of education to the renting and repairing of schoolhouses. Teachers are supported by generous individuals or by benevolent societies at the North, which converge into various larger organizations, and these into the Bureau. For instance, a sewing-circle in Lockport raises five hundred dollars for the blacks, or a wealthy gentleman in Albany gives the same sum from his private purse, and both forward their contributions to the Freedmen's Union Association in New York City. But each of these subscribers naturally wishes to know by whom the money will be used, or has in view a worthy person who deserves a mission of some small profit and much usefulness. The consequence is that the Freedmen's Union and the Bureau receive few unappropriated contributions, and are not able to do much toward the payment of negro teachers.

Application on application was forwarded, but Hopkins was grievously bullied by his creditors before he received a penny of salary. For his two colored assistants I could obtain nothing, and they left, after two months of unrequited labor, indebted to Hopkins and others for their support. The spirit of the Freedmen's Union was willing, but its purse was weak. The Bureau supplies, on the other hand, were easily obtained, the cost of land and building slipping nicely into the appropriation for "rent and repairs," and the money arriving promptly enough to save Hopkins from falling into the hands of the sheriff. Eventually, too, he secured payment for all his services at the rate of twenty-five dollars a month; and when I last saw him he was as nearly square with the world as the majority of his white fellow-citizens.

Meantime he had received ordination from the Charleston missionary branch of the Methodist Church North. With a commission as "Professor" from the Freedmen's Union Association, with the title of clergyman from one of the great branches of the Christian Church, with the consciousness of having founded the Greenville Elementary Freedmen's School, he was a gratified man, and worthy of his happiness.

It must not be supposed that he is rolling in pelf. As the school keeps open only eight months in the year, as the Methodist missionary society is short of funds, and has never paid him the promised annual salary of one hundred dollars, and as the voluntary contributions of his congregation amount to perhaps seven dollars a quarter, his income is less than he could get by superintending a plantation. If any benevolent person will send a small check to the Rev. Charles Hopkins of Greenville, South Carolina, he will aid an excellent man who has not been properly remunerated for his share in the good work of this world.

Two white teachers joined the school toward the close of 1866, and the force has been gradually increased to five; Hopkins remaining in charge of the lower classes. The number of scholars on the rolls is something like three hundred. The higher classes are in geography, arithmetic, English grammar and written exercises, and declamation. Class-books of the latest issue are gratuitously supplied by a leading New York publishing-house. The discipline is admirable; the monotony of study is relieved by gleesome singing; there is a cheerful zeal, near akin to hilarity; it is a charming spectacle. Most of the leading scholars thus far are from one family, — a dozen or so of brothers, sisters, and cousins, — all of mixed blood and mostly handsome. When I first saw those hazel or blue eyes, chestnut or flaxen heads, and clear complexions, I took it for granted that some of the white children of the village had seized this chance for a gratuitous education. I had met the same persons before in the streets, without suspecting that they were of other than pure Anglo-Saxon race.

The superior scholarship of these octoroons, by the way, is not entirely owing to their greater natural quickness of intellect, but also to the fact that before the emancipation they were petted and encouraged by the family to which they belonged. A man's chances go very far towards making up the actual man.

What is the negro's social status, and what is it to be? I was amused one Sunday morning by a little tableau which presented itself at the front door of my hotel. The Bureau Superintendent of Education having arrived on an inspecting tour, my venerable friend Hopkins had called to take him to church, and was waiting in his meek fashion under the portico, not choosing to intrude upon the august interior of the establishment. Having lately been ordained, and conceiving himself entitled to the insignia of his profession, he had put on a white neckcloth, which of course contrasted brilliantly with his black face and clothing. In the doorway stood a citizen, a respectable and kindly man, excellently well reconstructed too, and with as few of the Southern prejudices as one could have in Greenville. But he was lost in wonder at this novel spectacle; he had a smile of mingled curiosity and amusement on his face to which I cannot do justice; he seemed to be admitting that here was indeed a new and most comical era in human history. A nigger in regular clerical raiment was evidently a phenomenon which his imagination never could have depicted, and which fact alone — so much stranger than fiction — could have brought home to him as a possibility. Whether he believes at this day that he actually did see Hopkins in a black coat and white cravat is more than doubtful.

Not for generations will the respectable whites of the South, any more than those of the North, accept the negroes as their social equals. That pride of race which has marked all distinguished peoples, — which caused the Greeks to style even the wealthy Persians and Egyptians barbarians, — which made the Romans refuse for ages the boon of citizenship to other Italians, — which led the Semitic Jew to scorn the Hamitic Canaanite, and leads the Aryan to scorn the Jew, — that sentiment which more than anything else has created nationality and patriotism, — has among us retreated to the family, but it guards this last stronghold with jealous care. Whether the applicant for admission be the Chinaman of California or the African of Carolina, he will for long be repulsed. The acceptance of the negro as the social equal of the white in our country dates so far into the future, that, practically speaking, we may consider it as never to be, and so cease concerning ourselves about it. Barring the dregs of our population, as, for instance, the poor white trash of the South, the question interests no one now alive.

I had not been long in Greenville before I was invited to what Mr. Hopkins styled "a concert." Repairing in the evening to the Bureau school-house, and seating myself amid an audience of freed-people, I found that the "concert" consisted not of singing or other music, but of tableaux-vivans. At one end of the room there was a stage of chestnut boards, with a curtain of calico and an inner curtain of white gauze to assist the illusion. Presently the calico was withdrawn, and I beheld a handsome Pocahontas, her face reddened to the true Indian color as seen in colored woodcuts, a wealth of long black hair falling down her back, saving the life of a Captain John Smith with Grecian features and Caucasian complexion. Powhatan and his warriors were painted up to a proper ferocity, and attired with a respectable regard to the artistic demands of savageness. The scene was hardly uncovered before it was hidden again. I whispered to Hopkins that the spectators were not allowed a fair chance, and the consequence was a repetition. This time the curtain was kept open so long that Pocahontas, unable to bear the lengthened publicity, gave a nervous start which amazingly tickled the beholders.

Then came the Goddess of Liberty,

a charming girl of seventeen, with wavy chestnut hair, rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, quite imposingly draped in stars and stripes. Next followed a French family scene: one black face here as servant, and one or two mulatto ones as old folks; but the grandeur and grace of the scene represented by blue eyes, auburn hair, and blond complexions. I was puzzled by this free mingling of the African and Caucasian races, and repaired to Hopkins for an explanation. He informed me that the "concert" had been got up by the octoroon family which I have heretofore mentioned, and that its members had furnished nearly all of the performers.

Great is color, and patrician is race. I have heard a mulatto candidate for the Convention declare to an assemblage of negroes: "I never ought to have been a slave, for my father was a gentleman." I have heard him declaim: "If ever there is a nigger government — an unmixed nigger government — established in South Carolina, I shall move."

It may well be supposed that the pure blacks do not listen to such assumptions with satisfaction. Although this speaker was the most notable colored man in his district, although he was (for his opportunities) a person of remarkable intellect, information, and high character, he ran behind all the white candidates on his ticket.

In Greenville there was deep and increasing jealousy between the blacks and mulattoes. To some extent they formed distinct cliques of society, and crystallized into separate churches. When the mulattoes arranged a series of tableaux-vivans for the benefit of their religious establishment, the far more numerous blacks kept at a distance, and made the show a pecuniary failure. When the mulattoes asked that they might hold a fair in the Bureau school-house for the above-mentioned purpose, some of the blacks intrigued against the request, and were annoyed at my granting it.

This fair, by the way, was a pleasing sight. As Bureau officers and guardian of the freedmen, I of course went; so did all the dignitaries of the United States District Court then sitting in Greenville; so also did three or four of the wiser and kindlier white citizens. The room was crowded, for the blacks had been unable to resist the temptations of a spectacle, and had forgotten temporarily their jealousy of the mixed race. As usual on such occasions, the handsomest and brightest girls sat behind the counters, and were extortionate in their prices. Wishing to make a gay present to my friend Hopkins, I was a little astonished at being called upon to pay five dollars for a frosted cake, and at learning that another, of extra size and grandeur, had been sold for twelve dollars. There were ice-creams and oysters and solider viands; there were fans, perfumeries, and jim-crackeries for the ladies; there were candies and toys for the children, slippers for the lords of creation. What the proceeds of the entertainment were I do not know; but the treasurer of the occasion had a roll of greenbacks which excited my envy.

One incident was comical in its results. Standing with the Hon. Mr. Blank, a benevolent and liberal-minded Southerner, near one of the prettiest of the octoroon sisters, I called his attention to her Greek purity of profile. He replied that the circumstance was noways singular, and that one of the most notedly beautiful women in the State had been of that mixed race. A little colored tailor, who was at our elbows, half understood this statement, applied it to the girl behind the counter, and reported through the assemblage that the Hon. Mr. Blank had called Jenny W—— the handsomest girl in South Carolina. A certain wicked young gentleman got hold of the story, and spread it all over town in the following outrageous fashion. Whatsoever belle of the Anglo-Saxon race he might encounter, he would say to her, "Well, — hum, — you are very pretty, — but you are not as pretty as Miss Jenny W——."

"Who is Miss Jenny W——?" would be the benighted and curious response.

Then would this intolerable young

gentleman maliciously tell his tale, and go on his way laughing. The result was high excitement among the belles of the Anglo-Saxon race, and much feminine chaffing of the Hon. Mr. Blank. What made the matter worse was, that on the day of the fair he had accepted an invitation to a young ladies' reading-society, and then had withdrawn it, because of the invitation from the humble race which held festivity at the Bureau school-house.

"What! going to disappoint us for those people!" a fair patrician had said to him. "We ought to cut your acquaintance."

"My dear, I can't disappoint *them*," he had replied, very wisely and nobly. "When people whom God has placed so far beneath me ask for my presence, I must give it. It is like an invitation from the queen. It is a command."

That had been comprehended and pardoned; but to call Jenny W—— handsomer than them all! The Hon. Mr. Blank was bullied into making explanations.

But this gossip was matter of laughter, without a shade of serious umbrage or jealousy, so secure is the Anglo-Saxon race in its social pre-eminence. Between the mulattoes and negroes the question is far different; the former are already anxious to distinguish themselves from the pure Africans; the latter are already sore under the superiority thus asserted. Were the two breeds more equally divided in numbers, there would be such hostility between them as has been known in Hayti and Jamaica. The mixed race in our country is, however, so small, and its power of self-perpetuation so slight, that it will probably be absorbed in the other. Meantime it holds more than its share of intelligence, and of those qualities which go to the acquisition of property.

With a Bureau officer who was stationed in the lowlands of South Carolina, I compared impressions as to the political qualifications and future of the negro. "In my district," he said, "the election was a farce. Very few of the freedmen had any idea of what they were doing, or even of how they ought to do it. They would vote into the post-office, or any hole they could find. Some of them carried home their ballots, greatly smitten with the red lettering and the head of Lincoln, or supposing that they could use them as warrants for land. Others would give them to the first white man who offered to take care of them. One old fellow said to me, 'Lord, marsr! do for Lord's sake tell me what dis yere 's all about.' I explained to him that the election was to put the State back into the Union, and make it stay there in peace. 'Lord bless you, marsr! I 'se might glad to un'erstan' it,' he answered. 'I 'se the only nigger in this yere districk now that knows what he 's up ter.'"

In my own district things were better. A region of small farmers mainly, the negroes had lived nearer to the whites than on the great plantations of the low country, and were proportionately intelligent. The election in Greenville was at least the soberest and most orderly that had ever been known there. Obedient to the instructions of their judicious managers, the freedmen voted quietly, and went immediately home, without the reproach of a fight or a drunkard, and without even a hurrah of triumph. Their little band of music turned out in the evening to serenade a favorite candidate, but a word from him sent them home with silent trumpets, and the night was remarkable for tranquillity. Even the youngsters who sometimes rowdied in the streets seemed to be sensible of the propriety of unusual peace, and went to bed early. Judging from what I saw that day, I should have halcyon hopes for the political future of the negro.

My impression is, although I cannot make decisive averment in the matter, that a majority of the Greenville freedmen had a sufficiently intelligent sense of the purport of the election. The stupidest of them understood that he

was acting "agin de rebs," and "for de freedom." None of them voted into the post-office or into hollow trees.

But more delicate and complicated questions will some day arise than a simple choice between slaveholding rebellion and emancipating loyalty. How then? It is an unveiled future; shooting Niagara — and after? I defy any one to prophesy with certainty whether more good or harm will come of this sudden enfranchisement of ignorant millions. For the present it works well, by contrast with what might have been; we had but a choice of evils, and we have unquestionably taken the least. If it is not satisfactory to have manumitted ignoramuses voting on amendments to the Constitution, it is better than to leave the South in the hands of unreconstructed rebels, led by traitorous old rats of politicians. But every good is purchased at the expense of attendant evils, and this may demand more than we can conveniently pay for it.

There was a tragedy in my satrapy during the autumn of 1867. A meeting of Union-Leaguers, composed chiefly of negroes, but presided over by a white man, was held one evening in an inconsiderable hamlet near the southern border of Pickens District. According to an absurd and illegal fashion too common with such convocations, armed sentinels were posted around the building, with orders to prevent the approach of uninitiated persons. In a school-house not far distant the whites of the neighborhood had met in a debating-society.

A low-down white named Smith approached the League rendezvous, — as the sentinels declared, with threats of forcing an entrance; as he stated, by mistake. Either by him or by one of the negroes a pistol was fired; and then arose a cry that a "reb" was coming to break up the meeting. A voice within, said by some to be that of the president, Bryce, ordered, "Bring that man a prisoner, dead or alive."

The negroes rushed out; Smith fled, hotly pursued, to the school-house; the members of the debating-club broke up in a panic, and endeavored to escape; a second pistol was fired, and a boy of fourteen, named Hunnicutt, the son of a respectable citizen, fell dead. The ball entered the back of his head, showing that, when it struck him, he was flying.

Then ensued an extraordinary drama. The negroes, unaware apparently that they had done anything wrong, believing, on the contrary, that they were re-establishing public order and enforcing justice, commenced patrolling the neighborhood, entering every house, and arresting numbers of citizens. They marched in double file, pistol in belt and gun at the shoulder, keeping step to the "hup, hup!" of a fellow called Lame Sam, who acted as drill-sergeant and commander. By noon of the next day they had the country for miles around in their power, and a majority of the male whites under guard. What they meant to do is uncertain; probably they did not know themselves. Their subsequent statement was that they wanted to find the disturber of their meeting, Smith, and also the murderer of Hunnicutt, whom they asserted to be a "reb."

On the arrival of a detachment from the United States garrison at Anderson the whites were liberated, and the freedmen handed over to the civil authorities for trial before the next District Court. The Leaguers exhibited such a misguided loyalty to their order and each other, that it was impossible to fix a charge for murder on any one person, or to establish grounds for an indictment of any sort against Bryce. Eighteen were found guilty of riot, and sentenced to imprisonment; eight of homicide in the first degree, and sentenced to death.

Still no confessions; the convicted men would not believe that they would be punished; they were sure that the Yankees would save them, or that the Leaguers would rescue them; they refused to point out either the instigator or the perpetrator of the murder. It was not until the United States mar-

shal of South Carolina assured them of the fallacy of their hopes that they dismissed them. Admissions were then made; nearly all coincided in fixing the fatal pistol-shot upon one; and that one was hung.

This affair is mainly important as showing how easily the negroes can be led into folly and crime. Themselves a peaceful race, not disposed to rioting and murder, they were brought without trouble to both by the counsels of the ignorant and pugnacious whites who became their leaders in the Loyal Leagues. Not three days after the Hunnicutt tragedy, a farmer from Pickens District called on me to obtain a permit for an armed meeting of Union men, and seemed quite dumbfoundered when I not only refused the permit, but assured him that, if he attempted to hold such a meeting, I would have him arrested. In justice to the Union men and the negroes, however, it must be remembered that they have been governed by the mailed hand; and that, in seeking to enforce their political ideas by steel and gunpowder, they are but following the example of the high-toned gentlemen who formerly swayed the South. On the whole, we must admit that, although they have committed more follies and crimes than were at all desirable, they have committed fewer than might reasonably have been expected, considering the nature of their political education. In their rule thus far there has been less of the vigilance committee than in that which preceded it.

At least one of the political privileges of the negroes is already a heavy burden to them. Every day or two some ragged fellow stepped into my office with the inquiry, "I wants to know ef I 've got to pay my taxes."

"Certainly," I was bound to reply, for the general commanding had declared that the civil laws were in force, and moreover I knew that the State was tottering for lack of money.

"But the sheriff, he 's put it up to eight dollars now, an' when he first named it to me he said it was three, an' when I went to see him about it arterward he said it was five. 'Pears like I can't git at the rights of the thing nohow, an' they 's jes tryin' to leave me without anything to go upon."

"My dear fellow, you should have paid up when you were first warned. The additions since then are charges for collection. The longer you put it off, the more it will cost you. You had better settle with the sheriff without any further delay, or you may be sold out."

"Wal, 'pears like it 's mighty hard on us, an' we jes a startin'. I was turned off year befo' las' without a grain o' corn, an' no lan'. Boss, is they comin' on us every year for these yere taxes?"

"I suppose so. How else are the laws to be kept up, and the poor old negroes to be supported?"

Exit freedman in a state of profound discouragement, looking as if he wished there were no laws and no poor old negroes.

The taxes were indeed heavy on labor, especially as compared with wages. Eight dollars a month, with rations and lodging, was all that the best field hand could earn in Greenville District; and those freedmen who took land on shares generally managed, by dint of unintelligent cultivation and of laziness, to obtain even less. I knew of able-bodied women who were working for nothing but their shelter, food, and two suits of cheap cotton clothing per annum.

As a result of this wretched remuneration there was an exodus. During the fall of 1866 probably a thousand freed-people left my two districts of Pickens and Greenville to settle in Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee. Only a few had the enterprise or capital to go by themselves; the great majority were carried off by planters and emigration agents. Those who went to Florida contracted for twelve dollars a month, a cabin, a garden-patch, fuel, and weekly rations consisting of one peck of meal, two pounds of bacon, and one pint of molasses; but on reaching their destination, and seeing the richness of the land, they some-

times flew from their bargains and secured a new one, giving them one third of the crop in place of wages, and increasing the quantity and quality of their rations. The emigrants to Louisiana and Arkansas went on the basis of fifteen dollars a month, lodgings, patch, fuel, and food; and then kept their contracts if they pleased, or violated them under the temptation of thirty, forty, and even fifty dollars a month. The negroes having never been taught the value of honesty by experience, nor much of its beauty by precept, are frequently slippery. The planters, pressingly in need of labor, were generally obliged to accede to their demands.

On the other hand, the emigration agents were accused of some sharp practice, and particularly of leaving their emigrants at points whither they had not agreed to go. A freedman who had contracted to work at Memphis might be landed at Franklin in Louisiana without knowing the difference. In short, the matter went on more or less smoothly, with some good results and some evil. Labor was transferred in considerable masses from where it was not wanted to where it was. The beneficent effects of the migration were of course much diminished by the accidental circumstances of the overflows in Louisiana, and the fall in the value of the cotton crop everywhere. Moreover, these negroes of the mountains suffered nearly as much from lowland fevers as if they were white men from our Northern frontiers.

Will the freedmen acquire property and assume position among the managers of our national industry? Already a division is taking place among them: there are some who have clearly benefited by emancipation, and others who have not; the former are becoming what the Southerners term "decent niggers," and the latter are turning into poor black trash. The low-down negro will of course follow the low-down white into sure and deserved oblivion. His more virtuous and vital brother will struggle longer with the law of natural selection; and he may eventfully hold a portion of this continent against the vigorous and terrible Caucasian race; that portion being probably those lowlands where the white cannot or will not labor. Meantime the negro's acquisition of property, and of those qualities which command the industry of others, will be slow. What better could be expected of a serf so lately manumitted?

When I first took post in Greenville, I used to tell the citizens that soon their finest houses would be in possession of blacks; but long before I left there I had changed my opinion. Although land in profusion was knocked down for a song on every monthly sale day, not more than three freedmen had purchased any, and they not more than an acre apiece. What little money they earned they seemed to be incapable of applying to solid and lasting purpose; they spent it for new clothes and other luxuries, or in supporting each other's idleness; they remained penniless, where an Irishman or German would thrive. Encumbered with debt as are many of the whites of Greenville, deficient as they may be in business faculty and industry, they need not fear that black faces will smile out of their parlor windows. The barbarian and serf does not so easily rise to be the employer and landlord of his late master.

What is to become of the African in our country as a race? Will he commingle with the Caucasian, and so disappear? It is true that there are a few marriages, and a few cases of illegal cohabitation, between negro men and the lowest class of white women. For example, a full-blooded black walked twenty miles to ask me if he could have a white wife, assuring me that there was a girl down in his "settlement" who was "a teasin' every day about it."

He had opened his business with hesitation, and he talked of it in a tremulous undertone, glancing around for fear of listeners. I might have told him that, as it was not leap year, the woman had no right to propose to him;

but I treated the matter seriously. Bearing in mind that she must be a disreputable creature, who would make him a wretched helpmeet, I first informed him that the marriage would be legal, and that the civil and military authorities would be bound to protect him in it, and then advised him against it, on the ground that it would expose him to a series of underhanded persecutions which could not easily be prevented. He went away evidently but half convinced, and I presume that his Delilah had her will with him, although I heard no more of this odd love affair. But such cases are as yet rare, and furthermore the low-downers are a transient race. Free labor and immigration from the North or Europe will extirpate or elevate them within half a century.

Miscegenation between white men and negresses has diminished under the new order of things. Emancipation has broken up the close family contact in which slavery held the two races, and, moreover, young gentlemen do not want mulatto children sworn to them at a cost of three hundred dollars apiece. In short, the new relations of the two stocks tend to separation rather than to fusion. Consequently there will be no amalgamation, no merging and disappearance of the black in the white, except at a period so distant that it is not worth while now to speculate upon it. So far as we and our children and grandchildren are concerned, the negro will remain a negro, and must be prophesied about as a negro.

But will he remain a negro, and not rather become a ghost? It is almost ludicrous to find the "woman question" intruding itself into the future of a being whom we have been accustomed to hear of as a "nigger," and whom a ponderous wise man of the East persists in abusing as "Quashee." There is a growing disinclination to marriage among the young freedmen, because the girls are learning to shirk out-of-door work, to demand nice dresses and furniture, and, in short, to be fine ladies. The youths have, of course no objection to the adornment itself; indeed, they are, like white beaux, disposed to follow the game which wears the finest feathers; but they are getting clever enough to know that such game is expensive, and to content themselves with looking at it. Where the prettiest colored girls in Greenville were to find husbands was more than I could imagine.

There are other reasons why the blacks will not increase as rapidly as before the emancipation. The young men have more amusements and a more varied life than formerly. Instead of being shut up on the plantation, they can spend the nights in frolicking about the streets or at drinking-places; instead of the monotony of a single neighborhood, they can wander from village to village and from South Carolina to Texas. The master is no longer there to urge matrimony, and perhaps other methods of increasing population. Negroes, as well as whites, can now be forced by law to support their illegitimate offspring, and are consequently more cautious than formerly how they have such offspring.

In short, the higher civilization of the Caucasian is gripping the race in many ways, and bringing it to sharp trial before its time. This new, varied, costly life of freedom, this struggle to be at once like a race which has passed through a two thousand years' growth in civilization, will unquestionably diminish the productiveness of the negro, and will terribly test his vitality.

It is doubtless well for his chances of existence that his color keeps him a plebeian, so that, like the European peasant held down by caste, he is less tempted to destroy himself in the struggle to become a patrician.

What judgment shall we pass upon abrupt emancipation, considered merely with reference to the negro? It is a mighty experiment, fraught with as much menace as hope.

To the white race alone it is a certain and precious boon.

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then,
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint
The faith of Islam reared a doméd tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon

The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men
Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense
Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not read,
'Better the eye should see than that desire
Should wander?' Burning with a hidden fire
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee
For pity and for help, as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,
"Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,
Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
His prayers were answered in another's name;
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:
"*Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;*
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

KINGS' CROWNS AND FOOLS' CAPS.

"SHE went to the hatter's to buy him a hat," and three days later, when he was caught in a shower, the hat shrunk an inch in circumference, and assumed a pyramidal or monumental appearance, more peculiar than pleasing.

The Baron was naturally dissatisfied, Miselle was discomfited, and Caleb was mildly triumphant.

"Another of your favorite economies, my dear," said he. "You should have known by the price that this can only be a wool hat, and the inevitable destiny of wool hats is to terminate like this, — in a cone."

"Wool! why it is a felt hat, and all felt is made of wool," replied Miselle, in a lofty manner.

"Indeed! I was under the impression that the best felt hats are made of fur, and never shrink or lose their shape like this."

And Caleb, picking up the unfortunate subject of discussion, set it lightly upon the head of the Venus, whose marble neck seemed to curve anew at the indignity. The Baron forgot his woes, and laughed outright; but Miselle insisted upon calling the question.

"Oh! Felt made of fur! I never heard of such a thing, and I don't believe it," said she.

"Seeing is believing," tranquilly replied Caleb. "Mentor was speaking of hats to-day, and professed an intention of visiting a factory in Boston. I will get him to take you over it, and you shall afterward convince me, if you choose, that you are, as usual, in the right, and that all felt is made of wool."

"I am not *always* in the right," magnanimously conceded Miselle, "but I should like to visit the hat-factory."

Mentor proved willing to make good his *sobriquet*, and a few days later conducted Miselle to a large establishment in Boston.

They were received by the heads of the concern, to whom Mentor, after some conversation, presented Miselle as "A lady anxious to learn of what material, and in what manner, hats are made."

The heads smiled, bowed, and professed themselves pleased to give all possible information upon the desired points; and Miselle rushed at once to the great question, propounding it in a manner essentially feminine.

"Felt hats are made of wool, — are they not?" asked she.

The heads smiled benevolently.

"Not ours," said they. "There are plenty of wool hats manufactured, but they are only bought by those who cannot afford, or do not know enough to choose, fur ones. We do not use a fibre of wool in our establishment, but consume, instead, about eighteen thousand pounds of fur."

"What sort of fur?" inquired Miselle, somewhat hurriedly.

"Several sorts, or rather several varieties of one sort," replied the heads. "For although it is all, in point of fact, rabbits' fur, the highest quality is called Russia hares' fur, and the lower grades Scotch and French cony. Then we occasionally get a small quantity of domestic rabbits' fur, brought mostly from the South; and some nutria, a fur obtained from the coypou, a smaller species of beaver."

"Do you get any genuine beaver now?" inquired Mentor.

"Sometimes. But beaver fur is worth fifty dollars the pound to-day, while the best Russia and German hares' fur commands only five, and the Scotch and French cony from two to four dollars. We will show you some specimens of the principal grades."

Some square paper packages, accompanied by a subterraneous odor, were here brought in, and laid upon the table.

"This is Russia A. H.," said one of the heads, unfastening the whity-brown foreign-looking envelope, and display-

ing a pile of pretty little fleeces, as one might call them, of a golden brown color, so carefully cut from the skin as to leave them quite whole, although not adhesive enough to admit of handling.

"This is from the back of the animal. The fur of the other portions of the body is considered inferior. All this is carotted fur," said one of the heads.

"What is carotted fur?" inquired Miselle of Mentor, who of course replied, —

"Did you never hear of carroty hair? This is the fur of a carroted hare, don't you see?"

Without deigning reply, Miselle repeated her question aloud, and was informed that the carotted fur had been subjected to a mercurial or quicksilver bath, the effect of which process was to facilitate the subsequent amalgamation of the fibre.

"This effect, however," explained the head, "is obtained at the expense of a certain amount of strength. A felt made entirely of carotted fur would have very little consistence; but, without a certain proportion of it, the raw fur would not felt at all.

This next package is Scotch cony. It is entirely white, you perceive, and is used for ladies' white hats without requiring any bleaching process. This other is French cony, dark-colored, like the Russia, but not as glossy or heavy. Here is a package of German fur very like the Russia; in fact it generally goes by that name among the trade, although not in reality so valuable; for as a general rule the richest furs come from the coldest climates."

Miselle took up the label dropped from this German package, and read: —

"Carotted Haresfur
Manufactured by W. Kugler Zim.
Offenbach, near Frankfort, a/M."

"Frankfort on the Main," translated Mentor, looking over her shoulder. "Yes, there are large warrens near Frankfort, where rabbits are bred expressly for this trade. But why the accident of death should transform a German rabbit into a Russian hare I do not understand."

"Besides these varieties of fur," proceeded the head, "the felt contains another ingredient called 'roundings.' This substance is the trimmings of the hats cut off in the finishing-room, — pieces of felt, in fact, ground and picked fine again. The effect of this roundings is to give a softer and finer finish to the completed work, as in the process of felting; its tendency is to work up to the surface, and closely connect the cruder fibres of the new fur. Too large a proportion of roundings, however, would have a tendency to weaken the consistency of the felt."

"In what proportions do you mix the different varieties of fur, and the roundings?" inquired Mentor.

"That depends altogether upon the style of work we have in hand," replied the head. "For men's felt hats we use about equal proportions of the whole. For ladies' hats, which are thinner, smaller, and not so high-priced, we use less of the hare's fur, and also less of the roundings, making them principally of the medium grades. White hats, as we before mentioned, are made altogether of white cony.

"And now, having shown you the material in all its varieties, we will proceed to the first process of its manufacture into hats."

So saying the heads led the way from their comfortable office to a large upper room containing boxes and bales of fur and trimmings waiting to be ground into roundings, and several large machines. One of these was a picker much like those used in woolfactories. Into this the mixed fur is introduced by means of an endless leathern apron and feed rollers, is next passed between two sets of toothed rollers revolving with great rapidity, and finally escapes through a square opening into a large closet, where it lies in a soft pearly heap.

"From this picker the fur goes directly to the blower," said one of the heads, shutting the door upon the

heap, and leading the way to a curious machine about twenty feet long, and seven or eight high, furnished with little windows all along its sides, and altogether extremely like a second-class railway car; a resemblance aided by the whir of steam-driven wheels and bands, and the heated smell of oily machinery.

"This," explained the head, "is the blower; and the fur, after passing through the picker, is placed upon this endless apron at the end of the blower, and fed in between these rollers to a toothed cylinder just beyond. This cylinder, revolving at the rate of thirty-five hundred times in a minute, seizes the fur, and, while tossing the lighter part violently upward and forward, carries the heavier hairs, and the bits of pelt or dirt which may still remain among it, downward through the opening in which it revolves. The heavier portion of the remainder falls presently upon the grated or sieve-like floor of the blower, to which floor a constant jarring motion is imparted by the machinery, so that most of the refuse is shaken through. The rest, with the finer portions still floating in the air, is blown forward to the next set of rollers, the next cylinder, and the next sieve, and so on. In this blower there are eight compartments thus divided. In that other one, used for coarser work, there are only four compartments."

"Why should not the fur for coarse hats be as well blown as that for nice ones?" asked Miselle.

"Because in each compartment it loses weight, and the quantity sufficient for a hat, after passing through four compartments, would only be half enough after passing eight," said the head, as patiently as if the question had been a wiser one.

The process thus explained, the blower was set in motion, and Miselle was invited to look through the little glass windows, and watch its operations. This she did so eagerly, that, while one head kindly shouted explanations and information into her ear, the other, with Mentor, was fully occupied in preventing her limbs and draperies from coming to hopeless grief among the machinery.

"What makes all that smoke inside?" inquired she, after several moments of breathless contemplation.

"That smoke is the fur, or rather the lightest portions of it," replied the head; and Miselle, looking again, tried hard to believe that the graceful and fantastic cloud-wreaths floating through the dome-roofed chamber of the blower could be anything so substantial as even the downiest of down.

"Here is some of the siftings," said the head, taking up a handful of the accumulation beneath the blower, and showing that it consisted principally of the hair, so soft and glossy upon the original pelt, but so harsh, wiry, and unmanageable when separated from it. This hair, so far as ascertained, is not adapted to any use, and offers a wide and untrodden field for Yankee invention and speculation.

From the eighth chamber the fur, now thoroughly separated from every impurity, issues between a pair of rollers like those which carry it into the blower, and falls into a box. It now looks and feels very like eider-down, and is ready for use.

"The next process," pursued one of the obliging heads, "is to weigh out the fur into quantities sufficient for one hat, and then to carry it to the forming-machine. For men's felt hats, upon which we are at present running, the weight of fur is six ounces; for the bodies of silk hats it is often no more than three, and for ladies' and children's hats it varies from two to four."

Revolving this information, Miselle followed her conductors to a lower room, where she was presently introduced to the "Wells's Patent Hat-Forming Machine," and assured that the specimens before her were the only ones to be found in Massachusetts.

"And a very pretty specimen of American ingenuity it is," said one of the heads, contemplating the machine with affectionate interest; and, so soon

as Miselle could comprehend its intricacies, she was more than willing to agree with him. But, like most wonderful contrivances, the principle, when explained, is very simple.

The body of this machine was a copper box, perhaps four feet in height, with concave sides widely separated at the rear, but converging at the front to a very narrow aperture much wider at the base than the apex. Opposite this aperture slowly revolved a cone of perforated copper, whose use will presently appear. At the rear of the machine was a form supporting a box divided into small compartments, each of these compartments containing the six ounces of fur requisite for one hat.

A boy, taking the contents of one of these compartments in his hands, spread it thinly and evenly upon a leathern apron, whose forward motion carried the fur between a pair of feed-rollers, and into the body of the machine, where it fell upon a cylinder fitted with several longitudinal lines of stiff bristles. The rapid revolutions of this cylinder tossed the downy fur upward and forward, creating at the same time a powerful current of air which swept it forward to the mouth of the box, whence it issued in a light cloud, and, as if drawn by magnetism, attached itself at once to the revolving copper cone.

As Miselle looked, a workman, coming forward, lifted this cone off the frame upon which it stood, and replaced it by another, dripping wet, from a tank of water close at hand. To this the cloud of fur attached itself as before; and it was now explained that beneath the cone, and beneath the floor of the room, was a steam fan, moving at the rate of four thousand revolutions in a minute. This fan, exhausting the air beneath the perforated cone, created a strong current toward it from every direction, — a maelstrom, in fact, which simply drew in the floating fur as it would have anything else, and in fact did draw all sorts of motes and specks from the surrounding atmosphere, which motes and specks were, if of any tangible size, picked away by a second workman, standing close beside the cone, and attentively watching its surface.

The six ounces of fur are taken up in eight revolutions of the cone; and as the supply ceases, the first workman, coming forward with a large wet cloth in his hands, carefully wraps it about the cone, lifts it from the frame, replaces it with another, and plunges the first into a tank of hot water. Removing it after a moment, he sets it upon a bench, carefully unwraps it, turns it upon the point with a sharp concussion, and then cautiously disengages and peels off a conical, felted cap, very weak, thin, and unreliable as yet, but still the whole substance and essence of the hat to be. Folding it with a peculiar twist, the workman lays this shadowy hat-body upon a pile of others, again exchanges the cones, and proceeds to manipulate a new subject.

"The sides of this tunnel through which the fur flies upon the cone," said the head, "are, as you perceive, made of thin sheet-copper, and can be bent closer, or pressed farther apart, as the operator chooses, thus directing more of the fur to one part or another of the cone. In forming the bodies of silk hats, we press in the upper part of the sides, so that more of the fur is thrown toward the base, and the brim of the hat is nearly twice as heavy as the crown."

"You employ cones of different sizes, I perceive," said Miselle, pointing to a set of shelves upon which were arranged several of these articles.

"Yes; the finer qualities of fur shrink much more than the poorer sorts, and so need to be formed upon a larger cone in the first place. The largest one measures about three feet in height, and the smallest about two by eighteen inches diameter at the base."

"Have n't you seen enough of this? You are desperately in the way of these workmen," murmured Mentor, as Miselle stood absorbed, watching the fleecy cloud flying from the mouth of the tunnel, and spreading itself as if by magic over the surface of the cone. A hasty glance showed the suggestion to be founded in fact, and she hurriedly

removed herself to the neighborhood of a bench on which lay a pile of the steaming and flimsy hat-bodies just from the forming-machine, a box of fur, and a vessel of water. A workman, carefully unfolding one of the hat-bodies, laid it upon a large coarse cloth, rolled it up, patted it with his hands, unrolled it, patted and pressed it a little, then opened it out, and, holding it upon his two hands between himself and the window, looked attentively into the inside. Then laying it down, he took a lock of the dry fur, slightly wetted it in the vessel of water, and pressed it upon a spot in the hat-body, patting it on with his fingers.

"He looks to find any thin places or flaws left by the forming-machine, and mends them, as you see," remarked the head; "and this rolling up and pressing in the cloth is to give a little more substance to the body before it goes to be felted. You see these that he has done with are considerably more solid than they were at first. Next they go to the sizing or planking room; but that is such a wet and steamy place that a lady can hardly go through it comfortably."

Terrified at this suggestion of omitting any part of the process, Miselle hastened to declare herself passionately addicted to visiting wet and steamy places, an assertion supported by Mentor with a shrug of comic resignation; and the heads led the way across a sloppy court-yard to a vague and misty chamber, its confines hid in the reeking clouds issuing from half a dozen boiling caldrons. Several windows were open, but the heavy November air, instead of stirring the fog, only seemed to render it denser and more unbreathable. Vaguely looming through it were seen the forms of men arranged in circles about the caldrons, and bending devoutly over them. Closely approaching one of these groups, Miselle discovered that the caldron was surrounded by a bench, or frame, about two feet in width, and that upon this bench, in front of each workman, lay a little pile of the hat-bodies, which he constantly dipped into the boiling water, rolled up in a cloth, patted, pressed, opened out upon his hands, folded anew, and finally dipped again into the boiling water, recommencing the whole process. Some of these hat-bodies appeared to have just come from the former, and some were shrunk to one third or one fourth of their original size, although retaining the same conical shape. Those arrived at this stage were handled one at a time, instead of in groups, and the workman frequently applied a graduated round roller to their surface to ascertain if they had reached the desired proportions.

"This process," explained the head, "is called sizing, because it is to bring the hat down to the required size, not with any reference to stiffening, which is quite another affair. After shrinking, the hat-body is called a 'shell.' A smart workman can turn off about four dozen shells in a day."

"It must be a very unhealthy employment," suggested Miselle, compassionately. "Standing in this hot steam, and handling these things wet with boiling water, and then going out of doors, must give the men terrible colds."

"O, I do not think there is any trouble about that," replied the head whom she addressed. "How is it, Brown? do you call this unhealthy work?"

"Not a bit of it, sir, if a fellow puts his coat on before he goes out, and gets enough of it to do," said Brown, contentedly, as he splashed a shell in and out of the boiling water.

"The next process is shaving," said the head, opening a door, above which Miselle looked to see a striped red and white pole, but, finding none, followed with some curiosity into a little room, where sat a remarkably jolly old man representing the barber, and flourishing, by way of razor, a long, thin, and exceedingly sharp knife. Beside him lay a pile of shells, and, with another upon his knee, the jolly old man was scraping away at its surface, whistling merrily the while, it may be with a view of keeping the cloud of pungent and

choking dust that surrounded him from entering his lungs.

"You see some hairs will make their way into the felt in spite of all our care to prevent it," explained the head; "and this process is to remove them from the outside. The inside is of no consequence, as the hat is to be lined, and that is one mode of distinguishing a fur from a wool felt hat. The fur has always some long hairs upon the inner surface; the wool, of course, has none.

"And what comes after shaving?" inquired Miselle, retreating from the impracticable atmosphere.

"Blocking. This way, if you please"; and the unwearied head led the way back to the caldrons, beside one of which stood a workman, dipping the shaved "shells" into the boiling water, and then fitting them, by means of his hands and a piece of curved wood, upon blocks shaped like the crown of a hat. After remaining for a moment upon the block, the hat was slipped off, moulded permanently into the shape it was to retain, and cured forever of the pyramidal tendencies hitherto distinguishing it.

A number of blocks lay upon a bench at hand, and the head pointed out their several shapes and purposes. These were various, comprising tall and awkward ones for gentlemen's stove-funnels, odd little ones for ladies' and children's head-gear, a huge and massive one for shaping a Quaker's broad-brim, and finally a conical hollow-tipped one designed for the traditional chapeau of a stage-brigand. This was at the moment in use, and Miselle had the satisfaction of watching the manufacture of a villanous-looking hat, destined, perhaps, to figure before her eyes, in time to come, amid the scenes of Lucrezia or Ernani.

"Blocking is very trying work for the hands," remarked the head; "they generally skin at first, and become quite sore; but after a while they callous, and hardly feel the difference between hot and cold water. The palms of this man's hands are calloused half an inch deep."

Considering within herself the merciful dispensation by which the callous always comes at last to those who have strength to endure the torture, Miselle followed her companions into the drying-room, where, laid upon frames and hung upon pegs, the hats remain for twenty-four hours in a temperature of about 100°.

"From this," went on the head, "they are taken to the dye-room. All black or dark hats are colored, but the white, pearl-colors, and light grays are left in the natural color of the fur. After dyeing they are blocked again, and then brought back here for another drying. After this they are stiffened by dipping the brims into a solution of gum shellac, and sponging the inside with a dilution of the same. Light-colored hats are stiffened with white shellac, and ladies' white hats are often merely starched. The shellac is removed from the outside of the hat by immersion in a vitriol bath. When imperfectly removed, it causes the shiny and spotted appearance sometimes noticed upon a hard-finished felt. Would you like to look into our carpenter's shop?"

Expressing an eager desire to inspect the carpenter's shop, and wondering what possible use it could serve in such an establishment, Miselle was led up a short flight of steps to a room charmingly fresh and clean, after the sloppiness of the steam-bath just quitted, and containing a wheel, a man, a bench, many shavings, and several piles of pieces of wood.

"You are familiar with the lathe, I suppose," suggested the head.

Miselle shook her own head, vaguely, but Mentor, quietly touching the wheel, remarked: "Turning-lathe. You make your own blocks, then, sir?"

"O yes. They are turned in several pieces, and then fitted together with great accuracy. Those used in finishing are in five pieces, those used in blocking only in two. The material is white-wood."

"'Cuts like cheese,'" quoted Mentor, watching the block in progress

beneath the hands of the silent workman.

"And now, if you please, we will go up to the finishing-rooms," remarked the heads; and again Miselle followed, up a long flight of stairs to a large upper chamber fitted with benches around the sides and through the middle. At one end was an intense coal fire in a sort of furnace, and at the back of the room a row of boilers with steam issuing from around the covers.

"The first operation of finishing," blandly proceeded the head, "is to dip the hat into boiling water, and to stretch it upon a finishing-block, where it is confined by means of a string tied tightly around the base of the crown, and another around the edge of the brim; for these blocks, you perceive, have brims as well as crowns. As soon as the hat is snugly fitted upon the block, it is pounced, — an operation you will see here." And the head pointed to a workman, who, with a black hat secured upon a block in the manner described, was vigorously scrubbing away at it with a piece of paper, causing a cloud of dust and an odor of dye-stuff highly displeasing to the unprofessional nose.

"The paper he uses," continued the head, presenting a scrap of it to Miselle, "is the finest of emery-paper, hardly rougher to the touch than ordinary paper, but still with sufficient power to remove all the trifling inequalities of the surface, and give it the rich velvety look and feeling peculiar to first-class felt. When the outside of the hat is done, he will remove it from the block, and lay it in one of these circular openings in the bench, — thus bringing the under side of the brim uppermost, to receive its proper share of attention. The next thing with the ordinary style of hats is to press them with a hot iron. That man is about to get a slug out of the furnace for this purpose."

The individual thus pointed out had been for some moments gazing into the furnace as attentively as if he expected to find a salamander there, and now appeared to have discovered him; for, diving a pair of long tongs into the white-hot coals, he brought out a sparkling mass of something, securely imprisoned it in a box-iron, and, coming back to his bench, began vigorously pressing and smoothing another black hat, twin-brother to the one still suffering under the pouncer's hands, occasionally facilitating the process by wetting his work with a bit of sponge dipped in water.

"That is for a smooth-finished hat," continued the head; "but we have invented a new style in which we fancy ourselves unrivalled. It is called velvet finish, and is effected by the use of steam without hot iron. You will see the process by watching this operator."

This operator, having by much coaxing induced a small and very pretty feminine hat to allow itself to be fitted to a block, raised the cover of one of the steaming boilers, and placed the perverse little beauty across the top. After a few moments' steaming he took it off, rubbed and pressed it with his hands, steamed it again, and finally finished by pouncing.

"You see what a surface they get by this steaming process," remarked the head, taking up a coquettish little "breakfast-plate" from the bench, where it lay completed. Miselle passed her fingers across the crown, and saw, or rather felt, the propriety of the term velvet-finish, for never mouse's back or baby's cheek presented a softer surface.

"Velvet-finish hats are never touched by a hot iron," repeated the head, tenderly smoothing another specimen of the same style. "That would spoil their peculiar effect, both to the eye and touch. They are rubbed into shape by the hand, or at most by these little blocks of wood shaped, as you perceive, to fit closely into the angle of the crown and brim. When a hat, of whatever style, comes off the block here in the finishing-room, its future shape is completely fixed. No further alteration can take place, except the new process of curling the brim, and that is not done

until the very last thing. First the hat must be trimmed; and we will look at that process before going farther, if you please."

The trimming-room was a large, cheerful apartment, lighted by sunshine and pretty faces, for the operators here were all girls; some seated at sewing-machines, and some at low tables covered with scraps of bright-colored silks, strips of enamelled leather, and implements of needle-work.

As the visitors went their rounds, some of these girls leaned demurely over their work, some looked brightly up, or glanced slyly at Mentor, but all without exception appeared so respectable, so cheerful, and so prosperous, that Miselle in her heart thanked God and the noble institutions of her native land that these her sisters were saved from the harsh labor or degrading associations by which women of their class in other countries are forced to earn their daily bread.

Pausing beside one of the tables, the indefatigable conductor took up a stiff black hat of the half-pumpkin style, so universal upon the manly head at the present moment.

"The first thing toward trimming a hat of this sort," said he, "is to sew this round of finely split whalebone around the outer edge of the brim. Then a piece of black cloth is stitched on for an under-brim, the 'tip' of silk with a label stamped in gilt letters upon it is placed inside the crown, the sides are lined, the 'sweat,' or strip of enamelled leather, is put around the base of the crown, and finally the edge is bound, and the band and buckle put on. Of course, however, the different styles of hat require different treatment. A soft hat is only lined and bound, sometimes not lined except with a 'sweat'; and ladies' hats are finished in a dozen different styles, according to the shape and fashion. The present favorite style, however, for men's hats, is the stiff round crown and curled brim. The hats on this table, you perceive, are all finished even to the band and buckle, while the edge of the brim is left raw and ragged. They are going to be curled, and after that will come back to be bound. Shall we follow them?"

And they followed a boy carrying the hats up or down stairs to a little room, where a workman just leaving his bench was induced to return and curl a brim, "just once more," for Miselle's especial benefit.

The first step in this process, as it appeared, was to open a box-iron, throw out the lump of cold metal within, and replace it by a freshly captured salamander. The next was to lay a hat upon the bench, wet the brim with cold water, pass the iron round it, and, while it was still steaming, to lay upon it a thin semicircle of steel about half as wide as the brim. The edge of the brim thus left exposed was then turned back upon the steel semicircle, wetted again, pressed again, and never let alone until it had consented to its new condition, and lay back upon the steel semicircle as flat and stiff as if it had been its original intention so to appear. This operation complete, the hat was passed to another workman, who with a curious little gauge, fitted with a keen blade upon its under side, carefully trimmed the brim to its required proportions, — that is to say, cut it nearly away at the front and back, and left it of the full width at the sides.

"This trimming process used to be regulated by the workman's own eye," said the head. "But this little gauge, recently invented, does the business more neatly, more quickly, and far more certainly. This is the latest thing in curling, and makes a very stylish article," continued he, taking up the hat, and surveying it proudly. "After this it only requires to be bound, before it will be ready for use. The curve in the brim of a soft hat is made upon the block in the process of finishing, and the same process is used to form the convex brims of some styles of ladies' hats.

"When entirely finished, the hats, nicely papered, are packed in cases to be forwarded to the West, the South, Down East, or to our city customers.

If you will step into the office once more, we will show you specimens of our various styles."

With weary feet, eyes, ears, and brain, but with unabated interest, Miselle gladly returned to the pleasant office, and was shown a perfect museum of hats, arranged upon shelves protected by glass doors. Conspicuous among the rest were two broad-brimmed, drab-colored, velvet-finish, soft hats, measuring eight inches' diameter in the crown, and eighteen from front to back of the brim. These had been moulded upon a block turned especially for them, in answer to an order from a distant city. Besides these were all the ordinary styles of men's hats, stage hats, military and naval hats, boys' and infants' hats, and every caprice of feminine fantasy with which Fashion at present adorns her pretty head. Among these were the dazzling white croquet-hats, made of pure white fur, and pounced with chalk, which leaves the surface looking like a new-fallen snow-bank.

"I understand that yours is the largest establishment in Massachusetts," said Mentor to one of the heads.

"Almost the only one," replied he, with modest pride. "There are, I believe, two others in Boston making fur hats in small quantities, but they have to buy their hat-bodies of us, or send out of the State for them. Ours is the only right to use the Forming-Machine in Massachusetts."

"And what is the extent of your business?" pursued Mentor.

"When we are running our full force, we finish fifty dozen of hats in a day, — that is to say, a hat a minute for the ten hours. We employ a hundred and fifty hands, and manufacture eighteen thousand pounds of imported fur a year."

"That is doing a good business, — is it not?"

"Yes, it is very well for this section of the country, but a leading house in New York turns off as many as ten thousand hats in a day when it chooses. New York and New Jersey are the hatters of the Union, after all. We cannot compete with them."

"Not perhaps in covering heads, but, when it comes to furnishing them, I fancy Massachusetts need yield to no one," said Mentor, consolingly; and the heads smiled approval of the leading article of faith in the creed of a New-Englander.

"Are there any silk hats manufactured in Boston?" asked Mentor, putting on his own hat with a new appreciation of its meaning.

"Yes, here is the address of a house which manufactures silk hats, and also felt of similar styles to those you have just seen. You had better give the firm a call."

Mentor looked doubtfully at his weary companion, but she declaring herself in the first flush and vigor of morning strength, it was resolved to act upon the suggestion; and, after thanking the courteous heads for their sacrifice of time, breath, and trouble, Mentor and Miselle took leave, and shortly after presented themselves upon their new field of observation.

Here they were politely received, and readily admitted to the penetralia of the establishment, in spite of several staring announcements of "No Admittance" upon the various doors.

Glancing through the rooms devoted to the manufacture of felt hats, they found the processes nearly identical with those they had just seen, with the exception of forming the hat-bodies, which were bought of the house they had just left. Ascending to the top of the building, they found two large chambers devoted to silk hats, and were in the first place shown the bodies, made in the same manner as the fur or felt hat, but much thinner and lighter, — a silk hat for city wear not generally exceeding three ounces in weight, although those intended for the country, where a hat is expected to meet with rougher usage and last a longer time, are more substantial. Still more fragile than the three-ounce hat is the gossamer, where the foundation, instead of felt, is only stiffened cambric, and is incapable of enduring the slightest hardship.

The felted body, dipped in hot water, is stretched upon a block of the shape at that moment in fashion, and, when dry, is stiffened with a solution of gum shellac and alcohol. This is covered with a coating of varnish to prevent it from subsequently striking through to the surface, and this again is washed over with liquid glue; when this is thoroughly dry, the cover of fine silk plush, cut and sewed to fit the hat-body, is carefully drawn on, brought into place, and then smoothed all over with a hot iron. The warmth, penetrating to the glue, dissolves it; and in drying again it connects the plush above and the felt beneath in a union only to be dissolved by a severe wetting.

The hat is next placed upon a revolving cylinder, where it is polished with soft cloths to the required brilliancy. Next it is lined, generally with watered or embossed paper, a strip of enamelled leather is sewed about the edge, it is fitted with an under-brim of cloth or silk, and finally bound and banded.

The plush covering of these hats is imported, the best coming from Martin, of Paris. It is cut to fit the body in three pieces; the tip, or crown, and the covering of the brim being sewn to the upright piece so carefully that the point of junction is almost invisible in the detached cover, quite so after it has been fitted and glued to the body. Equally invisible upon the completed hat is the diagonal line of junction down the side, where one edge of the cover is lapped over the other and pressed together with the hot irons and revolving brushes of the finishing process.

Completed, the hat is nicely enveloped in tissue paper, packed, and forwarded to the retail dealer, who may, if he choose, style it either French or English, although the American hat is fully equal to the French, and superior to the English, which, like some other Britannic growths, is heavy and clumsy. To be sure, however, the humidity of the English atmosphere would prevent the use of a hat as light as those worn in America.

"Beaver hats have become quite obsolete, I suppose," remarked Mentor, to the pleasant young gentleman who had shown the silk-hat rooms and imparted much of the above information.

"O no," replied he to this query; "we made some last year. Those white hats, with long silky fur, so much worn last summer, were beaver hats. The body is made like that of any other hat, and, while it is still soft and wet, the beaver fur is laid on in flakes, and felted in by means of a bow."

"Of a bow!" exclaimed Miselle, incredulously.

"Yes. A long bow is strung with catgut, and this string is gently snapped across the fur after it is laid upon the body. The jar of the blow causes it to adhere, and it finally becomes incorporated with the felt."

"I believe the 'long-bow' part of it," murmured Miselle in spite of Mentor's warning glances; but subsequent inquiry proved not only the truth of this statement, but the fact that, until within a few years, the fur hats now replaced by silk ones were made in the same manner.

Full fed with information, facts, theories, and speculations, Mentor and his charge at last bade farewell to their obliging guide, and to the study of hats, and returned to the minor pursuits of life.

The next day Miselle found herself in company with the Philosopher and Captain Sentry, who pelted each other with Hegel and Social Science.

"You will not deny that something and nothing are identical," argued the Philosopher.

"No. But as for being and becoming constituting the same principle —"

But Miselle, who had listened until she felt tempted to jump up and scream, here interposed: "O, please don't say those dreadful things any more. Tell me about hats instead."

The superior beings smiled with that air of good-humored forbearance so soothing to the feminine spirit, and Captain Sentry said: "I do not know much about hats, but the other day I

was upon a commission, when it became in order to inquire concerning the character of hatters as a class. One master-hatter gave his evidence with great energy to the effect that they were by nature a reckless and dissipated set of men, earning large wages, and spending them freely in various ill-advised fashions. Against this we received the rebutting testimony of another employer, who declared that the Boston hatters, at any rate, are as sober, well-behaved, and respectable a class of men as are to be found in any mechanical guild. The last man was a Bostonian, the first from New Jersey, however; and it is possible that the influences of Social—"

"Thank you," hastily interposed Miselle, "I have no doubt that the Boston man was perfectly correct. I have seen more than two hundred hatters within the last two days, and noticed them particularly as a very intelligent and well-appearing set of men. I am quite sure at least that the men in the sizing-room are good men, for they are constantly subjecting themselves to the ordeal of boiling water, and endure it wonderfully."

She spoke with conviction, and as Captain Sentry only smiled in reply, she thought him convinced, and turned to the Philosopher, who, shading his eyes with his hand, and, apparently unconscious of the vicinity of any human being, remarked in a dreary manner: "Hats! why, the world has always been hatted more or less. The ancient Romans, to be sure, went bareheaded as a rule; but at sacred rites, at games, festivals, in war, or on a journey, the head was covered, sometimes with a helmet, sometimes with a woollen cap or bonnet called the pileus, also worn under the helmet, or with a narrow-brimmed felt hat called the petasus, and resembling the modern hat much more than modern men resemble the Romans. Caligula permitted these hats to be worn at the theatre as screens from the direct rays of the sun. Old persons wore the pileus, or woollen cap, for the sake of warmth, and manumitted slaves as a badge of freedom. In fact, they received a cap with their freedom-papers as we call them at the South."

"Then the cap has always been a badge of freedom?"

"Yes. After Cæsar's death, Brutus and Cassius issued coins bearing a cap between two daggers, and after Nero's death many Romans assumed caps in token of having recovered their liberty. Of course you know all about the Swiss liberty-cap, with Tell, Gessler, and all that sort of thing; and next door to them are the Netherlanders, who, upon liberating themselves from the Spanish yoke, added a hat to their national insignia."

"As for the cap-and-dagger coins issued after the murder of Cæsar, it was adding insult to injury; for he, poor fellow! was bald, and, of all the honors heaped upon him by the Senate, chiefly valued the laurel crown, because it concealed his infirmity," suggested Captain Sentry.

"Mrs. S. A. Allen not being of Roman renown," irreverently added Miselle, while the Philosopher went dreamily on: "Cæsar, in dying, wrapped his mantle about his head, and the action, though pathetic, was probably instinctive; for the mantle cape or toga was used by the men of his time as a covering to the head as well as the body. In later days the Romans wore a sort of great-coat with a hood to it when on a journey or in stormy or chilly weather. This hood was often covered with a rough shag, or pile, for the sake of warmth, and was of various colors. The garment itself was worn by both sexes, and was sometimes made of skins. The Romans—"

"Never mind about the Romans any more, please," interposed the audacious Miselle, "but tell me, instead, how long has there been such a race as hatters, and when did they begin the present style of manufacture?"

"The first guild or trade-association of hatters," promptly replied the Philosopher, "was in Nuremburg in 1360. They were called Felzkappenmachers.

We find them in France under Charles IV. from 1380 to 1442, and in Bavaria in 1401. Charles VII. of France is depicted as wearing a round felt hat while entering Rome in 1449.

"No more Rome, please!" implored Miselle. "When did the hatters get to England and America?"

"Hats are supposed to have appeared in England during the eighth century, and were made at that time of hide with the hair left on. These were both round and conical in shape. Felt hats came later. Froissart mentions hats in the fourteenth century as made of fine hair netted together and dyed red, and about the middle of the twelfth century a nobleman is described as adorned with 'a hat of biever.'

"Stubbs in his 'Anatomie of Abuses' published in 1585, says: —

"'Sometimes they use them sharp in the crown, standing up like a spire or steeple a quarter of a yard, sometimes flat like the battlements of a house, and other some round. With them are worn bands of black, white, green, yellow, russet, or divers colors. These hats are made of silk, of velvet, teffetie, sarsnet, wool, or, which is the most curious of all, of a fine kind of hair. These are called biever hats, and fetch twenty, thirty, or forty shillings. They came from beyond seas, whence also are brought enough of other follies and vanities.'

"Then there is the cardinal's red hat, its color supposed to typify his readiness to shed his blood in the cause of Christ; and there are the Pope's tiara, — and the king's crown, merely different forms of such head-gear as we all wear. There also is the pointed and tasselled fool's cap, much resembling in shape the hoods I notice ladies wearing sewed to the necks of their cloaks at the present time."

"But when did they begin to make hats here in America?" interposed Miselle, hastily.

The Philosopher grimly smiled, as he replied: "In 1732 the London hatters made formal complaint to the House of Commons of the extent to which the manufacture of hats was carried in New England and New York, thereby injuring their monopoly of the trade. But I believe the Yankees proved as irrepressible in that matter as in several similar ones, and the trade has gone briskly on ever since.

"I do not think I know anything more about hats."

"Does any one?" asked Miselle; and she left the Philosopher and Captain Sentry to Hegel and Social Science, herself retiring to inspect the interior of the Baron's new fur felt hat.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE storm of St. Michael's Night had detained the Newhaven steamer, as we have seen; but at ten o'clock the next morning she lay alongside the wharf, blowing off steam, and ready to take her departure. There was the usual bustle and hurry about the door of the Custom-house, and on the wharf. Cabs were driving down in hot haste, disgorging excited passengers and piles of luggage. There was the usual incongruous mass of people, whom strangely different interests are perpetually wafting to and fro across the Channel, — newly married people on their wedding tour, commercial travellers, French Jews, English tourists returning after the summer's wanderings, detective police-officers, family parties with children, servants, carriages, and interminable succession of trunks, and dingy-looking men with much jewelry and diminutive carpet-bags.

Porters were receiving emphatic di-

rections in broken English and broken French; here and there a gendarme, stoical and polite, stood like a light-house in the midst of the surging sea of confusion; and, beyond the chain that ran along from the Custom-house to the landing-place of the steamers, a score or so of sailors and fishwomen idling and watching. The last bell rings, the passengers are all on board, the last porter staggers up the plank, execrated in English and French. The puffing of steam suddenly ceases. The gangway is withdrawn, the ropes loosened, and the "Alliance" steams slowly out of dock in the pleasant morning sunshine.

The mate of that admirable vessel, as he goes round closing the cabin windows, stands and waves his cap high over his head, — a parting signal to a pretty young woman with a child in her arms, who stands and watches the departure of the steamer. Her eyes look seaward long after the fishwomen have turned to their baskets again, and the sailors lounged off to more exciting scenes, and the great doors of the Custom-house have rolled to with a slam. Then she turns and walks thoughtfully away.

Early as it was, Épiphanie had already been up as far as the Faubourg de la Barre to speed Jeanne on her homeward journey, and had met Marie Robbe and Monsieur Bouffle on their way down to Madame Farge's. After that, till he waved his signal, she had been with Pierre. But there was still that important purchase to make which had detained her in town. Before going up into the Grande Rue, however, she again crossed the dock bridge, and dropped in to say a neighborly "good day" to Madame Legros, and to inquire about François, whom she had not seen since the night before.

Could Madame Legros tell her where François and Gabriel Ducrés were, for to be sure they are together.

"O yes, both went out a good two hours ago. François, when he found the boat need not return to Verangeville, had come in, and, after changing his jacket, had gone out, saying he had business in the Rue St. Remi. Gabriel Ducrés had gone to Arques; he had passed the door but a quarter of an hour ago, and said he was just on his way."

"It is a long journey to Arques, no doubt?" said Épiphanie, who evidently had some interest in that young man's movements also.

"O, not so far, if you take the short way by the river, and through the fields. A good walker will do it in an hour and a half. He said something about being back again by two o'clock, as he had to start for home to-night."

"To Vallée d'Allon!" said Épiphanie.

"I don't know; he said simply 'home,' and I asked him no more questions: to speak the plain truth, I was tired of his eternal 'yes' or 'no.' I have never seen a young man like him. Ma foi, chère amie! when I have cooked a good meal I like a man to say his grace and eat it with an appetite, not push it away as if it were medicine. Père Defére I have known all my life; a better man does not live; he greets one pleasantly, has always some little news to tell one, and takes an interest like a Christian in the little concerns of the neighbors that one has to relate. He does n't stare at one when one speaks to him, as if one was an image, or sit with his head bent down as if at the confessional, just like a purple corn-poppy in August, eating nothing, drinking nothing, saying nothing. But," continued Madame Legros, whose pent-up irritation on the subject of her unsatisfactory visitor had found considerable relief in this little explosion, "I packed him up a good dinner, — though I dare say he will not touch a morsel of it, and bring it all back, dried up and stale, — for, as I said to my husband just now, who knows but that being on the water so long yesterday has upset his stomach; for a landsman is but a poor creature, after all."

That afternoon, when Jean Farge had gone out, and old Madame Farge sat spinning by the fire, Épiphanie took her work and seated herself in the sunny

little window overlooking the wharf. The child was mounted on a chair at the window-sill, playing with great contentment with three or four pebbles, a spoon, a small tin cup, and his mother's thimble. From time to time his delight in his play burst forth in shouts of "*Voie dà! voie dà!*" accompanied by a pattering dance of the pudgy little feet, as he leaned on the back of the chair with his hands. He was answered in all his demands for sympathy by a ready smile from his mother, who sat knitting, the flickering shadows of the geraniums that stood on the window-sill dancing over her as she rocked herself gently to and fro. Épiphanie, though shy, was not unsociable. Her mind and character in the general warmth of kindness and companionship bloomed out into a sort of pungent sweetness, and her talk had certain touches of wisdom that pleased the older woman, and made her feel a quiet satisfaction in the presence of the young widow such as people usually feel only with those whom they have long known and loved, and learned to trust.

So the two women sat and chatted together over their work, the humming of the spinning-wheel and the ticking of the clock on the wall filling the pauses in their talk, — a subdued and pleasant refrain.

"Marie Robbe was here this morning," said Madame Farge, after a few minutes' silence. "She came here to make me a visit. She is a coquette, I 'm afraid."

Épiphanie sighed. "Perhaps so," she said. "But she is young, and has been spoiled by her father ever since she was a child. She has never helped much in the work at home, and that has made her think of gay clothes and pleasure-making more than she should, perhaps. Poor child! Her father has always encouraged her in it."

"Her mother works hard enough for the two, I suppose," said Madame Farge, dryly.

"It must be confessed so," said Épiphanie, reluctantly.

"A bad daughter makes a bad wife," said Madame Farge. "Thy brother knows her also, it seems."

Épiphanie's eyelids trembled a moment, but she did not look up. Madame Farge surely knew, then, that Marie would probably be her sister-in-law. She did not reply to the implied question, but said: "I try to think the best of Marie. If she has won the heart of a good, honest youth, there must surely be something of good in her, which we cannot see, perhaps, but which notre bon Dieu who created her knows, and has revealed alone to this man who loves her."

Madame Farge shrugged her shoulders. "My child, a man is blind who is in love, and he cannot distinguish between faults and virtues; and it is well for him to have those that see clearly to look after him and prevent him from making a fool of himself. If my son wants to marry a girl, and I see he loves her truly, be she poor or a stranger, if she have nothing but the clothes on her back, but there be an honest, simple heart inside them, I say, with all my heart, *Bien venue, ma fille!* But if his heart is set on one like Mademoiselle Marie, who will bring him grief and trouble, I have one word alone for him, — simply no, and always *no!*"

Épiphanie shook her head. "But yet it is God who joins people's hearts together; and it is a fearful thing to part those who love each other, because we think *one* is not wisely chosen."

Madame Farge crossed herself. "My dear, if the Holy Church has blessed them, and they are man and wife, I have nothing to say. I may cry in my own pocket, but I hold my tongue. But before this, when there is still time to stop such mischief, one must do what one can to stop it. One does not give a sick child all he cries for."

"Sometimes the sick know better what is good for them than the doctors," said Épiphanie, smiling.

"I don't know," she went on; "perhaps you are right. It is hard to see one whom one loves choosing sorrow for himself, and yet, if le bon Dieu makes a man love one woman alone of all those

in the world, He knows best, and perhaps He yokes unequally sometimes the bad and the good, the weak and the strong, that the bad may be made better, and the weak may be made stronger."

"No," continued Épiphanie, with increasing earnestness, "it is best not to oppose, but to pray night and day for such, that the good saints would watch and guard them, and that God would sunder them or join them according to his pleasure!"

Madame Farge remained silent. "Thou art a good girl," she said to herself, "and hast learned much from thy troubles, and art wiser, perhaps, than an old woman who has had an easy life. One must be prudent, however. As for Marie Robbe," she said aloud, "in her case, there is no one to be sorry for, I suppose,—a stupid, hot-headed man like Voisin Bouffle is not thrown away upon her at least."

"Bouffle!" cried Épiphanie, "who is he? And what has he to do with Marie?"

Madame Farge then briefly related the scene of the morning. As we have witnessed it ourselves, and know what Madame Farge's conclusions on the subject were, we will not repeat her story, nor the conversation which followed.

CHAPTER XVII.

After sitting silently for a while, Épiphanie, still occupied with her own grievous thoughts, rose, rolled up her knitting, and lifted the child from his chair.

"I will go and seek François," she said; and, taking the child in her arms, she went out. She went down first to Voisin Legros's, but could get no tidings of François there. After pondering for a few moments at the Legros threshold, she turned and walked briskly along the wharf, and, passing out of the Pollet, continued her way by the path that runs along the river-side. The pathway winds along, following the course of the stream, through low meadows and copses, the shortest and pleasantest way to Arques. There was at that time, just beyond the last houses of the Pollet, a disused ropewalk, raised above the river and the footpath, and shaded by fine old trees. The grass grew thick over the nearly obliterated walks, and "crimson-tipped" daisies by the hundred raised their heads among the fallen leaves. The afternoon sunlight, warm and still, glinted through the trees, that, russet and yellow, glowed with the dusky splendor of the Norman autumn.

Épiphanie set the child down, and walked on slowly, when she reached the ropewalk, while the little fellow toddled beside her or tumbled on the dry leaves. Every now and then she raised her eyes and looked down the pathway by the river's edge, as if in expectation. And thus for half an hour she watched and walked and lingered. Many people passed,—country people, townsfolk, and sailors; but Épiphanie still looked wistfully down the road. Her attention is caught for a moment by a group of English tourists with Alpine sticks, sketch-books slung over their shoulders, plaids, and umbrellas,—a young girl and two young men with blue ribbons on their straw hats, and an elderly lady mounted on a donkey. "O mamma," cries the young lady, "look at that picturesque creature under the trees, and that pretty child playing among the leaves!"

"Jolly bit of color, is n't it?" says one of the Cantabs, looking admiringly through a one-eyed lorgnette. "My dear mother, how would you like to see the rural female population of our parts going about the country in a dress like that? I give you my filial word of honor I will subscribe to your petticoat club, I will come to your next village tea-drinking, if you will banish those brown bombazines, and introduce an 'effect' like that!"

"My dear!" replies the venerable rider of the donkey, with some severity of tone, "I consider such a dress for a young woman in that station of life absolutely *wrong*. A scarlet petticoat,

and that frightful cap and all that gilt finery! My cousin Gresham — she 's very good-natured, but full of fantastic ideas, and very revolutionary, I fear — sent me two pieces of scarlet flannel to make shirts and Garibaldi bodies — she actually proposed Garibaldi bodies herself — for my rheumatic old men and women! My dear, I did not even make petticoats of the stuff, I was so afraid of some of those foolish girls getting them and converting them into cloaks, and then coming to church in them under my very eyes, that I positively put it by, and shall have it dyed brown for next winter."

The young man drops his eye-glass from his eye with a comical smile, and they pass on. Épiphanie's eyes follow them after the sound of their voices has died away, little thinking that she is serving as a text to their discourse. When they reach the turn in the road, they stop and speak to a man, who points with his hand, raises his cap, and then comes on at a steady swinging pace, with a stick and basket slung over his shoulder. Épiphanie's eye brightens. She recognizes the young countryman, who is none other than Gabriel Ducrés returning from Arques the nearest way, along the river's bank. But he is alone! There is no François with him! Still, they went out from Madame Farge's in company. Gabriel can certainly tell her where François is, if any one can. So, taking the child's hand, Épiphanie goes slowly forward to meet him.

"Bon jour, Gabriel Ducrés!" she said, as she approached him. Gabriel looked up quickly, returned her greeting, and made as though he would have passed on, seeming in no humor for talking.

"Ah, Gabriel Ducrés, wait a moment," said Épiphanie. "I would ask thee something."

Gabriel let his stick slide from his shoulder. "Well, Épiphanie!" he said with a sigh.

Épiphanie was disconcerted for a moment by his ungraciousness, and her color rose slightly. "Are you in haste?" she said gently.

"No, no, I am in no haste; I will do anything to serve thee willingly, Épiphanie."

"It is only to tell me where is my brother; I want much to speak with him, and in this strange place I know not where to seek him."

Gabriel looked at her anxious face, and turned away his eyes. "I cannot tell thee. I do not know where he is."

But Épiphanie still questioned. "Thou wast with him this morning, — wast thou not? At Madame Farge's, — you went out together?"

"But we parted company soon after we left the house."

"Did he speak of going home, — of Verangeville? O Gabriel Ducrés! if thou canst, tell me something of him!"

"In good truth, I cannot tell thee. François said but a few words, and broke from me, and was gone."

"And thou knowest not where he went?" said Épiphanie, mournfully.

"No. Thou needst not seek him in the Rue St. Remi, however."

"Alas! my poor François! It is even so then," sighed out Épiphanie.

"Mademoiselle Marie has cheated him, — voilà tout! It is no great matter. It is often done, it seems."

There was such a tender, pitiful look in the woman's eyes, as they encountered his, that Gabriel stopped.

"It is the will of God," said Épiphanie, "and for his soul's good; but he will have many a sad day for all this; sleep and work, meat and drink, are spoiled to one who has a heavy heart. But I will not hold thee longer here, Gabriel Ducrés; thou art doubtless in haste, and I go but slowly with the child."

"No, no, Épiphanie, I am in no haste; let me walk by thy side. I will help thee to find François; he is probably somewhere about the docks."

"Ah!" said Épiphanie, starting quickly, "dost thou think he may run away to sea?"

"It would not be strange," said Gabriel, "with twenty ships lying in harbor ready to take fresh sailors, that he should offer himself."

"Bon Dieu! that might easily be, just now while his anger and misery are heavy and hot within him."

"Why should he not go?"

"It would break his mother's heart to lose him. He is the beginning and end of all things to her. She would think of him in those far-away countries, and fret night and day, fancying him sick or dying where she could never, never reach him. O," said Épiphanie with a shudder, "it is a terrible thing to have the sea between us and some one who is dear to us!"

"All ships don't go to the distant countries though," suggested Gabriel. "There are ships that go to England, vessels that run to Bordeaux, to — "but Gabriel was suddenly checked in the midst of his propositions by Épiphanie, who cried suddenly, eagerly, "Ah, if I could but find him! yes, certainly I could persuade him! I could show him how excellent it would be. He would not be at the old work and at home exactly, and yet he never would be far away, and if he were sick he could always come back to his mother and me."

"Ah!" said Gabriel, somewhat blankly, not having the clearest view in the world of her meaning.

"I — I think — that is to say, I have just thought that he might get a place on the Newhaven steamer."

"That would be excellent, certainly," said Gabriel; "but it cannot be easy to get such places."

"I heard last night that one of the first places on board the new steamer will be vacant soon, — indeed quite soon."

"Ma foi!" said Gabriel, who was already becoming excited about the success of the plan, "this is a stroke of good fortune. If this — dost thou know the sailor's name, Épiphanie?"

"O," said Épiphanie, "he is the first mate."

"Well," continued Gabriel, "if this first mate leaves in good-will with the captain, no doubt but he may be able to say a good word for a friend, and get François the situation. This man has not been discharged, has he?"

"O no," said Épiphanie; "he leaves of his own free will. He was tired, — that is to say, he wanted to start in the fishing business."

"Thou know'st him then?" said Gabriel, with business-like precision.

"Yes, I know him."

"So much the better! Then thou canst go to him and speak to him at once, and I will go and seek François. Such a piece of good luck shall not slip through one's fingers. I will say what I can to him against his going to sea, if I find his mind bent on that, and tell him how well it will be for him to take this situation, and then I will conduct him to thee; or, perhaps, he may as well go and see this man himself. But stay," continued Gabriel, who had already shouldered his stick to start on his search for François, "I had best know the man's name, that I may tell François."

Épiphanie hesitated a moment. It is difficult sometimes to bring to the lips a name that runs forever in the thoughts. "It is — it is Pierre Lennet."

"Diable!" was the polite response, after which there was a pause. "C'est ça; I comprehend at last," said Gabriel. "So it is Pierre Lennet that is the man! that was the reason you could not tell me his name, I suppose. He it is that is going to give up his place, and take to the fishing business, and *marry*, no doubt. Seven devils!" burst out Gabriel afresh, "make your own business among yourselves; I will never go!" And he threw his stick and basket down on the ground, and crammed his hands down into his breeches pockets.

Épiphanie was silent from pure amazement; Gabriel, who a moment before was all kindness and good-will, to storm in this way! And simply at the name of Pierre too. Had Pierre angered him? Her mind ran rapidly over the events of the night before, and then she remembered suddenly how Gabriel had refused to come up to supper when Pierre called him. Poor Gabriel! he was angry and vexed about

Jeanne last night, — for had they not quarrelled just before? — and had taken Pierre's joke amiss, and could not forget it even now. "He has a good heart, — this cousin Gabriel; but one can't say he has no temper," thought Épiphanie. Still her heart was pitiful, and she longed — without betraying Jeanne — to say some word of peace, to drop some balm into the wound that she knew caused this testiness in her companion.

"I know not why thou shouldst feel so hardly towards Pierre Lennet," said she, after a pause, during which they both walked on in silence; "he speaks nothing but praise of thee."

"I do not want his praise," said Gabriel, sulkily.

"It was only this morning," continued Épiphanie, "that he was telling Jeanne and me of your going out in the bad weather together last night to take out the rope, and he said that thou hadst a strong arm and a brave heart, and that without thee the boat could not have been saved. And Jeanne, when he said that, held out her hand in gratitude to Pierre for his good words of — her cousin."

Gabriel bent his head, but said nothing.

"Jeanne speaks her mind out boldly, if one does not please her; but from others she will hear nothing but the praises of those she loves," continued Épiphanie.

But Gabriel seemed hardly to hear her. He walked on absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped and turned upon her.

"Thou thinkest well of — of this Pierre Lennet?" he said.

"Ye-es," said Épiphanie, startled, and with heightening color.

"That he is brave, good, religious," continued Gabriel, speaking quickly and shortly like one who suffers, but controls, a sharp internal pain. "Such as a woman would think well of — could easily love — could be happy with — having him for a husband?"

"Happy? yes," repeated Épiphanie, amazed and fluttered. "Why dost thou ask me this?"

"Thou believest this truly?" said Gabriel, paying no heed to her question.

"In the bottom of my heart."

"I believe it, too!" he said with a groan. "It is enough. Forgive me, Épiphanie, for my hard words. A dog that is wounded bites more from pain than ill-will. I will seek François, and say what I can to make him follow thy counsel. Adieu!" And he turned to go. Épiphanie was in despair. What did he mean by asking her all these questions about Pierre? What had she said to draw forth all this? She who would have spoken the words of peace and comfort had seemed but to make the matter worse. Gabriel in leaving her now was more unhappy than half an hour ago, when they met. In another moment he would be gone, — passed beyond her reach, — and Jeanne's dismal prophecy of estrangement, and general confusion, and misery might come true, after all. She made three hasty steps, and gained his side.

"Thou art going to Verangeville to-night," she cried.

"To Verangeville, no. It is — too late to start this evening."

"But to-morrow morning?"

"I shall go home."

"To Vallée d'Allon?"

"Yes."

"Thou wilt go to Verangeville on thy way; stay the night at the cottage, and then go on the next day, and so break the journey. Surely thou wilt do this, Gabriel?"

"I have wasted too much time there already. I shall go straight home."

"Thou wilt at least say good-by to Jeanne thyself. It would be ill-mannerly not to do that."

"She has other things to think of than my manners. Say good-by to her for me, though, and tell her — no, tell her nothing. I have no more to say to her."

"You will repent it all your life, perhaps, if you do not go to Verangeville," pleaded Épiphanie. "Do not let the last words be words of anger between those who — who are relations. Jeanne

will watch for thee, will wait for thy coming, I know, to-night!"

"I will not go to Verangeville!" burst out Gabriel. "Do not tempt me! let me be! I am going home; and I will never see Dieppe nor Verangeville nor her again as long as I live!"

"Stay," said Épiphanie, constraining him to stop with pleading tones and hands that clasped his. "Thou shalt not go; still feeling anger towards Jeanne. It is an error. Thou hast seen things wrongly. Thou hast misjudged her. She is not soft and smiling always, but I know her heart. O, I was alone in the world but for Jeanne; she is true, she is warm; her heart is deep, and her love never dies!"

"Mon Dieu!" said Gabriel, fiercely. "Why do you say this to me? Don't I know this already? O, I am a fool, a fool!" he groaned. "She must love where she loves, I know that. I have no quarrel with her, I have no quarrel even with her Pierre, though he has stolen her from me! O, I try to curse her with my lips sometimes, but my heart rises up to bless her. And this will last to the end!" He dropped his head on his breast, and ground the dry leaves under his heel in very bitterness of spirit.

Épiphanie had listened to the outburst of the young man with dilating eyes. She dropped her knitting into the large pocket of her apron, and moved a step nearer to him, laying her hand on the post against which he leaned. Her soft eyes were full of light as she looked up into his face; she trembled, but her voice was low and clear.

"You think — you think —" then, as her color rose and fell, she said, "It is I who love Pierre Lennet, and I am going to be his wife."

Gabriel sprang erect, and stared her in the face. The blood rushed to his cheeks.

"Thou — thou," he repeated, as if bewildered by the sudden revelation. "Did she know this? — does Jeanne know this?" Tell me, — tell me quickly, Épiphanie!"

"But for her I should not have been so happy," she replied.

And after that Madame Épiphanie would say little more to satisfy the impatient young man, naturally thinking she had done quite enough for him in the way of consolation, and might now safely leave him to the guidance of his own instincts. She was discreet and honorable, and her reticence, and the doubts and misgivings which she refused to allay, seasoned her balms with a wholesome bitter of uncertainty. She said enough and left enough unsaid to make her companion happy, but to leave him penitent, with a general sense of having been a fool, which as an occasional conviction, it must be owned, is good for all of us.

"Épiphanie," said Gabriel, at last, "I go at once to Verangeville to — to explain — at least to say good-by before I go to Vallée d'Allon; I can, as thou hast suggested, stop there on my way homewards."

"To-night?" said Épiphanie, smiling; "you said it was *too late* to start half an hour ago."

But Gabriel had swung his bundle over his shoulder, and, catching up the child, set him on the other, with a laugh.

"Stop, stop! what will become of your turkey-eggs at that rate, — I saw them through the lid of the basket just now," said Épiphanie, and she stood on tiptoe, and reached to his shoulder, and unhooked the basket from his stick. The child screamed and shouted with delight, as the young man strode on through the leaves. The sun shone through the boy's tossing yellow curls, and glowed on his rosy cheeks, as, riding like a king, he turned and laughed and shouted to his mother, who walked more slowly behind.

When they reached the wharf-side, Gabriel joined Épiphanie, and walked by her side. At the foot of the steps at the Farges he turned to her, the color deepening in his cheeks, "I was a blockhead, was I not?"

"Ah?" replied Épiphanie, interrogatively and dubiously.

"I have seen all things wrong: but dost thou think,—dost thou think?"—and he looked with eyes full of passionate wistfulness into her face.

Épiphanie raised her eyebrows. "Give me the child," she said. "Ah, mon petit! mon roitelet!" and she stretched up her arms to take him from his high perch.

But Gabriel held himself at his full height, that she should not reach the child. "Give me an answer," he said, "or thou shalt not have him."

"Méchant!" said she, half pouting. "Well, what is your question?"

"If thou thinkest that—that—"

The child, who had already testified his growing impatience at being withheld from his mother's arms by sundry slaps and kicks, here made a sudden spring towards her, and was caught to her bosom, laughing in triumph.

"And thy question, Gabriel," said Épiphanie, demurely, as she turned to enter the house, "thou must ask that of Jeanne, I think!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Gabriel was as good as his word; he spent one precious hour of the short autumn afternoon in his search for François; and when he found the poor fellow, and had given him the words of good counsel proposed by Épiphanie, he sent him to his sister. As he passed along the Dieppe side of the dock he waved his cap to Épiphanie, and saw François seated by her side in the doorway of Jean Farge's house. This duty accomplished, he started on his journey with a light heart. He strode on at an unusually good pace, but still his eager mind ran on before him, and reached Verangeville a score of times before he got there.

"Remember the Fairy way," had been Épiphanie's last words as they parted. "The highway over the cliff is but a short two miles farther, and within the octave of St. Michael the Fairy walks. Beware, Gabriel, and take the highway."

But Gabriel laughed aloud at her warning. What cared he for the Fairy and all her greetings to-night? Would he lengthen his walk by a single mile to-night? By the most holy St. Gabriel,—*no!* Who would put another long mile between himself and rest when he is weary, or distance by an hour the spring when he is parched with thirst? Gabriel was happy; and when one is happy one fears no evil. Superstitious fancies can have no room while the thoughts and the imagination are glowing with the warmth and vitality of positive emotions of delight. How can Fear spread her dark wings in a heart where Hope and Joy have taken up their dwelling, where the Imagination is building its fairy palace, and spreading out its bright pictures, and there are lights and singing and feasting within? No; she waits till these guests are departed, till Joy and Love have gone out together, and Hope, after lingering awhile, has shivered off into the darkness; when the music is silent, and the lights are all put out, then Fear can have her day. Then it is that she enters with a crowd of hideous attendants, and runs riot with a thousand horrors, and converts every faculty and sense into a means of torture.

Gabriel trolled out a song, and, as he thought again of Épiphanie's warning, he caught up a stone, worn flat and smooth by the tide, and hurled it far up in air; not watching to see how it swept over the beach in a long curve, and dipped with a sudden light into the sea. He strode gayly onward over the shingles, that rung beneath his hasty footsteps. The twilight was gathering over the fields and the sea, and it was almost dusk when he reached the narrow steps cut in the cliff-side that led upward to the Fairy pathway. It was nightfall, and the last day of September, but he neither halted nor listened for the soft, fatal footfall. He sprang lightly up the steps, and gained the narrow ledge; and, as he passed upward, he looked down upon the rising tide, that already lapped the foot of the cliff below.

How still the sea lay!—as still as

the quiet heavens, with its host of stars above. Where was the storm of yesterday, the rage, and the tumult? The stormy winds had fulfilled the word of the Great Ruler, and were once more withdrawn to their secret dwelling-places; and now behold, — peace, — a new heaven and a new earth, fresh and pure as in the beginning, when they were pronounced good. And those storms within, those tempests of grief and passion, with their vain longings and frantic tears, — these also have their day; the storm dies away, the clouds unroll, and if the sun has already set, and it is too late to hope for sunshine, there are at least the stars, and rest and the silence of a quiet night.

Gabriel looked out to sea, and then upward to the beetling summit of the cliff. A few steps more and the sandy lane would be reached, and his heart gave a bound as he thought of the open doorway, the flickering firelight, and the woman's figure by the hearth. Hush! a footstep above, light and firm, approaching swiftly! He drew himself instinctively against the cliff-side, and held his breath, as a figure emerged from the darkness, and for a moment seemed to float between him and the sky.

"Jeanne!"

Once more face to face, and on the narrow, dizzy edge of the precipice.

"Gabriel!" she sighed out.

"Yes, it is I. O Jeanne, I have come!" he burst out. "I could not stay one moment in Dieppe! I have spoken, I have acted, like a fool during these weeks. I come to confess it. Ah! Thou wilt forgive me, my cousin: it was because I loved thee, — loved thee so well."

He caught her hands, and sought to draw her against his bosom as he spoke; but she suddenly and swiftly freed them from his grasp, and wound them about his neck, and clung to him, laying her head upon his breast.

"Let be — let be!" she said, in a broken voice; "it is I who have been wrong, and I thought I had lost thee, Gabriel, — lost thee — "

An hour later, and they still stood leaning against the cliff-side, with the night gathering like a purple veil over the sea. The tide was at the full, and boomed below against the shelving cliff. There was so much for these two to talk of, with the untried future lying so full of promise before them; there was still more that silence alone could express, in the first blissful peace of perfect reconciliation.

"Thou wilt marry a farmer after all," said Gabriel, after a while. "I wish I had been born by the sea for thy sake. But perhaps, when thou comest to know country life better, thou wilt like it better also, Jeanne. One should not make up one's mind to dislike this or that without reason. I thought very ill of all sailors once, till very lately. I — indeed I hated the very name 'marin' with all my heart, I assure thee, and now I confess that I was wrong. I find them brave, true-hearted, — in short, all that good Christians should be."

"Ah!" said Jeanne, "it is Pierre Lennet who has made thee think better of sailors, for he is all these. Eh, Gabriel?"

"Yes," said Gabriel, with a laugh. "But, if the truth must be spoken, it was also he that made me detest the very name of 'marin' at one time. I confess it."

"I have been thinking," said Jeanne, thoughtfully, "how it was that I was so angry that night, and told thee I would marry none but a sailor. I think it was because thou wast *not* a sailor, and I *feared* I should marry thee. *Now* I no longer dislike the thought of a farmer's life at all, and it is because thou art a farmer, and I *know* I am to be thy wife. It is strange," said Jeanne, with a little sigh, "comme on change d'avis! — n'est ce pas, Gabriel?"

Then they talked of the Vallée d'Allon, and Gabriel pictured the joy of that day when he should bring Jeanne home to the old farm-house. He knew how his mother loved Jeanne, and how long her heart had yearned towards her young kinswoman as towards a daughter. And Jeanne's eyes brimmed

over with happy tears in the darkness, as she thought of receiving a mother's kiss and benediction from Madame Ducrés. Uncle Defére, urged Gabriel with his usual impetuosity, must leave his fishing-nets now, and come to the farm also, and take care of his rheumatism, and spend the rest of his days at ease, and telling stories of the coast and his fishing days to the neighbors, as they sit round the fire on winter's evenings. Then how pleasant it was to go back to the old days when they were children together, — the joyous times of the lavender harvest; the nut-pickings in the old beech-wood beyond the farm; the walks together by the stream-side, or as they came up hand in hand in the twilight, through the dewy meadows, driving the cows back to pasture after evening milking. So the future and the past greeted each other joyously in the present; and time stood still for these happy people, as it does for us all once or twice in a lifetime.

At last Jeanne said, "Come, Gabriel, I must go home; I want to see my father. He went out to set some nets after supper, but he will have come in by this time; for, see, it is late; the stars are all out, and the tide is at its height."

"Where wast thou going, Jeanne," said Gabriel, detaining her, "when I met thee?"

"O, I was going down the beach to meet Épiphanie. She told me she was coming back this evening with Nannette Planche. I was with Veuve Milette most of the afternoon, keeping her company while Épiphanie was away, and as I was coming home, I met Nannette, who said she and Marie Bignard had left Dieppe earlier than she had said the night before, and had seen nothing of Épiphanie. Then I thought Épiphanie must have missed them, and would be coming home alone; and after supper, when father went out to his nets, I started out to meet her. The child is heavy to carry, and Épiphanie is timorous, and does not like to be alone after nightfall."

"And thou camest down the Fairy way, Jeanne, and thou wast not afraid?"

"Yes, I was afraid, I will not deny; but I thought I could run so swiftly down here, and climb, by a way I know, to the cliffs again, and so miss all the long round one takes by the highway, and have so much more chance of meeting Épiphanie, that, after I considered a moment at the churchyard wall, I repeated a pater-noster, and ran down, and met thee."

"Ah, Jeanne!" after a pause, he said, "dost thou know what I thought as I came up the path and heard thy footstep?"

"Quoi donc," said Jeanne, — "that it was I?"

"Not at all. I heard a step, and saw a gown fluttering, and I thought it is the Fairy of Fallaise who approaches, to give me an evil greeting perhaps. I confess to thee my heart stood still in my body for fear!"

Jeanne laughed. "Grand lâche!" she said, "thou shouldst have shouted at the bottom of the steps to have cleared the way, and I should have heard thee, and waited till thou hadst reached the top of the cliff. That is the custom here. One must always call before one comes up the Fairy way, so that any one going down may wait till the one below has ascended, for the ledge is too narrow for two to pass each other without danger."

"But if one does not call, or if one does not hear the shout, and meets a traveller in the middle, as thou and I — what then?"

"I know not," said she. "I suppose they must then arrange it between themselves, and one must turn back again."

"In this case," said Gabriel, drawing her towards himself, "thou goest with me. Eh, my Jeannette?"

"Yes," said Jeanne, "with thee!"

EDMUND BROOK.

EDMUND BROOK departed this life in February, 1866, aged twenty-eight years and four months. He was lamented by all his friends, having sustained an excellent character in every relation of life, having been a faithful servant, a devoted husband, and a kind and tender father. He was attended to his last home by every member of his late master's family, who showed for his memory every possible mark of mourning and respect. His last request to the writer was that she would put his own account of himself, given during the last month of his life, and written down at his request, into correct language; and though his idioms might better have expressed his meaning, yet she could not refuse in some degree to comply with this last request.

"I remember myself first," said Edmund, "as a little woolly-headed fellow about three feet high. I remember my looks particularly at this time, because I used to stand behind my master while he was shaving, and watch him in the glass, keeping always so exactly behind him that it was a long time before he discovered my presence. When he did this, and observed also that I was making faces behind his back in imitation of him, he took a hearty laugh. I did not know what was the matter until he turned round and caught me.

"He seemed chiefly struck with the remarkable height to which my hair grew on the top of my head. 'Hallo!' he cried. 'Come here, Jerry, Bill, June, December, — come and shear this black sheep. Shear him, and bring him back to me.' This order was but too literally complied with, and my head was sheared so close that I was a laughing-stock to the whole plantation until my wool grew out again.

"This punishment effectually cured me of stealing behind my master to imitate him while shaving.

"But I will only take up your time and my own breath with one more incident of my childhood. When I was about twelve years old, I was dressed in a smart livery suit, and brought in to brush at master's table. My business was to set the table, and then to stand ready, with a long brush of peacock feathers, and keep off the flies as the head waiter brought in and arranged the dishes. There was always fish or poultry for dinner; for we lived in Beaufort in summer, if we were not travelling, and on the plantation during the winter; and fish were always to be had merely for the taking them, and oysters, if you only picked them up. I am sorry to say that the post at which I was then placed proved one of temptation to me. When three or four o'clock came, and dinner was served, I used to be pretty hungry. To be sure, I could have got corn-bread and buttermilk all the time; but I did not want corn-bread and buttermilk when I daily saw before me turkeys, roast fowls, and ducks, or else drum, cavallie, or bass. My master was particularly fond of drum-roe, and so was I. Therefore it chanced that half of the drum-roe used constantly to disappear before the other dishes came in. Now the head waiter was the son of the cook, and I was the grandson of the head nurse, who had nursed my master himself. My mother had also nursed all the elder children of the family; so that my family was one of far more consequence and dignity than that of Dinah the cook. Yet Dinah claimed that her mother had minded master's father, and that her family, therefore, were of superior and more ancient descent than ours.

"Thus there was a constant rivalry and jealousy between us, and, had I recollected these circumstances, I would have been more careful about taking the drum-roes. But at twelve years of age I had not learned the prudence to which I afterwards attained, and my

indiscretion gave every advantage to my enemies against me. One day my master sent for Dinah, and told her that if she wanted to keep back any part of the dinner, and really did not get enough without it, to cut off part of the fish, but not to keep the roe. Dinah told him that she sent in all the roe, and she called her son Cæsar to prove this.

"Cæsar, then, instead of warning my innocent youth of the trouble which was preparing for me, — although I had seen him keep many things, and had not told on him, — immediately devised a plan by which to disgrace me and to give my place to his brother. He therefore told my master that if he would consent to lose the roe for one day more, he would show him who took it. My master agreed; but of all this I knew nothing until afterwards.

"The next day, as usual, I helped myself to a large piece of the roe, and crammed it all into my mouth at once. But it was at least half red pepper and mustard. I threw down the brush, and ran out of the back door, roaring at the top of my voice. Every one, white and black, ran to see what was the matter.

"My master laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks; the children laughed and capered around me, regardless of my distress, which was real enough. I was almost suffocated. But my grandmother was infuriated; she seized me by my hair, which had grown out, and administered such a series of boxes as speedily relieved my feelings, and turned my sorrows into a different channel.

"'You see yourself, maumer,' said my master to my grandmother, who had heard his explanation of the business, addressed to the children, — 'you see yourself now.'

"'Yes, sir, I see,' she replied, with dignity; 'and if missus will excuse me for a while, I will make Edmund see too.'

"At this I set up a fresh roar, and I begged master to punish me himself. But master said he could not be troubled with it when grandma was there to do it, and so she hauled me to the negro quarter.

"Arrived there, she first whipped me, then she called my father and mother, and they whipped me again. Then they held a council over me.

"'If you had told me you was taking the roe, I would never have let master find you out; but why did you not tell me?' said my mother, crying herself. I was comforted by this, and, kneeling down by her, I felt that I had one friend left. They discoursed to me a long time; but I principally remember my grandmother's closing exhortation: —

"'Now you are in the house, Edmund,' she said, 'you must remember that you are not a field-nigger, but a person of family and character. When I used to attend mistress to parties, there was not a lady in the shawl-room who was above speaking to me, and they all left everything they had under my charge. Now I think we have a right to take from our own master when he got plenty; but I never take so that they can catch me. I have seen missus leave pies and cakes in her open closet for the children. I nor Louisa (my mother) never touch one, for missus would know that minute it was us. But she never misses sugar out of the barrels, or a piece of meat out of the smoke-house. If I am wanting anything, I take it when she sends me for soap or candles. *But do you take nothing; you do not know how.* If I catch you taking a single thing, this is what you will get, and more too.'*

"These were the only indiscretions which I can recollect of my boyhood. I never took anything again from my master and mistress, — at least, this mistress.

"I will therefore pass on to the period of my mistress's illness and death. At that time I was the acknowledged favorite, next to my mother and grandmother, of all the family.

"My mistress had consumption, and

* It was a universally received maxim among the negroes, that they had a right to steal from their owners if *they had plenty*. On the other hand, that they should help them if they needed help.

she was therefore ill for a long time. My grandmother and mother, my master and myself, used to take it by turns to sit up with her. My post was in the dining-room, which was next to, and opened into, her room. If she wanted anything, she rang a small bell, placed on a table by her. She was too weak to speak aloud. I used to doze, but never went fast to sleep, while sitting up with her. I always heard the bell, and was instantly at her side. If she desired food or cordial, I raised her on the pillows, and fed her as tenderly as my master could have done.* If she wanted my mother, — she slept in the hall during all my mistress's illness, and I summoned her. If the summer's night was warm, I set open all the blinds and doors. Many a night I have sat by her and fanned her until sunrise. My master used to sleep on a lounge in the dressing-room. My movements never disturbed her or woke him.

"Her own children were young and thoughtless, and she seemed to prefer my services to theirs.

"At length she died, and, sorry as I was, I was proud to see the long train of carriages which attended her funeral. I walked by the hearse in a suit of black. My young mistress tied crape around my hat herself, saying, as she did so, 'Edmund, I shall never forget you.' I heard all the company remarking upon the faithfulness of myself and family to my dear mistress; and I felt, as well I might, that I was now adding to the distinction of my family, and conducting myself as a worthy and excellent member of society.

"My grandmother had now the management of the family. My young mistress completed one more winter at boarding-school in Charleston after her mother's death. But when she did come home to manage the house, she found it easier to amuse herself with her young companions, and leave the management of everything to us.

"Thus matters went on for two years. The whole town of Beaufort talked about the intelligence and faithfulness of our family. My sister had grown up, and had charge of the children and their clothes. Miss Caro had not time to trouble with them. She was much admired at all the balls and parties, and often made trips to Charleston with her young friends. The only complaint which any of us made was that of my sister Kate, when Miss Caro would not leave her time to make the children's clothes, but kept her making dresses all the spring for herself. Kate was the children's best friend. She could not bear to see them running about the quarter on Sunday, and kept out of their pa's sight because their clothes were not made for them to go to church or come to the table. And one day, instead of telling master that the boys were gone hunting, as Miss Caro had ordered her, she told him that their clothes were not in order for them to come to the table.

"'And why are they not in order, when you have nothing else to do?' roared my master. This put him in a passion.

"But Kate was not afraid of master himself when her blood was up, and she answered right off, —

"'Because Miss Caro keeps me working all the time for her, and won't leave me time to do the children's clothes.'

"'Let me see what you have been doing,' said master, and he walked right into Miss Caro's room, where Kate always sat. Miss Caro had that very morning gone to Charleston, which made Kate the bolder, for Miss Caro did not mind telling a story when she got ready.

"She showed master a whole piece of long-cloth, and another of cambric, which last Miss Caro had ordered her to make up into tucked and pointed skirts by the time she got back. 'And I can't do it and keep the children decent, — I can't!' said Kate, 'and I told her so, and she told me to let the children run until they were done; and I just tell you, sir, everybody says I do as if I was white by those children, and

* Fact.

Miss Caro won't let me do for them, sir!'

"Here Kate began to cry. She always cried when she was in a passion, and I walked in. 'Master,' I said, 'you know Kate would work her fingers to the bone to see the children brought up genteel and becoming to the family; but please, sir, not to let Miss Caro know that she has told you.'

"'I will not,' he said; 'Kate, you are perfectly right to tell me, and I will not. But go, Edmund, and bring the children to me just as they are, — go, and bring them.'

"I was getting ashamed of the way the children were sometimes seen, and I did so. Such sights as they were! It was then June, and they were wearing winter clothes, and they had not cared how they did them. No summer clothing was in a fit condition to be put on. He hollered till he brought the whole house around him. He told Kate to bring the cloth he had bought them, which she did. Two whole pieces were there, waiting to be made up. Three more women besides my mother had come to see what was the matter. He ordered them all to sit down, and not get up until the children had clothes to put on.

"Kate was ready to cry again, finding herself blamed as well as the rest. Seeing that, he gave her a gold piece, and told her to cut out. The long-cloth he ordered made into shirts, and the cambric he locked up.

"But we all had reason to rue the day when master found out how Miss Caro did by the children. That very evening he called me to black his boots and help him dress. I never saw master take so much pains with his dress before; and out he went. Grandmother told me to watch where he went; and where should it be but to see a young lady. And, more than all, she was a Northern young lady, and had about her all the mean ways of those Northern people. Not but that she was clever in some things too, but I did delight to get ahead of her.

"The upshot of it all was that in three months from that time we had a new mistress; her name was Miss Lucy Dearing. She was just from school, and knew nothing out of her books. She was spending that year in Beaufort. When we found out that master was going to see her, grandmother sent me to go and sit in the kitchen, and find out all about her. The cook told me she would not give us trouble; that she sat in her room and sewed muslin, and read her books, and did not know what biscuits were made of. So this made us better satisfied. We said if master had taken marrying into his head, he would be certain to marry somebody, and we would rather him marry a young girl who would not interfere with us.

"But, when Miss Caro heard it, she was just raging. She never had been to mistress's grave since the summer she died. But now she was dressing up the children, and taking them to the grave, and covering it with flowers, all in sight of the congregation every Sunday; and she had me there to wash off the tombstone, and to plant vines and all manner of flowers around it. And she kept telling the children that now they would be beat, and sent away, and that their pa would not care for them or her any longer, and that their mother was forgotten; and when any company talked to her about it she began to cry.

"At last grandmother thought that Miss Caro was overdoing the matter; she told her that master would marry again, and she did not think he could do better. There was a certain handsome widow in Beaufort that we had always been afraid of; and we knew that, if master married her, she would know about everything. So we had a great deal rather have the young lady, and we told her so.

"When Miss Caro heard that, she agreed to it, and she went to see Miss Dearing; but the boys could not be got to go near her. They had got it in their heads that she would make their pa whip them, and so they said they hated her, and would not go to see her.

"Master told us that Miss Lucy had been brought up at a boarding-school, and had never had a home, and she thought now she would have a home, and would find a sister and brothers in his children; and that she did not know how to keep house, and did not wish to take charge of anything excepting to teach the children.

"Miss Caro told us this was her mean Yankee blood, that was made for teachers, and was fit for nothing else.

"At last the wedding-day came round. The first thing she asked master was that we should all come to the wedding, and so we did. It was in the morning in the parlor, and we crowded all the doors and windows. She did look pretty and innocent, and I did not blame master so much. I felt sorry for her, for I knew Miss Caro would worry her life out of her.

"She came home the next day, and Miss Caro offered her the head of the table and the keys; but she took the seat next to master, and said that she would rather have her keep on, as she had been, for that she did not know how to keep house.

"If she had only kept to that, we would all have worshipped her.

"The boys would not come to the table or go near her for some days; but they would stand behind the door and watch her. At last she spied them, and ran into the pantry and caught them. One she drew on her lap, and she put her arm round the other and kissed them.

"In two minutes they went back to the parlor with her; and after that they followed her everywhere, and never wanted to be parted from her any more.

"About three months after she was married I fell in love myself, and then I did not blame master at all. When I first saw my dear Sally, she was as pretty a girl as ever was. Her hair was beautifully curled and plaited into puffs, her brown cheeks were fat and round, her eyes black and shining, her feet and hands pretty as any lady's. She was brought up in the house, like myself, and belonged to a superior and ancient family. Therefore my family made no objection; but she lived five miles off, and I was afraid master would object because he would not want to spare me.

"My grandmother opened the subject to him, and he said, as I expected, (I was listening under the window,) 'Tut, tut! I cannot spare Edmund to be always running away so far. I want him right here. I cannot do without him.'

"My grandmother was coming away, she knew that master would come round after a while, but Miss Lucy said, 'Mr. Harrington, I don't think it is right to look at our convenience only in this matter. They have the same feelings as ourselves. How would you like to have been prevented from marrying me?'

"Master always did whatever Miss Lucy said. 'Tell him to go along and get married,' he called after my grandmother. I heard under the window. I knew all was settled.

"The Sunday after the wedding I brought Sally to see the family. Miss Lucy gave her a dress, Miss Caro a bonnet, and we had a grand dinner in the kitchen; and master allowed me to drive her home in his buggy, which especially pleased me, because I wanted Sally to see into what a high family she had married, and the consideration in which I was held by all my owners.

"Soon after this Miss Caro went to Charleston again, and, when she went, Miss Lucy took the keys. The first morning that she went to give out breakfast she followed Maum Dinah into a pantry where the flour was kept, then to the smoke-house; then to the store-room, where were rice, flour, meal, &c.; finally to a closet where sugar, coffee, pickles, spices, &c. were. When Miss Lucy was done giving out, she called me, and told me to call another man to help.

"I thought what was coming, but I could not openly disobey. In the room where flour was kept, the window was fastened only with a rail leaning against

it. The light wood and soap were kept in the smoke-house, as well as the meat, which of course gave us constant access to it. This Miss Lucy saw. It was master's wish. He was satisfied, and that gave us a right to the things. But her mean notions did not agree to this. She made me move the flour into the store-room, and the light wood into the woodshed, which deprived us of our excuse to be constantly in the smoke-house. These things had always been our right. Master could not but know it, and he had always allowed it; the things were his, and not hers. My first mistress had never come looking and looking to see what we took, and I was not going to stand it now.

"I could not help moving the things, but I was determined to be even with her. When she came in, grandmother showed her a nail by the closet door. 'This is where the keys always hang,' said she.

"Miss Lucy coolly put all the keys into her work-box, and locked it."

"Miss Lucy then undertook to look over the boys' clothes. She observed in a moment what Miss Caro and master had never found out. There were no last summer, or last winter, or outgrown clothes on hand. Kate had talked about these things being gone several times. She really was so attached to the children, and so anxious to see them look well, that she was glad to see Miss Lucy take account of their clothes. She helped her, and showed her everything, and where all was kept.

"But what I hated was to see her take out a little paper book, and set down all the articles and the numbers of each.

"I thought we still had means of getting ahead of her, for she did not know how much rice, flour, sugar, or anything else to give out. I had noticed in the morning that she let Maum Dinah take just what she said was usual of everything.

"But that evening she took the boys with her, and went to see some one. In the morning she appeared with a list set down on paper of everything to be given out. The quantity of rice, bacon, flour, &c.

"In a day or two more she had measures and weights. Then she took to counting out the clothes for the wash, which no real lady would have thought of.

"Of course we could not appear to care for all this, and we could do nothing until Miss Caro came back. We thought that she would have the keys again, for she was the oldest of the two.

"At length Miss Caro did come. The next morning, after breakfast, Miss Lucy handed her the keys, but master said that he wished Miss Lucy to keep them. 'Your management, my dear,' he said, 'is so much the best, and the expense so much less, that I must beg of you to continue.'

"'Then, dear Caro,' said Miss Lucy, 'we will divide the labor between us. If you please you shall keep Kate under your direction, and the children's clothes, and I will do the housekeeping.'

"Miss Caro never forgave Miss Lucy for this. But I will not dwell upon these affairs; it is my own life that I am telling.

"Matters went on thus for a year. As grandmother had always been looked upon as the head of our family, and a person of the highest character and standing, she could not bear to be thus imposed upon by Miss Lucy, who might have been her grandchild in years.

"As for me, I had by that time forgiven her, and begun to feel reconciled. Master was much in debt, and Miss Lucy saved so much money that he was paying off fast. We had seen, some ten years before this, twenty of our fellow-servants sold off to pay debts. It was a dreadful day that saw them go. But debt did it, and master could not help it. We knew that Miss Lucy was the means of paying master's debts. I considered that some of us would have to go for them if they were not paid.

"But grandmother always boasted that she had Indian blood in her veins, and she was determined to be revenged. I always told grandmother never to do anything to Miss Lucy, and I had nothing to do with what she did. I had a young sister by the name of Elsie, about fifteen years old; she was Miss Lucy's special favorite; she loaded her with presents, and really, I believe, loved her dearly. Grandmother did not let Elsie know that she had any spite against Miss Lucy.

"One morning Miss Lucy was sick; she did not get up nor have her breakfast until eleven o'clock. Then fresh tea was to be made for her. Elsie had helped her to dress, and came to arrange the table for her, and to wait upon her. I was away that morning; grandmother knew I would not have let her do it had I been there, nor would Maum Dinah; but Miss Lucy, taking her breakfast after eleven o'clock, she had gone to get vegetables. I was gone for beef, and no one was about but Elsie and grandmother. When Elsie gave her the tea to make, she put something in it. I don't know what it was.

"When Miss Lucy poured out her tea, it tasted to her badly. She put more milk and sugar in it; still it tasted so badly that a suspicion came into her mind. She heard grandmother's voice in the pantry. She said to Elsie, 'You can have this cup of tea, I will make another.' Elsie took the tea into the pantry, and Miss Lucy was listening; there was only a screen between. When grandmother saw Elsie going to drink it, she forgot herself, dashed it from her hand, and broke cup and saucer on the floor. Of course Miss Lucy heard this; she knew that grandmother would not let Elsie drink it if anything was in it.

"But she kept cool. She said nothing, but gave Elsie another teapot, and made her heat water, and make more tea in her sight. This she drank, for she was sick and faint already; but she locked up the teapot, and went on to the store-room as usual. Then grandmother knew what was before her if that tea was shown to any doctor. While Miss Lucy was at the store-room, she opened the door with a chisel, threw out the tea, and put the fresh leaves and tea, which Miss Lucy had left, into it. But the teapot was turned black inside. Miss Lucy knew how it was, but grandmother had got ahead of her. She could show no proof against her.

"But she was ordered by master to go to her house, and never to set her foot in his yard again. And thus grandmother was disgraced on account of Miss Lucy; for, if it had not been for her, no difficulty would have ever happened. This affair was never known off of the plantation. I heard Miss Lucy say to master, 'I cannot take away her character without proof; the closet door was open when I came in, but suppose the possibility that I had left it open. It is enough that you forbid her the yard.'

"The next December we were living as usual on the plantation. Master used to give frequent dinner-parties, and I used to hear the gentlemen drinking toasts over their wine to the Lone Star, and making a fuss about the North. But I had heard a fuss about the North ever since I could remember, and I thought it was no more than usual.

"But one day I drove the carriage into Beaufort. There was a great fuss. All the bells were ringing, and all the men and boys shouting. Miss Lucy asked what was the matter. 'The State has seceded,' somebody said.

"Now the white people did not think we knew, but we knew very well, that the quarrel was about us. We knew that the Northern men were trying to set us free, and the South would not let us go. White men, sometimes blacked as negroes, had been among us, over and over, to try and set us against our owners. But in Beaufort most all of us were members of the Baptist Church, and we knew very well it was not right to murder our masters. Besides, we knew what the white men were when

they got in a passion. They were very good-natured till you made them vexed. I had rather have seen the Devil than my master in a passion and me rebelling against him. I 'd have fallen on my knees, I know, the minute he ordered me. And I do love my master, and Miss Caro, and the children. I would rather have worked for them all my days than seen them have to work.

"But, though we could do nothing (I am truly glad that we never raised our hands against those who had fed and provided for us, and cared for us in sickness ever since we were born), it has pleased Providence to set us all free.

"The next thing was building forts at Hilton Head and Bay Point. And O, how the white gentlemen bragged, over their wine, that no Yankee ships could enter between the batteries!

"Colonel —— came to Beaufort to see the batteries, and he kept drinking toasts to South Carolina, and declaring how splendid the batteries were, and how much the Beaufort gentlemen knew about fortifications and war.

"There was one gentleman there that they called a West-Pointer, — what that was I can't tell, but he looked just like the other men, for all the world. He talked bigger than all, and he took all the hands, and was the head man in building the forts. One day a little ship belonging to us brought into the harbor a big ship belonging to the Yankees.

"I have heard that there is a country somewhere t' other side of the earth, — under this country, I suppose, — and, though they live underneath other people, the people there think that they are celestial people, — which means heavenly people, — and that other people are only put on top of the earth to shade them from the sun. And they think that they stand still, and the sun, the earth, and the moon go round them. And the Beaufort people thought just so. But, as I take it, the whole earth stands still, and the sun and moon go round it. It is not only Beaufort that stands still, but the whole earth. I know this because it is against common sense to suppose that grass and trees and cotton could grow if the ground moved. I have heard people say different, but I had the natural sense to know better.

"And the Beaufort people did not go anywhere else much. I have heard them say often that there was not such a place from Canada to Mexico as Beaufort. But I had been to Philadelphia with master when I was a boy, and I had been to Charleston, and I knew that other people lived just as they did, except that they did not drink so much wine nor so many toasts after dinner. The drinking toasts did not help South Carolina one bit, though they drank them to help her. Colonel ——, he drank so many that when he went to the forts he thought them pretty hard to get up, and he thought the Yankees would find it pretty hard too.

"All were sure and certain that no enemy could get into Beaufort harbor. But law! when the Yanks got ready, they came right in. One day the enemy were reported in sight; the West-Pointer (whatever that may be, he only looked like a fat, big, middle-aged man) sent word to the town of Beaufort for nobody to be scared.

"But the next morning the ships took the middle passage, knocked the forts to pieces, and sailed past them quite fair and easy. Then the men landed all in blue, with a large flag flying, and headed by three or four more West-Pointers, who were little slim men, with little waists, and red sashes to show how little they were, — the slimmest waist ones were the highest officers, — they scrambled over the ditches and embankments. Our men cut across through the mud, and over the marsh to Ladies' Island, so fast that it 'most made them think that the Yanks were men as well as themselves.

"But this was nothing to the town of Beaufort when the news came. The old ladies lifted up their hands, and said that Satan was let loose, and these were the evil days.

"Wagons, carriages, carts, and every-

thing else were got ready; everything was loaded with people, sick and well; they all went, only one white man remained in the town. Many of the house-servants went with their masters. Among these was Elsie and me, and Sally, who was staying in the town at the time.

"I always treated Sally's family (owners) with the greatest possible politeness and consideration. Master was a perfect gentleman in his manners, and I had the advantage of seeing the best society always before me, and I had learned to model my behavior accordingly.

"The shell road from Beaufort to Port Royal Ferry was crowded with carriages, wagons, foot-passengers and even wheelbarrows, all fleeing into the interior. We had a carriage, a buggy, and two wagons. Mrs. Brocktin (Sally's mistress) and her family travelled in company with us; she had a carriage and wagon. Mrs. Brocktin had no son, but only daughters. I therefore begged my master to excuse me as much as possible, that I might help her at all the stopping-places. In crossing the ferry, the road was blocked up by the wagons and carriages in waiting.

"Many passed the night on both sides of the ferry. We found shelter with a friend of master's on the main for that night. Miss Caro wished to go on to Charleston, and master therefore went on there. Master had relations there to stop with until he could rent a house. Fortunately we had some bales of Sea Island cotton at our factor's. We experienced no want of money, and I soon found myself quite at home; though master moaned dismally about his plantation and house that he was obliged to leave.

"Master sent me back to Beaufort at one time to see what they were all doing there. The field-negroes had come into the town, and overrun it. They were living in all their masters' houses, sleeping in piles on the carpets and beds, and, too lazy to go and cut wood, they were splitting up the garden fences and even chairs to make fires. The little ones were running over the streets, blowing the pipes broken out of the church organ.

"I went into our parlors. Six field-niggers were asleep on the carpet, in broad daylight. Grandmother sat in the rocking-chair smoking; some strange woman was drumming on the piano. 'Grandmother,' I said, 'are you having all this done?'

"'No,' she said; 'Edmund, I am keeping them from burning master's house. I did not care how much they took Miss Lucy's things, but I won't let them burn master's house.'

"I was not so much surprised at this behavior of the field-negroes, but I saw a white man with them, whom I had always taken to be a gentleman, and I was astonished at him. He had a queer name, which I have forgotten; he had been spying out every creek and inlet along the coast for some time. He had been received by all the planters along the coast with unbounded hospitality. I had often seen him dining at master's table, and master used to leave orders that whenever Mr. ——'s (why can I not call his name?) vessel came off the place, or he came ashore, should be supplied with whatever the plantation afforded, — fresh beef, mutton, poultry, butter, eggs, not even forgetting to leave out wine and cigars for his use. Other Beaufort planters had treated him in the same manner. He had now joined the soldiers in Beaufort, and was showing them all the different plantations, and telling them who had the best wine, horses, stock, and everything else.

"I have a brown skin, to be sure, and I never thought it harm to lift a little, if master had plenty; but I could not have found it in my heart to carry and show the Yankees the very places where I had been entertained and treated kindly, and never allowed to be at any expense. He showed them master's plantation, his cellar, his horses and mules, cattle and sheep. They took possession there, and after a while the house was burned, and all the standing furniture, pictures, &c., and every-

thing which had not been taken away, was burned too. But this was not until some time afterwards.

"I came back to Charleston, and told master all that they were doing. The people in Charleston had already got the news of all this foreign man's doings, and it made a great talk there.

"All this time a young man of Charleston was visiting Miss Caro. He was a very clever young man too, but he was not of a noble and ancient family like ours.* I heard him telling Miss Caro one day that Miss Lucy looked so good, and that the children were so fond of her. Miss Caro told him that Miss Lucy just talked so before him for deceitfulness. She made him think that Miss Lucy was really very bad to her, and she pretended to hurry her marriage on that account. She said master had married to please himself, and she should do the same. Master was so worn out with Miss Caro's complaints against Miss Lucy, and the jealousies between them, and losing his property and all, that he did not have any heart left to contend with any of them. So Miss Caro just did as she pleased.

"But, as it turned out, Mr. Baron really is a very clever gentleman. He belonged to the company of those that ran the blockade, and made a great deal of money. My sister Kate went with Miss Caro when she married, but Elsie and I stayed with Miss Lucy.

"Soon after the fire in Charleston (I was in Beaufort at that time), master found rent and living so high that he removed to the upper part of the State. Miss Caro wrote that old Mrs. Brocktin was dead, and that there was to be a sale and division of all her property. This included Sally too, and our two little children, — for we had two by this time. A few days afterwards I came to ask master to let me go to Charleston to see her, and to see what I could do for her. Master allowed me to go, and also trusted me with an order to his old factor to sell his carriage and horses, wagons, and mules, all which he had left with Mr. Baron when he came to the up-country. I was to bring him back the money, and return after a fortnight's stay. Before I went, I had a conversation with master and Miss Lucy about buying Sally. Master was willing to buy in her and the children, on a credit, and Miss Lucy was willing too. I must say that this was clever of Miss Lucy; for she saw so plainly that I disliked her, and was unwilling to serve her, that for a long time past she had been content that I should wait on master; she never required anything of me herself. Yet, when Sally was to be sold, she seemed to feel a great deal for me, and was quite willing that master should buy her in. But I told master that I did not care about his buying her, that I thought Sally wanted to go to her own young mistress. I said this out of politeness, but my real reason was that I did not want Sally to belong to a lady who was so mean, and who locked up everything and took account of everything as Miss Lucy did. We felt mean to come to ask for everything, and we did not like to do it.

"When I got to Charleston, I went first to see Sally; she was very much grieved for her old mistress, but so glad to see me that she nearly got over it. She said that her young mistress would buy her in, as I expected. I then went to see Miss Caro, and told her that master wished the things sold which he had left with Mr. Baron. Miss Caro was using the carriage, and she said that master had not given her any other property, and that they were little enough for her to have. Mr. Baron said he felt grieved about master, and that he might be in much need. I told him that master was then without any other means of getting food except by the sale of these articles. Mr. Baron said that they should be immediately sold; but Miss Caro so worked around him, in the course of a week, as to persuade him that this call came from Miss Lucy's influence, who was only jealous of her retaining any

* The negroes always called everything belonging to their master *theirs*. For instance, it would be *our* parlor, *our* piano, *our* carriage, and *our* young ladies, *our* ancient family, and *our* estate.

part of her father's property, and only wanted to deprive her of it.

"I was waiting on the supper-table one evening, and heard them talking over the matter, and agreeing that Miss Lucy did not choose to let master part with any property but what was to be taken from Miss Caro. I was so bold as to put in and assure them that master was really in need, and could not get sale, in the up-country, for the few articles of value which remained to him.

"'I see that Lucy has won you over, and set you against me, as she did my father and the children,' said Miss Caro.

"'I do not like Miss Lucy any more than you do, Miss Caro,' said I; 'but my dear master is anxious and suffering.'

"'How, then, did he offer to buy in Sally and your children? You don't make me believe any such thing!' said Miss Caro.

"'Master was to get them on credit,' I answered; 'but I let Miss Lucy know that I did not wish them under her.'

"Miss Caro said no more then; but she kept me driving her out in the carriage, and I saw that she did not mean to give it up. In the mean time I was afraid master was suffering.

"So one day, after I had set Miss Caro down at her own door, I very coolly drove the carriage and horses to Mr. Brodee, the factor, gave it up to him, and gave him master's order for the sale of wagons, mules, and all. I did not choose to let him into our family affairs, but I knew, when he presented the order, Miss Caro would be ashamed to make objections, or to refuse to give up the things to him.

"Mr. Brodee made a fine sale of the carriage and horses, and sent me with a check for gold for master, and a message that he would look out until he could do the same by the other things.

"When I came back, I found master really in need. He was overjoyed to get the check, and allowed me to return immediately to be with Sally, making me a handsome present besides.

"I cannot say that I felt as our Northern brethren would suppose when I saw Sally and my children put upon the block. I knew already that Mrs. Allenby (Mrs. Brocktin's daughter) would buy them in, whatever price they went at; and I had rather they should be away from me part of the time during master's stay in the up-country, than be under so close a mistress as Miss Lucy. Besides, I knew that in the wretched, poor little place where master had gone, and without carriage and horses, I was more expense than use to him; and I intended to ask Mrs. Allenby to hire me. This arrangement was entered into for a few months; but, on the reserves being ordered out, master was obliged to go too. So he sent for me to attend him in camp, and I instantly went.

"I joined my master in a camp near the Georgia line; here were a few tents, which had been erected to hold camp-meetings in. One Sunday evening we heard distant cannonading; it proved to be the fall of Atlanta. At that very time the reserves of South Carolina and Georgia were in camp. My master prayed and entreated the major to march there, when we heard the cannonading, but he could not move without orders. At length, after the fall of Atlanta, some of the reserves were ordered home again, and some to guard the Yankee prisoners near Columbia. My poor master seemed to forget all his own troubles in his indignation at not being ordered to Georgia; for we could now hear how General Hood had gone to the West, and Sherman was marching through all the lower part of Georgia.

"We knew that, if our masters were conquered, we would be likely to be set free; yet I cannot say that I used to wish the success of the Yankee army. It brought with it ruin and distress to those whom I loved and served; and though slavery did cause among us the evils of deceit, lying, and stealing, as I feel now (when I am dying), yet it also caused a deep interest and affection for our master's families, and an unselfish devotion to them, which I fear our children will never know.

"When we were ordered to guard the prison camp in Columbia, I asked master's permission to return home for a while. Elsie was going to be married. Her mother had been left in Beaufort with grandmother, and there was no one to act a father's and mother's part by her but me. A very respectable colored gentleman, by the name of Richard Williams, had been coming to see her above a year. He did not belong to one of the old families of the State, to be sure, but to the parvenus, as master called them. But his family (owners) were getting rich. I had dreadful misgivings that ours were going down. One reason with me for leaving master in camp for a while was, that I knew Miss Lucy did not feel a proper pride in family distinction. If she only had bread and tea for dinner, she did not mind saying so at all. She had made us all very angry with her more than once, in Beaufort, by saying to company that master was much in debt, and that she was trying to economize.

"And, now that Elsie was going to be married, I procured a relation of mine to wait on my master in my place until I came back, and I went home to the wedding.

"The very evening that I got home, Mr. Williams was coming to ask Miss Lucy's consent to the marriage. She had, in fact, given it already, for she had allowed Elsie every opportunity to walk out with him, and to see him all the time; but it was proper that, in master's absence, her consent should be asked.

"Elsie told me that Miss Lucy had not a candle in the house; that she used light-wood entirely, which the boys picked up. I had one piece of silver in my pocket. I instantly went out and purchased two candles, and sent Elsie to put them in the candlesticks,* and to see that everything looked nice in the parlor before Richard should arrive.

"Miss Lucy had been sitting on a low seat, near the chimney-place, all the evening. I think she was crying. She did not seem to think it of any importance how to receive Richard, though she knew that he was coming.

"We did not know how to manage getting her to dress; but Elsie at length begged Mass Lawrence to go and tell her that Richard was coming; and the children managed to tell her that we wanted her to put on a silk dress, and some gold rings and brooches, that Richard might not say that his family were superior to ours. She stopped crying when she heard this, and smiled; and Elsie said, 'If you please, ma'am.'

"'I did not know that it was of any consequence how I looked, Elsie,' she said; 'I thought the matter was now how you looked.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' said Elsie; 'Richard thinks already that his master drives a handsome carriage and horses, and that we have none. But master did have everything very handsome.'

"When Miss Lucy came down, I had put cedar in the parlor chimney, and lighted the candles; I did not like Richard to think that we used light-wood in the parlor.

"When Richard spoke to Miss Lucy, she gave her consent very graciously and kindly, and agreed that the marriage should take place while I was at home.

"But I could still see about Miss Lucy the same lamentable want of pride and consequence which I had always noticed. To be sure, she took Elsie up stairs to her wardrobe; and, though she had but few dresses left, she gave her a white and a colored one. She really did spare her what she could; but she seemed to take no manner of interest about the supper. She even said she thought we had better have the wedding in daylight and at church. I had no idea of such a thing, and yet was at my wit's end to furnish a large supper.

"I recollected master's wagon and mules in Charleston, which I had left with the factor to be sold. I thought, too, that Miss Caro might help me a little; and then I remembered that my wages were still due from Mrs. Allenby.

* Fact.

So I went to Miss Lucy, and asked her to give me a pass to go to Charleston on the cars; telling her that I would collect the money for the wagon and mules for her, and admitting that I wished to collect something myself to furnish Elsie's wedding-supper.

"Miss Lucy consented, and thanked me for going for her, adding that she was willing to furnish all that she could; for, through all her troubles, Elsie had been like a dear friend to her.

"I collected the money for Miss Lucy from Mr. Brodee, and I collected my wages from Mrs. Allenby. I told her that master allowed me the wages to furnish Elsie's wedding; and so he did, when he knew about it. I got from her — for she lived on a farm above the city — a pair of turkeys, a ham, plenty of lard, flour, and molasses. I took upon myself to ask Mr. Brodee to send some sugar and coffee to Miss Lucy. He did so, and I made sure of enough out of that.

"Thus we had a splendid supper. I arranged and ordered everything, and did most of the cooking myself; for I knew much more about cakes and pastry than Miss Lucy did.

"Elsie was married in Miss Lucy's parlor about nine o'clock. I did not choose to have the hour early like the crackers (poor whites). The white minister and his family were invited to remain to take tea with Miss Lucy. After handing tea, which Richard and I did, we danced in a hall near by until one o'clock. Then the company were asked to supper. We had everything handsome, complete, and served in the nicest manner.

"But my mind troubled me so much about master, that I determined to go to the depot that very night, and start for Columbia at sunrise. When I reached master, I found that the man whom I had engaged to wait on him in my absence had left him; so I was glad enough that I had come immediately on. My poor master was trying to cook for himself. I arrived about three o'clock, and William had left the day before, though he promised me not to leave master until I came back. I wasted no time, but rushed to the colonel's quarters. As I expected, they were at dinner. I told the colonel I wanted a place as waiter. I showed myself so smart that he engaged me on the spot. After dinner, I made friends with the cook, got everything I wanted, and hurried back to master with an elegant plate of hot dinner, and some whiskey and tobacco.

"I had not said anything to Miss Lucy about my coming away so immediately; and I now felt sorry for this, because she would have sent master some money if she had known it. I found him now without any; but when I proposed that he should send for some part of the money which Mr. Brodee had sent, he declined, declaring that he would do with his rations, and that he would rather leave that to Miss Lucy and the children.

"The Yankee prisoners (all officers) were placed within the walls of the lunatic asylum. There was a considerable space enclosed by these walls, and there were many booths and tents erected there for their temporary shelter. The soldiers appointed to guard these prisoners were encamped in canvas tents across the street opposite the asylum. The officers occupied a church on the corner, and the colonel's quarters were in a handsome house near by.

"I was successful in ingratiating myself so much with these officers, that I made handsomely by waiting on them. My master received only the rations of a common soldier. One pint of corn meal, with the husk in it, a gill of sorghum, and sometimes a little beef, was all that was served out to him. I used to rise at daylight, prepare his breakfast, and make his fire before the colonel's breakfast was ready. I had supplied him with everything that he required for the day. I then waited on the officers' breakfast, and they left everything in my charge. I did not mind taking what I wanted for myself at all; but I thought it might go against my master's honor and respectability afterwards, that he should

share in anything taken. So I asked the colonel, plainly, 'Sir, am I to put up what you leave on the table? or is it for me?'

"'No,' said he, 'my good fellow; as long as you please us so well, do what you like with it.'

"This suited me exactly; for they lived well, and I was able every day to save abundance for my master out of the dishes which had been cut. I also kept him in tobacco, did his cooking, and found time to do his washing.

"When his time came to be on guard duty, I offered to take his place. This was not allowed; but I kept fire for him, and always had something hot for him when he came off. My poor master, who had been delicately brought up, and accustomed to have every luxury and delicacy, without work, used now to stand guard on some nights of rain and cold, — such that, when he came in, his clothes were stiff with ice, and his very hair and beard frozen.

"Then I had fire made for him, and his other suit of clothes dry and warm. I often carried him, while on guard, a hot toddy. I always had one ready for him early in the morning.

"But these were not all the resources at my command. The Yankee prisoners were allowed to receive everything sent them by way of Hilton Head. They frequently received boxes of everything good, from their friends at the North, and many of them had plenty of gold too.

"I will here acknowledge one transaction in which I was engaged without master's knowledge, and for which he would have blamed me if he had known it.

"I had access to the prisoners at all times during the day; and they more than once paid me gold and provisions to buy whiskey for them, and smuggle it to them. I could not see any harm in their comforting themselves with it, and the money did me plenty of good.

"There was one young officer among them, who was frantic to get out of the enclosure. He was quite a young and handsome man, and he wore a seal ring, with the likeness of a young lady in it. I suspected that this young fellow was engaged to some beautiful lady, and that this was the reason he was so anxious to get away. He constantly gave me money as I was passing in and out.

"At length he begged me to slip into his tent one night, and see him, and I agreed to do so. My master was on guard that night, and he always thought that what I was about must be all right. I brought him some hot toddy and a cracker, and, as I expected, he took no notice in what direction I disappeared. When his back was turned the farthest, I seized upon a rope lowered over the wall, and, being very light and active, I quickly landed inside of the prison bounds. Captain —— was on the other side. We stooped down, under the shadow of the wall, and he showed me five gold-pieces. I followed him to his tent, and there he showed me five more, and a large box of clothing and provisions, which had just arrived a few days before. 'All these,' said he, 'are yours, Edmund, if you will get me out of this place.'

"'I am afraid,' I replied, 'it will get my master into trouble.'

"'No,' he said; 'he will know nothing of it, and can never be suspected.

"At length he persuaded me that it could not be laid on master, and then I was more ready to enter into his schemes.

"I was cunning enough to see (which he did not) that, if I was seen with his clothing, I would be suspected of having helped him to get away. He was to sell his clothing and provisions himself. I would be seen to have nothing to do with him. He was to pay me the ten gold-pieces, and what the clothing brought. I was to take the place of one of the guard, some dark, rainy night, and let him pass. I also put him up to not showing any gold to the country people above Columbia, but to get enough Confederate money to take him along. I advised him to pretend he was a Confederate soldier making his way through the country to Virginia, not

to show much money, to wear an old uniform of master's, and appear very poor.

"Now, I must say for myself that I was as much trusted in camp as any white man there. The command was made up of old men and boys from the up-country. The boys were as simple as if they had on their first frocks; no matter what I told them, they believed every word of it. I used to tell them, that my master had been the king of the largest sea island south of Beaufort, and also that he was a judge down there, — how he sat in a pulpit in the court-room, and had a long switch in his hand to touch up the lawyers when they did not plead right.

"This and much more I used to tell them, just to see them open their eyes and mouths, and say 'I wonder.'

"For about a fortnight I was watching my opportunity, and at length it occurred.

"These poor boys, often without overcoat or blanket, sometimes with broken shoes, and no clothing to change, living on a pint of meal a day, used to suffer; the prisoners inside were far better off, and were not exposed to the weather.

"I was waiting until the turn of one more calfish and stupid than the rest came to stand guard. At the very time two of these poor children had died, and three more were sick. I brought a message to this fellow (David Green), that a boy in the hospital who was dying wanted to see him. He was dreadfully distressed, but no way occurred to him of leaving his post.

"'Mass Da,' I said, 'I will watch here till you come back.'

"'You won't go to sleep, Edmund,' he said. This was the only danger he seemed to think of.

"'O no,' I said, 'Mass Da. I not sleepy at all; I have just carried master some hot whiskey toddy, and had some myself.'

"He got down and I got up; there were at intervals high scaffoldings, against the brick walls, which enabled the sentinels to overlook the prison encampments within. I took his place. The young captain was not far off, and, when I whistled a tune agreed upon, he appeared; with the help of a rope he was soon on the scaffolding by my side, and in less than two minutes he was out of sight in the darkness and rain.

"Back came Mass David Green in ten minutes, but that time had been quite enough.

"My own idea is that the Yankees ought to pension very handsomely some of the very Southerners whom they are most set against, — some of the commissaries who drank and gambled away the provisions, clothing, and shoes of the private soldiers. I do not speak of any particular part of the army now. I have a cousin and an uncle both who served their two young masters, through all the campaigns in Virginia, from the first battle of Manassas until, having buried one at Seven Pines, and the other having lost a leg, they conducted and assisted him home, shortly before the surrender, and received for their reward a house and land.

"Those, too, who ran the blockade, — who made the Confederate money worthless but they? Who raised the price of everything until the soldiers' money was worthless but they? Were they not armies of men who stayed at home and speculated? They have now everything about them that they ever had, while my poor master never received anything but his pint of meal and a little beef. Uncle Gabe and I have talked it over many a night. It pleased Providence to make everything go against them at the last, and to set us free.

"Yet how was my poor master to blame? I am thankful that slavery is now over forever. I have heard him and Miss Lucy say so too. I heard master say that he is thankful that his children will never be exposed to the temptations of so many being dependent upon the will of one. I am thankful that the children whom I leave will be educated, and will never be obliged and brought up to steal and lie.

"Sometimes it looks to me thus. Sometimes I wish that I had never

touched anything belonging to another. And then again it seems to me that we had a right, that what our masters had was in a manner ours.

"But, I say again, how was it master's fault? He was brought up among his slaves. He got them from his father. He was always kind and generous to us all, and it grieves me now that in his old age I can never work for him any more.

"At length came the news that Sherman was marching upon Columbia. The moment that this news came the Yankee officers were ordered to be put on board the cars, and hurried away to North Carolina. In the hurry and confusion five officers got out, and were retaken. Miss Lucy had at that very time come to Columbia, and brought the boys with her to see master, and to comfort him for a while; for master loved her, and was always happy and cheerful if she were near him. She was staying with a relation of master's in town a little way off, when these officers were brought back. It was a sort of mob that had them, — three or four deserters that were always about some mischief, five or six low-down men from the mountains. I don't know who the rest were, but I understood from their talk that they intended to make short work with these prisoners. I was sorry for them, for I had eaten their bread many a time.

"Everything was in the wildest confusion. There was no officer on the spot, and I was at a loss what to do.

"The poor fellows did not seem to apprehend any danger. They thought they would lounge about in their old quarters until Sherman came in, and then join him. But the approach of Sherman made the Confederates raging, and they talked murder.

"I was sitting down against the asylum wall listening to them, when who should I see but Miss Lucy. I could hardly believe my eyes, but it was her, and Mass Lawrence with her. Her face was very pale, but she looked prettier than ever. She walked up to these rough men. I, who knew her face, could tell that she was frightened, but they could not.

"'I have a cousin here, a prisoner,' she said; 'I am anxious to see him.'

"Not a man objected. They even opened the asylum gate, and allowed her to walk in. Mass Lawrence went with her, and I followed. The prisoners were smoking and playing cards, quite unconcerned.

"She walked up to one of them, and said a few words in some language (I suppose French) which I did not understand. The man could not understand her, but he called the others. She spoke the same language again, and one of them answered. A few words more passed, which only she and him could understand. But I looked at the one who understood her. His countenance changed so much that I knew what she had been telling him. They all knew me well. I was afraid to speak out, lest the guards at the gates should hear me, but I nodded and confirmed her words.

"In a few minutes she took leave, the one who understood French accompanying her to the gate.

"'May my cousin come and spend the day with me?' she said to the guard. I spoke up, telling the guard that this lady was my master's wife, and Mass Lawrence his son. They all knew my master, and did not refuse her.

"'Mr. Harrington and I will see him safe back this evening,' said Miss Lucy, smiling, and placing her arm within that of the prisoner.

"These men looked as if they had seen an angel; not one could refuse her.

"She took his arm, and I followed. I thought I was some protection to her, and she was my master's wife.

"They walked two squares, speaking in French, and met my master. 'Good heavens, Lucy!' he said.

"Miss Lucy introduced the gentleman as her cousin, and then whispered to my master, 'I was afraid you would not let me,' was all I could hear. Master turned back, and, before long, here came the rest of them with him.

"Mass Lawrence fell back with me,

and I heard from him, that one of the boys from the up-country, who was acquainted with Miss Lucy, had run to tell her, that the deserters were going to murder some escaped prisoners.

"My master was only a private soldier, but they understood that he was a person of consideration and consequence for all that; and therefore, when he ordered them to give him up charge of the prisoners, they supposed him sent by the officers, and made no resistance.

"Master kept these men in a little shed-room in the house where he and Miss Lucy were staying, until Sherman's army entered.

"They fully understood that they owed their lives to him and Miss Lucy; and they in turn protected the house, their friends, and all their property during Sherman's stay.

"The one who spoke French went to Sherman, immediately on his entrance, and procured a guard for the house and property.

"They pressed master and Miss Lucy to go North with them, assuring them that their conduct would insure them a welcome; but master said he could never desert South Carolina when she was unfortunate; that he was born in South Carolina, as were his ancestors before him; and that he would abide by her fortunes, and die here too.

"My master and Miss Lucy returned to the up-country after the surrender. When I came with them, I was hale and hearty. When freedom came, I asked master's permission to go down the country for Sally and the children. I too could not bear to desert my master when he was unfortunate, and to take that hour to turn against him.

"'You are as free as I am, Edmund,' my master replied.

"'No, master,' I said; 'you brought me up and supported me; I have now my wife and children to care for, and I cannot work all the time for you as formerly; but I wish to keep near you, and do everything I can to help you.

"I went down for them, and brought them. I felt well when I did so, but consumption had even then set in. Very soon I became unable to work, and my master has had to divide with me the little that remained to him.

"After the peace, I received some help from Beaufort; and, Sally being able to work and make wages, I have been so far supplied.

"I know that it is impossible for me to live long. Master and Mass Lawrence have promised me never to forsake Sally and the children; and a young lady in the neighborhood (Miss Violet) has been good enough to write down this account, to be kept for my children."

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER II.

MY name is Charlotte Alixe La Baume de Lascours Carteret. I was born and educated in France, at a chateau belonging to my mother's family in the province of Bain Le Duc, where the De Lascours family once had large possessions. I am, however, of a noble English family on my father's side, and the heiress of an immense estate. Both my parents died during my infancy; and my father bequeathed me to the care of his nephew, Mr. Huntingdon, with the proviso that I was never to marry without his consent, and was not to go to England until I had attained my eighteenth year. I lived, therefore, in the chateau with my aunt, Madame de Renneville, and the Abbé Renauld, to whom my guardian (Mr. Huntingdon) had confided my education.

I had no relations in the world ex-

cept my aunt and this English cousin, who was the son of my father's only and elder brother. I never saw him during my childhood, nor did my aunt; and, as he never held any communication whatever with either of us, addressing the only letters he ever wrote to our *avocat* in Paris, M. Baudet, he scarcely seemed to me a real personage, or one who possessed so strong a claim upon me as that with which our relationship and my father's commands had invested him.

Life had gone on very happily with me for fourteen years, — very happily, and very quietly also; and so little was said to me about my English possessions and my English guardian, that I had almost forgotten the existence of any ties out of France, when, on my fourteenth birthday, an event occurred which, for the first time, made me feel how strong they were.

I had been spending the day (a lovely one in the latter part of October) in the forest, at some distance from the chateau, and was returning late in the afternoon, laden with nuts, pebbles, wild-flowers, and other rural treasures, when I was met by a servant, who had come to tell me that my aunt desired my presence, and that of M. l'Abbé (who was with me) in the drawing-room. I went thither hastily, and with some curiosity. My aunt was seated in her chair by the fire; a table covered with parchments and writing materials stood before her, and on the opposite side of the fireplace, with his weazen face and sharp eyes directed to the door, was a little old gentleman, whom I at once supposed to be M. Baudet.

"This," said my aunt, as I approached her, "is Mademoiselle Carteret. Charlotte, you remember M. Baudet, — do you not?"

I courtesied to M. Baudet, and sat down, wondering very much what he could possibly have to say to me. My aunt continued: —

"You must reply, my dear, to all the questions put to you by M. Baudet."

M. Baudet now sat down. "It appears, Mademoiselle," said he, "that your cousin and guardian, M. Huntingdon, has had a letter in his possession ever since the death of Monsieur your father, which, in accordance with certain instructions, he was to open on the first day of the month in which you would attain your fourteenth year. M. Huntingdon accordingly opened it on that day, and found it to contain, among sundry business charges with which I will not trouble you, an especial command that you should be kept absolutely secluded from all society until M. Huntingdon should see fit to present you. Another command is that you are never to see or converse with any gentlemen except myself, M. l'Abbé, and such reverend fathers as you may have to consult in regard to your spiritual welfare, until M. Huntingdon presents to you men of your own rank. Now, Mademoiselle, I am directed by M. Huntingdon to ask you certain questions to which you will, if you please, reply without fear."

He rose, and, taking from the hand of M. l'Abbé a copy of the Gospels, extended it to me. I clasped it in my hands, and waited for the questions.

"Mademoiselle, recollect, if you please, that you are answering before your God. Have you passed your entire life in this chateau?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Have any visitors ever been resident here?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Have you ever had any playmates of your own age?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Have your only companions been Madame de Renneville, M. l'Abbé, and your *bonne?*"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Have any young gentlemen ever been presented to you?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Do you, Mademoiselle, know any gentlemen by sight or otherwise?"

"No, Monsieur."

"That is enough, Mademoiselle; resume your seat."

I sat down.

"Now, Mademoiselle," said M. Bau-

det, rustling the papers which lay on the table, and finally selecting one, "I am about to put to you a very important question, and that is whether you will so far conform to the wishes of Monsieur your father as to sign this paper, which has been drawn up by M. Huntingdon, and which contains a promise on your part never, voluntarily or otherwise, to accept the attentions of any gentleman, or to permit the present seclusion of your life to be in any way broken in upon, until you are released from your pledge by M. Huntingdon himself. I am also charged with a letter from M. Huntingdon, Mademoiselle, enclosing one from Monsieur your father, which it seems he wrote and delivered into M. Huntingdon's keeping shortly before his death." Saying this, he put his hand into the pocket of his coat, and, after some difficulty, selected from thence a thick packet, with armorial bearings on the seal.

"Pour vous, Mademoiselle," said he, bowing.

I opened the letter, — my first, — and read: —

My dear Cousin, —

M. Baudet, your solicitor, will acquaint you with the peculiar and painful nature of the subject upon which I am reluctantly compelled to address you. You are aware that I, then a lad of eighteen, had the melancholy and inestimable privilege of closing my uncle's eyes in death. It was but a few moments before he died, and shortly after the news of your birth reached him, that he declared his intention of making me your guardian when I should come of age, and wrote, with the last effort of his failing strength, two letters, — one addressed to, and to be opened by, me when you should have attained your fourteenth year; the other, and the last, to yourself, with the request that I would retain it in my possession until I opened and read my own. Having done so, I have arrived at a very definite idea of my duty, which is to forward to you the enclosed epistle, and to express to you my regrets that your dear father's anxiety on your account should have led him to place me in a position which is so painful to myself, and which can scarcely be less so to you. Yet I should be false to my trust were I to conceal from you the fact that I hold myself bound to fulfil his injunctions to the letter; and, in the event of your declining to comply with the demands which M. Baudet will make of you in my name, I shall be compelled unwillingly, but also unhesitatingly, to resort to legal measures to secure your acquiescence. I am, of course, aware that the latter alternative will not be forced upon me by a Carteret, and that your reverence for the memory of your parents, and the confidence which I trust you feel in my devotion to your interests, will induce you to affix your signature to the paper in M. Baudet's possession. I ought further to add, that I am fully aware of the fidelity with which Madame de Renneville has observed the instructions of your late father in regard to your education; and that, although at so great a distance, I have been, and am, so perfectly informed of your mode of life, that the questions which M. Baudet will put to you by my direction are a mere form, and no more. It is otherwise with the paper which he will submit for your signature.

I am, my dear Charlotte,

Your attached cousin,

Harrington Carteret Huntingdon.

To Mademoiselle de Lascours Carteret,
Chateau Lascours, Province Bain le Duc.

I read this letter through, once, twice, and was folding it up, when my eye fell upon that of my father, which lay unopened in my lap. The ink in which it was superscribed was faded, the paper yellow with age, and a strange chill crept through my heart as my fingers trembled on the seal. That father whose face I had never seen, whose voice I had never heard, whose very existence seemed to me a dream, was to speak to me now from his far-off grave. I opened it. It was dated at Castle Carteret on the 10th of November, 17—, and was written in a trembling

irregular hand. It consisted of only three lines: —

CHARLOTTE, —

Obey the wishes of your cousin, Harrington Carteret Huntingdon, in all things. Never deviate from his commands; if you do, I cannot rest in my grave.

Your father,
CHARLES HARRINGTON CARTERET.

I rose, when I had finished reading this letter, and walked to the window. The setting sun bathed the ruined wing of the chateau, which was opposite, and the woods, in a golden glow. A few late flowers were blooming in the court, a brown bee hovering over them, and, a little beyond, my greyhounds were gayly gambolling. I looked at this pretty, peaceful scene through the rising tears which filled my eyes, looked without seeing it then, though I have remembered it ever since, as I suppose the sailor who goes down among the sea waves would, if there were remembrance in death, recall, even in his watery grave, every blade of grass on the hillock which he last saw. I stood there long, weeping silently, and with an overpowering dread of the fate which seemed closing round me, and from which I saw no escape. I felt all this then without at all defining my sensations; for I was too young, and had led too happy and sheltered a life, to apprehend the possibility of all that awaited me. I never dreamed, either, of refusing my signature to the paper which M. Baudet held in his hand, for I knew that there was no alternative for me; but I wanted to delay the decisive moment, and therefore I continued to weep.

CHAPTER III.

BUT I could not linger long; already the gates of childhood were closing behind me, already its joyous carelessness had faded from my heart; and as I obeyed my aunt's summons, and turned reluctantly from the window, I took the first step to meet my doom.

M. Baudet looked up as I approached the fireplace.

"Well, Mademoiselle," said he, dryly, "are you prepared to hear the paper?"

"I must listen to it, I suppose," said I, bitterly.

"It certainly is necessary that you should, Mademoiselle," and he read it.

I cannot now remember how it was worded, although it was in substance what my father had distinctly stated in his letter, and what Mr. Huntingdon had hinted in his, and comprised a very careful, minute, and complete renunciation of my will in favor of that of my guardian, and made me a prisoner within the chateau and grounds of Lascours. When he had finished reading, M. Baudet laid it before me.

"Are you prepared to sign it, Mademoiselle?" said he.

I looked at my aunt, but her face was averted. She was gazing gloomily into the fire.

"I suppose I *must* sign it," said I, bursting into fresh tears as I took up the pen; "but I think papa was very cruel, and I hate my cousin Huntingdon."

As soon as I had signed it, M. Baudet gathered up his papers, summoned his carriage, took a ceremonious leave of my aunt, M. l'Abbé, and myself, and departed. Many years passed by before I again saw him. When he had departed, my aunt went to her oratory, M. l'Abbé to the chapel, and I ran into the court, and summoned my greyhounds for a game of play before the night closed in.

From that day my life was changed. Secluded I had always been, but free as air; now I was so no longer; my guardian's commands, my dead father's wishes, closed me in day by day. Subtle and strong, — strong as death, — my general promise seemed to apply to every action of my life. I seemed to have lost, all in a moment, the feelings, the hopes, the happiness of childhood; and, as was natural, I grew restless, irritable, and morbid.

No captive pining in his cell, no

slave toiling in the galleys, ever longed for liberty as I did. I watched the peasants at their work, the shepherds on the hillside, the very beggars at the door, with bitter envy and pain; and thus in solitude, weariness, and restlessness my young years dragged slowly on. No sharp pain tortured, no tangible grief oppressed me; but I would have welcomed even an agony if it would have broken in upon the monotony of my life, — a life which admitted of no hope since my guardian's control might extend to its end. Miserable days those were, — days in which I learned much of woe, but they were bright compared with what has passed since. I have heard of the torture which was inflicted in ancient times by letting water fall drop by drop on the victim's head; I have felt that. The chateau where we lived was ancient and beautiful, the lands were wide, and I was free to wander through them, — everything was mine but liberty; and that liberty seemed insensibly to remove itself further and further from me. Day by day the choking sense of stagnation increased. Day by day, side by side with the undefined dread of my guardian, grew the burning wish to propitiate one who held such boundless power over me; yet sometimes, when I thought of his coming, I mounted the tower, and looked out upon the valley and far distant hills, and wished, and longed, and almost determined, to leave name and fame and wealth behind me, and be a beggar, if need be, but free; and then like a gloomy refrain came my father's warning, "Never deviate from his commands; if you do, I cannot rest in my grave." I dared not violate his last sleep, and so I waited and endured.

No one can have an idea of the deep solitude of those days; no visitors ever came near us; the old servants went noiselessly about the house; it seemed to me, at times, as if the very birds sang lower since that fatal day when M. Baudet took away my freedom.

At the close of my eighteenth year M. l'Abbé died, and was succeeded by Father Romano, — an old and devout Italian priest whom I had known all my life. His age and infirmities prevented his accompanying me as regularly in my walks as M. l'Abbé had done, and left me, therefore, something like freedom, though I was still a prisoner within the grounds immediately surrounding the chateau.

So quietly and wearily the years crept on until the summer of 17—, in the autumn of which year I was to complete my twenty-first year. The 30th of August was my aunt's *fête*, and it had always been my custom to decorate her oratory with flowers. I therefore went out quite early in the day to gather them, and was returning, laden with them, when I was attracted by some climbing roses which grew in the avenue. I could not reach them, however, and, after several futile efforts, pursued my way to a gate which led into another part of the grounds. Here I met with another disappointment, as the gate resisted all my attempts to open it; and I was just turning away, when a hand appeared from behind me, and threw it open. I turned hastily.

Behind me stood a tall and noble-looking man, whose air and dress alike indicated his high rank. With one hand he removed his hat; the other was full of wild roses.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said he, in good French, but with a slight foreign accent; "I have alarmed you, I fear, but it was impossible to resist coming to your assistance."

I faltered out some confused thanks.

The stranger smiled slightly, as he replied: "Indeed, I must confess to having been a spy upon your movement for some moments, Mademoiselle. I had but just entered the park, hoping to see this fine old chateau, when I beheld you in the avenue, seeking to gather some roses. I ventured to steal some in your behalf; will you do me the honor to accept them?"

I hesitated a moment, but then took them from his outstretched hand.

"Allow me to suggest, Mademoiselle," he continued, "that you at once

add them to your wreath. These wild roses fade quickly, and are already drooping."

I looked down at my flowers, and, while I was wavering between the desire to go and the equally strong desire to stay, he had taken the basket from my hand, had placed me on the bank, and stood before me, holding my flowers. As I fastened them one by one into my wreath, I took several furtive glances at the stranger's face. He was still uncovered, and his blond hair — not golden, or flaxen, but blond — was closely cut, and fell in one large wave across his forehead. His complexion was fair and pale, his features perfectly regular, his eyes a clear, cold blue. A calm, relentless, cruel face it was; but I did not see that then. I thought only how tall, how graceful, and handsome he was, as I put the last rose in my wreath, and turned to go.

"Will Mademoiselle grant me a favor?" said the soft voice again, as he held the gate open for me.

"If I can, Monsieur," said I, pausing.

"Mademoiselle has already granted me the honor of plucking some roses for her wreath; will she grant me the still greater honor of beholding it upon her head?"

My straw hat was hanging from my neck by the strings, and, as I began involuntarily to loosen them, with a bow and a "Permit me," he lifted my wreath, and dropped it lightly on my head. I felt myself blush deeply as I met his glance of admiration, and longed to escape from it, but still lingered in spite of it.

"Thanks, Mademoiselle," said he, with a profound bow. "I have seen several queens, but none so lovely as the queen of the Chateau Lascours."

"I must go now, I think," said I, more embarrassed than ever. "Adieu, Monsieur."

"Au revoir only, I hope, Mademoiselle," said he, with a slight smile; but he made no further effort to detain me, and I returned to the chateau, dwelling all the way upon this strange, exciting, and to me delightful, interview. I spent most of the morning in arranging my flowers, and then read to my aunt until it was time to dress for dinner. After I was dressed, I went, as I usually did, to the window looking into the court; and, as I stood there, I saw a travelling-carriage, laden with luggage, drive in, and stop at the grand entrance. M. Baudet — I recognized him instantly — alighted; and, with a miserable feeling of terror and dread, I turned away from the window.

A few moments after, my aunt's maid entered. "Dinner is deferred an hour, Mademoiselle, and Madame begs that you will put on your white muslin and your pearls, and come as soon as possible to the drawing-room; M. Baudet is here, and he remains to-day for dinner."

All the while Jeannette was dressing me I pondered upon the means of concealing the morning's interview from M. Baudet; and it was with the question still undecided that I at length descended, and entered the drawing-room.

"You remember Mademoiselle Carteret, — do you not, M. Baudet?" said my aunt, as I paused before him and courtesied.

"Mademoiselle has become very beautiful since I last had the pleasure of beholding her," said he, bowing, and handing me a chair; and, as I sat down, he added, "Before we go to dinner, Mademoiselle, I must ask you a few questions."

"Yes, Monsieur," said I, in a low voice.

"We will then proceed to business," he answered, drawing a paper from his pocket as he spoke. "This, you perceive, Mademoiselle, is the paper signed by your own hand," he continued, turning it over so that I could see the signature.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You remember the several injunctions contained in this paper, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You have fulfilled your promises, Mademoiselle, to the letter?"

"Yes, Monsieur," said I; a burning blush rising to my cheeks as I spoke.

"No visitors have been received at the chateau?"

"None, Monsieur."

"You have confined your walks to the limits of the estate, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Your acquaintances are confined to Madame de Renneville, Father Romano, and myself?"

"Yes, Monsieur." I rose from my seat as I said this, for I felt an actual oppression at my heart, and as if the atmosphere were stifling; and I dreaded inexpressibly any reference to my morning's adventure.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said M. Baudet, fixing his small keen eyes upon me, as if he would read to my very soul, "I have yet a few questions to ask before I shall have fulfilled the instructions of M. Huntingdon."

"I detest the name of Mr. Huntingdon," said I, in a burst of anger. "I think he is very cruel, and you too, M. Baudet."

"Calm yourself, Charlotte, I entreat you," said my aunt, hastily. "Such a display of temper may result in making you even more unhappy than you are at present."

"I cannot be so," said I, sullenly; "I am a slave."

"Mademoiselle," interrupted M. Baudet, "I must still trouble you for a moment."

I looked at him. I longed to defy him, to leave him; but I dared do neither, and I remained silent.

"My questions have so far been answered satisfactorily. I have but one more," he continued: "Are you, Mademoiselle, prepared to swear that you have never seen, spoken to, or been addressed by any man of your own rank?"

I dared not reply to this; I dared not tell the truth, and I still less dared to tell a lie.

"Well, Mademoiselle," said M. Baudet, after a moment's pause, "you cannot answer that question? You have violated that part of your agreement?"

I glanced up for some sign of relenting in his face, and almost involuntarily faltered out: "No, Monsieur; I have not."

M. Baudet hesitated. "Are you quite sure, Mademoiselle? Shall I not repeat my question in a different form?"

"No," said I, resolutely, "I have no other answer to give."

"This then is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Mademoiselle? You are prepared to swear that it is so?"

"Yes," stammered I, almost inaudibly.

"You are quite sure, Mademoiselle?" said M. Baudet, regarding me doubtfully. "I regret to say that I —"

"M. Baudet, we will suspend any further questioning," said a clear and low voice behind me. "Mademoiselle has already been sufficiently annoyed, and for any violation of her agreement I alone am responsible."

I recognized those musical tones, that slight foreign accent; and as I turned, the blood rushing over my face and neck, I saw, through the tears of shame and mortification which filled my eyes, the gentleman whom I had met in the morning. He had exchanged his travelling-suit of gray cloth for evening dress, but still wore a wild rosebud in his button-hole. Alarmed and confounded, believing not only that my lie was discovered, and the violation of my agreement known, but that some dreadful punishment would follow, I stood silent and motionless.

The stranger had already bowed to my aunt, and kissed her hand. He now turned to M. Baudet, saying, "Will you present me to my ward?"

"Mademoiselle Carteret," said M. Baudet, advancing, "I have the honor to present to you your cousin and guardian, M. Huntingdon."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Huntingdon, drawing my arm within his, and leading me to a window at the farther end of the drawing-room, — "pardon me, my fair cousin, the annoyance I have caused

you. As for me, I cannot feel otherwise than flattered by your reception of me this morning, nor can I regret that I myself proved stronger than my own commands."

"You must believe, Mr. Huntingdon," said I, haughtily, "that I only yield obedience to those commands as to my father's."

"I am but too happy to find that you so entirely understand me," said he, bowing; "I cannot tell you, Charlotte, how much I have feared lest your natural dislike to orders so stringent should have led you to blame me only; I have been your fellow-sufferer, I assure you."

The conversation was most unpleasant to me, and I was perversely resolved not to continue it. I therefore rose, and leaned out of the window. Mr. Huntingdon, bending over me, gazed out also. How I longed to escape from him! but as I put my hand on the window, intending to step out on the terrace, he spoke.

"A lovely night indeed, Charlotte; you are still agitated, I see, and I know the surprise of seeing me must have been great; you need a turn on the terrace, and I am never weary of breathing the soft air of your native France. Come." He pushed back the window as he spoke, and offered his arm. What I indeed most wished was to escape from his presence; but I took his arm, and walked out into the calm starlit night.

He did not speak at first, and after several moments I looked up at him. We were standing at the end of the terrace then, and the silver light of the moon shone full upon his pale face and clearly chiselled lineaments. How cold they were! How like a statue he stood, his relentless blue eyes looking straight before him!

"Mr. Huntingdon," said I, at length, "I —"

"Speak in English," said he, looking at me with a smile. "You look altogether away from England, Charlotte; and yet your future life lies there; and do you call me *Mr.* Huntingdon? You do not recognize me as a cousin, it seems, and —" he paused for a moment, and then added, "your father's dearest friend, you know."

"I cannot accustom myself to call you —"

"Harrington? It was your father's name, Charlotte. No," he added as I made a movement to re-enter the drawing-room, "you must not enter, ma belle cousine, until you have granted me this favor."

"And suppose I do not choose to grant it?" I replied.

"In that case I must avail myself of the authority vested in me, and remind you that I am your guardian, and —"

"That is unnecessary," said I, coldly. "I have not been a prisoner for so many years in vain. I *must* call you Harrington, since you wish it."

"Let us take another turn," said Mr. Huntingdon, again offering his arm. Then, fixing his eyes on me, he said, "I have at least been gratified, Charlotte, by seeing that that imprisonment has told so little on you that you are able to receive strangers with such singular openness and ease."

"Indeed, indeed," said I, bursting into tears, — "indeed, it was the first time."

A smile, beautiful as contemptuous, curled his finely chiselled lips as he answered, "O, you need not tell me that; I am perfectly aware of that fact, Charlotte."

"You believe me, — do you not?" said I, looking up.

"Do I believe you?" said he; "certainly I believe you, but your assurance was unnecessary; I was previously perfectly well informed of the truth of what you say."

A shudder passed over me as he said this, — just such an involuntary, undefined feeling of dread as I had experienced when I read his first letter years before.

"You are not angry, Harrington?" I persisted.

"I am never angry," he answered, coldly; "and this I can promise, Charlotte, that you will never make me so."

He raised the window as he spoke, and admitted me into the drawing-room just as dinner was announced. All through dinner he addressed his conversation principally to me, invariably speaking in English.

I cannot describe the peculiar fascination of his quiet manner, for it was fascinating; nor can I explain the immediate control he acquired over all who approached him. It was magnetism, I suppose, which subdued even M. Baudet, who in his presence was no longer his quick and keen self, but silent, and, if I may so express it, *tarnished.*

When my aunt and I were in the drawing-room alone again, and I sat at my embroidery-frame, I saw still before me the face of my cousin, his soft musical tones still vibrated on my ear, and I seemed still to breathe the delicate perfume which his dress exhaled. At length I heard a rustle in the dining-room, and, a moment after, the gentlemen entered. Mr. Huntingdon came first; and, as he approached me, I again experienced the strange sensation of the morning, — a sort of terror or repulsion which prompted me to avoid, and an attraction which drew me toward him. I rose to meet him, however, with a question which had been hovering on my lips ever since he had made himself known.

"Harrington!" I began.

"You wish to ask me why I accosted you in the park this morning, instead of waiting until the evening, and then presenting myself in form?"

"I did," said I, astonished; "but —"

"The answer, Charlotte, I am not yet prepared to give, although the day is not far distant when I may do so."

There was something in his manner which repelled any further questioning, and I sat quietly down to my embroidery.

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" said M. Baudet, as he came and bent over me, "your work is really superb; and you are so diligent that I doubt not that, if I should have the happiness of coming to Lascours in December, I should find that you had completed several pieces like that."

"Mademoiselle Carteret will not be at Lascours next December," said Mr. Huntingdon, calmly; "she will be in England at that time."

Now, just before, I had told my aunt that I should not go to England; but I only looked up in his face, and said, "When am I to go?"

"Very shortly," he replied, as he walked away, and sat down by my aunt. I noticed that she asked him no questions about my departure for England. Although he had been so short a time at Lascours, he was already felt to be absolute. He did not again address me until the close of the evening, when he approached me, and, raising my hand to his lips, said, "We part to-night, Charlotte, for some time; when I next return, it will be to conduct you to England. Meanwhile bear a little longer with your father's commands."

"I will, indeed," said I; "but will you not tell me when you will return?"

"I cannot tell you at present; but your affairs will be in perfect train by that time, — indeed, they are almost so now. Au revoir."

"Au revoir."

And we parted. At five o'clock the next morning I was awakened by a noise in the court-yard, and, going to the window, saw M. Baudet and Mr. Huntingdon drive away.

LOVE'S QUEEN.

HE loves not well whose love is bold:
I would not have thee come too nigh:
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky.
To take him thence, and chain him near,
Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state; do thou keep thine,—
And shine upon me from afar;
So shall I bask in light divine
That falls from love's own guiding-star.
So shall thy eminence be high,
And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands
Of lofty longing toward thy face,
And be as one who speechless stands
In rapture at some perfect grace.
My love, my hope, my all, shall be
To look to heaven and look to thee.

Thine eyes shall be the heavenly lights,
Thy voice shall be the summer breeze,
What time it sways, on moonlit nights,
The murmuring tops of leafy trees.
And I will touch thy beauteous form
In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shall come not down
From that pure region far above;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,—
Queen of my heart and queen of love!
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a monarch—at thy feet.

BACON.

I.

NEXT to Shakespeare, the greatest name of the Elizabethan age is that of Bacon. His life has been written by his chaplain, Dr. Rawley, by Basil Montagu, by Lord Campbell, and by Macaulay; yet neither of these biographies reconciles the external facts of the man's life with the internal facts of the man's nature.

Macaulay's vivid sketch of Bacon's career is the most acute, the most merciless, and for popular effect the most efficient, of all; but it deals simply with external events, evinces in their interpretation no deep and detecting glance into character, and urges the evidence for the baseness of Bacon with the acrimonious zeal of a prosecuting attorney, eager for a verdict, rather than weighs it with the candor of a judge deciding on the nature of a great benefactor of the race, who in his will had solemnly left his memory to "men's charitable speeches." When he comes to treat of Bacon as a philosopher, he passes to the opposite extreme of panegyric. The impression left by the whole representation is not the impression of a man, but of a monstrous huddling together of two men, — one infamous, the other glorious, — which he calls by the name of Bacon.

The question therefore arises, Is it possible to harmonize, in one individuality, Bacon the courtier, Bacon the lawyer, Bacon the statesman, Bacon the judge, with Bacon the thinker, philosopher, and philanthropist? The antithesis commonly instituted between them is rather a play of epigram than an exercise of characterization. The "meanest of mankind" could not have written The Advancement of Learning; yet everybody feels that some connection there must be between the meditative life which produced The Advancement of Learning and the practical life devoted to the advancement of Bacon. Who, then, *was* the man who is so execrated for selling justice, and so exalted for writing the *Novum Organum?*

This question can never be intelligently answered, unless we establish some points of connection between the spirit which animates his works and the external events which constitute what is called his life. As a general principle, it is well for us to obtain some conception of a great man from his writings, before we give much heed to the recorded incidents of his career; for these incidents, as historically narrated, are likely to be false, are sure to be one-sided, and almost always need to be interpreted in order to convey real knowledge to the mind. It is ever for the interest or the malice of some contemporary, that every famous politician, who by necessity passes into history, should pass into it stained in character; and it is fortunate that, in the case of Bacon, we are not confined to the outside records of his career, but possess means of information which conduct us into the heart of his nature. Indeed, Bacon the man is most clearly seen and intimately known in Bacon the thinker. Bacon thinking, Bacon observing, Bacon inventing, — these were as much *acts* of Bacon as Bacon intriguing for power and place. "I account," he has said, "my ordinary course of study and meditation more painful than most parts of action are." But his works do not merely contain his thoughts and observations; they are all informed with the inmost life of his mind and the real quality of his nature; and, if he was base, servile, treacherous, and venal, it will not require any great expenditure of sagacity to detect the taint of servility, baseness, treachery, and venality in his writings. For what was Bacon's intellect but Bacon's nature in its intellectual expression? Ev-

erybody remembers the noble commencement of the *Novum Organum*, "*Francis of Verulam thought thus.*" Ay! it is not merely the understanding of Francis of Verulam, but Francis himself that thinks; and we may be sure that the thought will give us the spirit and average moral quality of the man; for it is not faculties, but persons using faculties, persons behind faculties and within faculties, that invent, combine, discover, create; and in the whole history of the human intellect, in the department of literature, there has been no exercise of live creative faculty without an escape of character. The new thoughts, the novel combinations, the fresh images, are all enveloped in an atmosphere, or borne on a stream, which conveys into the recipient mind the fine essence of individual life and individual disposition. It is more difficult to detect this in comprehensive individualities like Bacon and Shakespeare, than in narrow individualities like Ben Jonson and Marlowe; but still, if we sharply scrutinize the impression which Bacon and Shakespeare have left on our minds, we shall find that they have not merely enlarged our reason with new truth, and charmed our imagination with new beauty, but that they have stamped on our consciousness the image of their natures, and touched the finest sensibilities of our souls with the subtile but potent influence of their characters.

Now if we discern and feel *this* image and *this* life of Bacon, derived from his works, we shall find that his individuality — capacious, flexible, fertile, far-reaching as it was — was still deficient in heat, and that this deficiency was in the very centre of his nature and sources of his moral being. Leaving out of view the lack of stamina in his bodily constitution, and his consequent want of those rude, rough energies and that peculiar Teutonic pluck which seem the birthright of every Englishman of robust health, we find in the works as in the life of the man no evidence of strong appetites or fierce passions or kindling sentiments. Neither in his blood nor in his soul can we discover any of the coarse or any of the fine impulses which impart intensity to character. He is without the vices of passion, — voluptuousness, hatred, envy, malice, revenge; but he is also without the virtues of passion, — deep love, warm gratitude, capacity of unwithholding self-committal to a great sentiment or a great cause. This defect of intensity is the source of that weakness in the actions of his life which his satirists have stigmatized as baseness; and, viewing it altogether apart from the vast intellectual nature modifying and modified by it, they have tied the faculties of an angel to the soul of a sneak. While narrating the events of his career, and making epigrams out of his frailties, they have lost all vision of that noble brow, on which it might be said, "shame is ashamed to sit." Shame may be there, but it is shame shamefaced, — aghast at its position, not glorying in it!

With this view of the intellectual character of Bacon, let us pass to the events of his life. He was born in London on the 22d of January, 1561, and was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal. His mother, sister to the wife of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, possessed uncommon accomplishments even in that age of learned women. "Such being his parents," quaintly says Dr. Rawley, "you may easily imagine what the issue was likely to be; having had whatsoever nature or breeding could put into him." Sir Nicholas was a capable, sagacious, long-headed, cold-blooded, and not especially scrupulous man of the world, who, like all the eminent statesmen of Elizabeth's reign, acted for the public interest without prejudicing his own. Lady Bacon had, among other works, translated from the Italian some sermons on Predestination and Election, written by Ochinus, a divine of that Socinian sect which Othodox religionists, who hated each other, could still unite in stigmatizing as pre-eminently wicked; and, if we may judge from this circumstance, she must have

had a daring and discursive as well as learned spirit. The mind of the son, if it derived its weight, moderation, and strong practical bent from the father, derived no less its intellectual self-reliance and audacity from the mother; and as Francis was the favorite child, we may presume that the parents saw in him their different qualities exquisitely combined. As a boy, he was weak in health, indifferent to the sports of youth, of great quickness, curiosity, and flexibility of intellect, and with a sweet sobriety in his deportment which made the Queen call him "the young Lord Keeper." He was a courtier, too, at an age when most boys care as little for queens as they do for nursery-maids. Being asked by Elizabeth how old he was, he replied that he "was two years younger than her Majesty's happy reign," with which answer, says the honest chronicler, "the Queen was much taken." Receiving his early education under his mother's eye, and freely mixing with the wise and great people who visited his father's house, he was uncommonly mature in mind when, at the age of thirteen, he was sent to the University of Cambridge. With his swiftness, and depth of apprehension, it was but natural that he should easily master his studies; but he did more, he subjected them to his own tests of value and utility, and despised them. Before he had been two years at college, this smooth, decorous stripling, who bowed so low to Dr. Whitgift, and was so outwardly respectful to the solemn trumpery about him, was still inwardly unawed by the authority of traditions and accredited forms, and coolly removed the mask from the body of learning, to find, as he thought, nothing but ignorance and emptiness within. The intellectual dictator of forty generations, Aristotle himself, was called up before the judgment-seat of this young brain, the pretensions of his philosophy silently sifted, and then dismissed and disowned, — not, he condescended to say, "for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes," but for the barrenness of the method, "the unfruitfulness of the way." By profound and self-reliant meditation, he had already caught bright glances of a new path for the human intellect to pursue, leading to a more fertile and fruitful domain, — its process experience, not dogmatism; its results discoveries, not disputations; its object "the glory of God and the relief of man's estate." This aspiring idea was the constant companion of his mind through all the vicissitudes of his career, — never forgotten in poverty, in business, in glory, in humiliation, — the last word on his lips, and in the last beat of his heart; and it is this which lends to his large reason and rich imagination that sweet and pervasive beneficence, which is felt to be the culminating charm of his matchless compositions, and which refuses to allow his character to be deprived of benignity, even after its pliancy to circumstances may have deprived it of respect.

Before he was sixteen, he left the university without taking a degree; and his father, who evidently intended him for public life, sent him to France, in the train of the English ambassador, in order that he might learn the arts of state. Here he resided for about two years and a half, enjoying rare opportunities for observing men and affairs, and of mingling in the society of statesmen, philosophers, and men of letters, who were pleased equally by the originality of his mind and the amenity of his manners. He purposed to stay some years abroad, and was studying assiduously at Poitiers, when in February, 1579, an accident occurred which ruined his hopes of an early entrance upon a brilliant career, converted him from a scholar into an adventurer, and, in his own phrase, made it incumbent on him "to think how to live, instead of living only to think." A barber it was who thus decided the fate of a philosopher. His father, while undergoing the process of shaving, happened to fall asleep; and so deep was the reverence of the barber for the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, that he did not presume to shake into consciousness so

august a personage, but stood gazing at him in wondering admiration. Unfortunately a draft of air from an open window was blowing all the while on "the second prop of the kingdom," and murdering him by inches. Sir Nicholas awoke shivering; and, on being informed by the barber that respect for his dignity was the cause of his not having been roused, he quietly said, "Your politeness has cost me my life." In two days after he died. A considerable sum of money, which he had laid by in order to purchase a landed estate for Francis, was left unappropriated to that purpose; and Francis, on his return from France, found that he had to share with four others the amount which his father had intended for himself alone. Thus left comparatively poor, he solicited his uncle, the Lord Treasurer, for some political office, and, had his abilities been less splendid, he doubtless would have succeeded in his suit; but Burleigh's penetrating eye recognized in him talents, in comparison with which the talents of his own favorite son, Robert Cecil, were dwarfed; and, as his heart was set on Cecil's succeeding to his own great offices, he is suspected to have systematically sacrificed the nephew in order that the nephew should not have the opportunity of being a powerful rival of the son.

Bacon, therefore, had no other resource but the profession of law; and for six years, between 1580 and 1586, he bent his powerful mind to its study. He then again applied to Burleigh, hoping, through the latter's influence, to be called within the bar, and to be able at once to practise. He was testily denied. Two years afterwards, however, he was made counsel learned extraordinary to the Queen. This was an office of honor rather than profit; but, as it gave him access to Elizabeth, it might have led to his political advancement, had not his good Cousin Cecil, ever at her ear, represented him as a speculative man, "indulging in philosophic reveries, and calculated more to perplex than promote public business." Probably he obtained this idea from a letter written by Bacon to Burleigh, in 1591, in which — wearied with waiting on fortune, troubled with poverty, and haunted by the rebuking vision of his grand philosophical scheme — he solicits for some employment adequate for his support, and which will, at the same time, leave him leisure to become a "pioneer in the deep mines of truth." "Not being born," he says, "under Sol, that loveth honor, nor under Jupiter, that loveth business, but being wholly carried away by the contemplative planet," he proceeds to follow up this modest disclaimer of the objects which engrossed the Cecils with the proud, the imperial declaration, that he has "vast contemplative ends, though moderate civil ends," and "has taken all knowledge for his province." This appeal had no effect; and as the reversion he held of the registrarship of the Star Chamber, worth £1,600 a year, did not fall in until twenty years afterwards, he was still fretted with poverty, and had to give to law and politics the precious hours on which philosophy asserted but a divided claim.

But politics, and law as connected with politics, were, in Bacon's time, occupations by which Bacon could succeed only at the expense of discrediting himself with posterity. Whatever may have been his motives for desiring power,—and they were doubtless neither wholly selfish nor wholly noble, — power could be obtained only by submitting to the conditions by which power was then acquired. In submitting to these conditions, Bacon the politician may be said to have agreed with Bacon the philosopher, as the same objectivity of mind which, as a philosopher, led him to seek the law of phenomena in nature, and not in the intelligence, led him as a politician to seek the law of political action in circumstances, and not in conscience. "Nature is commanded by obeying her," is his great philosophical maxim. Events are commanded by obeying them, was probably his guiding maxim of civil prudence. In each case the principle was derived from without,

and not from within; and he doubtless thought that, as one led to power over nature, so the other would lead to power over states. As his political life must be considered an immense mistake; as the result of his theory in civil affairs was to make him the servant, and not the master, of his intended instruments; as he was constantly inferior in power to persons inferior to him in mind; as he had to do the bidding of masters who would not profit by his advice; and as his wisdom was no match, in the real tug of affairs, for men who acted either from good or from bad impulses and instincts, — it is well to trace his failure to its source. The fault was partly in Bacon, partly in his times, and partly inherent in politics. He thought he possessed the genius of action, because, in addition to his universality of mind and universality of acquirement, he was the deepest observer of men, had the broadest comprehension of affairs, and could give the wisest counsel, of any statesman of his time. He was practically sagacious beyond even the Cecils; for if they could, better than he, see an inch before the nose, he could see the continuation of that inch along a line of a thousand miles. Still his was not specially the genius of action, but the genius which tells how wisely to act. In the genius of action, the mind is passionately concentrated in the will; in the genius which tells how to wisely act, the force of the will is somewhat expended in enlarging the area over which the mind sends its glance. In the genius of action, there is commonly more or less effrontery, wilfulness, cunning, narrowing of the mind to the mere business of the moment, with little foresight of consequences; in the genius which tells how to wisely act there is true, practical wisdom. Unhappily, principles are, in politics, so complicated with passions, and power is so often the prize of insolent demerit, that the two have rarely been combined in one statesman; and history exhibits scores of sterile and stunted intellects, pushed by rough force into ruling positions, for one instance of comprehensive intelligence impelled by audacious will.

As a politician, Bacon had to play a difficult game. Entering the House of Commons in 1593, he at once showed himself the ablest speaker and debater of his time. It is said that Lord Eldon, the stanchest of Tories, declared in his old age, that, if he could recommence his political career, he would begin "in the sedition line"; and Bacon at first tried the expedient of attacking a government measure, in order to force his abilities on the notice of Burleigh, and perhaps obtain by fear what he could not obtain by favor. But the reign of the haughty and almost absolute Elizabeth was not the period for such tactics, and he narrowly escaped arrest and punishment. He then recurred to a design, formed three years before, of opposing the Lord Treasurer by means of a rival; for at the Court and in the councils of the Queen there were two factions, — one devoted to Burleigh, the counsellor of Elizabeth; the other to the Earl of Essex, her lover. These factions were divided by no principle; the question was not, *how* should the government be carried on, but *by whom* should the government be carried on; and the object of each was to engross the favor of Elizabeth, in order to engross the power and patronage of office. Bacon judging that Essex, who held the Queen's affections, would be successful over Burleigh, who only held her judgment, had already attached himself to the fortunes of Essex. It may be added that, as his grand philosophical scheme for the interpretation of nature depended on the patronage of government for its complete success, he saw that, if Essex triumphed, he might be able to gratify his philosophic as well as political ambition; for the Earl, with every fault that can coexist with valor, generosity, and frankness, — fierce, proud, wilful, licentious, and headstrong, — had still a soul sensitive to literary as to military glory; while Burleigh was indifferent to both. It may be doubted if Bacon was capable of intense all-

sacrificing friendship for anybody, especially for a man like Essex. It is probable that what his sagacity detected as the rule which governed the political friendships of Cæsar may to some extent apply to his own. "Cæsar," he says, "made choice of such friends as a man might easily see that he chose them rather to be instruments to his ends than for any good-will to them." But it is still certain that for ten years he was the wisest counsellor of Essex, by his admirable management kept the Earl's haughty and headlong spirit under some control of wisdom, and never allowed him to take a false step without honestly pointing out its folly.

Essex, on his part, urged the claims of Bacon with the same impetuosity with which he threw himself into everything he undertook. But he constantly failed. In 1594 he tried to get Bacon appointed Attorney-General, and he failed. He then tried to get Bacon appointed Solicitor-General, and failed, — failed not because the Queen was hostile to Bacon, but because she desired to show that she was not enslaved by Essex. He then urged Bacon's suit to Lady Hatton, whom Bacon desired to marry, not for her temper, which was that of an eccentric termagant, but for her fortune; and here, fortunately for Bacon, he again failed. He then gave Bacon a landed estate, which Bacon sold for £1,800; and soon afterwards Bacon was in such pecuniary distress as to be arrested and sent to a sponging-house, for a debt of £500. Such were the obligations of Bacon to Essex. What were the obligations of Essex to Bacon? Ten years of faithful service, ten years of the "time and talents" of the best head for large affairs in Europe. At last the Queen and Essex quarrelled. Bacon, himself serenely superior to passion, but adroit in calming the passions of others, exerted infinite skill and address to reconcile them, but the temper of each was too haughty to yield. The occasion of the final and deadly feud between them looks ludicrous as the culminating event in the life of a hero. Essex held a monopoly of sweet wines; that is, the Queen had granted to him, for a certain period, the exclusive privilege of plundering all her subjects who drank sweet wines. He asked for a renewal of his patent, and was refused. He then, taking this refusal as a proof that his enemies were triumphant at court, organized a formidable conspiracy against the government, and for a purely personal object, without the pretence of any public aim, attempted to seize the Queen's person, overturn her government, and convulse the kingdom with civil war. He was arrested, tried, and executed. Bacon, as Queen's counsel, appeared against him on his trial, and, by the Queen's command, wrote a narrative of the facts which justified the government in its course. For this most of his biographers represent him as guilty of the foulest treachery, ingratitude, and baseness. Let us see how it probably appeared to Bacon. The association of politicians of which Essex was the head, and to which Bacon belonged, was an association to obtain power and office by legal means; treason and insurrection were not in the "platform"; and the rule of honor which applies to such a body is plain. It is treacherous for any of the followers to betray the leader, but it is also treacherous for the leader to betray any of the followers. Nobody pretends that Bacon betrayed Essex, but it is very evident that Essex betrayed Bacon; for Bacon, the confidant, as he supposed, of the most secret thoughts and designs of Essex, liable to be compromised by his acts, and already lying under the suspicion and displeasure of Elizabeth on account of his strenuous advocacy of the Earl's claims to her continued favor, suddenly discovers that Essex has given way to passions as selfish as they were furious; that he has committed high treason, and recklessly risked the fortunes of his political friends, as well as personal confederates, on the hazard of an enterprise as wicked as it was mad. Henry Wotton, who was private secretary to Essex, but not engaged in the conspiracy, still thought it prudent to escape to the Continent, and

not trust to the chances of a trial; and Bacon was more in the confidence of Essex than Wotton. If Essex had no conscience in extricating himself from his difficulties by treason, why blame Bacon for extricating himself from complicity with Essex by censuring his treason? To the indignation that Bacon must have felt in finding himself duped and betrayed by the man whose interests he had identified with his own must be added his indignation at the treason itself; for the politician had not so completely absorbed the patriot but that he may have felt genuine horror at the idea of compassing personal ends by civil war. In the case of Essex, the crime was really aggravated by the ingratitude which Bacon's critics charge on himself. Bacon, it seems, was a mean-spirited wretch, because he did not see the friend, who had given him £1,800 in the public enemy. But is it to be supposed that a friend will be more constant than a lover? And Essex, the lover of the Queen, made war upon her, — upon her who, frugal as she was in dispensing honors and money, had lavished both on him. She had given him in all what would now be equivalent to £300,000; and then, on her refusal to allow him to continue cheating those of her subjects who drank sweet wines, the exasperated hero attempted to overthrow her government. But Essex acted from his passions, — and passions, it seems, atone for more sins than even charity can cover. History itself has here sided against reason; and Bacon, the intellectual benefactor of the world, will probably, through all time, be sacrificed to this hot-blooded, arrogant, self-willed, and greedy noble. Intellect is often selfish; but nothing is more frightfully selfish, after all, than passion.

It would be well if the character of Bacon were justly open to no severer charge than that founded on his connection with Essex. But "worse remains behind." In 1603 Elizabeth died, and James, King of Scotland, succeeded to the English throne. Bacon at once detected in him the characteristic defect of all the Stuarts. "Methought," he wrote to a friend, "his Majesty rather asked counsel of the time past than of the time to come." To James, however, he paid assiduous court, and especially won his favor by advocating in Parliament the union of England and Scotland. By a combination of hard work and soft compliances he gradually obtained the commanding positions, though not the commanding influence, of his political ambition. In 1609 he was made Solicitor-General; in 1613, Attorney-General; in 1616, Privy Councillor; in 1617, Lord Keeper; in 1618, Lord Chancellor and Baron Verulam; in 1621, Viscount St. Albans. These eighteen years of his life exhibit an almost unparalleled activity and fertility of mind in law, politics, literature, and philosophy; but in the reign of James I. no man could rise to the positions which Bacon reached without compromises with conscience and compromises with intelligence which it is doubtless provoking that Bacon did not scorn. Even if we could pardon these compromises on the principle that events must be obeyed in order to be commanded, it is still plain that his obedience did not lead to real command. He unquestionably expected that his position in the government would enable him to draw the government into his philosophical scheme of conducting a systematic war on Nature, with an army of investigators, to force her to deliver up her secrets; but the Solomon who was then king of England preferred to spend his money for quite different objects; and Bacon's compliances, therefore, led as little to real power over Nature as to real power in the direction of affairs.

As it is not our purpose to excuse, but to explain, Bacon's conduct, — to identify the Bacon who within this period wrote The Advancement of Learning, The Wisdom of the Ancients, and the *Novum Organum*, with the Bacon who within the same period was connected with the abuses of James's administration, — let us survey his character in relation to his times. He lived

in an epoch when the elements of the English Constitution were in a state of anarchy. The King was following that executive instinct which brought the head of his son to the block. The House of Commons was following that legislative instinct which eventually gave it the control of the executive administration. James talked, and feebly acted, in the spirit of an absolute monarch; looked upon the House of Commons as but one mode of getting at the money of his subjects; and when it occupied itself in presenting grievances, instead of voting subsidies, he either dissolved it in a pet or yielded to it in a fright. Had Bacon's nature been as intense as it was sagacious, had he been a resolute statesman of the good or bad type, this was the time for him to have anticipated Hampden in the Commons, or Strafford in the Council, and given himself, body and soul, to the cause of freedom or the cause of despotism. He did neither; and there is nothing in his writings which would lead us to suppose that he would do either. The written advice he gave James and Buckingham on the improvement of the law, on church affairs, and on affairs of state, would, if it had been followed, have saved England from the necessity of the Long Parliament, of Oliver Cromwell, of William of Orange. As it was, he probably prevented more evil than he was made the instrument of committing. But, after counselling wisely, he, like other statesmen of his time, consented to act against his own advice. He lent the aid of his professional skill to the court, rather as a lawyer who obeys a client than as a statesman responsible to his country. And the mischief was, that his mind, like all comprehensive minds, was so fertile in those reasons which convert what is abstractly wrong into what is relatively right, that he could easily find maxims of state to justify the attorney-general in doing what the statesman *in* the attorney-general condemned, especially as the practice of these maxims enabled the attorney-general to keep his office and to hope for a higher. This was largely the custom with all English public men down to the time when "parliamentary government" was thoroughly established. Besides, Bacon's attention was scattered over too many objects to allow of an all-excluding devotion to one. He could not be a Hampden or a Strafford because he was Bacon. Accomplished as a courtier, politician, orator, lawyer, jurist, statesman, man of letters, philosopher, with a wide-wandering mind that swept over the domain of positive knowledge only to turn dissatisfied into those vast and lonely tracts of meditation where future sciences and inventions slept in their undiscovered principles, it was impossible that a man thus hundred-eyed should be single-handed. He also lacked two elements of strength which in that day lent vigor to action by contracting thought and inflaming passion. He was without political and theological prejudice, and he was without political and theological malignity.

But, it may be asked, if he was too broad for the passion of politics, why did he become a politician at all? First, because he was an Englishman, the son of the Keeper of the Great Seal, and had breathed an atmosphere of politics — and not of very scrupulous politics — from his cradle; second, because, well as he thought he understood nature, he understood human nature far better, and was tempted into affairs by conscious talent; and third, because he was poor, dependent, had immense needs, and saw that politics had led his father and uncle to wealth and power. And, coming to the heart of the matter, if it be asked why a mind of such grandeur and comprehensiveness should sacrifice its integrity for such wealth as office could give, and such titles as James could bestow, we can only answer the question intelligently by looking at wealth and titles through Bacon's eyes. His conscience was weakened by that which gives such splendor and attractiveness to his writings, — his imagination. He was a philosopher, but a philosopher in whose character imagination was co-ordinated with reason. This

imagination was not merely a quality of his intellect, but an element of his nature; and as, through its instinctive workings, he was not content to send out his thoughts stoically bare of adornment, or limping and ragged in cynic squalor, but clothed them in purple and gold, and made them move in majestic cadences, so also, through his imagination, he saw, in external pomp and affluence and high place, something that corresponded to his own inward opulence and autocracy of intellect; recognized in them the superb and fitting adjuncts and symbols of his internal greatness; and, investing them with a glory not their own, felt that in them the great Bacon was clothed in outward circumstance, that the invisible person was made palpable to the senses, embodied and expressed to all eyes as the man

> "Whom a wise king and Nature chose
> Lord Chancellor of both their Laws."

So strong was this illusion, that, when hurled from power and hunted by creditors, he refused to raise money by cutting down the woods of his estate. "I will not," he said, "be stripped of my fine feathers." He had so completely ensouled the accompaniments and "compliment extern" of greatness, that he felt, in their deprivation, as if portions of the outgrowth of his being had been rudely lopped.

But a day of reckoning was at hand, which was to dissipate all this visionary splendor, and show the hollowness of all accomplishments when unaccompanied by simple integrity. Bacon had idly drifted with the stream of abuses, until at last he partook of them. It is to his credit, that, in 1621, he strenuously advised the calling of the Parliament by which he was impeached. The representatives of the people met in a furious mood, and exhibited a menacing attitude to the court; and the King, thoroughly cowed, made haste to give up to their vengeful justice the culprits at whom they aimed. Bacon was impeached for corruption in his high office, and, in indescribable agony and abasement of spirit, was compelled by the King to plead guilty to the charges, of a large portion of which he was certainly innocent. The great Chancellor has ever since been imaged to the honest English imagination as a man with his head away up in the heaven of contemplation, seemingly absorbed in sublime meditations, while his hand is held stealthily out to receive a bribe! Of the degree of his moral guilt it is difficult at this time to decide. The probability seems to be that, in accordance with a general custom, he and his dependants received presents from the suitors in his court. The presents were given to influence his decision of cases. He — at once profuse and poor — took presents from both parties, and then decided according to the law. He was exposed by those who, having given money, were exasperated at receiving "killing decrees" in return; who found that Bacon did not sell injustice, but justice. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure; to be forever incapable of any office, place, or employment in the state or commonwealth; and forbidden to sit in Parliament or come within the verge of the court. Bacon seems himself to have considered that a notorious abuse, in which other chancellors had participated, was reformed in his punishment. He is reported to have said, afterwards, in conversation, "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years." The courts of Russia are now notoriously corrupt; in some future time, when the nation may imperatively demand a reformation of the judicial tribunals, some great Russian, famous as a thinker and man of letters, as well as judge, will, though comparatively innocent, be selected as a victim, and the whole system be rendered infamous in his condemnation.

Bacon lived five years after his disgrace; and, during these years, though plagued by creditors and vexed by domestic disquiet, he prosecuted his literary and scientific labors with singular vigor and success. In revising old

works, in producing new, and in projecting even greater ones than he produced, he displayed an energy and opulence of mind wonderful even in him. He died on the 9th of April, 1626, in consequence of a cold caught in trying an experiment to ascertain if flesh might not be preserved in snow as well as salt; and his consolation in his last hours was, that the "experiment succeeded excellently well." There are two testimonials to him, after he was hurled from power and place, which convey a vivid idea of the benignant stateliness of his personal presence, — of the impression he made on those contemporaries who were at once his intimates and subordinates, and who, in the most familiar intercourse, felt and honored the easy dignity with which his greatness was worn. "My conceit of his person," says Ben Jonson, "was never increased towards him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want." And Dr. Rawley, his domestic chaplain, who saw him as he appeared in the most familiar relations of his home, remarks, with quaint veneration, "I have been induced to think that if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him."

In our next paper, we propose to consider Bacon's literary and philosophical works in connection with his personal character.

FREE PRODUCE AMONG THE QUAKERS.

THE war, which affected all interests, building up, creating, and tearing down, involved in the overthrow of slavery the humble interest of one man who had the least possible complicity with the system, who had no fellow in his disaster, and yet must have watched the approach of emancipation with something of the feelings of those who manufactured osnaburgs and cowhides for the Southern market. But the rebellion had been suppressed for two years, and four years had elapsed since the Proclamation, when George Taylor, in the spring of 1867, put up the shutters for the last time on his free-produce store in Philadelphia, and went back to the paternal farm, his occupation gone. Already customers of a dozen years, grudging the extra price he charged for indulging a harmless sentiment, had said they no longer felt bound to patronize him; and our Orthodox Friend would reply, "Ah, *all* of slavery 's not gone yet." That plea served him while it might, — as it has served those devoted Abolitionists who would not disband their society when there were no more slaves, but a nation of Abolitionists. Had he owned their logic, he would have continued at his post so long as any product of human industry was tainted with injustice, hardship, suffering, or oppression. But he took a narrow view of the meaning of "free-produce," and when he could not decently pretend to be singular, he took down his sign, and joined the unbroken ranks of free laborers and cultivators. He could at least congratulate himself that he had shown no unseemly haste to abandon his principles, and that he had never omitted an opportunity, in antislavery meetings, to declare the importance of his mode of warfare against the common enemy. And when this speaker had exposed the proslavery character of the Con-

stitution, and that speaker had recited the latest instance of plantation cruelty, and a third had called for renewed energy in rousing the nation to a consciousness of its sinfulness and its peril, Friend Taylor was wont to ask with solicitude, "Cannot something be done, cannot *something* be done, to make people buy free-labor sugar?"

It was not a new question to the people of Philadelphia. In August, 1827, in his Genius of Universal Emancipation, Lundy had announced, "with pleasure," that a Rhode Island manufacturer had adopted the system of working cotton produced by free labor, and that the muslins made from such cotton could be had by the bale of James Mott & Co., in Philadelphia; and the editor earnestly recommended the encouragement of this enterprise. The same Lundy, in the course of the following year, called a meeting in the Quaker City to consider the subject of encouraging free-labor products, — the first of the kind, it is believed, ever held in America; and it was about this time that Baldwin and Thompson opened the store which George Taylor was to close. They were succeeded by Lydia White, and she by Joel Fisher, from York; after him came Taylor. Lundy was also the first to urge the formation of societies to give consistency to the movement; but the Free Produce Society of Philadelphia was not formed before 1837, having for its organ the Non-Slaveholder, of which Samuel Rhoads and Abraham L. Pennock, both Friends, and able and most estimable men, were the editors.

The free-produce doctrines were never adopted by the Abolitionists as a body. At a time when — as now, in the transition period of our government — all questions, and social questions particularly, were discussed, and men sought to square their conduct daily as if for the millennium; when the diet, the dress, the mode of wearing the beard, the theories of medicine, the rights of property, the equality of the sexes, the true nature of marriage, the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, were seriously laid to men's consciences, — the scruple of using slave-products could not fail to arise and to prevail with many. In the Abolitionist of March, 1833, is printed an address from W. J. Snelling before the New England Antislavery Society, in which this passage occurs: —

"Do we not offer the South a market for the produce of the toil of her slaves? Could the system of slavery subsist for another year, nay, for a single day, were that market closed? Every one who buys a pound of Southern sugar or a yard of Southern cotton virtually approves and sanctions an hour or more of slave-labor."

And it was out of homage to this sentiment that the committee who conducted the paper reprinted these lines (by "Margaret") from the Genius of Universal Emancipation: —

"'No, no, pretty sugar-plums! Stay where you are!
Though my grandmother sent you to me from so far;
You look very nice, you would taste very sweet,
And I love you right well, — yet not one will I eat.

"'For the poor slaves have labored, far down in the South,
To make you so sweet and so nice for my mouth;
But I want no slaves toiling for me in the sun,
Driven on with the whip, till the long day is done.'
. . . . . .

"Thus said little Fanny," etc.

It is not difficult to remember, among the gifts which British friends of the cause sent over to antislavery fairs — among the yellow card-boxes for antislavery pennies, and inkstands and teacups stamped with "Am I not a man and a brother?" — a brown-stone bowl, of which the cover was early broken in a certain family, and whose rim bore the delusive legend, — EAST INDIA SUGAR, NOT MADE BY SLAVES. Alas! they had forgotten to send the sugar to make good the profession, and we ate from the pretty bowl whatever Cuban or Louisianian sweetness a large household and a moderate purse could compromise upon; for that was one of the compromises which Abolitionists had often to make in spite of themselves. And we ate sugar-plums when we could get them, and bought cotton cloths the day after Mr. Snelling's address, and made them into pocket-handkerchiefs

printed with antislavery mottoes or "Margaret's" verses. For we lived not in Pennsylvania, but where people say *shall* once in a while instead of *will* always, and eat codfish instead of terrapin, and chicken as rarely as they call it *chick'n*, and grow squashes, and associate wooden shutters with country groceries. Yet we did our share of employing colored dentists because they were colored, and colored painters and carpenters for the same reason, though sometimes against the grain. The Quakers not alone, but distinctively, cherished the sacred flame of free produce.

Penn, we all know, was a slaveholder in his province in 1685, having followed the fashion of his Virginia neighbors without much thought of the matter, except to make the yoke easy. In a will dated 1701 he liberated his slaves; but still for three quarters of a century the Friends forbore to make slaveholding a disciplinable offence, and it was long after 1776 that those of Great Britain went to the half-breeds of Brazil for cotton which freemen had tilled and of which Pernambuco is now the busy mart.

Clarkson, in his History of the Abolition of the Slave-Trade, names 1791 as the year in which the feelings of the English people in regard to the existence of this evil "which was so far removed from their sight, began to be insupportable." The entire passage is worth reproducing here, for the sake of comparing the free-produce movement in the two countries. "Many of them," he continues, "resolve to abstain from the use of West India produce. In this state of things a pamphlet, written by William Bell Crafton of Tewksbury, and called 'A Sketch of the Evidence, with a Recommendation on the Subject to the serious Attention of People in general,' made its appearance; and another followed it written by William Fox of London, 'On the Propriety of abstaining from West India Sugar and Rum.' These pamphlets took the same ground. They inculcated abstinence from these articles as a moral duty; they inculcated it as a peaceful and constitutional measure; and they laid before the reader a truth which was sufficiently obvious, that, if each would abstain, the people would have a complete remedy for this enormous evil in their own power." In an extended tour which Clarkson made, "there was no town," he remarks, "through which I passed, in which there was not some one individual who had left off the use of sugar. In the smaller towns there were from ten to fifty by estimation, and in the larger from two to five hundred, who made this sacrifice to virtue. These were of all ranks and parties. Rich and poor, Churchmen and dissenters, had adopted the measure. Even grocers had left off trading in the article in some places. In gentlemen's families, where the master had set the example, the servants had often voluntarily followed it; and even children who were capable of understanding the history of the sufferings of the Africans, excluded with the most virtuous resolution the sweets to which they had been accustomed from their lips. By the best computation I was able to make from notes taken down in my journey, no fewer than three hundred thousand persons had abandoned the use of sugar."

Penn was still lingering under his fatal paralysis when Anthony Benezet, born across the Channel in Picardy, was brought to London by his Huguenot parents fleeing their confiscated estates. Embracing the Friends' doctrine in 1727, he again accompanied his parents when they emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1731. Dissatisfied with a mercantile life, and having sought contentment in vain as a cooper, he turned school-teacher, holding ideas of instruction to which Rousseau and Pestalozzi afterwards gave a definite shape and a reforming vitality. It was in 1750 that he began to be struck with the enormities of the slave-trade, and to lift up his voice against it, and to begin a career of antislavery activity which has been seldom surpassed. He established an evening school for colored girls, wrote in Franklin's almanacs and in the news-

papers, published innumerable tracts and solid works on the slave-trade, and corresponded with crowned heads and eminent philanthropists in all parts of Europe. Especially did he labor for the conversion of Friends. As a Frenchman, Benezet had received and comforted the exiled Acadians who had drifted to Philadelphia; not less as a Frenchman at yearly meeting on one occasion did he carry the day against those who would have temporized with slavery. At the critical juncture, says one account, he "left his seat, which was in an obscure part of the house, and presented himself, weeping, at an elevated door, in the presence of the whole congregation, whom he addressed in the words of the Psalmist, 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.'" Veritable *coup de théâtre!* In 1775 he was free to turn his attention to outside organization, and, in company with Dr. Rush, James Pemberton, and others, he founded the Society for the Relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in Bondage, and was instrumental in rescuing a body of negroes who had been kidnapped from New Jersey, and were being taken South through Philadelphia. The law enacted in 1780 for gradual abolition in Pennsylvania was due in great measure to his zealous initiative.

Benezet died in 1784. He had adopted conscientiously the Quaker severity of attire, which had come in since Ellwood and Penn, but was concerned only, so far as we know, for the outward style, — little, if at all, for the history of the material as produced by free labor or by slave. Towards the close of his life, at the sacrifice of his strength, he relinquished animal food, from a feeling of mercy for the brute creation, though he probably thought none the worse of George Fox for having worn a suit of leather. It remained for another Friend — whose life was contained within the limits of Benezet's, and who was one of three belonging to the same society and natives of the same State,* that distinguished themselves in opposition to slavery — to feel and avow his repugnance to the use of slave-grown products, and to avoid them as he was able. John Woolman was born in 1720. The testimony of the Monthly Meeting of Friends in Burlington (1st 8th month, 1773) says of him that he was "for many years deeply exercised on account of the poor enslaved Africans, whose cause, as he sometimes mentioned, lay almost continually upon him," and "particularly careful as to himself not to countenance slavery even by the use of those conveniences of life which were furnished by their labor." In his Diary, which can never be read without profit by any generation, Woolman has left a circumstantial record of his rise to the high moral plane in which the maturity of his life was spent.

"Through weakness," as he says, when twenty-three years of age, he wrote a bill of sale of a negro woman for his employer, who sold her to an elderly Friend; but he said, in the presence of both purchaser and seller, that he "believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion." Twelve years later (presumably in consequence of Benezet's agitation) he was so much strengthened in this belief that he would not write a will, disposing of slaves, for an "ancient man of good esteem in the neighborhood"; and when, still later, the same testator applied to him to write a fresh will, Woolman again declined unless the slaves were set free, which was done accordingly. On another occasion he wrote part of a will, rather than afflict the person desiring it, who was very ill; but declined pay for his services, or to finish out the document except a negro mentioned therein were set free; and this too was done. In 1746, making a tour in South Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, he remarks: "When I ate,

* John Woolman, born at Northampton, Burlington County, New Jersey; Isaac T. Hopper, born in Deptford Township, near Woodbury, Gloucester County, New Jersey; and Benjamin Lundy, born at Handwich, Sussex County, New Jersey, — all, we may add, belonging to the last century in point of birth.

drank, and lodged free-cost with people who lived in ease on the hard labor of their slaves, I felt uneasy." Where, however, the master did his portion of the work, and lived frugally, neither overtasking his slaves, nor providing ill for them, he was less disturbed in mind. But he discerned on this trip, with great spiritual clearness for his time, the real nature of slavery: "I saw in these Southern provinces so many vices and corruptions, increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now," he adds, prophetically, "many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequences will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not at once, nor twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind." He experienced similar premonitions in June, 1763, when among the Indians in the Blue Ridge and Great Lehigh wilderness (whither Benezet followed in 1776): "Here I was led into a close, laborious inquiry whether I, as an individual, kept clear from all things which tended to stir up or were connected with wars, either in this land or Africa; . . . . and I felt in that which is immutable that the seeds of great calamity and desolation are sown and growing fast on this continent." (A hundred years pass, and slavery has been abolished by proclamation; but the doubtful scale has still to be turned at Gettysburg.) The passage is interesting as connecting the free-produce movement among the Quakers immediately with their peace doctrines, rather than with their general philanthropy.

"Until this year," writes John, of 1756, "I continued to retail goods, besides following my trade as a taylor; about which time I grew uneasy on account of my business growing too cumbersome." He had begun, it appears, with selling trimmings for garments, then cloths and linens, and so was in a fair way to do a large business. "But I felt a stop in my mind," he says; and, heeding it, he returned more to "tayloring," with no apprentice, and looked also after his apple-trees. We cannot say positively that he made from these the famous Jersey cider, but the inference will serve to connect the mention of them with that which follows in the context. He had noticed, as one of his storekeeping experiences, the "great inconveniences" which some people were led into by the "too liberal use of spirituous liquors," with which he associated "the custom of wearing too costly apparel."

We should ask pardon here for a seeming digression, if our object were not to exhibit the sensitive conscience of Woolman, and to compare it with that of others of whom in this rambling sketch we are obliged to speak. In the autumn of 1769 he had a strong desire to visit the West Indies; but so many scruples stood in his way that he had to unbosom himself to the owner of the ship on which he purposed taking passage for Barbadoes. In this letter we find another allusion to his storekeeping, which had grown less agreeable to him to think of the farther he got away from it. "I once," he writes to the ship-owner, "some years ago, retailed rum, sugar, and molasses, the fruits of the labor of slaves; but then had not much concern about them, save only that the rum might be used in moderation,* nor was this concern so weightily attended to as I now believe it ought to have been; but of late years, being further informed† respecting the oppressions too generally exercised in these islands," &c., he wanted to apply the "small gain" he "got by this branch of trade to promoting righteousness on earth." He was to promote righteousness, i. e. pursue his function of preacher, by going to Barbadoes, paying his way, and living on a lowly subsistence. But the doubt arose, whether he could take passage on a vessel engaged in the West India trade, for which he was yearning to do penance. "To trade freely with op-

* Was it about this time, or later, that in Northboro', Massachusetts, three groceries consumed regularly per month a hogshead of rum each?

† "By Anthony Benezet's Caution [and Warning] to Great Britain and her Colonies relative to enslaved Negroes in the British Dominions, 1767."

pressors, and, without laboring to dissuade from such unkind treatment, seek for gain by such traffic, tends, I believe, to make them more easy respecting their conduct." But, on the other hand, "the number of those who decline the West India produce on account of the hard usage of the slaves who raise it appears small, even amongst people truly pious; and the labors in Christian love, on that subject, of those who do, not very extensive." And "were the trade from this continent to the West Indies to be quite stopped at once, I believe many there would suffer for want of bread." Moreover, a small trade with the West Indies might be right if ourselves and their inhabitants generally dwelt "in pure righteousness"; but then the passage-money would "for good reasons," i. e. owing to the diminished freight, be higher than now. So having dismissed the thought of "trying to hire a vessel to go under ballast," believing "that the labors in gospel love, yet bestowed in the cause of universal righteousness, are not arrived to that height," Woolman proposed to protest against a "great trade and small passage-money," and in favor of less trading, by paying more than common for his passage.

The argument is a little intricate, but it is worth following to what we must call its preposterous end. It is a most curious instance of a morbidly sensitive conscience directing to an act the only result of which could have been to extend the trade in slave products by adding to the capital of a trader. The letter probably had its effect upon the members of his own denomination, to whom he therein submitted the proposition that "the trading in, or frequent use of, any produce known to be raised by the labors of those who are under such lamentable oppression, hath appeared to be a subject which may yet more require the serious consideration of the humble followers of Christ, the Prince of Peace." After all, he did nothing more in the matter, being shortly attacked with pleurisy. For Woolman was a saint with a traditional body. One reason for his taking a sea-voyage is implied in his entry for the 12th 3d month of the same year: "Having for some years past dieted myself on account of a lump gathering on my nose, under this diet I grew weak in body, and not of ability to travel by land as heretofore." During the attack of pleurisy in the winter of 1769-70, he considered himself sufficiently "weaned from the pleasant things of life" to die acceptably; yet if God wanted him for further service, he desired to live. "I may with thankfulness say that in this case I felt resignedness wrought in me, and had no inclination to send for a doctor; believing that if it was the Lord's will, through outward means, to raise me up, some sympathizing friends would be sent to minister to me; which were" — he continues, we must not say with Quaker slyness — "*which were accordingly*." Meanwhile his feet grew cold, and death seemed near, yet he would not for some time ask the nurse to warm them; but the desire for life and further service set in strongly upon him, and "I requested my nurse to apply warmth to my feet, and I revived; and the next night, feeling a weighty exercise of spirit, and having a solid friend sitting up with me, I requested him to write what I said," — an empty manifesto.

The pious Woolman was never ill but he must endeavor to guess for what he was punished; and it would seem as if, when a "concern" fastened upon him, his mind worked over it till his health gave way. "The use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them, and wearing more clothes in summer than are useful, grew more uneasy to me, believing them to be customs which have not their foundation in pure reason." Thereupon, May 31, 1761, he was taken down with fever, and conformity to customs was revealed to him as the cause of his affliction. He "lay in abasement and brokenness of spirit," and presently felt, "as in an instant, an inward healing in his [my] nature." "Though I was thus settled in mind in relation to hurtful dyes, I felt easy [the thrifty Friend!] to wear my

garments heretofore made ; and so continued about nine months." Then he got him a hat "the natural color of the furr," which "savored of singularity," as he was still wearing his dyed stuffs ; and as those "who knew not on what motives I wore it carried shy of me, I felt," he says, "my way for a time shut up in the exercise of the ministry."

The time came when Woolman was to make a voyage to England, — a long voyage, from which he never returned. His beloved friend, Samuel Emler, Jr., had taken passage in the cabin of the ship "Mary and Elizabeth," "and I, feeling a draft in my mind toward the steerage of the same ship, went first and opened to Samuel the feeling I had concerning it." Samuel wept for joy, though John's "prospect was towards the steerage."

"I told the owner that, on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was, I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery, and that in the cabin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts ; and that, according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment hath some relation to the expense in furnishing it to please the minds of such who give way to conformity to this world ; and that in this case, as in other cases, the moneys received from the passengers are calculated to answer every expense relating to their passage, and, amongst the rest, of those superfluities ; and that in this case I felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to defray such expenses."

So he cast his lot among the seamen, and only stayed in the cabin, as he is careful to state, about seventeen hours, during a particularly heavy storm (May 8, 1772), having been frequently invited, and believing the poor wet mariners needed all the room of the steerage. He suffered not a little by his choice of a berth, and could have crowed with the dunghill fowls, which, he had observed, had been dumb since they left the Delaware, when the shores of England hove in sight.

Woolman did not share the scruples of Benezet about the eating of meat. At Nantucket, in 1760, he remarks without comment, "I understood that the whales, being much hunted, and sometimes wounded and not killed, grew more shy and difficult to come at." But when he and a friend were riding on a hot day "a day's journey eastward from Boston," they dismissed their guide, who was "a heavy man," "believing the journey would have been hard to him and his horse," — as it unquestionably would have been, had they gone due east from Boston. In England, Woolman learned that the stage-coach horses were overdriven, and often killed or else made blind, and that the postboys often froze in winter ; therefore he cautioned Friends at Philadelphia and at London yearly meetings "not to send any letters to him [me] on any common occasion by post." The self-denial of this counsel may be judged from the fact that he was thus cut off from news of his family. In effect, no protracted correspondence would have been possible. In September, Woolman took the small-pox, and was to offer his last testimony against slave labor upon his death-bed. He would not send for a physician, but when a young apothecary had happened in, "he said he found a freedom to confer with him and the other friends about him ; and if anything should be proposed as to medicine, that did not come through defiled channels or oppressive hands, he should be willing to consider and take it, so far as he found freedom." It is doubtful, though, whether a treatment in accordance with "pure reason" could have availed against his feeble constitution.

A more impressive death-bed, though not more true to conviction, was that of the Long Island schismatic, Elias Hicks. As he lay shivering, a few hours before his decease, a comfortable was thrown over him, and he, after feeling of it, made a strong effort to push it away. Too weak to succeed in the first attempt, he made another, with a renewed show of abhorrence. And when

his friends asked, "Is it because it is made of cotton?" he nodded; whereupon a woollen blanket was substituted, and he died satisfied and with composure (February 27, 1830). As Benezet had stimulated by his writings Sharp and Wilberforce and Clarkson to their anti-slavery zeal, and had confirmed Woolman in his original aversion to human servitude, so both Benezet and Woolman must have done much to shape the sentiments and belief of Elias Hicks, born later than they, in 1748. Preaching in the Free States, he exhorted all the people to abstain from slave produce. "These views," says Mrs. Child, in her Life of Isaac T. Hopper, "were in accordance with the earliest and strongest testimonies of the Society of Friends." We have seen, however, that the facts do not warrant so unqualified a statement. So little, indeed, were they respected as traditional that they formed a *corpus delicti* against the religious doctrines of Hicks; and a sermon preached by him against slave-produce in 1819 precipitated that open hostility which has left an unhealed and unhealable wound in the bosom of the Friends' Society, and gave rise to scandalous quarrels, in which the Orthodox sought to exclude the Hicksites from the meeting, and even from the burying-ground. Two anecdotes of Elias Hicks we cannot, as faithful chroniclers, omit in this place. Among his own followers he was always received and entertained with a sort of veneration, yet, being at the house of one of them in Southern Pennsylvania, he was proffered sugar in his tea.

"Is it free-labor sugar?" he inquired.

"Elias," said the son of the matron, "why don't thee do as Paul advised,—'eat, asking no question for conscience' sake'?"

"Paul was only a man," answered the unwary Hicks.

"Well, is thee anything more?"

When Charles Collins was keeping a free-produce store in New York, the story goes that Elias one day brought him, with great satisfaction, his pamphlet denouncing the use of slave products. Collins, who was an ardent disciple, but something of a wag, cautiously received the document, not with his hand, but with a pair of tongs, and immediately thrust it into the open fire. "Friend Hicks," he said, roguishly, "I can't defile my store with slavery-cursed paper"; and, in fact, his own stock was made of linen rags. The preacher found himself much in the condition of the Pope, when he used the press to circulate his encyclicals against general enlightenment and modern civilization, of which the press is the main element.

More practical than any of the foregoing was Benjamin Lundy, who was born in 1789, in New Jersey. Both his parents, their ancestors, and most of their connections, were members of the Society of Friends, and were derived from England and Wales. His great-grandfather settled at Buckingham, Berks County, Pennsylvania. They had connections also in North Carolina, and Lundy formed in a certain town of that State an antislavery society, with a militia captain for president and a Friend for secretary. We shall not pretend to follow him in his early migrations, full as they were of romance and earnest purpose. At Mount Pleasant, Ohio, in 1821, he established the Genius of Universal Emancipation, which he afterwards had printed at Steubenville, twenty miles off. "I went," he says, "to and from that place on foot, carrying my papers, when printed, on my back." He fought slavery "on that line" for eight months, and abandoned it only to take an advanced position in the South. From Tennessee Lundy removed his paper to Baltimore, in 1824, and there, opening a free-produce store, he worked with a journeyman on his paper by day, and wrote nights and Sundays for it. In 1825 he took eleven slaves from North Carolina to Hayti as freemen; afterwards, through his advice, a Virginian settled eighty-eight slaves there; North Carolina Friends were persuaded to send one hundred and nineteen

slaves; and in 1829 he himself made a second visit to the island in company with twelve slaves from Maryland. His object was to build up in Hayti a free-negro State to rival the cotton-growing South, and to make her labor system unprofitable. Between his first and his last trip he visited Boston, and there got eight clergymen, of various sects, together. "Such an occurrence, it was said, was seldom if ever before known in that town." It was during this visit (1828) that he chanced upon William Lloyd Garrison, in the house at which he put up. Going Lynnward, our "moderate Quaker," as he described himself, found sectarianism a great stumbling-block to his progress among Friends. At Albany he was moved to declare that "philanthropists are the slowest creatures breathing. They think forty times before they act." His great journeys in Canada (winter of 1830–31) and Texas and Mexico (summer of 1831–32; 1833–35), performed almost entirely on foot, — for Lundy was an indefatigable pedestrian, — were solely with a view to extend on the main, on the then borders of the United States, a cordon of free-labor colonies composed of blacks, after the Haytien example. It was a fair dream; and Lundy actually obtained of the governor of Tamaulipas a grant of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand acres of land, on condition of his introducing two hundred and fifty settlers with their families. Returning to the North, he began to invite persons to join his colony, and among those who at first consented to go were David Lee and Lydia Maria Child. Many colored persons applied to be admitted, — some of them slaves who were promised their freedom. The first shipment was fixed for February, 1836; but meanwhile the Texas conspiracy had burst into violence, and the friends of the negro in the United States were compelled to ward off, while it was yet possible, the accession of more slave territory and war with Mexico. In the midst of this desperate controversy, Lundy lost, in the burning by a mob of Pennsylvania Hall (May, 1838), his papers, books, clothes, and everything of value except his journal in Mexico, — "a total sacrifice on the altar of Universal Emancipation."

It is an honorable history, — this of the free-produce movement in America, — and embraces leaders who would have shed lustre upon any reform. To those who were always taking an observation of their consciences, the doctrine embodied in the extract from Mr. Snelling's address seemed simple, logical, irresistible. If an error, it was "upon the right side," and those who sincerely held to it were neither to be reproached nor despised. Not one of them, however, — not Elias Hicks himself, as we have seen, — was ever consistent; and if they flattered themselves that they could escape using the technical fruits of slave labor, they never could escape dependence on oppression in some form or other. They were sentimentalists trying to subtract themselves from mundane necessities; and the value of this part of their lives was not in the eschewing of certain fabrics and grains, but in the conspicuousness of their testimony against slavery, and its undoubtedly powerful influence in opening the understandings of others to the inhumanity of that barbarism. What is called the common-sense, as well as the indifference and convenience, of the generality of men was opposed to their plan of overcoming an evil so gigantic as slavery, as it was also opposed to the Quaker modes of suppressing frivolity and vanity in dress, and of correcting a false deference between men who were all equal in the sight of God. The Abolitionists proper, we repeat, although always stigmatized as impracticable, never mounted this hobby as if the battle-horse of victory. They did acknowledge the justice of John Woolman's scruples against trading freely with oppressors, "without laboring to dissuade" them from their crime; and they claimed for themselves, almost in the name of the slaves, the right above all others to wear the product of their blood and travail. If it be

said that the Abolitionists might have used this excuse in voting under a pro-slavery Constitution, instead of idly assailing it from without, it may be replied that there was no necessity for them to swear to support an instrument which they abhorred; that they despaired, and, as events have proved, justly, of reconciling under the Constitution irrepressible antagonisms, and that they sought by a political divorce to clear the North of complicity with the villany of the South. And, in order to be free from suspicion of ambitious motives, they had to withdraw themselves from all share in the government, to decline all offices, and to endure to be called fanatics, because they were content to be independent critics. It may be said that common-sense people left them aside to join the Republican party. War, having cut short a peaceful experiment, the common-sense of the Abolitionists cannot be tested by their success in proselyting; but it is fully vindicated by the wrathful acknowledgment of the South, that they were aiming at the vitals of slavery, as aiming not from within, but through and over the Constitution and the Union. The attempt, thirty years ago, to educate the people into a greater regard for justice and human brotherhood than for the national charter, traditions, and unity, was bold, perhaps preposterous; but if any one had undertaken then to prepare the North to resist the encroachments of slavery by force of arms! . . . .

THE FINANCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

ONE of the most striking features in our great conflict was the financial power of the Northern States. Relying chiefly on their own innate strength, they were enabled for five successive years to put into the field armies increasing and expanding gradually to a million of men, admirably equipped with the most effective weapons; they were able also to fill their arsenals with rifles, artillery, and military stores; to command horses for their cavalry and transportation; to provide fleets of steamships, and blockade a coast of three thousand miles; and to place under the guns of Fort Fisher forty iron-clads impervious to shot, while they destroyed the ramparts, mines, and armaments of that bulwark of the Confederacy. The conflict began with empty coffers and a failing credit, but the treasury was soon replenished, and the credit of the nation restored so that it raised more than three thousand millions by loans, and, during the last year of the war, more than a thousand millions, half by loans and half by taxes, in a single season, — the greatest achievement in finance which history records. Nor was the country exhausted. The loyal States could have continued the struggle for years. So far were they from debility, that, in the three years which have succeeded, they have reduced their funded debt three hundred and fifty millions, their floating debt at least one hundred and fifty millions more, and their interest fifty millions in addition, and paved the way for a further diminution. Such is still our affluence, that, after repealing half the imposts of the war, the nation finds revenues sufficient to meet the interest of the debt, the bounties for the volunteers, and the pensions for the wounded and the orphans and widows of the honored dead.

Providence favored our country. It sent up the oil springs from their rocky cells to sustain our commerce and revenue; it gave us the placers of the Pacific, rich in gold and silver; prolific wheat-fields and pastures west of the Mississippi, and new exports in place

of cotton; and brought fortune to our manufactures in the diminished supply of cotton. Issuing our loans at par during the war and floating them on our expanding currency, we could reduce our interest, and change the option of renewal which we gave the creditor to options in favor of the nation.

Having shown our ability to raise one thousand millions in a single year, having preserved the unity and prestige of the nation, we have reduced our interest and expenses the present year to less than one third of the expenditure during the war, and may reduce it to a fourth of that amount in the coming year, while our growing population and wealth will lighten still further the charges of the war. Indeed, we may well hope that taxes on our vices, — as imposts on liquors and tobacco, — will alone meet the interest on our debt, and extinguish the principal before the close of the century.

In the long contest of England with Napoleon, she resorted, as we did, to a paper money, and nearly doubled her consols by issues at fifty to sixty-five per cent in a depreciated currency. We took the opposite course, issuing our loans at par in the shape of compound-interest notes, — seven-thirties, five-twenties, and certificates of indebtedness, — reserving the privilege of paying at an early day; and we may return to gold with a reduction of twenty per cent on the amount of our debt. Although we have realized more money than England, having diminished our debt since the war by taxes imposed during its continuance, we may now, in place of forty-two hundred millions, exhibit but twenty-five hundred millions of debt, one seventh of which bears no interest.

The South has suffered severely, but it already finds in the price of its cotton a return larger than it realized from both cotton and rice before the war; while the North, strong in its wool, wheat, corn, petroleum, minerals, railways, and factories, feels the effects of the war chiefly in the diminution of its shipping and in an irredeemable currency, — incidental effects of a protracted contest. In this posture of affairs the nation, after restoring the Southern States and giving equal rights to all its people, is about to enter upon the election of its rulers.

There naturally has been, and still is, a solicitude to lighten our taxes and to equalize our burdens; and doubtless, in some of the States, a few penurious men have sought to escape their just share of the taxes by investments in the public bonds. This solicitude and these evasions supply a little capital to the recreants who forsook our flag during the war, but now readily volunteer to fill the offices of the State, and exclude those who risked life and fortune for their country. They propose to the country, while it still wears the laurels it has won in war and finance, to rob the men who trusted it in its hour of trial, to withhold the interest it has promised them, or to pay in paper which it has reduced to a discount of twenty-four per cent, and which it can depreciate at its pleasure. It may well be presumed that the men who propose these steps have no confidence that either the House or the Senate will sanction such disreputable measures; they are doubtless designed to win the votes of the ignorant and degraded, and to carry them or their friends into office; but as they have been adopted by a party, and find some countenance among Radical leaders, it is well to glance at the arguments by which their baseness is defended: —

> "In law what plea so tainted and corrupt
> But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
> Obscures the show of evil. In religion
> What damned error but some sober brow
> Will bless it, and approve it with a text."

The men who favor such disgraceful measures urge that our bonds were issued in a depreciated currency; that, while they promise to pay the interest in gold, they are silent as to the way in which the principal shall be met; that other nations borrow at reduced rates of interest and impose taxes on their coupons. Let us examine the strength of these positions. If the currency was depreciated, by whom was it depreci-

ated? Was it the act of the debtor or of the creditor which depressed it? and who should suffer, the debtor, compelled by impending danger to make a discount on his notes, or the friend who took the risk of his paper? Can the man who has saved his life and fortune by the aid of his friend properly say to him? — I am greatly obliged to you for your aid, but I propose to deduct twenty-five per cent from my debt; it is true I am rich enough to pay ten times that amount, that no one else would trust me when you did, and that I fixed the rate of interest myself; still, you made your advances, not in gold, but in my own depreciated paper. — Is it a fact that gold or its equivalent was not given for most of the bonds of the United States? Of the whole amount of our national loans, there is reason to believe that two thousand millions were taken by the following classes, viz.: —

By Mortgagees,	$600,000,000
" Banks,	600,000,000
" Savings Banks,	200,000,000
" Officers and Soldiers,	200,000,000
" Ship-owners,	100,000,000
" Owners of horses, mules, and stores, early in the war,	300,000,000
	$2,000,000,000

If this be so, two thirds of the loans were taken by men who gave either gold or gold values for their securities. At the commencement of the war a large portion of our community was deeply indebted, and large amounts were lying in mortgages then overdue at six and seven per cent. As business contracted, and greenbacks came into use, the currency began to be affected, there was a wish to pay the mortgages with legal-tenders. The party who declined a tender risked his debt. To preserve his capital and income he invested the proceeds of his mortgages in government obligations.

In 1860 there were in the United States at least six million heads of families in a population of thirty-two millions. If we assume that they owed on the average two hundred dollars, or that every tenth man owed two thousand, the aggregate would exceed twelve hundred millions; and, if half these mortgages were paid during the war, the amount would be six hundred millions. This is, of course, but an approximation; it is, however, supported by the fact that the trustees of one estate in New York, holding in 1861 ten or fifteen mortgages, were required to receive more than half their loans, and invested the legal-tenders they received in national obligations.

There is good ground for the conclusion that six hundred millions lent in gold on mortgages was paid in greenbacks, and the proceeds invested in government securities.

As respects the banks: At the commencement of the war, their capital exceeded four hundred millions, and their loans, made in gold or its equivalent, were more than twice that amount. At least three fourths of these loans, when the national banks were organized, were called in, and reinvested at par in government securities. In this case the equivalent of gold was given for the national bonds to the extent of six hundred millions. Again, the Savings Banks, whose investments in two States, — New York and Massachusetts, — alone exceed two hundred millions, called in their loans, and invested at least that sum in national securities.

An equal amount was taken by officers and soldiers from the coffers of the nation in compound-interest notes, or was invested by them in other securities; they gave, often with their lives, a full equivalent. At least a hundred millions more were taken by the ship-owners, who were obliged, early in the war, to sell their ships abroad and invest the proceeds in bonds, because the nation gave them no adequate protection. From these the nation had its equivalent. And finally, in the early stages of the war, before paper had been seriously depreciated, tents, harnesses, provisions, mules, horses, and other necessaries were furnished, to at least the amount of three hundred millions, — or more than one twelfth of our whole expenditure, — and the proceeds invested in bonds.

There is good reason to presume that two thousand millions of our whole debt, a sum equal to the whole amount now funded, was issued for a full equivalent, while the residue, chiefly to contractors, was issued in compound notes or certificates of indebtedness, since in great part paid, while much of the remainder is outstanding in greenbacks, or has gone into the hands of our friends abroad. Most of our debt is held by banks or small capitalists, little by corporations or manufacturers enriched by the war. They took certificates of indebtedness, and, requiring their capital for their business, sold their securities. Mercantile credit was paralyzed by the war, and those who bought their certificates or compound notes have been already paid. The small capitalists, who have generally paid full prices, who have been compelled to live upon their interest and pay the high prices of the war, would be defrauded and impoverished, were they required to reduce the values they have paid to the depreciated rates of the government paper. How can these classes be made whole or requited, unless they are paid in a specie currency? and are they to suffer because manufacturers and contractors have realized profits in their transactions with government? Upon what ground are they to be classed as speculators in a depreciated currency?

But, were it true that the loans were made in a depreciated paper, was not the depreciation due to over-issues and to the war, and did not the lender take the risk of the war? were not the issues of greenbacks limited? and had we not a right to presume that a currency nowhere expressly sanctioned by the Constitution, and of questionable character, a mere temporary expedient, would cease with the struggle in which it originated?

Great Britain, when she returned to specie, not only carried her consols from fifty to par or gold, but has paid them at par in sovereigns; and this, too, with half the population, and less than one half the resources, the United States possess at the present moment. Pendleton and his associates, Hampton, Hill, Forrest, and Belmont, who have made a platform of cypress and cottonwood for the Democratic party, say there is no express promise to pay the principal of the five-twenties in gold, although the interest was thus payable.

The reason for this distinction was obvious; the interest was payable at once, while the principal would not be paid until the close of the war. The creditor was anxious that his interest should be paid in gold, not in greenbacks, the currency of the war. The Secretary of State had repeatedly promised that the war should be finished in less than six months. The agents of the loans and the Secretary of the Treasury assured them that the government would pay in gold, that the greenbacks were a temporary expedient.

Relying on these assurances and on the unvarying usage of the government for the last eighty years to pay in gold, people took the bonds; and the nation is now estopped from saying that it has a right to pay in paper which it can depreciate to such extent as a political faction may determine. It is urged that other nations pay less interest, and impose taxes on their coupons; but how does Holland obtain money at three and England at three and a quarter per cent? It is not by taxing interest; they have never resorted to such injustice, or allowed the debtor to reduce interest without the consent of his creditor. England exempts even from her light income tax of one and two thirds per cent the coupons of every man who resides out of Great Britain. And what is the condition of Austria and Italy, which have taxed their coupons, and justify the act upon the plea of necessity? While one taxes her five-per-cent bonds fifteen per cent, and the other imposes ten per cent on hers, the bonds of Italy sell at fifty-five, and those of Austria at sixty-five per cent in the London Exchange, — a just punishment for such tergiversations. Do we wish to put our nation, which has preserved its honor untarnished for

eighty years, through five wars, in the same financial category with that Austrian Empire which Webster so vividly portrayed? Will it be worldly wisdom for us, who have two thousand millions of debt to renew, to reduce it in value to fifty-five or even sixty-five per cent? How much shall we gain by paying in paper worth seventy-four in gold, if we bring down our loans from one hundred and ten to fifty-five per cent? And if, like Massachusetts, during the most trying period of the war, we can by a strict regard to honor, by a rigid adherence to punctuality in the payment of interest and principal in gold, obtain money at three and three fourths in gold, is this not preferable to taxing six per cent coupons unjustly and disgracefully down to five and forty one-hundredths? Does not simple honesty pay better than fraud or hypocrisy? Is it not painful to see a distinguished Senator resorting to compulsion, and proffering to the creditor, in discharge of his five-twenties, a bond at four or five per cent, payable in specie? Is it not humiliating to see the United States, in the flush of their youth and of a prosperity that surpasses that of any nation of the past or present age, placed for a moment in the attitude of an insolvent debtor in their dealing with the friends and supporters who stood by them, in the day of their trial? What else, however, should we expect from those who conspired to effect our ruin?

The condition of dismembered Austria, with an accumulating debt, is doubtless similar to that of impoverished Italy; and let us draw a parallel, for a moment, between the condition of Italy and that of the United States. In Italy, with twenty-eight millions of people, the imports are one hundred and ninety-five millions; the exports, one hundred and forty millions. In the United States, the exports, reduced to gold values, exceed the imports, and are triple those of Italy. In Italy, the average interest is seven and three fourths per cent. In the United States, the five per cents are at one hundred and seven dollars. In Italy, the revenue has been one hundred and sixty millions; the expense, two hundred millions; while the deficit in time of peace has been as large as one hundred millions. In Italy, the average income of two and a half millions of families is from fifty to one hundred dollars. In the United States the average income of eight million families exceeds one thousand dollars in gold.

For four years past our Minister of Finance has been a statesman. He has educed order from the confusion of the war, husbanded our means, studied our sources of income, and aided in removing those temporary burdens which, however necessary in the hour of peril, on the return of peace bore heavily on the commerce of the nation. He has paved the way for a return to specie. He has faithfully fulfilled the obligations of the nation. He has urged the withdrawal of our depreciated paper, and an early return to gold. Under his administration our debt has been reduced a fifth, our interest a third, our taxes nearly or quite a half; and, under his guidance, the nation will soon reduce its tariff, and meet its interest with diminished taxes on liquors and tobacco. With a religious adherence to our engagements, our interest is fast falling to four and one half per cent and to an aggregate of one hundred millions. In this posture of affairs, the Pendletonians come forward with a new programme, as unsound as their other theory, that the debt is to be taxed, and both principal and interest to be paid in depreciated paper. The Pendletonian policy is developed in the Sunday Courier of Boston, a Democratic paper, as well as on the Democratic platform. The first step is to be the suppression of the Freedmen's Bureau; but this has already performed its mission of mercy in guiding the colored race, suddenly raised from servitude to freedom, through a state of transition, and terminates with the current year, before the Pendleton party, if successful, can be placed in power. The second measure shadowed forth is the extinction of the right of

suffrage on the part of the negro, and his exclusion from the militia.

It may well be asked whether it will be politic for the nation to disarm and disfranchise a race thoroughly loyal, because they have been prevented by their masters from acquiring education or property, and to allow them no voice in the choice of their rulers, or in the defence of their homes, when we have within ten years seen the rulers of Louisiana reduce to slavery the free French and Spanish Creoles, whose rights were guaranteed under our treaties with France; when we have seen South Carolina send to prison the colored freemen of both Old England and New England, because an African sun had given a dark shade to their complexion; when we have seen all access to the courts denied to the black prisoner; when our highest court of judicature has determined that a black was not a man, but a chattel. Such questions will be discussed elsewhere. Let us confine this discussion to measures of finance.

According to the Courier, Mr. Pendleton proposes to issue three hundred millions more of depreciated paper, and with this to extinguish the bank-notes, and cancel an equal amount of bonds, pledged for the bank-notes. He promises thus to save twenty millions yearly. Let us analyze this measure, and point out the fallacies on which it rests. In the first place, a large portion of these bonds are at five per cent, and the aggregate interest is but sixteen and a half millions; here is a deficit of more than three millions annually in the amount of saving. Again, these bonds are not due, and they command, on the average, ten per cent premium; and here we find a further deficiency of thirty millions, or at least a million and a half of interest yearly. Thus the apparent saving is reduced to fifteen millions yearly; and, if we remove all unnecessary taxes, as Congress proposes, in the interest of commerce, we extinguish Mr. Pendleton's surplus of forty-eight millions more, which he would convert, with his twenty millions, into a hundred million of currency by selling gold at forty per cent premium. But his sixty-eight millions — did they exist — would, at forty per cent, produce but ninety-five millions; and here we have a further deficit of five millions annually. By this process, the whole hundred millions a year, with which he proposes in fourteen years to extinguish the debt, subsides to fifteen millions a year in gold, or twenty millions a year for the present in currency. Let us pursue his fallacies a little further. He assumes that, for fourteen years to come, we are to have an irredeemable currency, and to sell our gold at forty per cent premium, when intelligent merchants and skilful financiers believe that within two years we may return to specie. Is the Pendleton era to be the golden age of Democracy, of which Old Bullion used to write and speak? Is irredeemable paper the same currency for the creditor and the people set forth in the new platform? We have funded our floating debt, except the greenbacks, within a year, and might fund them in compound notes at three per cent. We are throwing our whole interest on liquors and tobacco, and our pensions on stamps and licenses. What impediment, then, remains to be surmounted on the way to specie? Before specie payments, the fourteen years' term of national insolvency — the dream of Mr. Pendleton — will vanish, and leave him with but fifteen millions of possible annual saving. But if the bank circulation is redeemed as Mr. Pendleton proposes, what becomes of the tax of one per cent on bank circulation, or three million dollars, which the nation has for some years collected? or the additional tax of one per cent more, which the House has voted, making an aggregate of six million dollars? If we deduct these, the saving, which was in fourteen years to pay our debt, falls to nine million dollars a year. But this is not all; if the bonds are cancelled, we lose also the five per cent which the fifteen millions pay to the income tax, and thus reduce the imaginary saving to eight and a quarter millions. And

how insignificant does this saving, accomplished by harsh and unjust measures, appear, when we contrast it with the saving, which the punctual payment of our interest in gold will effect, by reducing the annual interest on eighteen hundred millions from six to four and a half per cent, — a legitimate annual saving of twenty-seven millions in place of eight and a quarter millions. The difference alone would, before the close of the century, nearly extinguish our indebtedness.

But the Pendleton theory is based on another fallacy, — the fallacy of continuing onerous taxes, like those on incomes, railways, premiums of insurance, and excessive duties, — serious checks to our comfort and commerce, — during fourteen years to come, for the mere purpose of paying the principal of our debt. Why pay this debt with such unequal taxes, when the reduced taxes on liquors and tobacco alone will, in the last three decades of the present century, pay both interest and principal. But then it is proposed, on the Pendleton platform, to tax the debt ten per cent. How are such taxes to be imposed? By the express terms of the loan acts, the States are forbidden to tax the public debt, and the Supreme Court has sustained the prohibition.

The States cannot tax; and how is the nation, after making an express contract with its creditors, — who may reside in some foreign country, — to pay a specific rate of interest, at liberty as a debtor to reduce it, by tax or legislation, to either five, four, three, two, or one per cent, or to extinguish it altogether? If it is at liberty to do the one, it is free to do the other. Who shall prescribe the limits? When it contracted, did it receive the power either to reduce the standard of value or the rate of interest? If local courts have no power to restrain, — and this is by no means conceded, — would it be justified in the court of nations, or before Heaven, or in the eyes of its own subjects, in such repudiation? Let us personify the United States by a prosperous merchant, carried through adverse times by friends, both at home and abroad, who have poured their treasures into his lap, and taken his notes of uncertain value at his own offers. Let us imagine him restored to prosperity, in affluent circumstances, and, while placed himself beyond the reach of the sheriff, forgetful of honor and of future contingencies, insisting, like a fraudulent debtor, that his friends shall reduce the interest he volunteered to pay, and lose a fourth of their principal. This is the Pendleton theory, the cypress or cottonwood plank, of the new platform. The cry of "Tax the national debt; pay the bonds in paper!" may, like a passing breeze, fill the sails of a few time-serving politicians, and may delude the ignorant, and float incompetency into office; but this can never be the policy of a great nation, which, for eighty years, has preserved its honor and its prestige, and, from the days of Hamilton to the present hour, has been faithful to its creditors. The country cannot afford to lose its financial credit; it is an element of power, — its great *corps de réserve* in the future. We may expect insidious attacks on our credit from those who have felt the weight of this power; but the true patriot would resign our rifles and iron-clads sooner than our national credit.

Payment of the Debt.

There is no occasion at present to pay the debt bearing interest. For twenty years to come we have the option to pay most of it at our pleasure, at rates averaging five and three fourths per cent; while Austria and Italy, on whose level our Pendleton politicians would place us, pay seven and three fourths per cent, — not levied on a rich population like ours, but on a people impoverished by ages of oppression.

The silent operation of our imposts on liquors and tobacco will, without effort on our part, soon meet our interest, and provide a sinking fund for the principal. Stamps, licenses, and bank circulation will pay for pensions and the instruction of the negro; and customs under a reduced tariff will meet,

as before the war, the current expenses of the nation. We require our growing capital, not for the extinction of our debt, but for the development of our industry and for diversity of employment.

The war has injured certain branches of industry which require renovation. It has swept away horses and mules for cavalry, artillery, and wagons; it has diminished our animal force, while it has increased our mechanism. It has taken for rations many of our Western cattle, replacing them by twelve millions of sheep, and converting grass land into wheat-fields. Consequently, horses are dear, and beef and dairy products command unwonted prices, while our wheat product is exuberant. It has checked the construction of ships, steamers, factories, houses, piers, and public improvements. Agriculture and commerce demand more facilities, and Young America requires new homes and workshops. While the war has given an impulse to mining, and lowered the price of coal — if we reduce paper to gold — to the prices current before the war; while it has nearly doubled the manufacture of wool, and given us mills and machinery sufficient to spin and to weave as much wool as England converts into cloth, it has given a check to cotton. While it has opened the ore-beds of Lake Superior, that now yield seven hundred thousand tons of rich magnetic ore, and has carried the yearly manufacture of pig-iron from one to two millions of tons, and extended our railways to forty-four thousand miles, and convinced us that we may pursue successfully the manufacture of linen, worsteds, silks, alpacas, and fabrics of jute and mohair, it has shown us the necessity of many more public improvements to carry food and raw material to our factories or to points of shipment.

The great object of the statesman now should be, not to trifle with the debt, but to remove burdens, to extend our agriculture, cherish and diversify our manufactures, revive commerce and ship-building by a return to specie, and the extinction of those war duties which were imposed to counterbalance the taxes we have removed from manufactures.

This is the province of the true statesman, — this is what the true interest of the nation imperatively demands. First, let us have no national taxes that can be dispensed with, no taxes on locomotion or on insurance, and no invasions of our privacy to tax the incomes of trades and professions, with which our industry creates taxable capital. Second, let us, instead of increasing our war tariff, at once remove all prohibitory and excessive duties.

Before the war, our tariff averaged less than fifteen per cent on all our importations. It has been raised to an average of more than forty-five per cent. How has this been effected? First, by new taxes on tea and coffee, and by increased imposts on other groceries, which now yield nearly sixty millions, — nearly as much as our whole return from customs before the insurrection. These doubtless carried the average of our duties to nearly thirty per cent; and most of those which have been judiciously fixed by our Revenue Commissioner, Mr. Wells, it will doubtless be politic to retain, although it might be well to reduce the duties on tea and spices to specific rates, not exceeding sixty per cent, for both tea and spices are coming in free from Canada.

Duties on fruits and raw materials, and counteracting duties on manufactures to aid the home produce, have carried the average of our tariff from thirty to more than forty-five per cent, and most of this excess should be repealed. Let us refer for illustration to the duties on fruit, salt, wool, woollens, coal, and iron. We have many ships, and should have more, in the trade with the Mediterranean. Liverpool alone, in the last twenty years, abandoning a fleet of schooners, has put eighty thousand tons of screw steamers into the Mediterranean trade, and her imports and exports in this commerce now exceed a million of tons yearly. We send from Boston and New York many

barks and brigs through the Straits, laden with fish, flour, alcohol, oil, lard, provisions, cotton goods, dye-woods, sugar, and coffee, and returning with fruit, salt, wool, dye-stuffs, saltpetre, and materials for our manufactures. The fruit and the salt are sent westward as far as the Missouri, and are of great value both to health and agriculture.

Is it politic to tax either of these articles, on which we now place duties ranging from twenty-five to two hundred per cent? The return freight on fruit and salt lightens the charges on exports of our own products, and our imports enable us to export. If salt in Sicily or Spain is made by solar heat at ten cents per hundred pounds, is it our true policy to tax it two hundred per cent, to enable a few owners of salt-springs to convert a weak lime into an inferior salt, for preserving beef and pork, by the waste of our forests and coal-beds? Do not our railways thus also lose an important item of return freight? and is it not the policy of our nation, instead of forcing these springs into an unnatural production, to keep them as reserves for time of war, and to stimulate our farms, railways, ships, exports and imports, by a natural and enriching commerce?

As respects coal, iron, wool, and woollens, we have tried the experiment of excessive duties, and what is the result? We have over-stimulated coal by a duty of a hundred per cent on the foreign article, and thus made our coal-mines unprofitable. We are doing the same with iron. The ore of Michigan is crowding that of Pennsylvania. The wages of her iron-workers have been carried above those of judges and governors, and the manufacturers and shipwrights of the East, who require iron at the lowest price for their boilers and engines to compete with those of Europe, and can best supply their wants from the iron which returns in the vessels carrying out our wheat, flour, and provisions, are deterred, by the high price of iron, from building ships and factories. Last year, we unwisely placed a duty on wool and a compensating duty on woollens. What is the result? We have lost and are losing our export trade in flour, fish, lumber, and provisions to Africa, Australia, and the valley of the La Plata, while the tailors of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia supply the wardrobes of a large part of New York and New England; the high prices of cheese and butter are thinning the flocks of Vermont and Ohio, while neither Texas nor California, where the sheep roam through the year in rich pastures, demand protection. Indeed, the idea of protecting agricultures by duties, in a country which gives its land to settlers, contrasts strangely with the policy of England, France, and Belgium, which have repealed all duties on wool, although they maintain twice as many sheep as we do, and this, too, on land worth four hundred dollars per acre. Let us repeal all duties on salt, fruit, and raw material, and impose no duties on manufactures exceeding thirty-five per cent, and make those specific.

Third, let us return to specie and welcome again a gold currency, assimilated to that of France as recommended by that distinguished statesman, the Hon. S. B. Ruggles, — to whom we owe the enlargement of the Erie Canal, — and let us have the French system of weights and measures. The war is over, and it is time to discard an irredeemable currency debased and degraded by our over-issues. Why should we wear longer the badge of insolvency, and be at the mercy of the Jews of the gold-board to-day and of the sales of the Treasury to-morrow? We pay for the risk of a decline in gold in all our purchases. The accountant, the clerk, the clergyman, and often the laborer, suffer from the depreciation. Why are rents and goods so dear? and why do we abandon our mission on the ocean? It is because we dare not build the houses, stores, factories, and ships that are required, for fear of a fall in value when the currency rises to par. Our traditions are all in favor of an early return to specie; for when in former days the banks suspended, Boston

and New York, by an early resumption recovered their prosperity, while Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati were seriously injured by a continued suspension. The return to specie within a reasonable period can be effected by contraction, and that contraction would be almost imperceptible were Congress to impose a tax of two per cent on bank circulation, and for a year to come, as the internal taxes are paid, convert each greenback into a compound-interest note at three per cent, payable in three years, in cash or five per cent securities, and convertible into four per cent bonds at thirty years, free from all taxation. Such compound notes like those issued during the war, for which we may thank the Hon. Amasa Walker, would be self-funding, and almost imperceptibly carry us back to a specie standard, while the tax on bank circulation and deposits would meet the three per cent interest.

Subsidies and Remission of Duty.

We must recover our navigation, the loss of which is one of the painful incidents of the war, and of the unfriendly policy of England. Had England discharged the duties which international law imposes on neutral nations, had she stopped the cruisers built in her ports or arrested them when they took refuge in her colonies, our shipping, which once equalled that of the whole British Empire, would not to-day be reduced to one half of the tonnage of Great Britian. We cannot resign our strength upon the ocean. Without it we could not have preserved the unity of the nation: it was one of the chief elements of our power; but now, while Great Britain has seven and a quarter million tons of shipping, we have less than three and a half millions, though it is true that we have sold many of our ships, most of which sail under the British flag. We must remember that iron and coal are cheap in Great Britain and dear with us, that Great Britain holds a million tons of fast steamers, each of which is equivalent to four or five ships in its freight-carrying power; and, if we do not intend to wean our masters, mates, and sailors from the sea, we must begin at once the construction of new steamers. How is this to be done? How has it been done by England and France? It has been accomplished by subsidies, by a very trifling annual expenditure for the carriage of the mails, to which we contribute largely, and which has not in the case of either nation, thus far, much exceeded the receipts from foreign letters, and in the case of England has been met by the profits of the penny postage. Great Britain thus maintains more than two hundred and fifty fine steamships, averaging two thousand tons, has seventeen lines running to America, making thirteen hundred and twenty-two passages yearly, and holds them always officered, manned, and equipped, and ready for conversion into steam frigates. During the war of the Crimea and her difficulties with this country, and her recent war with Abyssinia, she actually used a large part of them as despatch-frigates and steam-transports for troops and military stores, and other naval offices. They constitute the vanguard, the most efficient fleet of the British navy. We must, and soon, have such steamships. Great Britain pays from one dollar to two and a half dollars, and France three dollars, per mile for her mail service. By paying less than France has found it necessary to pay, and giving the effective protection Great Britain gives to her shipping in freedom from taxes by a remission of five to ten dollars per ton in gold on each new ship, to cover the extra cost due to duties, we may compete with European steamers. On the ocean there can be no protection; we must enter the contest on equal terms, and then we may safely rely on the genius, education, and courage and inventive power of our mariners for success. The West is most deeply interested in this question. To construct, maintain, and navigate a tonnage equal to that of the British Empire would require a maritime population of four millions, who would

consume the surplus products of at least six millions devoted to agriculture. But if we resign the ocean to Europe, would not most of the four millions be absorbed by agriculture? and where would the ten millions find a market for their surplus?

Agriculture, manufactures, and public safety demand the restoration of our shipping.

Relations with Great Britain.

The restoration of amity with Great Britain is of the utmost importance to both nations. It is not merely the amount of our claim and interest, now seven millions sterling, a large portion of which is held by English Insurance Companies, that is involved, but great interests of both nations suffer from the questions between them, and the British Provinces suffer more than either nation. While Great Britain asserts her claim to San Juan, denies compensation for all our losses, even for the ships of our whalemen, burned in time of peace by her cruisers in the Arctic Sea, and declines to punish any of her pirates, who return to her ports after their ravages on the deep; while she seeks to awe the United States by military roads and new batteries at Halifax and Victoria; while she arrests our naturalized citizens, and claims their allegiance after she has banished them from her soil and we have adopted them, — hostile tariffs, consular fees, and interdicts must succeed to moderate duties and treaties of reciprocity. Great Britain requires the wheat of California and Minnesota, the corn, beef, and pork of Illinois, the petroleum, bark, and clover-seed of Pennsylvania, at least thirty thousand tons of the cheese of New York and New England, and the market which eight millions of prosperous families afford. We require her metals, chemicals, and other products. We need the fisherman's salt, wood, and timber, the herrings, alewives, salmon, eggs, cattle, wool, barley, white wheat, and potatoes of Canada; and Canada needs our corn, tobacco, pork, carriages, coal, and manufactures. The townships which lie between the St. Lawrence and New England can best supply our factory towns with hay, oats, barley, cattle, horses, and potatoes in exchange for the products of New England. England has ever held her colonies with tenacity, but her American Provinces have now grown to man's estate; she has abandoned her colonial system, and draws her pine and spruce chiefly from Norway; she gives her colonists no priority in her markets. They have few interests in common with her; for the last decade their trade has been chiefly with us, and not with each other. Nova Scotia is commercial; New Brunswick is devoted to ship-building and lumber; Canada and Prince Edward Island are agricultural. While they might easily enter as States into our republic, they are not homogeneous, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would be powerless in Canada. At the present moment Great Britain incurs an annual expense of four or five millions sterling to protect them from the Fenians, and derives from their trade no equivalent for the outlay. As members of our Union they would partake of a coasting-trade we cannot concede to British subjects, and enjoy the free trade of a continent. If our debt is larger than theirs, our wealth, population, and resources are proportionate to our interest. The possession of the Provinces weakens Great Britain: it would add to the strength and commerce of our Union. It would bring to us an amount of shipping which would compensate for two thirds of our losses by the war. In the century which expires in 1869 our population will have increased from two and a half millions to forty millions, or sixteen fold. In another century, at this rate of increase, our population will exceed that of China and require the entire continent. We now hold Maine and Alaska, which overlap the territory of Great Britain, and we already require the forests and arable lands of British America.

Nearly the whole of British America

from Lake Superior to the Pacific is now held by the Hudson Bay Company as a hunting-field, and yields it a revenue of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars only, or five per cent less than the cost of Alaska. What a field is there found for Secretary Seward! Were British America annexed, we should require no barriers or custom-houses from Quebec to Sitka, and should save in the revenue we now lose by smuggling and custom-house expenses the interest of twice the cost of Alaska. Is not the acquisition of British America and the admission of the Provinces as States of our Union the true solution of our questions with Great Britain? Were the Provinces members of our Union, we should at once relinquish the Intercolonial Railway through the wilds of New Brunswick, and complete the European and American line from Halifax and Louisburg to Bangor, and thus reduce to six days the run from the Cove of Cork to Boston, and reach Japan in four weeks from London. We should at once deepen the canals of the St. Lawrence, make a ship-canal around Niagara, carry the navigable waters of the St. Lawrence into Lake Champlain, and join hand in hand with the people of the Provinces in opening the railway from Lake Superior to the Red River of the North and the forks of the Missouri. Thus should we open to commerce the great wheat-fields of the Assiniboin, Saskatchewan, and Peace Rivers, where the elk and buffalo of the plains now resort to calve and winter.

A ton of sugar is now carried from Boston to Chicago, *via* Ogdensburg, for six dollars, and may be taken for the same rate to the head of Lake Superior; with a direct railway finished to the Red River, wheat may at this rate be taken from the valley of the Saskatchewan to Boston or New York for twenty-five cents a bushel. The prolific West requires new avenues to the seaboard; and the cheapest route is by propellers to the foot of Lake Ontario, and thence by rail to the sea-shore.

Export of Wheat.

Under the census of 1860, our annual yield of Indian corn was returned as eight hundred and thirty-six millions of bushels; while wheat was comparatively deficient, — actually less by one third than the yield of France, as it was but one hundred and seventy-two millions of bushels in 1859, the year preceding the census. It gave us, however, seventeen millions of bushels in grain and flour for exportation in 1860. Since 1859, the high price of flour has stimulated production; new farms have been opened, and new railways built in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and the culture of wheat has become more profitable than the gold-mines in California; and this year, with a propitious season, our crop of wheat is rated at nearly three hundred millions of bushels, which should give a surplus of one hundred millions of bushels for exportation. Nor have we yet reached the maximum of production. The land and climate of Minnesota, on the route of the North Pacific, the valleys of the Red River of the North, the Assiniboin and Saskatchewan Rivers are adapted to winter wheat, and give larger and surer crops than Ohio or Illinois. A short railway of two hundred and fifty miles from the head of Lake Superior to the Red River, which may be built for half the money paid out in dividends at Boston on the first of July, would open to commerce those valleys, and permit the delivery of their wheat at a freight of thirty cents a bushel in Boston. In the rich valleys and on the fertile hillsides of California, wheat yields, without fertilizers, more than fifty bushels to the acre; and a single man, with the aid of improved mechanism, — reapers, drums, and threshers, — raises five thousand bushels. There ten farmers, or one farmer with nine assistants, can load a ship of a thousand tons with wheat costing the farmer but twenty-five cents per bushel; and, at one time last spring, there were one hundred and fifty ships on their way from San Francisco to the Atlantic

ports, laden with seven million bushels of wheat; the only check to production being a deficiency of ships, and the circuit by Cape Horn, which allows a ship to make but one voyage to the year. Were a canal cut through the Isthmus, each ship could make two voyages in a year, and, with the screw, each ship could make five voyages, in place of two, each season to New York. So large is the area fit for wheat-fields in California and Oregon, that, after reserving ample space for vineyards and sheep-walks, which nearly equal the culture of wheat in importance, twenty thousand men, — actually less than the emigration of a single year, — could produce there annually a hundred millions of bushels, on three thousand square miles, near navigable waters, and load two thousand ships, of one thousand tons, with wheat. One fourth of these ships might be built annually on the coasts of California, Oregon, the Straits of Fuca and Alaska; for there the towering pines and cedars stand waiting for the shipwrights on the very sea-shore, and the first freight of wheat would suffice to pay one third of the cost of construction.

A nation like ours, with a front on each ocean, and such resources, should, by due concessions and subsidies, set the shipwright in motion, and should connect the two oceans. As far back as the seventeenth century Scotland founded the Colony of Darien, and raised five hundred thousand pounds to open a ship-canal. The route was traced by Patterson, the founder of the Bank of England, and here, he wrote, was "the Gate of the Universe"; but the colony and the enterprise were ruined by the jealousy of both Spain and England. Here, as Admiral Davis reports to Congress, is the true route for a ship-canal of but twenty miles, between deep and spacious harbors, where neither tunnels nor lockage are required, and where but a single ridge, whose ravines rise to an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet, intervenes between ocean and ocean. It can in all probability be made for less than one third the cost of the ship-canal which France and Egypt are opening across the Isthmus of Suez, a hundred miles long, a hundred yards wide, and ten in depth; and the whole cost might be defrayed by the light tax on oil, which the House voted a few days since, or by the assessment proposed on bank circulation as a compensation for exclusive privileges.

The Pacific Railway is a reproductive investment. It makes dividends to its originators even before it is finished, and will carry hosts of travellers, specie, silks, teas, spices, dry goods, boots and shoes, and local freight. The Panama Railway earns regularly twenty per cent. The canal will pay at least as well as the railways. The nation will derive more benefit from its expenditures on such enterprises than from any pitiful attempt to compel its creditors to take paper in place of gold, or to force a reduction of interest. It is preposterous for the nation, after its triumph, in its hour of prosperity, to assume the attitude of the insolvent, — as preposterous as it would be for Belmont, Stewart, or Astor, after having made a little discount on paper during a revulsion which had ended, to call their creditors together, if they have any, and propose a compromise.

PANDORA.

ITALY, loved of the sun,
Wooed of the sweet winds and wed by the sea,
When, since the nations begun,
Was other inheritance like unto thee?

Splendors of sunshine and snows
Flash from thy peaks to thy bath in the brine;
Thine are the daisy and rose,
The grace of the palm and the strength of the pine:

Orchard and harvested plain;
Lakes, by the touch of the tempest unstirred;
Dells where the Dryads remain,
And mountains that rise to a music unheard!

Generous gods, at thy birth,
Heaped on thy cradle with prodigal hand
Gifts, and the darling of earth
Art thou, and wast ever, O ravishing land!

Strength from the Thunderer came,
Pride from the goddess that governs his board;
While, in his forges of flame,
Hephæstus attempered thine armor and sword.

Lo! Aphrodite her zone,
Winning all love to thy loveliness, gave;
Leaving her Paphian throne
To breathe on thy mountains and brighten thy wave.

Bacchus the urns of his wine
Gave, and the festivals crowning thy toil;
Ceres, the mother divine,
Bestowed on thee bounties of corn and of oil.

Phœbus the songs that inspire,
Caught from the airs of Olympus, conferred;
Hermes, the sweetness and fire
That pierce in the charm of the eloquent word.

So were thy graces complete;
Yea, and, though ruined, they fascinate now:
Beautiful still are thy feet,
And girt with the gold of lost lordship thy brow.

Ah! but the gods, the malign,
Cruel in bounty and blessing to smite,
Mixed with thy dowries divine
The gifts that dethrone and the beauties that blight.

Thine was the marvellous box,
Filled with the evils let loose in the past:
Thine is the charm that unlocks
The spirits that flatter and cheat us at last.

Life, from thy symmetry fed,
Shrinks from encounter that makes it supreme;
Gropes in the dust of thy dead
Till Faith is a legend, and Freedom a dream!

Mysteries flow from thy lips,
Subtle to fetter the soul, and betray:
Lieth the world in eclipse
Of thy shadow, and not in the light of thy day!

Thou, that assumest to lead,
Holding the truth and the keys of the skies,
Art the usurpress indeed,
And rulest thy sons with a sceptre of lies.

Spirit of beauty and woe,
Clad with delusions more lovely than truth,
In thy decrepitude show
The ills that were hid in thy splendor of youth.

Teach us thy charms to resist,
Siren, so potent to bind and control:
Stain not the lips thou hast kissed,
But let us enjoy thee in freedom of soul!

Let us accept what thou hast, —
Sovereign beauty, and phantoms of fame, —
Choose from thy Present and Past
The noblest and purest, nor share in thy shame.

Thus shall we yield, and o'ercome;
Conquer while loving thee, — love, but withstand:
Then, though thy children be dumb,
Our songs shall remember thee, ravishing land!

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Myths of the New World: a Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America. By DANIEL G. BRINTON, A. M., M. D., Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

THE thoughtful general reader, for whom, rather than the antiquary, Dr. Brinton professes to have written his book, must be pleased with the sensibleness which is one of its prominent characteristics. In the treatment of the myths of the New World there was occasion for so great critical dryness, and so much uncritical and credulous sentimentality, that we confess ourselves rather surprised than otherwise to find them handled entertainingly, and discussed with sympathy and candor, and in a tone at once moderate and confident. The field of inquiry extends over the whole hemisphere, but it has been so conscientiously and carefully wrought, that there is little confusion in the presentation of results; all extraneous growths have been weeded out, and the Red Race's idea of the supernatural is given as distinctly and fully as it can be evolved from the vague and varying traditions and records of the past. Of course, an end is made of many popular illusions concerning the religion of the aborigines, and there is sad havoc of authorities: the Great Spirit turns out an effort of the native imagination to conceive of the white man's God, and Mr. Schoolcraft is mentioned as a man of "deficient education and narrow prejudices, pompous in style and inaccurate in statement," and his famous work as a "monument of American extravagance and superficiality," while Hiawatha appears a recent and "wholly spurious myth." These great landmarks in Indian symbolism being overthrown, the general reader drifts helplessly upon the course of their fables, and quite at Dr. Brinton's mercy.

A very large part of their supernaturalism is the reverberation of the misunderstood sermons of missionaries; but when this is rejected the indigenous mythology still makes a respectable figure. Much of what remains is very beautiful, and some of it very significant; but as it was usually distinct from ideas and systems of morality, it may be doubted whether the burden of his own proof is not against the proposition that Dr. Brinton seeks to establish, and whether any of its qualities did much to elevate the red race; though there is no question that its cruel and revolting forms of worship tended to degrade them. For the most part the weak ethical instincts of humanity seem to have been powerless before superstitions pointing to a future in which the place of the soul was fixed, not by its good or bad acts, but by the nature of the body's last sickness, and teaching gods who ruled in fear, and knew neither right nor wrong, but only offerings and self-sacrifice in their worshipper; and even where the Indians, as in Peru and Mexico, had a civic life better than their creed, their creed still stained their civilization with horrible crimes and infamies, or prepared it to fall at the first blow from without.

According to Dr. Brinton, there never was a race so universally and so cunningly priest-ridden as our aborigines. These savages who had so vague and intangible a theology that it has often been doubted whether they believed at all in a future state, had a very complex supernaturalism, and a priesthood skilled far beyond our revivalists in appealing to the imagination and emotions. But in establishing this fact Dr. Brinton is very far from assenting to the doubt which chiefly renders it remarkable. On the contrary, he asserts in the most decided terms the belief of all the American tribes in a hereafter, and denies that it was really wanting even in those poor Pend d'Oreilles to whom the Catholic missionaries could convey an idea of the soul only by describing it as "a gut that never rotted," while other Oregon tribes, who attribute a spirit to every member of the body, the Algonkins and Iroquois, who give each man two souls, and those Dakotas who give him four, afford our author almost a riotous abundance of proof for his argument. Indeed, unless we are to hold as utterly meaningless the burial customs of all the tribes, and as wholly false all the accounts of Peruvian and Mexican ceremonies pertaining to the dead and dying, we must grant Dr. Brinton's claim on behalf of the existence of an aboriginal

hereafter, with its paradise in the sun, and its curious subdivisions into heavens and hells appropriate to the complaint or act by which the soul was separated from the body.

A very interesting part of this book is that in which the author treats of the origin of the world and of man as he finds the idea in the uncorrupted myths of the aborigines. The native imagination never grasped the notion of creation. Matter, for them, always existed; but there was a fabulous period when a flood of waters hid everything, and when the dry land began to emerge. Back of this period they could not go; yet they had no trouble in supposing an end of matter, and they had no clearer belief than that of the destruction of the world, of a last day, and of a resurrection of the dead. All their myths teach more or less directly that man was not growth from lower animal life or from vegetable life, but "a direct product from the great creative power."

Dr. Brinton examines at length into the nature of those myths by virtue of which the cardinal points of the compass and the number four became sacred to the aborigines, and by which the Cross became the symbol of the east, west, north, and south, as widely and universally employed as the knowledge of these points.

"The Catholic missionaries found it was no new object of adoration to the red race, and were in doubt whether to ascribe the fact to the pious labors of Saint Thomas or the sacrilegious subtlety of Satan. It was the central object in the great temple of Cozumel, and is still preserved on the basreliefs of the ruined city of Palenque. From time immemorial it had received the prayers and sacrifices of the Aztecs and Toltecs, and was suspended as an august emblem from the walls of temples in Popoyan and Cundinamarca. In the Mexican tongue it bore the significant and worthy name 'Tree of our Life,' or 'Tree of our Flesh' (*Tonacaquahuitl*). It represented the god of rains and of health, and this was everywhere its simple meaning. 'Those of Yucatan,' say the chroniclers, 'prayed to the cross as the god of rains when they needed water.' The Aztec goddess of rains bore one in her hand, and at the feast celebrated to her honor in the early spring victims were nailed to a cross and shot with arrows. Quetzalcoatl, god of the winds, bore as his sign of office 'a mace like the cross of a bishop'; his robe was covered with them strown like flowers, and its adoration was throughout connected with his worship. When the Muyscas would sacrifice to the goddess of waters, they extended cords across the tranquil depths of some lake, thus forming a gigantic cross, and at their point of intersection threw in their offerings of gold, emeralds, and precious oils. The arms of the cross were designed to point to the cardinal points and represent the four winds, the rain-bringers. To confirm this explanation, let us have recourse to the simpler ceremonies of the less cultivated tribes, and see the transparent meaning of the symbol as they employed it.

"When the rain-maker of the Lenni Lenape would exert his power, he retired to some secluded spot and drew upon the earth the figure of a cross, (its arms toward the cardinal points?) placed upon it a piece of tobacco, a gourd, a bit of some red stuff, and commenced to cry aloud to the spirits of the rains. The Creeks at the festival of the Busk celebrated, as we have seen, to the four winds, and, according to their legends instituted by them, commenced with making the new fire. The manner of this was 'to place four logs in the centre of the square, end to end, forming a cross, the outer ends pointing to the cardinal points; in the centre of the cross the new fire is made.'

"As the emblem of the winds who dispense the fertilizing showers it is emphatically the tree of our life, our subsistence, and our health. It never had any other meaning in America, and if, as has been said, the tombs of the Mexicans were cruciform, it was perhaps with reference to a resurrection and a future life as portrayed under this symbol, indicating that the buried body would rise by the action of the four spirits of the world, as the buried seed takes on a new existence when watered by the vernal showers. It frequently recurs in the ancient Egyptian writings, where it is interpreted *life;* doubtless, could we trace the hieroglyph to its source, it would likewise prove to be derived from the four winds."

Throughout Dr. Brinton's work there is a prevalent synthetic effort, by which the varying forms of the aboriginal myths are brought to one expression, and the ruder traditions are made to approach their interpretation through the perfected symbolism of the civilized Mexicans and Peruvians. Here, as nearly everywhere else, the author has most readers in his power; but we

have a conviction that he does not abuse his power. In any case, the result is in many respects absolutely satisfactory. Something is evoked from chaos, that commends itself both to the reason and the fancy, and makes Dr. Brinton's book a very entertaining one; and that doubt, scarcely more merciful than atheism, whether man might not somewhere be destitute of belief in God and his own immortality, is removed, so far as concerns the Americans. Their supernaturalism included both ideas, and from it all our author evolves his opinion that the supreme deity of the red race was a not less pure and spiritual essence than Light. Their God, however, destroyed them, for always connected with belief in him was their faith in that immemorable tradition which taught that out of his home, the east, should come a white race to conquer and possess their land, and to which Dr. Brinton is not alone, nor too daring, in attributing the collapse of powers and civilizations like those of Peru and Mexico before a handful of Spanish adventurers.

Hans Breitmann's Party. With other Ballads. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

THE reader laughs at the fantastic drollery of these ballads, and, acknowledging the genuineness of the humor, cannot help wishing that it had a wider range and a securer means of expression. Its instrument is not a dialect or patois characterizing a race or locality, but merely the broken English of the half-Americanized German fellow-citizen, which varies according to accident or individual clumsiness, and is not nearly so fixed in form, or so descriptive of generic facts and ideas, as the Irish brogue. We own it is funny; and for once it did very well. Indeed, few American poems have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of Hans Breitmann's Party. It is one of those perennials, which, when not blossoming in the newspapers, are carefully preserved in many scrap-books, and, worn down to the quick with handling, and with only enough paper and print about them to protect the immortal germ, are carried round in infinite waistcoat-pockets. The other ballads here printed with it are a good deal like it, and betray not so much a several inspiration, as a growth from its success. They celebrate chiefly the warlike career of Hans Breitmann, who, many years after his famous "Barty," is

> "All goned afay mit de Lager Beer
> Afay in de ewigkeit,"

appears in a personal combat with a reprobate son among the rebels, and as a raider in Maryland, and finally as a bummer in the train of Sherman's army. While doing duty in the latter quality, he is "goppled oop" by the rebels; and

> "In de Bowery each bier-haus mit crape was oop-done
> Ven dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone;
> And de Dutch all cot troonk oopon lager and wein
> At the great Trauer-fest of de Tooner-Verein."

But the gobbled bummer suddenly reappears among his comrades.

> "Six bistols beschlagen mit silver he wore
> Und a gold-mounted sword like an Kaisar he bore;
> Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt — or votever he be —
> Moost hafe broken some panks on his vay to de sea.
> . . . . .
> Und ve roosh to embrace him, und shtill more ve find
> Dat wherever he 'd peen, he 'd left noding behind.
> In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
> Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed;
> In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons,
> Mit dwo doozen votches, und four doozen shpoons,
> Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,
> Der ghosdt haf bring mit him, en route to de sea."

This is true history as well as good fun, we imagine; and we suspect that the triumphal close of the ballad of "Breitmann in Kansas," whither he went, after peace came, on one of those Pacific Railroad pleasure-parties, which people somehow understand to be civilizing influences impelled by great moral engines, is more accurately suggestive of the immediate objects of such expeditions: —

> "Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
> He have a pully dime;
> Bu 't vas in oldt Missouri
> Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.
> Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,
> Und all der nobs around:
> Dey spreed him und dey tea'd him
> Dill dey roon him to de ground.
>
> "Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas
> Troo all dis earthly land;
> A vorkin' out life's mission here
> Soobyectifly und grand.
> Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
> Some works philosophie,
> Der Breitmann solfe de Infinide
> Ash von eternal shpree!"

The ballad of Die Schöne Wittwe, and mock-romantic ballad at the end, are the poorest of all, yet they make you laugh; and "Breitmann and the Turners" is as

good as any of the war-ballads, with a peculiarly wild movement of spirit, and a jolly breadth of drollery : —

"Hans Breitmann choined de Toorners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Toorner Hall
Und poots him a course of sphrouts.
Dey poots him on de barrell-hell bars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an engine-hose
In his mout' dill he 's 'pout half tead !

. . . . . .

"Hans Breitmann choin de Toorners,
Mit a Limburg cheese he coom :
Ven he open de box it smell so loudt
It knock de music doomb.
Ven de Deutschers kit de flavor
It coorl de haar on dere head ;
But dere vas dwo Amerigans dere,
Und by tam ! it kilt dem dead !"

Throughout all the ballads, it is the same figure presented, — an honest Deutscher drunk with the new world as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech. It is a true figure enough, and recognizable ; but it was fully developed in the original ballad, and sufficiently portrayed there.

Cannot Mr. Leland, who is in every way so well qualified to enjoy and reproduce the peculiarities of Pennsylvania Dutch, give us some ballads in that racy and characteristic idiom ?

Appleton's Short-Trip Guide to Europe. (1868.) *Principally devoted to England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Italy ; with Glimpses of Spain, Short Routes in the East, etc. ; and a Collation of Travellers' Phrases in French and German.* By HENRY MORFORD. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

THE short-trip American — as Mr. Morford calls the kind of tourist for whom this book is written — will ask for "Oon cohto" and "Oon forchet" in Parisian restaurants where the waiter has failed to give him a knife and fork ; and generally he will take care in speaking the French tongue to place the words in "the exact reverse of the English" order, and will remember that "the more they are chopped up, mangled, swallowed, and ejected through the nose (like tobacco-smoke by old smokers), the more possibility will exist of their being understood by a Frenchman." While travelling at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour on the recklessly managed German railways, he can profitably employ his leisure in committing to memory the phrases, "Ich habe mich das Bein — den Arm zerbrochen" ; but we hope nothing free and enlightened — not even a short-trip American, — will ever be brought so low in strange lands as to stand in need of the German for "I am very poor ! Give me an alms for God's sake ! *or*, For the Holy Virgin's sake !" and we should be very sorry if any traveller came into possession of those obsolete Italian coinages which Mr. Morford is at the pains to reduce into United States money.

The author devotes eighty of his three hundred and thirty pages to advice for the exigencies of a sea-voyage, and the conduct of short-trip citizens abroad ; twenty to those remarkably "Useful Phrases in French and German," of which we will own that we have not given the most useful, — though we have to add that we have but faintly hinted the general absurdity of Mr. Morford's ideas of language, — and ten to puffs of American hotels and watering-places. Consequently there are but two thirds of the book given to actual information, which is always of the meagerest and scrappiest kind, and delivered with an air of indescribable vulgar jauntiness, and the accompaniment of silly and irrelevant stories. We must complain particularly of our author for advising his short-trip Americans to practise corruption of European customs-officers. The advice is not only immoral, but, as addressed to citizens of a country offering the largest inducements in the world to smuggling and bribery, appears to us quite superfluous.

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CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

I.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER.

"MY dear," said I last autumn to a young married lady friend, whom in the spring I had seen brilliantly blooming and handsome, "it strikes me you are looking a little careworn."

"I *am*," returned she, with great animation, "and I have been giving it as my opinion that quite too much is expected of women. First, I had all the packing and moving of going down to the sea-shore to attend to. Then, my house was full of visitors all summer; and I had to take breath as well as I could between hurrying a cake into the oven and being in the parlor to receive or entertain them. Of course there was any quantity of sewing to do; and, as if all this were not enough, Mr. —— would come in daily to know if I had learned my French lesson, and whether I had given my regular hour to my piano; and now I have just got through with the pleasant experience of selling and stowing our furniture preparatory to going to Europe. So it is no wonder if I have grown a little thin; and, in fact, as I said before, I have come to the conclusion that *entirely too much* is expected of women!"

Whether the conclusion be just or otherwise, nothing could more perfectly represent the plight of a multitude of intelligent and ambitious young matrons of moderate means than the lively complaint of my beautiful friend. For in these days of strain and struggle and desire, who of us is there that understands how to live? who that possesses a domestic machinery so perfectly balanced, so nicely adjusted, so exquisitely oiled and polished, that every duty and every pleasure glide from it noiseless and complete as do the separate marvels that fall from the crafty wheels and lathes of this modern era?

THE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSEKEEPER.

That the art of living, so far as the body and its surroundings are concerned, can be, and often is, carried to a very high degree of perfection, the superlative housekeepers we all have known are ample proof. My whole girlhood was spent just across the street from the greatest genius in this

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

respect that I have ever met. The fresh exterior of her square white dwelling, with its immaculate board walk crossing her greenest sward, and its shining windows, through which smiled her roses and carnations upon the passer-by, gave pleasant promise of the absolute spotlessness of everything within. She was not one of that dismal type of housekeepers who exclude the light and muffle everything into shapelessness lest damask and carpets should fade. On the contrary, her house was flooded with the brightest sunshine, challenged to find a speck of dust if it could. The air, laden with the perfume of cut flowers or house-plants, seemed purer than that outside, and, whatever the weather, its temperature was perfect. Nothing was for show, and but little for pure ornament, but everything was the best of its kind and in true taste and keeping. As for her table, "never, till life and mem'ry perish, can I forget" the vision of that tea-cloth, far whiter than snow, with its gleaming silver and glass and china, displaying incomparable viands, whose delicacy and perfection were all her own, — that sweet and solid cube of golden butter; the foam-light and foam-white biscuit, each a separate thought; the cake, crowned with every ideal attribute that cake can possess; the ruby and topaz of her preserved strawberries and plums; and O, O, the flavor of that deep-red tongue, — the meltingness of her cold corned-beef!

At this ambrosial board she sat, a lady of sixty or seventy, upright as an arrow, wearing no cap, nor needing any, with her beautiful chestnut hair braided in almost as thick a tress as a quarter of a century ago; low-voiced, intelligent, self-contained; with a comprehension in her eye, a firmness in her mouth, a concentrated and disciplined energy speaking from her whole quiet person, that convinced one that she could have administered the affairs of an empire with the same ease and exactness that she did those of her household. With one elderly servant she did it all; and as she was never in a hurry, nor ever unprepared, she seemed to accomplish it with no more effort than the glittering engine which one finds stowed away in some lower corner of a great building, playing easily and noiselessly as if for its own pleasure, while in reality it is driving with mighty energy a hundred wheels, and employing ceaselessly a hundred hands.

The Influence of the Age.

Now, such housewifery as this seems to me perfect, but I seldom observe any approach to it in the homes of my young married friends, nor, though it worries me, and in my secret mind often makes me unhappy, do I attempt anything like it myself. Yet what a contrast appears in the success of two women, both of whom were perhaps equally endowed by nature with talent, ambition, and the artistic sense! The one rushing in feverish haste, overtasked, inaccurate, anxious; the other walking in cool quiet, her whole life stretching behind and before her in fair order and freshness, milestoned with gracious duties remembered afar off and beautifully finished with love and care, each in its own time and for its own sake. The contrast cannot be explained by the difference in years and temperament, for in sketching one I have meant to typify us all. It is the CENTURY that speaks as loudly in the transformation of us young matrons as in any of its more obtrusive revolutions; and all our domestic imperfections are chargeable upon the modern feminine education, which differs so entirely from that of fifty years ago, that the housewifely devotion of our grandmothers is as difficult and disagreeable to us as our accomplishments and extravagance would be impossible to them. In a general way, we feel that we ought to look after our households, and, since we earn nothing for our families, to save what hired labor we can. But our fragile American physique, as well as the fastidious taste born of school-day studies and fanciful young-lady pursuits, makes us shrink from kitchen and storeroom; nor can we bear to lose our hold, feeble

as it may be, upon the music, the drawing, the varied culture of books, travel, and society, that made the interest and happiness of our girlish years. Pulled one way by necessity and another by inclination, we try to pay an equal homage to opposing and jealous gods. But we have not reconciled the quarrel between mind and matter. Our smattering of the arts and sciences does not emancipate us from the old feminine slavery to manual labor. Cooking, sewing, dusting, arranging, it still stands there to be done; and, slight it as we may, we are yet compelled to attend to it just sufficiently to prevent our doing anything else *well*. So we accept superficiality in everything, and, as a consequence, find ourselves at many a turn unequal to the situation. Goaded by her aspirations and fretted by her imperfections, it is no wonder that the young American matron grows thin, nervous, even prematurely old; for she hurries along in the general rush, thorough neither as cook, seamstress, musician, student, or fine lady, but a patch-work apology for them all!

The Problem of the Hour.

Thus the feminine paradox remains, that, though never before our time were so many privileges and advantages accorded to the sex, yet never was feminine work so badly done, never was there so much frivolity, so much complaint, so much sadness, anxiety, and discouragement, among women as now. Easy as modern housekeeping, modern child-rearing, and even (owing to ether) modern child-bearing are, compared with those of former times, women seem to hate them and to want to get away from them more and more every day. The evil is so great that men are growing afraid to marry even in this country, while those that are married are so uncomfortable that they have begun to talk in the papers about the necessity of establishing cook-shops and laundries, in order to rescue the delicate American wife from the unequal conflict with pans, and kettles, and impudent servants!

But shall men do *all* the work of the world? Are we indeed come to be made of porcelain, that we must be shelved from all practical utility, and stand like the painted figures of the mantel-piece, looking down from our narrow perch at the toiling and earnest multitudes at our feet? It is time that faithful women ask themselves these questions, and try to find out what is the matter with our work that we cannot do it well, with ourselves that we cannot take delight in it. We seem to have allowed the grand and simple outlines of the old feminine idea to escape us, and now toil confused at a meaningless and elaborate pattern of existence whose microscopic details develop ever faster than the hand can follow or the weary spirit master them.

The Housewife in History.

What was the old feminine function, and what was its value? — for how immensely the condition of women in these latter days has changed from the immemorial woman-life of tradition and history, few of the sex know or realize. Throughout long millenniums the feminine duties, occupations, and surroundings were the same, — the ideal woman of every successive period of the old bygone world being still found in the masterpiece of character-painting for all time, — the "virtuous woman" of King Solomon.

That wise and gracious lady is represented not only as "bringing her food from afar, rising while it is yet night, and giving meat to her household and a portion to her maidens," but also as spinning and weaving at home all the clothing of the family, and such a surplus besides of "girdles" and "fine linen," that with the sale of them she can buy fields and plant vineyards. "She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed in scarlet" woollen, dyed, spun, and woven under her direction. Her own garments were rich and beautiful as became her state and dignity. "She maketh for herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple";

while the conspicuous elegance of the robes worn by her husband makes him "known when he sitteth among the elders in the gates." Five hundred years after the date of this description, we hear of a fearful tragedy at the court of Persia, that grew out of a magnificent robe made for Xerxes the king by his chief queen Amestris; and still five centuries later, we find the Emperor Augustus, lord of all the wealth of Rome, refusing to wear any stuffs excepting those woven for him by his wife and daughters. The ancient kingdoms and nations crumble into dust; but as the new peoples spring up, we find the women, from the queen to the peasant, still at the distaff and the loom. The four sisters of the Anglo-Saxon King Ethelstan were famous for their skill in spinning, weaving, and embroidery; and the Saxon ladies in general were so accomplished in needle-work, that it was celebrated on the Continent under the name of *opus Anglicanum*. Mr. Wright, in his History of the Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England, informs us that, down to about the close of the sixteenth century, "women as a rule were closely confined to their domestic labors, in spinning, weaving, embroidering, and other work of a similar kind; a hand-loom was almost a necessary article of furniture in a well-regulated household; and spinning was so universal that we read sometimes of an apartment in the house especially devoted to it, — a family spinning-room. Even to the present day, in legal language, the only occupation acknowledged as that of an unmarried woman is that of a *spinster*. The young ladies, even of great families, were brought up not only strictly, but even tyrannically, by their mothers, — who kept them constantly at work, exacted from them almost slavish deference and respect, and even counted upon their earnings."

Finally, we may complete the picture by glancing at our own countrywomen of only a hundred years ago as sketched by the Rev. Lyman Beecher in his account of his boyhood. Among their other crops, he and his uncle raised "an acre or two of flax, though it was impossible to keep Aunt Benson and niece in spinning for the winter." "In June we sheared the sheep; the fleece was washed, carded, and spun; Aunt Benson spun it in the house. Flax in winter, wool in summer, — woman's work is never done." "They made all sorts of linen-work, table-cloths, shirting, sheets, and cloths. If it had n't been for this household manufactory, we never should have succeeded in the Revolution." "I can see Aunt Benson now as plain as I see you; she and Annie got breakfast very early. Our living was very good, rye-bread, fresh butter, buckwheat cakes, and pie for breakfast. After the dishes were washed, Annie and I helped aunt milk. Then they made cheese, and spun till dinner. We dined on salt pork, vegetables, and pies, corned beef also; and always, on Sunday, a boiled Indian pudding. We made a stock of pies at Thanksgiving, froze them for winter's use, and they lasted till March."

Now the various industries that "Aunt Benson and niece" thus carried on alone were, before the Reformation, the common occupations of all women; and not only the farmer's wife, but every noble lady, every gentlewoman, in her own house, was a manufacturer on a scale proportioned to the number of her servants. She probably could not read or write; and in those perilous days she never dared to travel unless for the solemn purpose of a pilgrimage. Before the age of Henry VIII., ladies never even went to court; hence there was no great centre of feminine fashion, and one or two handsome gowns lasted a woman of rank a lifetime, without change of cut or ornament. The rooms of her hall or castle were so few and so gloomy, and their furniture so scanty and uncomfortable, that a modern housekeeper would be frightened almost at the description of it, while the single neighborhood in which she lived generally contained all her interests, and bounded all the sphere of her ideas. Nevertheless, in spite of

her ignorance, her limitations, and her deprivations, the woman of all those twilight generations lived a life of beneficent activity. "Lady," that is, "Loaf-giver," because from the time when the Princess Sara, Abram's wife, baked cakes for his guests, down to the age of the great Elizabeth, to prepare and distribute food was one of woman's noble trinity of industrial offices. She superintended the salting tubs of beef and pork; she brewed great casks of ale; she saw to the making of butter, cheese, soap, and candles; she directed the spinning and weaving of linen and woollen fabrics, from carpets and wall-hangings down to shifts and kerchiefs; she distilled essences and flavors, and compounded medicines and ointments;* she delighted her guests with the fantastic elaborations of her cookery; and the splendors of her intricate embroidery shone on holy altar and priestly vestment quite as often as on her own person.

Woman in history, then, appears in general as preparing the food, making the clothing, and ordering the households of the race. The practical value of these vocations will be taught us by Political Economy.

Society as classified by Political Economy.

This science separates mankind into two chief classes, viz. those who *produce* the wealth and supplies of a community, and those who *consume* them. Consumers are divided again simply into productive and unproductive consumers, but producers† are of various types, the three principal being as follows: —

1st. Agricultural and mining producers, or those who obtain from nature the raw materials of food, clothing, and shelter.

2d. Manufacturing producers, or those who prepare these materials for human use.

3d. Distributing producers, or those who convey the raw material to the manufacturer, and the manufactured article to the consumer, — comprehending the commission merchants, wholesale dealers, importers, grocers, butchers, and shop-keepers of every description; their vast machinery being the ships, railroads, highways, wagons, horses, and men by which this distribution is effected.

* In those days it was not "unfeminine" to heal the sick.

† I endeavor to follow Mr. Mill here.

Place of the Historical Housewife in Political Economy.

Such is a rough classification of the great army of workers by whom all mankind are clothed and fed and sheltered, and some made rich; and from what we have just seen to have been the former occupations of women, it is evident that production, of the second of these types, — namely, manufacturing production, — once constituted the TRUE FEMININE SPHERE, for throughout unnumbered centuries woman assumed and adequately fulfilled the task of preparing the food and clothing of the race, out of the raw materials that man laid at her feet. It is true that this domestic manufacture was carried on in the privacy of her own home, and in a rude and simple way; but that does not alter the value of the performance. Human knowledge and human needs go hand in hand. Our ancestors knew nothing better, and wanted nothing better, than what their wives and daughters could do for them. In that day, therefore, women must have created nearly half the wealth and supplies of the world, because they did one half of its necessary work. Hence every woman in her own house was *self-supporting*, that is, earned her own living there by virtue of her indispensable labor; not only so, she contributed with her husband to the support of their children, and, if she chose to extend her enterprise, was able, like the virtuous woman of King Solomon, to exchange the fruit of her hands for fields and vineyards, and so help to make her family rich.

The Feminine Producers of To-day.

Now the women who do all the cooking, washing, and sewing of their fami-

lies, the wives of small farmers, mechanics, and laborers, as well as those who hire out their time, servants, mill-hands, shop-girls, seamstresses, etc., are still self-supporting, still producers, because they perform a large part of all the lighter manual labor needed for the sustenance and well-being of the community.

THE FEMININE CONSUMERS OF TO-DAY.

But the whole class of women who keep servants, — a class which is intelligent and refined, and many of whose members are cultivated, accomplished, and intellectual, — this immense feminine host, I say, has sunk from its former rank of manufacturing producers into that of unproductive consumers, i. e. of persons who do not pay back in mental or manual labor an equivalent for the necessaries they use or the luxuries they enjoy. Children, the aged, and the infirm are the only persons that in a well-regulated community by right compose this class, — the first, because, if nourished and educated during their period of helplessness, they will grow up producers of material or intellectual values; the others, because they may have once been such producers, and, were they not disabled, would still be so. But for healthy, educated, intelligent adults by millions to be supported by the extra toil of the rest of the community, as educated women are now, is a state of things entirely contrary to the natural division of labor, — is one of the monstrous defects of modern civilization, and perhaps the most fruitful source of disorder, suffering, and demoralization that could possibly be devised.

If the mere necessaries of life were given to us, as to an army of soldiers, even this would be a heavy burden upon society, as we learned during our war, when it cost the North one or two thousand millions to provide our troops with coarse food and clothing and rude shelter for four years only. But upon us are lavished the wealth and luxury of the world from generation to generation. The expensive residences, the costly furniture, the rich jewels, silks, and laces, the dainty or dashing equipages, the delicate tables, the thousand articles for comfort, convenience, or delight that one sees in even every modest home, — for whom are they created, by whom are they enjoyed, so much as by the women of the middle and upper classes? And the only return that the most industrious of us know how to make for it all is to *sew*, — a few hours out of the twenty-four! That is to say, after our education has cost the country millions, we sit down amid surroundings worth hundreds of millions, to compete with the illiterate Irish needle-woman to whom we only give a dollar and a half a day. For plain sewing we will allow her but seventy-five cents, scarcely enough to pay her board in an Irish tenement, and yet few of us will pretend to accomplish as much as she does, since, even if we would, our countless interruptions and distractions prevent us. If, then, we value so low the continuous toil of our sewing-women, what should we be willing to pay for our own fitful industry? It would indeed be curious to know what one lady would give another for the actual labor performed between Monday morning and Saturday night, and yet even this little we are losing. Hitherto men have allowed us at least to make up, if we would, the fabrics they sell us. But this last corner of our once royal feminine domain they are determined now to wrest from us. They have invented the sewing-machine, and already it takes from us not far from five hundred million dollars' worth of sewing annually. Our husbands are clothed entirely from the shops, and in all the large dry-goods firms they have marshalled the pale armies of sewing-girls to ply the wheel from morning till night in the production of ready-made garments for feminine wear also. Those who set the fashions are in their league, and help them to put down private competition by making the designs more and more complicated and artificial, so that professionals only can perfectly execute them, while they have so mul-

tiplied the "necessary" articles of dress and housekeeping, and so raised the standard of their adornment, that no woman who does all her own sewing can do anything else. Glad and almost forced to save ourselves time and trouble, we purchase at our husband's expense, as usual, and put not only the profit of the cloth into the pocket of the store-keeper, but the profit also that he has made on the wretched wages of his seamstresses. Meantime, our daughters are scarcely taught sewing at all, and in fifty years the needle will be well-nigh as obsolete as the spinning-wheel.

Masculine Prejudices on this Subject.

One might think that men would reflect on what they have done by their machinery in thus degrading women from the honorable rank of manufacturing producers into the dependent position of unproductive consumers, and, seeing the exhaustive drain that such an army of expensive idlers must inevitably be upon society, that they would be glad to encourage them in every way to find new paths for their energies that might replace the old. Instead of this, however, they all by common consent frown on our attempts to support ourselves, or on our being anything whatever but "wives and mothers." The egotism of the French king who said to his subjects, "I am the state," is far surpassed by that of educated gentlemen toward the ladies of their families, — "Be contented at home with what I can give you," say they all, — which, translated, means, — "As far as you are concerned, I am the universe, and whatever portion of it you cannot find in me, or in the four walls wherewith I shelter you, you must do without," and they manage very adroitly to keep the feminine aspirations within these bounds without appearing to exercise any coercion whatever. Does a young girl love study or charity or art better than dress or dancing? The young men simply neglect her, and she is deprived of social enjoyment. Has a wife an eager desire to energize and perfect some gift of which she is conscious, her husband "will not oppose it," but he is sure that she will fail in her attempt, or is uneasy lest she make herself conspicuous and neglect her housekeeping. Or if a daughter wishes to go out into the world from the narrow duties and stifling air of her father's house, and earn a living there by some talent for which she is remarkable, he "will not forbid her," perhaps, but still he thinks her unnatural, discontented, ambitious, unfeminine; her relatives take their tone from him; nobody gives her a helping hand; so that if she accomplish anything it is against the pressure — to her gigantic — of all that constitutes her world. If her strength and courage fail under the disapproval, they rejoice at the discomfiture which compels her to become what they call a "sensible woman."

Consequences of this Prejudice.

Thus the strongest influence in the feminine life, the masculine, combines with our own timidity and self-distrust to make us cherish the false and base theory that women always have been, always will be, and always ought to be, supported by the men; and hence the perfect good faith with which even the noblest women trifle away their time in shopping, visiting, embroidering, ruffling, tucking, and frilling, and spend without scruple on dress and furniture, pleasure and superficial culture, all the money that their husbands will allow them. From early girlhood we are told that "to please is our vocation, — not to act"; and so we have come to believe and to live as though personal adornment were our only legitimate ambition, personal vanity our only legitimate passion.

In England and France, owing to the multitude of trained servants, and their low rate of wages, the baleful work seems completely accomplished of rendering the educated part of the sex, from the princess to the shop-keeper's daughter, thoroughly useless.* And

* See Miss Ingelow's story of "Laura Richmond,"

having driven every noble ambition out of women's minds, and crowded them all into the narrow arena of social competition, the lords of creation are turning round upon the victims of their own encroachment and selfishness with the most frightful abuse. It is horrible to read that article in the Saturday Review called Foolish Virgins; and malicious satire or contemptuous rage against the sex seem to be the only utterances possible to a formidable portion of the most brilliant writers of Europe. Judging from the newspapers and reviews, however, the practical position of European gentlemen toward women is greater wrong and contumely still. Men, by the forces and influences themselves have put in motion, have made women vain, they have made them frivolous, they have made them extravagant, they have made them burdens to society, and now they are repudiating them.† "Unless you possess a fortune that will support you, we will not have you. The perquisites and privileges of wifehood are too great for such expensive fools. We prefer to take mistresses from the humbler walks of life, who will be less exacting." Such is said to be the tone and practice of large classes of men both in France and in "Christian England"; to-day, over a million of the marriageable ladies of the latter country are living in enforced celibacy, while for every one so deprived of her birthright of wifehood, some girl in a lower rank is given over to dishonor.

Thus the evil takes root frightfully downward and spreads correspondingly upward. Nor is it with us, even, a thing of the future. It is here among ourselves. The respect and deference so long accorded by American men to their countrywomen is perceptibly on the wane. It is an inheritance which came down to us from the religious devotion, courage, and industry of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers who encountered with true feminine fidelity the perils of wilderness and war by the side of the fathers of the nation.* But like every other inheritance it must be kept up by effort similar to that which created it, or it will be lost forever to us as it seems now to be lost to the women of India, of Greece, of Rome, of Gaul, of Germany, of England, who can be proved to have once possessed it proportionally with ourselves, and from the same causes, — the virtue and high spirit of the primitive maidens and wives of each nation. As they emerged from barbarism into civilization, however, all of them in turn have made the fatal mistake of trying to fashion themselves after the wayward masculine fancy, instead of striving to be true to the eternal feminine ideal, and hence in the end they have largely become but slaves and panders to masculine passion. God gave unto woman grace and fascination wherewith to allure man, her natural enemy, into her homage and allegiance, but these alone cannot suffice to keep him there. Feeble and suffering as she often is, for this the very highest qualities of human and of feminine nature are necessary; and there is now too much in the lives of American women that is false both to God and to womanhood to cause any surprise should men waver in their loyalty. That they are thus wavering, the unrebuked and increasing immorality of the young men, their selfish luxury, their later marriages, the thinly veiled sarcasms of the press, the licentious spectacles of the stage, all proclaim loudly enough. The English club-house, stronghold of intensest egotism, built of women's hearts and cemented with their tears, — the living tomb of love, — is beginning to rise against us all over the land; so that,

where it is kept as a profound family secret, and felt as a family disgrace, that one of the daughters of a village widow lady, on the diminution of her mother's income, should choose to take care of the silver and glass and china, and to clear-starch her own and her sister's muslins, rather than go out as a governess. One does not wonder that the authoress rewards such astonishing virtue with a rich husband, when it is impossible to discover from their novels what Englishwomen are born for except to sketch, play croquet, ride, drive, dress for dinner, and read to the poor.

† See the opening chapter of Michelet's lamentable book "La Femme."

* As an example, read the heroic history of Mary Nealy in Harper's Monthly for February, 1868.

utterly excluded as we are from their business and their politics, men may shut us out also from their pleasures and their society, and even from their hearts, — for club-men, as is well known, easily dispense with matrimony. In short, all the signs of the time are against us, and the question simply is, Shall we float blindly down the current of unearned luxury and busy idleness, as our Asiatic and European sisters have done, until we find ourselves, like them, valued principally for our bodies? or shall we determine by earnest effort to keep at least the relative positions with which the sexes started in the American wilderness,— to catch up quickly with our winged-footed brother, and render ourselves so dear, so indispensable to him, that he not only cannot, but would not, leave us behind?

If this latter, what then is the real root of the matter?

An Answer.

It is that the times are changed and women are changed, but the Old World masculine and feminine prejudices and conventionalities have not changed with them. Because women once found an ample sphere and an absorbing vocation within the walls of their homes, it is believed that they can find them there still, though that vocation has been taken almost entirely away, and to their larger mental growth that sphere is narrowing fearfully round them. A great revolution has come about inwardly in ourselves and outwardly in our surroundings, but we have not attempted any adjustment of the new conditions. Hence society has lost its balance, and everything is dislocated. There is no well-ordered and comfortable arrangement for us, no definite and necessary work at once suited to our taste and commensurate with our ability. The favorite theory of our nature and destiny, and the one on which the current unsystem of feminine education is principally based, is that "a true woman" should be a harmonious *mélange* of everything in general and nothing in particular, — a sort of dissolving view, which at the least adverse criticism from the masculine spectator can softly melt into something exactly sympathetic with his particular requirements. Social opinion hardly leaves one a choice between eccentricity and triviality. Thus every year it is harder for thoughtful and earnest women to find their true places in life, and half the time they are discouraged, and wonder what they were made for.

A Protest and a Search.

For one, I say that this state of things is no longer to be endured. There must be some work in the world for educated women! Why, then, do we not search for it day and night until we find it?

Ah, if the finding it were all, we should not have very far to look; for let us consider only the three great types of production before mentioned, — agricultural production, manufacturing production, and distributing production.

It is evident that the first of these affords no sphere for educated, nor indeed for any women. Out-of-door labor, except a little of the least and lightest, — gardening, — destroys womanly beauty and delicate proportions, and with these the very essence of the feminine idea. Not brawny strength, but subtile grace, harmony, and skill, contain the secret of our influence; and hence, in those countries where women work in the fields, they are observed to receive but little masculine respect and consideration.

The second type of production, though once our own, ought also to be out of the question; for though all women who sew are in so far manufacturing producers, yet, as sewing cannot possibly employ the higher faculties of the mind, for an educated woman to make herself a factory operative or a seamstress is as great a waste as if an educated man were to devote his life to digging or wood-sawing. The most precious labor to society is brain la-

bor, because thought alone can energize matter and muscle, and wield the forces of nature for the increase of human comfort and happiness. The man or woman, therefore, who from talent or education is capable of giving brain labor to the world, and chooses instead to give the muscular or manual labor that ignorant persons can perform equally well, robs society of the thought-power that it needs, and the great unthinking mass of the only work that it can do. Educated women, then, should seek to produce, not with their hands, but with their heads, by the better organization of the millions of ignorant women who are already manufacturing producers, — the factory operatives, seamstresses, and servants of the civilized world. It should be a social axiom, that, wherever women work, there certainly is a feminine sphere; and in accordance with this idea all the feminine productions of the farm — butter, cheese, the canning, preserving, and pickling of fruits and vegetables, and the making of domestic wines — should appropriately be superintended by women, because women are the workers. The same is true of sewing in every department, and also of much of the spinning and weaving in the large mills. The melancholy deterioration observable in the women operatives of England and the Continent could never have taken place if the refined and Christian wives and daughters of the mill-owners had, from the beginning of the system, watched over the moral and physical welfare of these poor workers as they should have done; moving among their roaring looms and spindles, a beneficent presence of wise and tender charity, and weaving bright glimpses of comfort and a golden thread of beauty in the sordid pattern of their toilsome lives. But educated women have at present no capital wherewith to start farms or manufacturing enterprises, nor money to buy stock in those already established, sufficient to enable them to gain any control over the management of the operatives; and so manufacturing, like agricultural production, is, for the moment, out of our reach.

Distributing Production looks more Encouraging.

We need not fold our hands, however, nor devote them to the futilities of worsted work, because into two of the great armies of the world's wealth-makers we can find no admittance. That division of productive labor which consists in direct distribution to the consumer will afford "ample room and verge enough" for the energies and powers of most of us, if we only have spirit to undertake it. The Retail Trade of the world is, in my opinion, and at this present stage of its progress, the true and fitting feminine sphere, the only possible function open whereby the mass of educated women may cease from being burdens to society, may become profitable to themselves and to their families, and, above all, helpful to the great host of women-workers beneath them, whom now their vast superincumbent weight crushes daily more hopelessly to the earth.

Arguments for and against this Solution of the Difficulty.

"The *retail trade!*" I think I hear the two millions of American ladies protesting with one voice, "why, even in the country, the wives and daughters of the village shop-keepers think it beneath them to stand behind the counter, and are those of our city merchants, of our professional men, to condescend to the sordid employment?"

Yes, and for various reasons.

1st. There is nothing else that we can do.

2d. It requires much conscientiousness, accuracy, tact, taste, and prudence, — all eminently feminine characteristics.

3d. It is a peculiarly feminine employment because it needs little physical strength, and because the immense majority of retail purchasers are women.

4th. It now withdraws from the true fields of masculine effort an immense number of men who would otherwise

be forced to add to the supplies and wealth of the community by agricultural and other productive enterprises. Thus the community loses enormously in two ways: it is deprived, on the one hand, of an army of producers (the retail merchants and their clerks); and on the other it has to support an army of unproductive consumers, — the women who might, but do not, carry on the retail trade.

5th. While it is a vocation wholly suited to women, it is just in so far improper for men, taking them from their natural vocations, herding them together in towns and cities where they live unmarried on small salaries, shrink physically and mentally amid their effeminate surroundings, and degenerate morally through the lying and cheating they unblushingly practise, and the dissipation that is often the only excitement of their vacant hours.

Finally, it is to be remembered that by so much as we pay the retail traders and their clerks for doing expensively what we could do cheaply, by so much we deprive ourselves and our families of the comforts and luxuries of life and of its higher influences and pleasures as connected with education, with art, and with beneficence. Why can many of us not have the beautiful dresses and surroundings that our fastidious taste longs for? Because we cannot earn them. Why are the colleges shut against us? Because we cannot knock at their doors with half a million in our hands. Why do the churches and charities that we love languish? Because we have no means of our own wherewith to sustain them. Why are working-women only paid half as much as working-men? Because it is impossible for men to furnish the whole support of one half the feminine community and pay the industrial half justly too. Why is our vote a matter of contempt and indifference to the country? Because we are poor, dependent on our fathers and husbands for food and shelter, and our vote, therefore, could represent neither physical strength nor *money*, — the two "powers behind the throne" that uphold all governments, and the only two that give the vote its value or even its meaning. I am not one of those who desire "manhood suffrage" for women, but I confess I am painfully impressed with the impotence and insignificance of my sex, when I see that "laughter" is all that generally greets the discussion of its enfranchisement, even in the graver hall of Congress!

If now there are any out of our two million "ladies" who are convinced from these reasons that it would be well if they could carry on the retail trade of the country, it is probable that several difficulties will present themselves to their minds as tending to make the thing impossible: —

1st. The want of capital wherewith to start retail stores;

2d. The want of time, for daily household duties, trifling as they individually are, would wholly interfere with business;

3d. The social prejudice, felt equally by both sexes, against women's publicly engaging in trade, even if in its present demoralized state it were desirable that they should do so.

Where there is a Will there is a Way.

There is only one method of overcoming these objections, and of making the transition at once practicable and agreeable.

This method is by an entire reorganization of the domestic interior on the basis of the great modern idea of Co-operation, — in short, by Co-operative Housekeeping.

The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers.

Nearly all the world now knows the story of the twelve poor weavers of Rochdale, England, who twenty-four years ago met together to consult how they might better their wretched condition. Their wages were low, provisions were extravagantly high and adulterated besides. One man thought that voting was what they needed to right them, — another, that strikes would do it, and

still other theories were propounded, when one immortal genius of common sense suggested that they should not strive for what might be out of their reach, but simply try to make a better use of what they had. They decided to pay each twenty pence a week into a common stock, until they got enough to buy a few necessary groceries at wholesale. It took them nearly a year, and then they elected one of their number as clerk, and opened the first co-operative store. Their stock in trade consisted only of about seventy-five dollars' worth of flour, sugar, and butter. Their plan was, First, to sell to each other and to outsiders at the usual retail prices, but to give a *good article*. Second, to sell only for *cash down*. Third, to make a quarterly dividend of the clear profits to the subscribing members, or stockholders of the association, the share of profit being determined in each case by the amount the stockholder or his family purchased at the co-operative store. Thus, whatever a man's household consumed, whether much or little, he got back the third that would otherwise have gone to enrich some cheating grocer. Co-operative stores and societies of all kinds have been started in many parts of Europe, and are springing up in this country also in every direction; but this one of the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers," as they called themselves, still stands at the head of the movement, and is the most signal instance of its success. Its stockholders now number six or seven thousand, its capital is over a million of dollars, and the yearly profits of its business between three and four hundred thousand; it has clothing, dry goods, and shoe stores, as well as groceries and butcher-shops; it carries on a farm, a cotton-factory, a corn-mill, a building society, a life-insurance and burial society; it owns a reading-room, and a library; it has lately taken a conspicuous part in the public improvements of the town of Rochdale, and as its proudest monument can point to a whole community raised in morals and intelligence no less than in comfort.

The Weak Side of Co-operative Stores, and its Cause.

But there is another side to the picture. The opponents of the movement can tell us of many co-operative stores and associations that have *failed*. The members have lost their interest; their agents and clerks have been dishonest, careless, incapable, etc. But this is not surprising. The only reason that retail traders find business at all is, that they save the working community trouble by collecting, from the different places where they are produced, the silks, woollens, cottons, the meats, vegetables, and grains, that it needs for its food and clothing. If the retail trader, either singly or in league with the manufacturer, adulterate his goods, or if he make an intolerable profit upon them, the community, as in the case of the Rochdale Pioneers, may combine against him and supersede him. But the attempt is contrary to the modern idea of the division of labor. The men who compose the working community have each their particular craft or profession to attend to. One is a carpenter, another a doctor, etc. To organize and look after a co-operative store is, in fact, to undertake another business, and most men would rather pay the difference than be distracted from their own pursuits, and have the trouble of thinking about it. Thus, I think, that, in the long run, co-operative store-keeping will fail, and things come round again to just where they are now, unless co-operative *housekeeping* steps in to take its place, and to carry the idea to complete and noble fulfilment. Our husbands and fathers are already overworked in this mad American rush of ours. They cannot stop, too, to mend the holes made in their pockets by the relentless family expenses. But the wives and daughters, who enjoy the fruits of their thought and toil, can do it for them most daintily, if they will only lay their white hands together, and give to it a few hours of every day.

How this can be done I shall submit to the judgment of practical women in the next number of the Atlantic.

WHAT FIVE YEARS WILL DO.

I.

I KNOW of no one in this unrhythmical age who can better play the part in a love-story, taken by the chorus in the Greek plays, the *Deus ex machinâ* in the old epics or the fairy godmother in the legends of the Middle Ages, than a single-woman of forty or fifty, or thereabouts (not even here will I tell the exact *whereabouts*), who has done with love and sentiment in her own person, but has not quite yet lost her sympathy with such childishness or her faith in it.

It is not, however, necessary to my *rôle* of Chorus to tell you where I got the letters I send you. Was it Grandmamma Shirley, who played false to Miss Harriet Byron, and gave up the secrets of her darling's heart to the editor? We shall never know, and no one will ever know, how I came by Horace Thayer's letter to his brother. One thing I will say, it was not Isaac Thayer who gave it to me. He is as reticent and as *retinent* as a sensible man — a middle-aged Yankee farmer — always is, and ought to be. I don't believe he showed it even to his Lucy, who loves a bit of romance and a little mystery as well now as she did twenty years ago, when she read Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales and wondered over Emerson's Lectures.

Horace wrote the letter in the summer of 1860, when we were both down on the Northern Neck in Eastern Virginia; he as a tutor to Major Johnstone's two boy-cubs, and I governess to Colonel Ridgeley's only daughter, Ida, a brave, pretty girl of seventeen, who, though in my eyes not exactly the angel that the letter makes her out to be, was, and is yet, the darling of my heart, who watched every look from her father's eyes, and who petted, like all the rest of us, her foolish, kindly little goose of a mother.

It was in the early summer, before the ground began to tremble beneath my feet, before the storm of electioneering passion arose, which made Colonel Ridgeley advise me to take my vacation earlier than usual, and to make no plans about returning till things looked more settled. I laughed at his gravity. What had I to fear? — an inoffensive old maid, a Northern woman to be sure, with my own notions about slavery, but I had never talked of them except to him, to whom everybody told everything. As to the comparative claims of the general and the State governments, about which the gentlemen of the neighborhood seemed to be crazy, what were they to me, who had no vote to give and no husband to influence?

Why should a woman have a political theory when she has no political practice? For my part, I shake off the useless responsibility, and I have fairly passed through the last five years without knowing exactly where State's rights end and our duty to the central government begins. And yet, in spite of my eminent neutrality, I never went back to the Northern Neck, never saw, and never shall see again, the pleasant house of Ridgeley Manor, with its wide porches, its grand old avenue of trees, its cheerful negro-quarters, and its neglected, worn-out "old fields." Nor did I ever get my big chest of winter clothing that I left behind me; but that was not Colonel Ridgeley's fault, nor poor, darling Mrs. Ridgeley's either. It gives me pleasure to think that some aguish Confederate soldier made a blanket out of my quilted petticoat, and covered his blistered feet with the woollen stockings that my aunt Mehitable knit for me, and that I never could find a time to wear. But the Chorus is getting garrulous, and you are anxious for the entrance of the *dramatis personæ*.

RIDGELEY MANOR, June, 1860.

MY DEAR BROTHER: — I leave here for Boston next week, and shall be with you in Keene on the farm the week

after. This is rather sooner than I expected, but circumstances have somewhat hurried me.

That three years have passed since I saw you seems to me almost incomprehensible. But I shall realize the changes that time has made when I see you in your own home, with your wife and baby by your side. Tell Lucy to prepare for a troublesome guest, for I shall pass my opinion on everything, — on her management of my little nephew, and on your management of house and farm. I shall argue with Joel as I did in old times, and I promise him that he shall find me as disputatious as ever; and I shall demolish as many of good Mrs. Partridge's pumpkin-pies as I did long ago when I was the troublesome boy whom Lucy used to pet. I never understood till lately why Lucy used to take so much notice of me. There is no knowing how long you may be troubled with me, for I have pretty much made up my mind to give up my situation here. I have done Major Johnstone's boys some good since I have been here, and might do them more, but there is something here that I do not like, — an indefinable something oppressive in the air.

In short, a Northern man is not in his place here now, unless he is an older man than I am, — a man with something at stake, with some interest in the country, and then, indeed, he has a great work before him. I fancy, too, that Major Johnstone does not care for my return; on all hands things look strange, politics run very high; in short, there is a good deal that I must talk over with you.

You will know how sorry I shall be to leave Colonel Ridgeley and his family. Colonel Ridgeley is unchanged, the same noble, considerate, and generous friend, the same true gentleman and chivalrous protector, that he always was. With him, at least, the chivalry of Virginia is something more than a name.

What do I not owe him for his constant kindness, and for the generosity which has allowed me, so much younger, so inferior to him, to call him friend, and to find him unchanging in his friendship? What contempt would be too great for me if I abused his generosity?

But of Mrs. Ridgeley I have only sad news to tell. She is feeble and worn, a little thing tires her, I see every cause to be anxious for her health; and when I think of her gentle and loving nature, of her constant kindness to me, to all, I could almost lay down my life for her sake. Her husband evidently does not realize her situation; he is harassed by anticipations of the election, — more harassed than I see any reason for him to be; then he sees her every day, and cannot mark the change in her appearance, and Ida is so young, so inexperienced —

My dear brother, my almost father, you to whom I owe all that I am and all that I ever shall be, and you who have a right to know my inmost heart, do you know that I am not writing truly to you? I would gladly go on, sending page after page of current news or pleasant remembrance, merely to put off the moment when I must speak the truth. I did not know I was such a coward; I will force myself to be brave, and speak at once.

I love Ida Ridgeley. It is said. And now what do you think of me, my dear brother, — you who judge me so gently, so lovingly? I can speak the whole truth now. I love her with a strength, with a passion, that I never dreamed my nature was capable of. How or when this love began I cannot tell; it seems to me that it has sprung full-armed in my breast. And yet, on looking back, it seems that I have loved her always.

I remember the merry, dancing, happy girl whom I first saw three years ago, bringing light as if from Heaven upon my dreary homesickness, the kindly welcome I met from her eyes and hand. I remember what I wrote you about the almost idolatrous affection with which she regarded her father, the watchful care with which she studied his happiness, and then — holiest, most beautiful of all — her shielding

and hiding her mother's weaknesses with that tender love, like an elder sister's in its protecting kindness, like a daughter's in its true-hearted reverence.

I feel now that I must have loved her then, and yet, looking back, I seem to see myself almost regardless of her presence. Still in these happy years, when I have seen her every day, and did not know how happy I was, have been sown the seeds of that great love which has taken root, sprung up, and blossomed without my knowledge. Now that my eyes are opened, I see her, not changed, but glorified, idealized, — the loving girl, — grown into the gentle, dignified woman. There are the same laughing eyes, but so deepened and darkened in their glorious light; the same dewy lips, but — in short, I am a fool and you will think I have gone crazy. I only know this, — that I love her with my whole soul and with my whole mind; with a strength of love which I did not think was in me, with a reverence of her womanliness which sometimes takes my very breath from me.

And now what right have I to love her? How could I lift up my eyes to her father, and tell him that the boy whom he took into his heart and home, the youth whom his teachings, his honored friendship, has lifted from a rough, uncultivated country boy, inflated with the conceit of his own little learning, into — well, at least into one who feels himself a man among men; that that boy, that man, has stolen into his house with the ungrateful longing to take from him the very heart of his heart, the daughter who makes his life bright and holy to him.

You know what Ida is to Colonel Ridgeley, what she has always been. I do not believe the thought of her leaving him has ever been allowed to cross his mind; but if it should be forced upon him, as it will be, is he not justified in being ambitious for her? With his wealth, with his position, with his influence, would he be satisfied with anything short of the most brilliant marriage for her?

I believe Colonel Ridgeley respects me, — even more, has a true and earnest friendship for me; but I am simply a young man with my way all to make in the world, not a little indebted to him for my present position; and for my family, dear as they are to me, and justly as I am proud of them, I know that Colonel Ridgeley, from the force of birth, education, and circumstance, could not prevent himself from looking down upon them.

But these are idle words; you know as well as I do what is the course that honor, that gratitude, that justice require me to pursue, and I hope you know me well enough to be sure that I shall not shrink from it. I shall leave here at once. I shall come to you, and be happy in your happiness. I will spend with you the few months that must pass before I can establish myself in my profession, and it cannot be but that I have sufficient command over myself to overthrow this love which has seized upon me "like a strong man armed," and to put again in its place the tender, brotherly friendship which has made these three years in which she has been daily before my eyes, in all her heavenly goodness and beauty, the happiest of my life.

For Ida herself, — thank Heaven! (yes, I am strong enough still to thank Heaven for it,) her feelings towards me are the same that they ever were. She shows me the same frank kindness, and almost sisterly affection. She still looks up to what she pleases to call and to think my stronger judgment, and my superior knowledge; she still comes to me with the difficult passage to translate, the knotty question to unravel; she still talks freely to me of her little cares and anxieties, still lets me watch her father's moods with her, still calls upon me to rejoice with her in his happiness, to grieve for and soothe his anxiety, still looks to me for help to hide or to gratify her mother's little unreasonablenesses, and still shows me as freely as ever that frank and loving but most strong and noble heart. And I have strength enough to meet all this without shrinking, to give her the sympathy she asks

for, and which in time it will again satisfy me, make me happy, to give.

I have had strength for all this, but I do not know how long it will hold out, — indeed, I feel that I must go at once. Will you take me home to your heart, my dear brother, after I have shown you how weak I have been, how weak I am? Let me come to you; let me stay with you and with Lucy till I am strong again. I promise you that you shall hear no weak complainings; let me throw my heart and mind again into your labors and cares, let me work for you, let me think for you. For the few months that remain before I face the world for myself, take back to his old place in your heart

Your brother

HORACE.

I shall be sorry that this letter has gone out of my hands, if you have lived long enough to forget the times when heaven and earth seemed falling apart because our little loves did not meet. We know now that it made no great difference how it all turned out. We are, even in this life, half convinced that all is for the best; we acknowledge with a languid acknowledgment that we should have been no happier, no better now, had all gone as we would have had it; but how whole destinies apart seemed the difference then! Looking at Horace Thayer's letter in the perspective given by my quarter of a century's removal from *those times*, I see that his magnanimity was a little too grand for the occasion. But none the less was it great and good; he will be a better man for it.

Let him go, and let us wait quietly for what the future may bring. I, the *Deus ex machinâ*, the fairy godmother, will not lift a finger to help him, though I know that Randolph Ridgeley could do nothing better for his daughter than to trust her to the care of this brave and honest son of a New Hampshire farmer. But he would not think so. The blood of the Randolphs and the Ridgeleys, of the good-for-nothing Charles the Second cavaliers from whom he traces his descent, would rise up against his own common sense. "Blood is stronger than water," though the Swedenborgians tell us that water corresponds to truth. I, with my Northern lights, laugh under my breath, and wonder that Thackeray did not put all the old Virginia families in his Book of Snobs; and yet no one ever sits down in the clumsy wooden chair, with the carved arms, that stands in our wide entry at Newburyport, but I want to tell him that this chair came over in the Mayflower, and this, too, when I don't quite believe it myself; it is such a queer chair to have on shipboard.

Well, Horace Thayer has gone away from us, and the Manor seems dull to me. Colonel Ridgeley looks worn and anxious, poor Laura Ridgeley is half frightened about her health, so frightened that she will not see the doctor, and greets me every morning with, "I am a great deal stronger to-day, Miss Gardiner!" Mammy Clary wonders why her "young missus," her "chile," does not get well with the pleasant weather, and "what Massa Randolph think of, that he not see she grow weak as a baby." I wonder too, and ask myself if it be not my duty to speak to him about his wife's health. I shall go in August, and I must say a word before I leave.

For my little pupil, her merry face is often clouded now, but I do not think that Horace Thayer has anything to do with the clouds. I was wicked enough, the day after I read his letter, to ask her if she missed him, and her answer came very frankly: "Certainly, I miss Horace; but I think I miss more the good times we all had a year ago, we are all so sober now. Everybody seems to have a weight hanging over him; even Major Johnstone's broad, jolly face looks half anxious, half important; and papa — dear Miss Gardiner, what do you suppose is the matter with papa?" So I may thank Heaven, with Horace, that Ida's love troubles are all before her, like the trials of the young bears.

Poor, happy, little child! I have half a mind to say that I *will* come back to

her, to stand by her and help her, if her mother's health is really failing; if Colonel Ridgeley is right in foretelling mysterious political troubles here this winter. But all that is nonsense. This country has been on the brink of ruin before every Presidential election within my memory, and this one, go as it may, will leave us comfortably reconciled to its results. Will there not be cakes and ale whether Douglas or Lincoln head the squabbles in Washington?

It is a week since I wrote this last sentence, and I have changed my mind about the cakes and ale. Colonel Ridgeley last night did me the honor, — I am right to use that word, for a confidence from him is an honor, — he did me the honor, I repeat, to hold a long confidential conversation with me. It began by my talking of coming back. I said that Ida's education was not finished, that I could still do a great deal for her, and that, while Mrs. Ridgeley's health was feeble, I could be useful about the house; it was too much for Ida to have the whole charge of the house and the servants.

"Walk down the avenue with me, Miss Gardiner," said he; "let us talk this over where we are sure not to be interrupted."

We stopped under the glorious old horse-chestnut, and as I looked in his face I thought I should hear how anxious he was about his wife's health. He took away my breath, when he said: —

"It is not on our account, on Ida's, that I think it would not be well for you to come back, but it is on your own. You may hardly be safe here next winter."

"Safe!" I exclaimed; "what could possibly hurt me?"

"Nothing while you were in my house, under my protection, but I might not be always able to give you that protection. I am going to repose great confidence in you, Miss Gardiner; I am going to say to you that the feeling of jealousy of Northerners has reached a terrible height here; you are better away, — at least, until this election is over. If it goes for us, all may be well, and we may welcome you back again; but if Lincoln is elected, there are politicians among us mad enough in their blind ambition to hurry the South into some irretrievable step, perhaps even to try to separate us from the North. It is in speaking freely of this chance in the future as something not impossible that I show my confidence in you. Should such a thing be attempted, and the North refuse to accept it quietly, you should be with your own people."

"But you, — what would become of you in such a case?"

Colonel Ridgeley answered in that deliberate manner which showed that the question was no new one to his mind.

"There are occasions in life, and very sad ones they are, when a man perceives and has to choose between several duties; I hope no such occasion is coming to me but, if it comes, I must follow that course which seems to me to involve the least wrong."

"There cannot be two rights," said I.

"It has always been my curse in life," he answered, "to see a great many rights. Every party, every opinion, has some right on its side, and while I am weighing their different claims the time for action has generally passed for me. But this time, if the crisis comes, I shall be forced into action."

"I cannot believe it will come, but if it should, in so terrible a matter, so vital, you need not decide; you could leave, go North, go to Europe."

"No, that I could not do, because there are some clearly defined duties that keep me here. My duty to my people, ignorant and helpless as they are, is very plain to me. If troublesome times come, my responsibility to them will be even greater than it is now, and you know how great I have always felt it to be. You know, Miss Gardiner, that I am not a man of action; looking back at my past life, I see many duties neglected, some things left undone that it is too late now to mend; but at least I am not a coward, I will not desert my post. I trust this conversa-

tion with your good judgment. Do not let it go for more than it is worth, but believe that I feel it my duty to give you this advice this morning."

I left Colonel Ridgeley, and, walking directly to my own room, sat down by the window, determined to think well of what I had heard, and to decide my course of action. I began by watching the trees as they moved their leaves lazily in the wind, then wondered what chance there was that those two little negroes would succeed in driving that obstinate little pig through the hole made in the fence by the broken rail, and then fell to dreaming about those duties which Randolph Ridgeley had left undone. Of course, my mind ran off to his married life. About what else does a single-woman speculate when she thinks of her married friends? I had tried before to measure the disappointment of a man of earnest, thoughtful character, when he finds that the companion whom he has chosen for life is capable only of a childlike affection, — pure and beautiful, indeed, so far as it goes, but satisfying so little of his nature. And yet who had he to blame but himself? He has everything he asked for. Is a man to complain that his wife is after marriage just what made her so charming before; that she is too young, too gay, too gentle, too amiable, too yielding, too ready to be pleased? I suppose Laura Christie was lovely in his eyes just for these very things, and perhaps it is his fault as much as hers that she is nothing different now. I see how it has all been. He had six months or so of a fool's paradise; and then perhaps six months more of struggles to find a woman where there was only a child; and after that he threw the whole thing up, and contented himself with being very kind and very just to her, for he piques himself very much on his justice. At any rate, she does not grow peevish and fretful in growing old, as most silly women do. No, indeed, she is a darling, loving, kindly little thing; and I shall go and sit with her all the evening, and admire the pretty fancy-work which she calls sewing.

So that was the end of my careful thinking over my plans, a quiet, merry chat over Mrs. Ridgeley's light-wood fire. What a thing a light-wood fire is! the nearest approach to sunshine that human hands can make. I see Sam now laying the pieces of wood artistically across each other; then one touch of the candle sends a sharp tongue of flame shooting up between them, crackling and leaping from piece to piece, until the whole chimney roars, and the room shines out into cheerfullest light. I agree with the settler on the Carolina pine barren, the despised "Cracker" who says, "Well, stranger, I reckon you call this a poor country, but there 's not such a district for light-wood to be found for miles around." But it is idle, all this lingering; the 1st of August is here, and I must go. I pretend it is only for a longer vacation than usual, say till the Christmas holidays; but since my talk with Colonel Ridgeley I have grown nervous, and fancy I feel thunder in the air. I wish Mammy Clary would throw a shoe after me for good luck, instead of saying, "'Pears like things is all changing, Miss Gardiner."

II.

It is the early summer of 1862, and I am still in Newburyport, cut off from my Virginia friends by an impassable wall of struggling, fighting men. McClellan's army lies between us and Richmond, and the Northern Neck is only a camping-ground for his soldiers.

Since we cannot see into the future, like the old gods of Olympus, let us never dream of meddling with their province.

Suppose I had told Colonel Ridgeley to secure Ida's happiness by giving her to a brave, manly fellow like Horace Thayer, who would be everything to her that a man should be to a woman, — a shield, a support, a tender and reverential guide. It was in Colonel Ridgeley to feel this, and he might have followed my advice. Suppose I had

wakened up Ida's heart by giving her one hint — just a little one — of Horace's feelings towards her and turned her great admiration and affectionate friendship into a trembling, maidenly love which would have leaped up into strength like the flame through my crossed sticks of light-wood. — Why, since those quiet days they have been separated as far as in a lifetime of common years!

Horace is Major Thayer of the —— Massachusetts, in the —— division of the Army of the Potomac; and Colonel Ridgeley, we have heard, is commanding a regiment of Virginia soldiers under Lee. I know nothing of Mrs. Ridgeley or of Ida, — a little note a year ago, and nothing more. My own occupation has gone too, and that of a large class of women like me. There are no calls for private governesses at the North; all learning and all teaching is done in the public schools and the academies, and one look at the list of studies was enough to make me despair. What do I know of the Higher Mathematics, of Logic, of Electro-Chemistry? I claim only a tolerable knowledge of English, a moderate grammatical proficiency in French and Italian, with an accent not quite shocking, a facility in sketching any pretty bit of landscape that catches my eye, and music enough to detect my pupils' mistakes. What should I do in a High School? The A grade would look down upon me. So I have stayed quietly at home and made "havelocks" and needle-cases for the soldiers. Lately, as their wants have seemed more pressing, we have worked hard on their summer clothing, and by August we shall begin on their winter socks and shirts. It is a wearying, anxious time, — nothing but eating your heart out with waiting for news; and I do not wonder that the women around me look old, that I feel old and worn myself. I almost wish I had gone into the hospitals, it would have kept my heart and mind alive; but what did I know of nursing sick people? One must have a genius for it, like some women I know, or else be apprenticed to it by such an experience of whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, and so forth, as does not naturally come in the way of an old maid schoolmistress. But I shall rust out here. I must hear something, know something. I shall write to Lucy Thayer, and tell her that I am coming to spend a week with her. Isaac promised to send me news of Horace, — does he never get any? I believe I am too old to change interests as I used to do in the days when a year was long enough for a school engagement; when a winter as governess in Georgia, a school session as drawing teacher in that humbug of an academy in Alabama, was my way of seeing the world, — the only way open to a poor Yankee girl. Then it was great fun to see new people, to make new friends; but somehow I am tired of it all now. The three years' care of Ida Ridgeley makes me feel as though I had a claim on her which cannot be broken by all the storms of rebellion and war that have come between us. And Horace Thayer too, — have I given him so much laughing advice, so much friendly consideration, so much really admiring respect for nothing, that he should drift away from me into a life that I know nothing about? I shall go to Keene next week.

All this grumbling in my little room, the hall chamber, up stairs, where I sat with my feet up, and a shawl drawn close over my shoulders, looking out on an easterly storm which made the streets look gray and dreary. "If it would rain something like rain," I said, "and not drizzle, drizzle for three whole days. I shall go wild with restlessness; and what a nervous noise that door-knocker makes! I suppose it 's the butcher."

I fairly jumped when Margaret opened my door, a handkerchief over her head, dust-pan and brush in one hand, and a letter in the other.

"From Washington, from the army, I do believe, Mary; open it quick; there 's no bad news, I hope."

"It is from Horace Thayer, from the Manor. How could he be there? Sit

down, never mind the sweeping, let me read. At any rate," I continued under my voice, "this letter comes to me legitimately."

THE MANOR, June, 1862.

MY DEAR MISS GARDINER: — Colonel Ridgeley asks me to write to you by the express that goes up to Washington to-morrow, to tell you the sad news that our dear, kind friend, Mrs. Ridgeley, is dead. She died last night, — just quietly sank away without any suffering. Thank Heaven, she had all that she loved around her, — her husband, her daughter, her old "Mammy Clary," and even the best attendance and nursing. She sent a message to you a few days ago. It was that she wished this horrid war had never taken you away; she wished you were here now; and so do I, though I know how impossible it is. I wish you were here for Miss Ridgeley's, for Ida's sake. You will wonder that I should be here. I was ordered a week ago, with a company of men, to the Green Spring Station, to remain there and forward army stores. You know the station is only ten miles from Ridgeley Manor, yet it was two days before I had time to ride over, or even any chance to inquire about them. But on Tuesday evening, Sam, Colonel Ridgeley's own boy, you remember, came to my quarters. The negroes know everything that happens, and he had found out that morning that I was there, and came to ask for me. He told me that Colonel Ridgeley was at home, having passed our lines with a flag of truce, bearing a letter from Lee himself to the commanding officer of our division, requesting permission for him to visit his home, where his wife was dying. Sam said that Mrs. Ridgeley could live only a few days, and that they wanted everything, — medicine, wine, but especially some one to take care of her. Their house-servants had left them, except Mammy Clary and himself, and her long illness had worn out Mammy Clary's and Ida's strength. I knew that Miss Betsy Partridge was in Washington, waiting for admission to some hospital; and I ventured to send for her at once, simply telling her that I wanted her for a case of severe sickness. I loaded Sam with everything I could give him from my slender stock of luxuries (luckily I had some good sherry), and sent him home with a note to Colonel Ridgeley, saying that I should be at the Manor the next day, and that I hoped to bring an experienced nurse with me. But I dreaded to see Miss Betsy, and, indeed, her indignation, when she heard what I wanted her for, was almost beyond my power of calming.

"Have you sent for me, Horace Thayer," she said, — "sent for me from Washington, where our poor boys are suffering, that I may nurse a rebel soldier's wife? I shall go back by the next train."

I told her what they had been to me, what kind friends, how much I owed to them, begged her only to ride over and see for herself, she would so pity that poor sick woman and her daughter, worn out by such cares.

"I believe you are a fool," she answered at last, "or at least you must think I am one; but I 'll go with you, and do what I can, since I am here."

And from that moment I never got a word more of reproach from her. God bless her! I never can be grateful enough to her for what she has done for us. She encloses a letter to you in this. I am sure her clear head and kind heart have led her to value our friends as they deserve.

We reached the Manor the next evening, and I could hardly recognize the place. The glorious avenue that led to Major Johnstone's is gone, cut down for firewood or defence; the negro-quarters are deserted, and their pretty gardens pulled to pieces; the house itself has lost its portico, the lawn is trampled over, and the Osage orange-hedge broken away. Colonel Ridgeley was at the door, and welcomed us eagerly. You know how cordial he can be, but I wish you had seen how he met Miss Betsy, with such an earnest gratitude to her for

coming. Mrs. Ridgeley was expecting us, and wanted to see me at once. I could scarcely endure seeing her so wasted and pale, white as her pillow; but the change in her looks was not so hard to bear as the frightened look in her face, the manner in which she clung to everybody around her as if for help. She held her husband's hand tight as she spoke to me, clinging to him with an eager hold, as if life would pass away without his help. Her eyes seemed to ask aid from everybody, and, when she fixed them upon her husband, you could read her thoughts in them as well as if she had spoken: "You are so strong, so wise, you have always helped me, always held me up. O, help me now!"

No one ever called Colonel Ridgeley a religious man, but I believe he has in his heart a living, personal trust in God, like that of a child in its father, which is life and strength in the time of trial, though hardly felt when all goes well. It could have been only such a trust which gave him power to meet her imploring look with one of love and encouragement. You know Ida's place without my telling you. It has been the long habit of her life to care for every want of her mother's, to anticipate those wants from her looks. She shows the calmness and self-control natural to her on serious occasions, but she is terribly worn by all she has gone through, and I think my coming was a relief to her. I am sure Miss Betsy's was.

That was Wednesday night, and I could only stay an hour, — long enough to see Miss Betsy at home in the sick-room, and to find out what was most needed that I could supply. They have suffered from a great many privations like everybody here. It is the story that you have heard so often, — the soldiers of both armies passing over the country, comfort after comfort taken away from them as their communication with the North was cut off. Their people have gone one by one, followed our army, straggled into the woods, taken care of themselves in the various ways in which we used to think them so wise. Never but once has a word about the situation of the country or his present position passed between Colonel Ridgeley and myself, and that was that first night, as I was waiting for Sam to bring my horse.

He pointed over to the quarters and said: "You will not be sorry for the change there; but my care for them, my anxiety as to what would become of them if they were left, was almost the turning weight which made me go with the Confederacy. Well, 'man proposes and God disposes'; but, let things turn out as they may, you and I, Mr. Thayer, will believe that each of us has done what he thought was his duty."

Miss Betsy's letter will tell you more about the next few days than I can. I could be there only an hour every evening, but on Sunday I got away early, and reached the Manor before sundown. Mrs. Ridgeley always wanted to see me, and that day I went in at once. Ida was asleep in her own room, and Mammy Clary had gone to prepare some refreshment for her mistress. Mrs. Ridgeley spoke to the Colonel.

"Go and rest a little while, Randolph; I want to talk to Horace."

He looked a little surprised, but went, and Miss Betsy withdrew herself out of sight in the little dressing-room.

"My dear Horace," she said, "I want to ask you something. You think I shall get well, — do you not? Randolph used to say so, but I am afraid to ask him now. You will not tell me if you do not think so," she continued, her face bearing the scared expression of a child dreading the dark; "do not say anything if you don't want to."

Miss Betsy looked out from her recess and fixed her eyes sternly on my face. "You 've come of a godly stock, Horace Thayer, speak the truth; it 's no time to deceive that poor thing now."

So I could only say, "You would not be afraid to go home to your Father's house, dear Mrs. Ridgeley; you remember who died that we might come to Him."

"I do not know, let me hear," and her voice took a deeper, more earnest tone than ever in her life.

Miss Betsy reached out her Bible, opened at the fourteenth chapter of John, and once more, as so many thousand times before, were those words of healing heard in the chamber of grief, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Her husband had returned at the sound of the reading, and stood by her pillow as she opened her eyes.

"That is very pleasant to me," she said, whilst there stole over her face a look of repose, like a tired child just going to sleep. Yes, in those last hours God had sent his angels to bear her through the valley of darkness, and gradually the holy presence which she was entering seemed to send its radiance through the mists of death. The struggle which she had so dreaded was mercifully spared her, for she sank to sleep so quietly that nobody knew when she left them, until a burst of sobs from Mammy Clary, who was gazing at her from between the curtains, told that it was all over. Colonel Ridgeley laid her down from his arms slowly and tenderly, and turned to take his daughter into them. He carried her out into her own room, and as he closed the door behind him we heard from the bedside the grief of the poor black woman who had lost the darling of her life.

"O my chile, my chile!" she said, rocking herself backward and forward in her sobs and cries, "you 'se gone away from me to be wid de Lord Jesus, and who 'll I take care of now? You was always my chile. I knows dar 's Miss Ida, but she 'pears always to take care of herself, and you was my own darling chile, and never was away from your Mammy Clary. O Lord, you 'se taken her to yourself, but what will she do without me?"

I shall be here to-day, and do all that can be done. She will be buried on the plantation where the family are laid; and to-morrow Ida goes with her father, — goes to the Christies in the southern countries beyond the two armies, while her father joins his command. We shall be separated perhaps forever, and I can say nothing, I have nothing to say. This war makes us live fast. Ida has changed; she is not what she was two years ago, but she has only grown so womanly, so lovely! How I wish you could see her!

I am to join my regiment next week, as soon as the next supply of stores is forwarded. We are to go to the front. You will always hear of me through Isaac. Will you send him this letter? and believe me always your grateful friend,

HORACE THAYER.

Miss Betsy's letter had fallen at my feet, and Margaret picked it up for me. I had been crying very gently and quietly while I read Horace's to her, but somehow Miss Betsy's made me hysterical, and I broke down into a nervous laugh which would have frightened Margaret if it had not ended in a sob. "Let me read," she said, and began it over again. The beginning was abrupt enough, and like Miss Betsy.

I suppose, Mary Gardiner, that you 'd be glad to hear what Horace Thayer has made me do, even if these folks were not your friends, for I believe you are more than half a rebel yourself. I always thought so when I used to hear you talk of the need of our being gentle in our judgment of these mistaken people, and of our allowing for the force of early training and putting ourselves in their place. Well, I came here for no grand reasons at all, not because they were fellow-creatures and needed me, but just because I saw that Horace Thayer's heart was set upon it, and I could n't bear to thwart the boy. I guessed it was the daughter before I got here, and now I know it as well as you do. He loves her so completely that I should be sorry for him, with everything against him in the future, if I did not know that such a real feeling will make more of a man of him.

I like the girl too; she has something in her; she never could be like that poor little pitiful thing lying up stairs, even if Horace were not too much of a Christian to treat her as your grand rebel colonel has treated his wife. I see it all as plainly as if I had lived here, and it 's one of the things that make me angry. A woman is a woman, and ought to be treated like one, and not like a baby, even if she has a leaning that way, for you see what comes of it in the end. Here is the man that I 've heard you praise up to the skies as the model Christian gentleman, — and I 'll not say but he is grand and wise, and good too, I suppose. Well, he marries a woman, the woman whom he chose, — for I don't suppose anybody forced him to marry her. A poor little thing, to be sure, but a good little thing, and one that loved him and nobody else; and then, after he married her, because she was not grand enough or wise enough to suit his fancies, what does he do but content himself with being kind to her, and making her comfortable, and then go about with his own thoughts and occupations until she is no more a part of his life than you and I are.

Now, what a man ought to do if he finds the wife he has chosen is not quite all he would wish her is to give his life to making her so; to help her to be as wise and as strong as her nature will let her be, and not just pet her because it is too much trouble to teach her to be a woman.

You call Colonel Ridgeley a religious man, — do you? I won't gainsay it, but he has not so lived his life as to make that poor child religious. She lay there on the very borders of death, and she knew it too, and where did she look for help? Not to the Lord, not once did I see her turn there in all her fears; but she used to watch the doctor's face when he came in the morning, and mine when I had been with her all night, and her husband's when he stood by her bedside, and say, "I am better than I was yesterday," "To-morrow I can have my bed made," or "Next week I shall be down stairs"; and he would tell her she was better, or talk about her getting well, and bid us all keep up her spirits. It was the same kindness that I suppose he has always shown to her, but I call it a selfish kindness; and I don't call that man a Christian who does not "so let his light shine before men," that his nearest and dearest may learn to "glorify their Father which is in heaven."

Poor little thing! nobody could be cruel to her after all. I was almost as much afraid as any of them that she would find out the truth one night when she asked me to bring her a looking-glass, that she might see if she was much changed. If I had not known that it was a crying sin for that poor creature to go to her grave unprepared, I would not have brought her the glass. She only said, looking up at me so piteously, "Do I look very badly? am I very pale? No, I cannot look at myself, it would frighten me so much; and then Randolph does not want me to agitate myself, he would not like it; take away the glass, Miss Partridge."

Well, she has gone now, and I am glad I had the chance to be kind to her. The daughter is made of a different stuff; such stuff as you 'd put in storm stay-sails. She will come out of this storm all right, and, if she and Horace ever get together, she 'll not be one for his friends to be ashamed of.

I have nothing more to do here, and shall go back to Washington to-morrow.

Give my love to Margaret; she is a capable person, and had better come here and help us,

Yours,

BETSY PARTRIDGE.

P. S. — You can do as you think best about sending my letter to Isaac and Lucy.

Margaret went away quietly when she had finished the letter, and came back in a quarter of an hour with a quaint little round waiter in her hand, holding an India teapot such as you see only in Newburyport; and as she poured out my tea she said sympathiz-

ingly, "It is a pity you are not with them."

I turned sharp upon her. "How can I be with them, with two armies between us? I wonder if the politicians who made the war ever think how they are keeping people apart as well as making them miserable. There are no two people in the world better suited to each other than Ida and Horace Thayer, but who knows when they will ever come together again. He will come back with a wooden leg, I suppose, and she — at this rate I don't see how she is to find enough to eat, or anybody to cook it. If their negroes have run away, there is nobody left down there capable of cooking what they call 'a meal's victuals.'"

My little burst of temper did me good; and, after I had swallowed my first cup of tea, I began to sip the second and to talk more reasonably. But something certainly was the matter with me; for, after my evening's reasonable talk, after deciding that our two young people were worthy of each other, after assuring Margaret that I had the best of reasons for knowing Horace Thayer's feelings; after wondering whether Miss Betsy was of my opinion that Ida's love for him had never been awakened; after speculating on what this meeting at such a time would do for her; after a full tribute to Laura Ridgeley's gentle nature and affectionate heart, and a confession that, noble and conscientious as Colonel Ridgeley was, he had not done quite all his duty as regarded his wife, — I went to my own room in hopes of a quiet night, in which I was, Margaret said, "to sleep off my nervousness."

But scarcely had I put my feet on the fender, and taken out my hair-pins, when my excitement all came back again. I could not help a kind of exasperation when I thought of the woman who had lived her life, been bride, wife, and mother without so much as knowing it; who had had such chances of living the fullest life, to whom every source of happiness, of blissfulness had been opened, and all for nothing, — whilst I — "Oh!" thought I, shutting my hands up tight, "if I had only been in her place," and yet, not exactly in her place, for, much as I honor Randolph Ridgeley, he is not my notion of a husband. The first thing I ask of a man is that he should *be* a man, and act out his manliness, not be always stopped by "some craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event"; besides, old maid's husbands — their dream husbands — are always young. I would rather marry Horace Thayer, if there were any question of my marrying in the matter.

So I went on, fretting over the impossible, wishing to take things into my own hands and play Providence, longing for the old times when fairy godmothers had power, when the good genius carried the princess through the air and laid her by the side of the prince, till I had used up half the night, and unfitted myself for anything better than the troubled, starting sleep which left me in the morning gray, pinched, and wrinkled, with a dilapidated look under the eyes and round the chin that did not comfort me at all. But there was nothing for it but patience, so I made havelocks all that week, and the next; and then came, like a thunderclap to clear up my leaden atmosphere, this note from Lucy Thayer: —

"I send you the telegram which we received last night. Isaac started this morning for Washington, and will bring him home if possible. We want you to come here at once, and help me to get ready for them. There is no one who can take care of Horace as you can."

The telegram was from the colonel of his regiment.

"Major Thayer, severely wounded in the side in the fight at Malvern Hill July 2. Is on his way to Washington."

And the telegraph operator is the kindly genius, the *Deus ex machinâ*, of our times. Let us be thankful for what he does for us.

I leave for Keene to-night.

III.

THE war is over; the claps of thunder which came upon us in such rapid succession — Sherman's march, Lee's surrender, the assassination, — have passed from over our heads, and nothing is left of them but low, distant rumblings. We breathe again; indeed, more than that; we go about our daily work as we did before, we are hungry and thirsty, we want new clothes, we buy bargains of cheap lawns to be made into gored dresses, we call Mrs. A's tea-party a bore, and wonder that Mrs. B did not invite us to dinner. That I, Mary Gardiner, should have seen four years of civil war, should have felt the foundations of the earth shake under me and the heavens seem about to fall upon my head, and that I can still eat, drink, and be merry, — still talk my little talk and fret my little frets, look, act, and speak as I did in the old times, is perhaps the most mysterious lesson I have learned. What are these clashing events but "the garment thou seest Him by"? nothing in themselves.

I take up my little *rôle* of sympathizer in my love-story, just where I left it two years ago, when I sat by Horace Thayer's bedside and listened while he talked of Ida. What a terrible puller down of pride is sickness! Nothing but loss of blood and its consequent childlike weakness would have opened Horace Thayer's heart; nothing else would have made the undemonstrative New-Englander, whose warmest caress had been a brotherly shake of the hand, whose confidences were as shy and as hard to surprise as a young girl's, speak of himself and his feelings to the nurse, who sat quietly by, ready to hand the drink, to move the pillow, to read the newspaper, and, best of all, to listen when talking was at last allowed.

So I heard everything, soothed and sympathized and hoped, and when he grew strong enough to walk about, and I went back to Newburyport, sent him the letter I received from Colonel Ridgeley in May, 1865, saying that he and his daughter were to sail at once for Paris, and highly approved the Doctor's decision, that change of air and a sea-voyage were needed for Horace; a decision which sent him to Paris in June, — solely for his health, he said to his friends.

And now the postman brings me two letters. We must have the lady's first. *Place aux dames*, when the question is of something from Paris.

RUE DE LISLE, July, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS GARDINER: — This is the first half-hour that I have been able to call mine since we arrived, — the first half-hour which I could give you with a clear conscience; anxious as I have been that you should have early news of us, — news which you certainly deserve, since we owe to you so much of our present comfort. I wish you could see us in this little *appartement*, Rue de Lisle, on the wrong side of the Seine, among the old houses, in the narrow streets. You could hardly find us without a guide, even if you were set down in the street itself, and told to stop at No. 71. First, you would see 71, — then 71 *bis*, and after a doubting look at the two numbers, you would see no possible entrance but a big gateway which might belong to either of them, then a long, narrow passage would carry you into a court, in one corner of which you would find the snuffy old concierge, in her stiff black gown, white apron and cap, with her face wrinkled as only an old Frenchwoman's face can be. I made papa laugh last night by asking him what became of all the middle-aged Frenchwomen; they are all either pleasantly young, or horribly old, — a mixture of snuff and wrinkles and funny gray curls.

But our old concierge will tell you that the stairs in the left-hand corner of the court lead to Monsieur Ridgeley's apartments, *au troisième;* and you may follow their windings up the legitimate three stories, only to see such names as Mdlle. Silvestre, Modiste; Steinfels, Peintre, &c., &c., on the little visiting-cards which are tacked on the doors. You must go a story higher before you

are *au troisième*, and straight before you will be "Randolph Ridgeley," in papa's own clear handwriting, under the little door-bell. O, if you could really ring that door-bell! if it were anywhere but in my fancy that I open the door to you, and show you our tiny rooms, — our antechamber, which serves for a dining-room; our little *salon* with its long French windows, pretty chintz curtains and cushions; the two bedrooms opening out of it; and, queerest of all, the little, little kitchen about as big as a small-sized Virginia pantry, with nothing more like a fireplace than four holes where you may burn charcoal, and no water except what is "toted" up in buckets every morning on a man's shoulder.

And yet our little French servant Thérèse manages to give us good coffee for breakfast, and the baker brings the wonderful French rolls, the milkman the tiny can of milk. Indeed, if you want anything in Paris, you have only to lean out of the window, and presently somebody will call it out. My little canary, that you said I could never bring safely through a voyage, but who sings here as merrily as he did in dear old Virginia, has his own special man, who calls out three times a week, "*de bon mouron, du mouron frais, pour les petits oiseaux*," and I do believe the little fellow knows his voice.

Yes, we are contented here, dear Mary; papa is cheerful, and I am more than cheerful, I am hopeful. We did right to come. We could do nothing at home until things had time to settle down, and the money that papa invested here in dear mamma's name at the beginning of the war brings enough to live upon as we are living now, but would do nothing for us in America. And I do not believe it would have been possible for papa to stay in Virginia after all he has gone through, at least without some rest, some quiet. We have not deserted our country, — do not think it. That would seem to me cowardly, and I am sure papa would feel it so. We shall go back again some time, when we can forget, when some of the bitterness has worn off; and then we shall settle down on what is left at the Manor, and try to be good citizens. We see Southerners here every day who say they never want to see America again, who are trying to find occupation here, trying to make homes for themselves here or in England. I do not blame them, I try not to judge them, but I cannot understand it.

Do you remember Colonel Christie? He has entered himself as a lawyer in the Middle Temple, London. We stayed at his house at Bayswater as we came through. He says he never intends to go back, and Mrs. Christie looks sad, and says, "Yes, my baby shall be a little English girl." But that would be impossible for me, impossible for papa. Let us stay here quietly till we can breathe again, till the old wounds have healed over, and then we shall go back to be good Union people! You know I was always a bit of a Northerner, and how many times before the war have we heard papa accused of being tainted with abolitionism when he used to talk of his plans for bettering the condition of our people. To be sure, when the war came, nobody doubted his being a Virginian to his very heart.

This is such weary work, — the going over it all again. I never want to think of it, and I won't. I'll tell you something of our life here, something of my hopes, — for I have hopes, hopes of earning a little money by my pictures before long. Do you know that Miss Bartlett has had an offer of three thousand francs for her fine copy of the picture in the Luxembourg Gallery, the one she copied last year, and that Couture himself said was "joliment bien peint."

I work very hard, and some of the artists say that I improve. That this should come of the little studies you used to give me years ago at the Manor! I am far enough from satisfying myself; but sometimes I feel as if there was something not altogether poor about my work.

We have our quiet breakfast in the morning; at ten o'clock, I go to Miss Bartlett's room, and either work there

or go with her to the galleries; then at four we meet papa at some *café*, and take our dinner; after that a stroll in the gardens, and home to a cup of tea, either alone or brightened up by some American face, — some artist with funny stories of Bohemian life, some newcomer, who does not know where to find cheap apartments, and whose rooms at the hotel are too much for his purse.

We are sometimes very merry over our troubles, and the Mondays when the galleries are closed are always holidays. We make cheap excursions to St. Cloud by the American Tramway, to Auteuiel in the omnibus, to Versailles by the *chemin de fer*, *rive gauche*, and, best of all, through the streets of Paris.

We had the most delicious time yesterday, going over Madame de Sevigné's old home, the Hotel Canaveral, — Miss Bartlett told me of it, — a quaint French house, not a palace (it is so nice to be shown something that is not a palace), off in the old part of the city, among the narrow streets. There they show you the very room where so many witty things have been said, Mme. de Sevigné's salon, all filled with little white, dimity-spread cots, for the Hotel Canaveral is a boarding-school for boys now. I saw the portrait which hangs in her boudoir, — a recitation-room now, — the very portrait from which the vignette in the edition at the Manor was taken. You remember it, with the curls tied together at the temples and hanging out from the face.

How like old times it seemed! — the times when we used to have our evening readings at home; when a good translation of one of those stupid, witty letters in the morning made you promise me some little bits for the evening, picked out of the French memoirs and histories in the library; when poor, dear mamma would beg for something more amusing, and Major Thayer would bring the last novel that Mr. Johnstone had sent from Richmond. Who thought then that he would be *Major* Thayer? We had majors and colonels all around us, but that Horace Thayer would have anything to do with the army would have been like a fairy-story to us.

How many things that have happened since that would have sounded like a sad story if we had heard of them then. I feel old enough when I think of the last five years; they seem like fifty.

Papa wants me to ask you to tell us something of Mr. Thayer. That he reached home safely, in spite of his terrible wound, we know; that he was slowly getting better in his quiet New Hampshire home, of which he used to talk sometimes, we know too, but nothing else. How was it possible to hear anything with the armies between us, and then, that terrible last spring, General Lee's surrender, and all that happened around us, with our hurried journey to New York, and the ocean voyage, that seemed to put an end to our former life, and bring us a new one in this old world which is a new world to us! Yes, I am so old now that I look back wondering at myself as I remember the old times, they seem so far removed from me. And yet the duties are the same, — the same save a greater necessity to cheer papa, to make things bright for him here in this new place, where everything is so strangely different from our old life. It is terrible for him, — a terrible past to look back upon, and a sad future to look forward to. I think poor dear mamma was kindly spared all this. How could she have borne it? As it was, our troubles killed her, — she, made only for prosperous times, so good, so sweet, so gentle as she was. One thing I must say, — if I lived a thousand years I could never forget Horace Thayer's thoughtfulness for her, nor all that he did for us at that terrible time when the Northern armies were upon us, and she was dying.

How foolish I am to talk to you of all this, when I only meant to satisfy your kind friendship by telling of our life here; not a sad life for me, — do not think so; I am too busy, my heart and my head are too full, — only sad for papa because he has no one, nothing. He can have no associates; the Americans here, the Northerners, cannot look

kindly upon him, and the few Confederates who are living poorly here are not friendly either.

It is not a happy thing to be so clear-sighted, so gentle in judgment, as papa is. To see both sides of a question, to be able to put yourself in the place of either party, to understand how each may be right from his stand-point, to be free from prejudice, not carried away by feeling, what is it but to lay one's self open to distrust from both sides, to accusations of lukewarmness; and then at last to be obliged to choose almost against one's conscience? Poor papa! sometimes I am proud that he chose the losing side, for seeing so clearly as he did that it would be so; sometimes I wonder still what course would have been the right one. And this is the sting for him. He has never known, never been able to see clearly, which was the right path. I suppose partisans on both sides will say this is impossible, but it is true. I have thought that such a life as papa's — a student's life, quiet and introverted, with his simple duties as a Virginia gentleman marked out for him, and his literary tastes keeping him apart from all around him — was a poor preparation for the rush of events that swept us all before them. To go with his State, with his friends, with the people he was so proud of belonging to, it seemed easy enough, straightforward enough, to Mr. Johnstone, to the Christies, to mamma, to me then; but *now*, — now I can see what it was to papa, a struggle for light when there was no light, a terrible conflict of duties. I do believe, I always shall believe, that the turning-point, the weight that turned the scale, was a chivalrous feeling that led him to throw himself with the weaker side, — who but he thought then that it was the weaker?

What a rambling letter I am writing to you! Here is Thérèse with the waiter of tea, and papa with some old engravings he has picked up on the quays, — such wonderful things, and for a few francs. You drag them out from under a pile of dingy things, — and dingy enough they are themselves, but sometimes they are prizes. They are cheap luxuries, almost the only ones we can afford.

Think only, dear Miss Gardiner, that we are not unhappy; homesick sometimes, sad enough sometimes, but *not* unhappy, and always grateful for what you have done to make it easier for us here. What would have become of us in our first bewilderment, in our present loneliness, without the help you secured for us by your letter to Miss Bartlett. She has been very kind, helping in every way, — to find our apartments, to arrange all our housekeeping details, and, best of all, to give me a hope for the future by seeing something more than a school-girl's scrawls in the rude pencil-sketches and sepia daubings which I flung into my trunks as dear remembrances of the old Manor which we can never see again as it was.

Does Miss Bartlett write to you? She has some ideas that cannot be real, — it is all her imagination, and nothing but nonsense. I, with papa's happiness in my hand, I hope no one who knows me could believe that I can have any thought nearer than him. And then I know what a man ought to be; I have seen papa's life, and others; I know what sacrifice and self-denial mean, how a man may do his duty first and not think of himself.

I have read over my last sentence since I gave papa his tea. It sounds like girlish nonsense, and so it is. A woman of twenty-two should be above such affectation; if I could do it without mutilating my letter, I would tear it off, — as it is, it simply means that a pleasant artist friend of Miss Bartlett's has, Miss Bartlett thinks, a higher opinion of Ida Ridgeley than she deserves or desires. Love to all, to your sister, to all your friends, from your loving pupil,

IDA.

Well, the last page of this letter is as frank, and bears its meaning as plainly on the face of it, as can be expected from a young woman of two-and-twenty. Let us see what the young gentleman "simply means." His letter is to Isaac Thayer: —

PARIS, July, 1865.

MY DEAR BROTHER: — I post this letter at Paris, where I arrived this morning after a voyage not all delightful. Our passengers suffered all the disagreeable consequences of tossing weather, but my visits to the Folgers, and my boyish trips in their fishing-sloops, made me ready to help or to laugh as the humor took me, and the ocean gave me plenty to look at. I will not bore you with any of my sky and sea experiences. One thing, however, would have interested you, who watch the sky as carefully as a merchant does the stock exchange. It was the woolly, fleecy look of the clouds as we neared this side. Everything seemed softened and near; great heaps of white wool rolled up from the horizon, and seemed to touch the mast-head. You may account for it philosophically; I looked at it with a curious wonder whether the earth was to be as strange as the sky. And strange it was; the little old-fashioned Boulogne-sur-Mer, the queer French watering-place, with its quaint bathing-machines on the beach, its market square in front of the cathedral, and the breezy, shaded walks on the walls, were sufficiently unlike Rye Beach, Nantasket, or the Maine coast to make me realize that I was in a foreign country, if the heavy-looking men in blouses, the stout women in short petticoats and white caps, did not contrast enough with our wide-awake, shambling, lean countrymen and our anxious-looking, intelligent women.

A most melancholy country it is, that the railroad carries you through, between Boulogne and Paris, — a country which would make you despair more than did the old fields of Virginia in the far-off times. Long, dreary stretches of sand, glaring in the sunshine, with here and there a cluster of stone huts, — an irretrievable country; I wondered what had become of *la belle France*.

But Paris, — I am in Paris, safe through the octroi, the cabmen, the porters, and on the second floor of the snug little Hôtel des États Unis, Rue d'Outin, that Frank Richards recommended, well cared for by the kindly Madame Robin, who piques herself on her English, and who thinks so much of Americans.

Lucy asks why I say nothing about my side. My dear sister, I have nothing to say. So far, the wound has given me no trouble, and, should it break out again, I am in good hands here. Do not be anxious about me, I shall do well enough. Colonel Ridgeley is my most anxious thought at present. I shall go to the American bankers, and among them I must find his address; but I cannot throw off the weight which lies upon me when I think of what may have happened. It is two years since we have heard anything direct, nothing but Miss Gardiner's note to Lucy, telling of the going to Europe last spring. I shall find them, however, for we know they are in Paris unless they have entirely changed their plans.

No, I have not forgotten all that we said to each other the evening before I left you. There is now no reason but my want of means to prevent me from trying to win Miss Ridgeley; and that, please God to give me good health, cannot long stand in my way, with the whole West before me, with my education, and with the helping hand which you, my dear brother, have held out for me to put mine into ever since the day you took up your duty of elder brother.

Who would not be an American with the future in his own hands? I shall not hesitate, I shall speak at once, at whatever risk to myself. I hold it cowardly for a man who knows his own mind to keep silence from a selfish fear of a repulse. He has no right to keep a woman ignorant of his intentions; nothing seems to me more unmanly than the "caution which waits to be assured of success," which will not commit itself to the chances of defeat, which gives all risks and takes none.

Shall I ever cure myself of writing to you of my own nearest concerns? It is your fault, you have taught me to do it; and, because you know me so well, others know little of me.

The city has waked up now, the

shops are opening, and the carriages beginning to rattle at an hour when the day is half over at home, and Madame Robin offers a *valet de place* to show me the wonders of Paris. I thank the broken-down seedy-looking individual, who stands hat in hand assuring me that nobody can show me what he can, Paris *à fond;* but I am too poor for such a troublesome luxury, and I prefer making my own mistakes and being cheated in my own way.

11 P. M.

Tired out and disappointed! I have tried all the prominent American bankers, seen their books, their letter-boxes, but no clew. Of course it is only a question of time; the police can give me a list of all residents, but I had hoped to see them to-day.

Since banking hours I have been in the gardens of the Tuileries, looking at the French bonnes flirting with the Zouaves; the wonderfully dressed little children feeding the birds; the shaky old gentlemen sitting on the benches, for which you do not pay; and the well-to-do shop-women on the chairs for which you do pay. I wondered, with the children, at the elegant pony carriage drawn by a team of goats; and gave a poor boy two sous, that he might ride on one of the wooden ponies which whirl around so fast. Then I witnessed the astonishing performances of Punch and Judy, whose witticisms and allusions were lost upon me. We have read of all these things so often, and pictured them to ourselves in such a perversely wrong-headed, left-handed way, that seeing them as they really are is like rubbing our eyes to find ourselves awake and the things around us changed from dreams to realities. And yet Miss Betsy would be glad to believe that the *café chantant* where I took my supper to-night was no reality, but only a bad dream. Poor Miss Betsy —

Wednesday night.

I think I can write steadily when I once get started; but how to begin with every nerve alive, every sense acute; with my blood tingling through my veins in a way to make all life that I have known before only a dull sleep! I have found them, — found them in the easiest way; after all my search at the bankers, my application to the police registry, — found them by the merest chance, let me say by the happiest luck. I believe in luck, and in my own luck from this time forth.

Did you ever hear of the Parc Monceau, the prettiest little place in Paris? — a bit of the country let into the town, lovely with trees and lake and fountain; a place to come upon as I did last Monday at the end of a tiresome, sight-seeing day; strolling around it in a listless, stupid way, not knowing, not dreaming that my happiness lay before me. How we grope like blind people for what is just beside us! I had looked nervously into the faces of every group of foreigners I had met that day; the galleries, the palaces were passed through in a way that must have distracted my guides. I could not have sworn to having seen a picture. I was sure of nothing but the Venus of Milo, and a disappointing succession of English and American faces, into which I had rudely stared. But here, when I had given up all hope, when I was thinking only of the morrow's chances; here, quietly seated in the shade of a little cluster of trees, — I play with my happiness, it seems so beyond my deserts as not to belong to me, — here they were both, Colonel Ridgeley and his daughter; he looking older, careworn, but still himself, and she all that I knew she would be, — all that even in the darkest times, when I could promise myself nothing, it made me happy to think that she would be. She was startled, and as I saw it I tried to reason myself into quietness, and say that it was only the sight of an old friend, and that I was a fool to think it anything else; but, with this dancing happiness going through me, how could I listen to anything reasonable?

We talked through the surprise of meeting, asked and answered the hundred questions that rose; spoke of friends left behind, and thought of those

who were never to be seen again; then we walked home through the gay streets to their quaint little rooms.

To sit there by Colonel Ridgeley's side, and see Ida busying herself with the little preparations for tea, while I told of you and of Lucy, and heard of their daily life, their plans for the future! — I think I am a little crazy to-night, I shall not write you any more.

Yes, Colonel Ridgeley walked to the bridge with me, and we stood looking over the parapet at the great pile of the Louvre, which stretched out before us, while he spoke for the first time of the war, of himself in connection with it. He said very little, but that little was said with an earnestness that makes every word stand out before me. "I have lived to feel that in the most important decision of my life I decided wrongly; I have lived to be glad that events have proved me in the wrong; but, believe me, Major Thayer, utterly blinded to our country's claims as we may have seemed to you, the dupes of intriguing politicians as we certainly were, I am not the only Southerner who thought he was doing his duty in standing by his State. Not for slavery, — you know what my feeling has always been there, — but because we really believed that our first duty was to our State, — to go with her, right or wrong. Does this seem impossible to you? When you have lived as long as I have, you may come to know what it is to be torn by doubt as to the right."

"But now — " said I.

"Yes, now I see my way clearly, hard as that way may be, to stay here a few months, — long enough to give myself breathing time, and to allow some bitter feelings at home to pass away, and then to go back and follow the example set by some of our best men in trying to reconcile our people to what is and must be. Nor am I unhappy; I see hope for us in the future, I see a clear path of duty before me. I am not to be pitied," he continued, shaking my hand as he said good night: "those are to be pitied who will not accept the inevitable, — those of my countrymen who have exiled themselves forever in a cowardly despair."

Yesterday morning found me as desponding as the day before I had been hopeful, but I would not send my letter till I knew my fate; and now — that blessed little Parc Monceau — I have seen it again, seen it with Ida alone. I think there is a broken colonnade there, which stretches beside the loveliest of walks, along which go wandering the merriest of children and the archest of bonnes, who bent knowing glances toward the young foreign couple, one of whom never saw them till he knew how happy he was. I do not know how soon I took her home to her father, — a man in a three-cornered hat came to say that the gates were shut at dark, — but Colonel Ridgeley did not look surprised when I told him how long I had loved her. He said, there on that same bridge where we had talked two nights before, "It is true that there was a time when the thought of my daughter's marrying out of her own circle, out of my own peculiar connections, would have been a very painful thing to me; perhaps I should even have thought such a connection an unequal one; but a larger knowledge, a more extended experience, have taught me a truer wisdom. And for yourself, you must not think that I have been so careless a father as to trust my daughter so entirely and so intimately to your society without remembering that this might be the result. I know you, Horace, very thoroughly, I believe; and there is no one to whom I would give her more readily. My dear boy, there is nothing so strange in all this; is the friendship of years to go for nothing? did you not believe it to be sincere?" After that, my dear brother, do you wonder that I came home happy?

Your brother,

HORACE.

After these letters I have only one thing to say. I am glad it was not the police that brought them together. That would have been more prosaic than even the telegraph official.

MY DARLINGS.

MY Rose, so red and round,
My Daisy, darling of the summer weather,
You must go down now, and keep house together,
Low underground!

O little silver line
Of meadow water, ere the cloud rise darkling
Slip out of sight, and with your comely sparkling
Make their hearth shine.

Leaves of the garden bowers,
The frost is coming soon,—your prime is over;
So gently fall, and make a soft, warm cover
To house my flowers.

Lithe willow, too, forego
The crown that makes you queen of woodland graces,
Nor leave the winds to shear the lady tresses
From your drooped brow.

Oak, held by strength apart
From all the trees, stop now your stems from growing,
And send the sap, while yet 't is bravely flowing,
Back to your heart.

And ere the autumn sleet
Freeze into ice, or sift to bitter snowing,
Make compact with your peers for overstrowing
My darlings sweet.

So when their sleepy eyes
Shall be unlocked by May with rainy kisses,
They to the sweet renewal of old blisses
Refreshed may rise.

Lord, in that evil day
When my own wicked thoughts like thieves waylay me,
Or when pricked conscience rises up to slay me,
Shield me, I pray.

Ay, when the storm shall drive,
Spread thy two blessed hands like leaves above me,
And with thy great love, though none else should love me,
Save me alive!

Heal with thy peace my strife;
And as the poet with his golden versing
Lights his low house, give me, thy praise rehearsing,
To light my life.

Shed down thy grace in showers,
And if some roots of good, at thy appearing,
Be found in me, transplant them for the rearing
Of heavenly flowers.

FOREIGN FACES.

THE value and significance of the human face is hardly appreciated in our industrial life. So many of us are intent upon the same thing that all our faces have but one meaning; so much monotony, very often ignoble, is tiresome. We are classified by our life, and fall under a type, — either the clerical, the mercantile, or the political type. The unending succession of variations of these types is not stimulating to artists or poets. The novelist, to find a subject that interests him, has to go down to the picturesque and vagabond classes. He carefully avoids the respectable; they may point his moral, but cannot adorn his tale.

In that great period of modern Europe which succeeded to the Middle Ages, and called man from renunciations and asceticisms to his natural life, which completely set aside mediæval inspirations, and gave us the natural and humanizing works of Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Tintoret, of Rabelais, Montaigne, Corneille, Cervantes, Chaucer, and Shakespeare, — spirits that fed themselves at those twin sources of all good and all beauty, nature and Greek antiquity, — the human face was a poem, individual, charged with its own burden of meaning, marked with the character of its personal and uncommon experience. But to-day we have so systematized everything, our social life is so perfectly organized, we are in such public and close communion, that we have obliterated all striking differences; we resemble each other. All of us have the same story to tell; we tell it in the same language; we carefully avoid a peculiar experience and an uncommon expression. The press and the pulpit have given the people *fade* phrases and trite sentiment in place of the racy and fresh expressions which were the outcome of their occupation and of their idiosyncrasies of character.

In our country, which is the most perfect result of modern ideas, the uniformity of life, and consequent uniformity of faces, is more apparent than in continental Europe; for in Europe there are whole populations not yet out of mediæval ideas, others that yet remain bound to those of the First Empire. There are provinces in the middle of France that live by the ideas and passions of the sixteenth century. In Bretagne, for example, it is said that the peasants have the naïve faith of the time of the good king Saint Louis, and live entirely in the thirteenth century. Among such people you find the average face is not to be classed as clerical, political, or mercantile; as that of trader, gambler, or grasper.

From the provinces of France, from the heart of the solitary and simple life of the country, young men go to Paris. They make the glory of France. They are not modelled after common types; they have not been made by newspapers and pulpits; they are themselves. One day it was Rabelais from Chinnon, Montaigne from Perigord, Napoleon from Corsica, Lamennais from Saint-Malo, Lamartine from Macon, Millet from Greville. Although Molière, Rousseau, and George Sand, three great personalities, three remarkable faces, were born in cities, the life of Rousseau derived all its beauty and all its literary charm from his experience in the country; the same may be said of George Sand. As for Molière, he lived at a time when Paris, still a mediæval city, occupied by the powdered and ruffled and ribboned gallants of the court of Louis XIII., was varied and picturesque.

We build so rapidly to-day, that, unlike our ancestors, who always lived in the houses of their forefathers, we live in our own shells, and our cities always correspond with the actual gen-

eration. The monotony and system of our life does not produce individuals, but general types of a common character. What we call the American face is high-browed, cold-eyed, thin-lipped; it has a dry skin, long nose, high cheek-bones; it is a face wholly devoid of poetry, of sentiment, of tenderness, of imagination; it is a keen, sensible, calculating, aggressive face, certainly not a face to fascinate or love. It is most interesting when it is most ugly, like the good Lincoln's. Happily, he was an individual that no system, no routine, no official life, could destroy or make negative. But how many public functionaries thought he had a poor face! The average American face has not the interest to me of Lincoln's; it is not so noble, so good. Lincoln's face, full of rude forms, expressed a simple, benevolent, thoughtful spirit.

On the Continent you will meet with a vast variety of physiognomies, individual, suggestive, and often full of charm. The ugliest faces, I suppose, are to be found at Bale. The Swiss women of the lower classes are absurdly ugly. A walk through Bale explained to me why Holbein was the greatest painter of ugly faces that the world has produced, or is likely ever to produce. But I am to speak especially of faces seen at Paris.

In a students' restaurant of the *Quartier Latin*, for example, I have observed romantic and beautiful faces of young men. One, perhaps from the South of France, had a warm, bronzed skin, warm eyes, abundant black hair falling upon either side of a low, square, white forehead. He had a dreamy, brooding face. It had no trace of trade or machinery; it was like a troubadour's song; his hair reminded me of the curls of Antinous in the Louvre. Certainly I enjoyed taking my dinner opposite to him. He was far better to me than one of the million duplicates of Young America, whose face is bare of poetry, romance, and sentiment. The face of the young American, regular, handsome, full of energy, will, decision, shows too much the domination of purely material things.

At one time I became interested in two brothers. They were twins, about twenty-five, with comical, libidinous faces. They always dined with company, bubbled with laughter and fun, and sang half the time. They were law students. When they ate and drank and sang, in spite of their very proper clothes they seemed like two fauns strayed into modern Paris. If they were, happy for the jury that shall listen to their pleading, and happy the judge who shall hear their citations. They revived a chapter of pagan mythology, and suggested all the sport of their ancestors. Nature was in full force in their great awkward bodies.

The women faces of Paris are of an indescribable variety. Paris draws to herself, at one time or another, the most beautiful women of the provinces. Paris is the gallery in which they are best seen, the *salon* where they will be the most admired. The gay and unrestrained Parisian does not withhold the expression of his feeling as the Englishman does.

At the public balls you will remark the rare beauty of the girls, — girls and women of the people. The black-eyed or blond Parisian, slender, graceful, nervous, all fire and action; or the peasant-girl, large, round, soft, ruddy, quiet. One obscure Paris model, I knew, was a tall blond Lombard girl, with luxuriant tawny hair, which, always in "admired disorder," was simply drawn back and twisted on the head. She loved Victor Hugo's books, was a Red Republican, and would have fought and sung on the barricades like an Amazon of Liberty, with the same careless spirit that she sang and sat in Parisian studios. She had eyes blue as her own Adriatic, a finely formed full mouth, a fair skin, and a superb neck, well placed. She carried her head like a swan. Although poor, almost homeless, no social slavery had touched her. Her face was wild and free like a Bacchante's. A great painter could have found an immortal type in her

large noble face and heroic figure, — could have seen under the rags of her poverty an antique virgin, sister of the Venus of Milo. How long would an artist have to hunt in New York or Boston for such a type! We produce one type, — "the girl of the period," — who generally overdresses, who is pert and trivial, who is intelligent and vivacious, but dreams just as little as her brother the clerk or her father the banker. They have but one idea, — it is to advance. The girl of the Continent dreams, feels poetry, is impressionable, naïve, and has sentiment; if of the people, she is generous, and respects her impulses. I have seen in Paris, at the public concerts, French girls, white and blond, demure and frail, delicate like New England Sunday-school teachers; looking at them, you could not expect anything but a tract or a hymn, but they give you something very different.

A type very often seen is the beautiful dark woman, with an oval face, dead olive skin, very pale, Oriental eyes stained with henna, hair in great flat bands on the temples, coiled and twisted behind, — a type admired by Gautier, Baudelaire, and De Musset; the kind of woman of whom De Musset wrote, "Two destroying angels, sweet and cruel, walk invisible at her side; they are Voluptuousness and Death."

But let us look upon celebrated faces; there is Nillson, she who is loved and admired by all Paris. I have seen her modest and girlish face, heard her sweet voice. Such a face makes critics eloquent and versifiers poets. The French commit excesses in describing her. A writer, in one of the first Reviews, tried to express the meaning of her eyes, and wrote: "The eye of Christine Nillson, now green, now of a limpid blue with gold reflections, has the cold and cruel beauty of the blinding and shivering suns of the Falberg, always crowned with snow and ice; and it also resembles that gulf of the Maelstrom about which Edgar Poe speaks to us, — the strange and ravishing sensation with which it confounds the spectator, — strange indeed! From afar, vague and fleeting apparition, night crowned with stars, — that slender figure from the North, when you see her close by, shows features largely cut as in the antique statues; the cheeks and the chin are solid and reassuring like strength." This interesting verbal extravagance has some meaning, and helps me to appreciate the suggestiveness of the Swedish face of Christine Nillson.

Another remarkable face at Paris was Charles Baudelaire's. At twenty-one, rich, handsome, having written his first verses, — his face was said to have been of a rare beauty. The eyebrow pure, long, of a great sweep, covered warm Oriental eyes, vividly colored; the eye was black and deep, it embraced, questioned, and reflected whatever surrounded it; the nose graceful, ironical, with forms well defined, the end somewhat rounded and projecting, made me think of the celebrated phrase of the poet: *My soul flutters over perfumes, as the souls of other men flutter over music.* The mouth was arched, and refined by the mind, and made one think of the splendor of fruits. The chin was rounded, but of a proud relief, strong like that of Balzac. The brow was high, broad, magnificently designed, covered with silken hair, which, naturally curly, fell upon a neck like that of Achilles.

Theodore Rousseau had a face that was said to resemble one of the black bulls of his own Jura; Courbet, called handsome, resembles an Assyrian, Gautier, a Turkish Pacha; Ingres's face resembled that of a civilized gorilla. He was probably the ugliest and most obstinate man in Europe, — obstinate like Thiers. The noble and beautiful head of George Sand, so superbly drawn by Couture, resembles the Venus of Milo. Her large, tranquil eyes are almost as celebrated as her romances; they are brooding and comprehensive; they suggest sacred and secret things. Liszt had an uncommon face; "nervous, floating loose, all the emotions of his music, all the fantasies of his impro-

visation passed upon his countenance, quick as his fingers ran upon the keys, — a moved, strange, and always inspired face." A French portrait-painter, who had the talent of an antique medalist, abstracted all the fleeting expressions from Liszt's face, and "in place of an ephemeral man seemed to have copied an immortal statue."

French artists have painted some of the greatest modern heads. Lamennais by Scheffer, Napoleon III. by Flandrin, George Sand by Couture, Cherubini by Ingres, — what American faces and portraits shall we place beside these? Lincoln by Marshall? Chief Justice Shaw by Hunt? and the late Mr. Furness's portraits of women? they do not represent so much science nor so much art as the foreign work.

Flandrin's Napoleon is extraordinary. It expresses a still intensity. It is a "gray, sad, stern, heavy, tiresome, bad face." Not as art, but as character, we place by the side of it Napoleon's immortal American contemporary, Marshall's engraving of the good Lincoln; it is a sad, kind, simple, generous face.

Delacroix had "a rude, square face, small vivid black eyes, that shot their glance from under projecting brows and reminded one of an etching of Rembrandt. He had a profound and melancholy smile, a thin, open, trembling nostril; his mouth was firmly formed, was like a bent bow; from it he lanced his bitter words. He was not beautiful in the eyes of good citizens, but he had a radiant and spiritual face, intense with emotion and thought. Storms had passed over it."

The only two French faces that resemble Americans that I know are those of Favre and Ollivier. Emile Ollivier looks like a Bostonian, and, at the first glance, Jules Favre like a New England clergyman. But as you look at Favre's bold and aggressive face, you find in it that indescribable something which all foreign faces have, which scarcely any American face has, which I suppose is the result of sentiments and pictures, and statues and music, and of things that never touch an American's life, but which are the habitual experience of a Frenchman. His face has not the hardness and coldness of our own, it seems to have a greater range of expression, is more mobile, and fuller in gradation; even Guizot's, thin and poor like a parson's, severe like a theologian's, has a look that assures you he has not spent his life upon local things.

The variety of the type of face upon the Continent, and especially in Paris, is not only to be attributed to the greater play of the social life, but also to the greater variety of æsthetic influences that act upon individuals. There can be no question but that women, when most impressionable, fix and repeat the impressions which they receive; and that a population daily familiarized with the most beautiful forms and heads of antiquity, the most beautiful paintings of the Italian masters, must reproduce some of the fine traits which they have contemplated while walking in the Louvre or in the public gardens.

The "influence of art" is either a beautiful fiction or an impressive and beautiful reality; the population of Paris makes me believe it is a reality. Walking the streets, I have seen just such faces as glow in color or shine in the marble of statues in the galleries of the Louvre. The low brows and full lips of the Egyptian sphinxes, the faces of Assyrian kings, the slender and elegant forms of the Etruscans, preserved with costly care in the public museums, free to the people, are repeated by French mothers. It is well that a race so mobile, so impressionable, surround themselves with grand and beautiful forms, with things that enrich the life. If their habitual life were as bare of such objects of enthusiastic contemplation as is the life of most American mothers, facial traits would inevitably degenerate to flat monotony, become debased, and poor in suggestion. When you observe a beautiful face in Paris, it is generally classic, or at least you can refer it back to some historic type. It may be a living illustration of some

Greek or Italian form, perhaps it is light, — charming, pleasant, like Watteau's dames, all sunny gayety; or it is a sweet, soft, innocent, voluptuous face, like one of Greuze's girls.

In going through our portrait-galleries, the annual array of the Academy of Design, we encounter insignificant and pretentious faces, vulgar faces, hard faces, stupid faces, faces of men sitting to be looked at, rarely one that looks at you and holds you with the glance, like Titian's grand heads. We do not admire our fellow-citizens on canvas or in photographs. Seldom do we find a face so forceful as that of Parke Godwin's, worthy model for Rembrandt, or like Sandford R. Gifford's, worthy model for Titian or Velasquez, or Dr. Brownson's face, which was so vigorously painted by Healy. These are exceptions, for S. R. Gifford looks more like one of Titian's portraits than like an average American; Parke Godwin looks like a Tintoret, and Bryant like one of Fuseli's bards civilized.

Béranger had a beautiful face; it beamed with a genial and fatherly spirit; Lamennais, with his immense brow and piercing eyes, looked like a converted Mephistopheles still troubled with questions, the most purely intellectual and intense of human faces, — to me a terrible face; then there was the extraordinary face of Michel the advocate, described by George Sand in *Histoire de ma Vie*, looking as if he had two craniums, one soldered upon the other; the sign of all the high faculties of the soul not more prominent at the prow than the generous instincts were at the stern of the strong vessel. At the first glance, although but thirty, he looked sixty years old.

When you enter the French Chamber of Deputies, you are struck with the resemblance to American faces, but they are more refined. The men of state all over the world have the same general traits. It is only by watching the play of emotion and the movement of thought that you notice the difference. Then you see that they have thoughts that are not our thoughts, and are qualified by fine and exquisite things. In one word, they have a refined scale of emotions unknown to us.

The human face is a sublime, a beautiful, a mysterious revelation. The life experience traces itself upon the living clay, and for a brief moment the soul looks through a splendid mask of time, transfigured or disfigured by bodily habits, vices, or passions. Most faces are bad imitations of animals; I say bad, because the animal type is confused, not in its perfection when mixed with the human. The most animal types are the Roman heads.

It is a great misfortune to be preoccupied with vulgar or trivial things; they cannot make the heroic face. The reason that poets have such beautiful faces, in spite of habits like Burns's and Poe's, is that they contemplate beautiful things and think grand and generous thoughts. All the great painters have been handsome and remarkable looking men; Titian, and Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke readily illustrate my statement. Tintoret had a solemn and grand face; Da Vinci, a noble and beautiful face; Rembrandt, a sagacious, honest, profound face. Our fine sculptors, Brown, Ward, Palmer, and Thompson, have something Continental about their faces, and do not look narrow, but as if illuminated by a ray of the ideal. The finest faces in Europe were the faces of Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe. Their faces prove to us that just in the measure that we escape sordid thoughts and material cares, and occupy our minds with the beauty of nature, the wit of men, the poetry of life, we set to work a skilful sculptor, who day by day models with an imperceptible and sure hand the heavy, expressionless clay; and in time the rude features become almost grand with goodness like Lincoln's, beautiful with tranquillity like Washington's, or Titanic like Webster's.

Let us imitate the Greeks, the most beautiful of all the historic races, or the Etruscans, which were the most elegant, and recommend to the women

of the land to place in their houses the statues of antique heroes, the pictures of beautiful women. Each generation should be the perfected illustration of all that we admire or ought to admire. But let us dispense with cast-iron dogs, deer, and nymphs, manufactured by enterprising Americans for our country homes. The worse than barbarous taste shown in these hideous imitations of reality must make a lover of the beautiful despair. We have got to learn that statues and fountains and vases cannot be made as we make sewing-machines and steam-ploughs; that a cast-iron dog, from a poor model, does not take the place of the antique boar of the Tuileries or the Lion of Barye.

It is because poets and painters and men of science are admitted into the universal life that their faces lose mean, local traits and resemble each other. The noblest men are not national, but universal. When we think great actions, we look them; when we entertain dreams and have sentiment, we look it, as Hawthorne, as Shelley, as Keats. The face betrays the thought. What would Whittier's face be without the poetry that has flown over it? What is any face that has not been touched, shaped, developed by those invisible influences which come to us from the ideal world and nature, which we call art, science, music? If we spend our days monotonously, like fabricators of pins, we must drain our faces of even what we bring from our anterior life; and how soon most of us lose the traces of that life which in childhood gives such a magic and innocent depth to the eye, which remains sometimes in boyhood and youth,—a wide-eyed, bewildered expression, as if to say the soul does not yet understand why it is subjected to the enormous pressure of prosaic and deadening circumstances accumulated by the machinery of social life.

MY VISIT TO THE GORILLA.

DO not expect, fastidious reader, to be regaled with a dish of spicy adventure from the wilds of Africa, where the gorilla is "at home" to all inquiring friends; for I am sorry to say that I have never visited that most delightful region. My exploits as a hunter have been neither numerous nor wonderful, and I have never been able to fare sumptuously every day on stewed tigers and rhinoceros steaks. To be sure, I have had many imaginary adventures in which all the pleasures of the chase were experienced without any of the perils, and in fancy I have often bagged a hippopotamus and throttled a giraffe. As a matter of fact, however, I have seldom slaughtered any game more dangerous than tomcats; and my weapons in those exciting combats were neither rifles nor revolvers, but simply brickbats. However, it is the spirit in which warfare is conducted that determines its character and dignity, and I am convinced that as much courage may be shown in a struggle with a tom-cat as in an encounter with a lion.

The most trivial circumstances often develop a hardihood which will prove itself equal to the most terrible emergencies. It was the pursuit of hares and foxes which produced in the perfumed loungers of Pall Mall the dauntless heroism that scaled the Redan. And the simple out-door sports, the athletic exercises, and the mimic conflicts of the gymnasium, did much to nurture the unrivalled valor which shone so conspicuously on the battle-fields of the Rebellion. As for quickness of eye and steadiness of nerve, so essential to the hunter whether of beasts or men, there is no comparison

between the complete self-mastery required in skilfully firing a revolver and in successfully shying a brickbat. The dead-shot who can snuff a taper with his rifle, would find it no easy matter to hit a tom-cat on the wing with a brickbat, or bring down a gutter-snipe with a paving-stone. Have you ever seen a tom-cat at bay, Mr. Tompkins? If not, your education has been sadly neglected. To confront that infuriated beast with his breast swelling with the unbridled passions of a Bengal tiger, his back arching fearfully, his hair bristling like quills upon the fretful porcupine, his jaws disclosing teeth of quite tremendous power, and spitting rage and fury at every breath, might well appall the heroic soul of a Wallace or shake the iron nerves of a Gérard.

It was said of that mighty hunter, that modern Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, who left as many bones to bleach on the forest floor of the tropics as whitened any of the battle-fields of Napoleon, that he quitted Great Britain to take part in a war against savages, and abandoned that kind of amusement because "warring with mere men yielded no relish to his splendid and bloody ambition." At last he returned home, "weeping because there were no more animals to vanquish, and desolate because the megatherium was disposed of before he took to shooting." Circumstances have prevented me from imitating his illustrious example, and, instead of hunting wild beasts in the wilderness, I have been obliged to moralize over them in the menagerie. That institution is my pet fancy, and as George Selwyn was certain to be in attendance at an execution, so I am always present whenever there is any excitement among the animals. I have punched the lordly lion in the superb collection at Regent's Park, snubbed the sagacious elephant in the Jardin des Plantes, fluttered the eagles in the Prater at Vienna, and been hugged by the affectionate bears at Berne. My greatest happiness consists in seeing some new specimen of animated nature, and I would travel far to

> "Behold the naturalist that in his teens
> Found six new species in a dish of greens."

When Mr. Barnum announced that he had a live gorilla on exhibition at his Museum, I was seized with an irresistible, and, as my friends said, a feverish desire to see it, partly because it was a decided novelty, but principally on account of its affinity to the human species. As a student of Monboddo, as a follower of Lamarck, as a disciple of Darwin, I have availed myself of every opportunity to trace the connection between man and the monkey, and to ascertain the exact point at which the lower animal assumes the functions of the higher. I must confess, however, that in my investigations I have met with many disappointments. At last I have been forced to the conclusion that, although there are many men possessing the qualities of monkeys, there are no monkeys with the higher faculties of men. It may be difficult to decide whether it is easier to lift a monkey up or to drag a mortal down, but I am satisfied that the millennium of monkeys is yet in the distant future. When the lamb can lie down with the lion without being inside of him, the grotesque parody on human nature may become its perfect counterpart.

Everybody remembers the lines in Pope's Essay on Man in which the poet represents the inhabitants of the celestial regions as so pleased with the discoveries of Sir Isaac that they

> "Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And showed a Newton as we show an ape."

I have always regarded this as rather a dubious compliment to the philosopher, but not without value as an indication of the esteem in which the little hunchback of Twickenham held the members of the apish family with whom the scurrilous dunces of Grub Street delighted to compare him.

As it was impossible for me to meet the gorilla on his "native heath," to waylay him in the jungle or entrap him on the mountain, I thought the next best thing was to confront him at Bar-

num's. Being in New York soon after his arrival, I walked down Broadway, and, on approaching the Museum, my attention was attracted by a large picture suspended over the street in front of that renowned establishment. It represented the gorilla carrying off a female African under one arm, while with the other he brandished a club at a hunter, who was discharging his rifle at this ruthless destroyer of domestic happiness. At the same time another gorilla was overpowering an unfortunate darkey, — perhaps the husband of the wretched female previously mentioned. The painting seemed to me very striking and impressive, and well calculated, as the play-bills felicitously say, to convey a great moral lesson. It is true that a severe critic might have found fault with it as a work of art, and pronounced the coloring gaudy, the drawing defective, and the attitudes unnatural. But the enthusiastic admiration of the multitude outweighs the censorious judgment of the connoisseur. The picture was certainly very attractive to crowds of coon-faced countrymen and ragged newsboys, whose encomiums were earnest, if not elegant. "That big monkey must be a stunner," said an admiring urchin in my presence; "just see how jimmy he grabs that nigger-woman!" The rhetoric of Ruskin could hardly add force to that crude but comprehensive criticism.

Doubtless not a few of the rude rustics who gazed so intently on the pictorial gorilla cheerfully paid their thirty cents in the expectation of seeing the animal as he was depicted on the glowing canvas, but they were doomed to disappointment. So were the confiding creatures who read and believed the accounts in the newspapers of the exploits of the gorilla, when he was first taken to the Museum, in bending a solid bar of iron two and a half inches in diameter, and in performing various other surprising feats of strength. They undoubtedly expected to see a huge creature, whom one could hardly look at without fainting, securely fastened by an enormous chain-cable, and confined in a cage with iron bars at least six inches thick, — the said bars having deep indentations made by the teeth of the gorilla, and twisted into uncouth shapes by his relentless paws. They were probably prepared to find him chewing cast-iron instead of spruce-gum or "Century," and nibbling steel nails to keep his teeth sharp and his digestion sound. Readers of Du Chaillu, who remembered how that adventurous traveller heard the roar of the gorilla three miles off, and the noise of beating his breast with his fists at a distance of a mile, must have expected to be almost deafened by the yells and appalled by the hideous appearance of the horrid insect. To be sure, this was said to be but a baby gorilla, a mere infant only two and a half years old; although the advertisement mentioned its height as five feet two inches, which, according to the best authorities, is not far from the average height of the full-grown animal.

On entering the Museum and making the necessary preliminary inquiries, I proceeded, not without some trepidation, to the hall of the gorilla. As I approached his cage, the first object that caught my eye was a sign, on which were these warning words, "On account of the fierce nature of the gorilla, he must not be disturbed." This was to me a very provoking announcement, for I brought my cane with me on purpose to stir him up and make him lively. As he sat on his haunches, looking idiotically at the spectators, it was evident to every unprejudiced observer that he needed the healthy stimulus which a stick is so well calculated to afford. Although my cane was a valuable one, I was prepared to sacrifice it, if necessary, for the good of the gorilla, and would actually have seen it shivered to splinters without a pang. In the cause of science, in the interest of humanity, who would not cheerfully part with the fripperies of fashion and the superfluities of society? As a member of the Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I have always been in favor of giving caged

beasts this kind of excitement. It quickens their sluggish circulation, rouses them from their savage lethargy, and lends a pleasing variety to the dismal monotony of their wearisome confinement.

But, as the French say, let us return to our monkeys, and examine the gorilla, which I barely got a glimpse of on my arrival on account of the crowd around his cage. I remember reading an anecdote of a young man who, while visiting a menagerie in some Western town, amused himself by poking a rather quiet orang-outang with his cane. The animal seemed unusually restive under this treatment, and at last exclaimed, much to the astonishment of the spectators, "If you punch me any more, Jim Wilson, I 'll come out and whip you out of your boots." Anywhere but in Mr. Barnum's establishment the printed warnings about not disturbing the gorilla might have excited suspicion that they were designed to prevent an examination which might reveal a power behind the throne, or, to speak more plainly, a man in the gorilla's skin. Whether it was a real gorilla or not was quite another question. Though not of a sceptical turn of mind, I found it hard to believe that I stood in the presence of what the enthusiastic Du Chaillu calls "the king of the African forest," and what even his detractors admit to be the most powerful and ferocious of the simian kind. An animal that, according to Du Chaillu, is feared by the tiger, and has no peer but in the crested lion of Mount Atlas, ought to have pride in his port, defiance in his eye, and really look the great sublime he is. To be sure, this specimen was called a baby, though he seemed to me an enormous infant, and, as the boys say, extremely large for his size. He was confined in an ordinary cage with iron bars of about one half inch in diameter, which seemed rather a frail barrier to those who remembered the newspaper reports which represented the gorilla on his first appearance at the Museum as bending with ease bars of five times the thickness. He also had an ornamental chain about his graceful neck. Let me frankly confess, at the outset, that I am not an indiscriminate monkey-fancier, or amateur in apes, although I know a thing or two about them. Even if I can tell a Ring-tailed Squealer from a Red Howler, a Malbrouck from a Douroucouli, and a Cacajao from a Chimpanzee, it by no means follows that I make any pretensions to a profound and exhaustive knowledge of the whole subject.

It is sagaciously remarked by an eminent naturalist, Professor Huxley, in his interesting and suggestive work on "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature," that "any one who cannot see the posterior lobe in an ape's brain is not likely to give a very valuable opinion respecting the posterior cornu or the hippocampus minor." This lucid observation suggests one of the limitations of my own knowledge. The learned professor has, unconsciously perhaps, described my personal predicament. I frankly confess that I can't see it, i. e. the posterior lobe, and therefore refrain from expressing any opinion on the hippocampus minor, which I really could n't distinguish from a drum-major. But although I know little or nothing of the internal organization of the simian kind, I am tolerably familiar with their external appearance. It was with considerable confidence, therefore, on first beholding the so-called gorilla, that I pronounced him an unmitigated humbug. From numerous descriptions and illustrations, I felt myself as well acquainted with the genuine animal as if I had been introduced to the whole family, and hob-a-nobbed with them in the most friendly manner. From the absence of the bony frontal ridge and of the peculiarly projecting nose bone which are distinguishing features of the gorilla, the size and shape of the head and body, the appearance of the hands and feet, the dog-like face, the length of the limbs, the inferior muscular development, the mild expression of the

countenance, so different from the ferocious aspect of the gorilla, and various other indications which it is unnecessary to enumerate, I was satisfied that this was an animal of an inferior kind.

It is well known that the adult gorilla is utterly untamable. Du Chaillu, who had four young ones in custody at a very early age, found them perfectly intractable; and although Mr. Winwood Reade saw one in captivity as docile as a young chimpanzee, this appears to be an exceptional instance. The animal at Mr. Barnum's was as quiet as a kitten and as silly as a sheep. He was only too glad to eat anything that was given to him, while it is well known that the real gorilla refuses to eat anything but the fruits and juicy plants of his own wilds; and Du Chaillu, in his Journey to Ashango Land, remarks that this repugnance to any other food will always be a difficulty in the way of bringing him to a foreign country alive. The longer I looked at the animal in the Museum, the more I became convinced, not only that it was not a gorilla, but that it was not even one of the anthropoid apes. The reader who is interested in the subject will find a Diagram in Professor Huxley's book, representing in order the skeletons of the Gorilla, Chimpanzee, Orang-Outang, and Gibbon; these four are the anthropoid or manlike apes, — the *crême de la crême* of the fraternity, — and it was with unfeigned regret that I could not admit Mr. Barnum's animal to their select fellowship.

For some time the "gorilla" rested quietly on his haunches, and seemed indisposed to move, so that I could not get a satisfactory view of him. At last he ceased to squat, and got upon all-fours, when, to my mingled sorrow and delight, he switched out from under him a long tail. This was enough for me, and confirmed my previous impressions as to his character; for, though all other signs might fail, the presence of this caudal continuation proved conclusively that he was not a gorilla or any manlike ape. None of this higher class of apes are cursed with this Satanic * appendage, which is the mark of a greatly inferior type. A gorilla with a tail would be a monstrosity confounding all canons of anthropoidal organization, and confusing all theories of natural selection. A six-legged calf may be regarded as a harmless variation, but a tailed gorilla would be as alarming and preposterous a creation as a griffin or a centaur, and almost as unnatural as a Yahoo or a Houyhnhnm.

As is well known to the learned, men originally had tails; but that was in the primitive condition of the race, when, as geologists inform us, the delicate megatherium crawled upon the land, and the festive icthyosaurus gambolled in the water. The invention of chairs is supposed by some ingenious writer to have had the effect of gradually wearing them down, until at last they disappeared entirely. Ill-natured punsters, however, have been heard to declare that man is still a tale-bearing animal. The precise time when man lost the last vestige of caudal creation, when, in legal phrase, he ceased to be "seized in tail," is lost in the twilight of fable, and all my researches in the geological records, as well as among Egyptian papyric and Assyrian manuscripts, have led to no satisfactory conclusion in regard to it. But though tails probably went out of fashion at an early period in the history of the primeval man, if indeed they were not worn off by rubbing against the Old Red Sandstone, yet reports of their reappearance have occasionally startled the curious. In fact, it was once believed by intelligent foreigners that all Englishmen were thus distinguished; and John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, a zealous reformer in the time of Edward VI., complains in his Actes of English Votaries, "that an Englyshman now cannot travayle in another land by way of marchandyse or any other honest occupyinge, but

* "And pray how was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind that his tail came thro'."
SOUTHEY, *The Devil's Walk.*

it is most contumeliously thrown in his tethe that all Englyshmen have tails." I am inclined to regard as equally unworthy of belief the stories of tailed men told by Struys, D'Abbadie, Wolf, and other travellers in Abyssinia and Formosa. Whatever ingenious theorists or imaginative travellers may say to the contrary, it is one of the plainest of physiological truths, that a caudal elongation of the spinal vertebræ is a physical impossibility in the present condition of mankind. The os sacrum, or sacred bone, which terminates the spine, prevents "the human form divine" from being profaned by that brutal appendage popularly called a tail. It is true that no less a philosopher than Lord Monboddo entertained a contrary opinion, and regarded a tail as essential to the perfect man, and invaluable as an index of emotion; but this was one of his lordship's weak points. "Other people," said Dr. Johnson, "have strange notions, but they conceal them. If they have tails, they hide them; but Monboddo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel."

My experience with the "gorilla" was indeed disheartening. With a person of my sensitive and confiding nature such a shock is not easily overcome, and it naturally resulted in a severe sickness. None of my friends knew the cause of the malady, and my liver received the blame which rightfully belonged to the amorphous ape. Let me make a brief statement of that day's experience. I went to the Museum as a philanthropist and philosophical observer, expecting to see an animal who in structure is nearer akin to man than he is to the lower apes, and who, as the representative of the advanced development of his race, is, in the opinion of many eminent naturalists, the progenitor of our poor humanity, the type of the primeval Adam. I went to greet him as a man and a brother, and, discarding all traditional notions and unworthy prejudices, to extend to him the right hand of fellowship, — figuratively, of course, for I confess that I thought I might possibly be overpowered by the warmth of his reception, and should be afraid to trust my feeble fingers in his friendly but tremendous gripe.

I found a creature of a much lower kind, who can hardly be said to have any standing among his fellows, inasmuch as he does not stand at all, but grovels in the dust, and goes upon all-fours. In brief, instead of a glorious gorilla, I found a maudlin monkey, a bloated baboon. Indeed, I almost fancied that the *soi-disant* gorilla had a sneaking consciousness that he was not what he was represented to be, that in fact he was a shameless impostor. How else account for the furtive glances and the uneasy demeanor, which it is impossible to simulate, of one who dreads detection and yet repels repentance?

In despair of ever being able to see the gorilla in a menagerie, I have almost determined to seek for him in his native wilds, and meet Bombastes face to face; but I am afraid my stern resolve will gradually fade away, and I shall die without the sight. It is somewhat singular that, though the gorilla was one of the earliest known apes, it should be the last to be scientifically investigated, and that there still exists so much difference of opinion in regard to its character and habits. Whether the gorilla is the wild man seen by Hanno, the ancient Carthaginian voyager; whether it belongs to the nation of wood-eaters, who had no arms but sticks, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, and referred to by Monboddo in his curious treatise On the Origin and Progress of Language; or whether it is the Pongo seen by the adventurous soldier, Andrew Battell, who, in a passage quoted in that quaint old book, Purchas his Pilgrimes, describes it as engaged in the pleasant occupation of clubbing elephants and killing negroes, — is by no means easy to determine.

It is certain, however, that the stories told by the natives of its carrying off females from their villages, of its clutching travellers in its claws, pulling them up into trees, and choking them to

death, are mere fanciful inventions. That the gorilla does not build a house of leaves and twigs in the trees, and sit on the roof yelling like a howling dervish, may be affirmed with confidence. He is no such fool. Neither does he speculate in stocks, nor attend masked balls. He is wofully deficient in useful knowledge, and many a little child knows more of the multiplication-table and the cookery-book than he. Neither is he distinguished for genius nor for philanthropy. His great head cannot boast the Titanic brain of a Cuvier or the moral force of a Howard. We must go far below these exalted natures, to the gibbering idiot, for a fit subject for comparison. It may be added that he is a confirmed vegetarian, and never hankers after the flesh-pots of Egypt. That eminent comparative anatomist, Professor Owen, regards him as having a nearer affinity to man than any of the anthropoid apes, though that honor has been claimed by others for the chimpanzee.

But whatever may be the position of the gorilla in the simian ranks or in the scale of humanity, every candid mind must sympathize with Mr. Barnum for having paid eight thousand dollars for a wretched counterfeit, a miserable, second-class monkey. And although I have actually heard persons say that that enterprising individual was consciously deceiving a confiding public, yet, of course, I never doubted his entire good faith in the matter. His reputation as a showman is too firmly established to be shaken by the doubts of the incredulous or the sneers of the malevolent. The man who with peerless public spirit, and at untold expense, procured for the instruction and amusement of his countrymen such rare and curious specimens of animated nature as Joyce Heth and the woolly horse, such a marvellous creation as the Feejee mermaid, to say nothing of an array of wax "figgers" that Madame Tussaud might have envied and Artemas Ward not have despised, can look down with a serene contempt on the envious calumniators of a well-earned fame. The beneficence which produced the "Happy Family," and from the most warring and discordant elements evoked harmony and peace, can afford to disregard the senseless clamor of a few silly sceptics. And although in his graphic autobiography he does not hesitate to declare that those wonderful curiosities were really humbugs, yet I am convinced that this is either the dark imagining of a too sensitive nature, and of a conscience which over-scrupulous integrity has rendered morbidly acute, or is the playful extravagance of a frolicsome and sprightly fancy.

When Barnum's Museum, with so many precious monstrosities, natural and artificial, was burnt up, I looked in vain through the published list of the animals, destroyed or saved, for the "gorilla." It was supposed by many persons, whose ideas of his character were far from accurate, that he had set fire to the Museum in emulation of "the aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome," and there were grave suspicions that he had availed himself of the confusion of the scene to consume the "Happy Family." Other reports, not less startling and authentic, represented that his previous prolonged lethargy and stupor, which were caused by powerful drugs administered to him by his keepers, had been dissipated by the intense heat to which he had been subjected; and that he was now rushing through the streets in a state of uncontrollable excitement, seeking whom he might devour. It was said that the Lightning Calculator — the mathematical prodigy employed by Mr. Barnum to figure the profits of the Museum — had estimated the time which it would take the "gorilla" to lay waste New York as inconceivably short; and the thought that he might at at any moment appear in Broadway, flushed with success, and bent upon extermination of the inhabitants, naturally caused great trepidation among nervous and timid persons. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that these gloomy anticipations proved to be with-

out foundation. A few days afterwards, when the survivors of the conflagration narrated its exciting incidents in the newspapers, one enterprising reporter obtained from the "gorilla" a thrilling account of the fire which surpassed in graphic power the truthful and touching statements of Zuleima, the beautiful Circassian (from the wilds of New Jersey); of Jemima, the fascinating Fat Woman whose ponderous charms are familiar to every visitor to the Museum; and last, though not least, the pathetic narrative of the Nova Scotia Giantess, and the Living Skeleton. It is proper to say, however, that grave doubts of the authenticity of this "brief relation" have been expressed by cautious inquirers, and an impartial estimate of its value must be left to the future historian.

The present position and prospects of the "gorilla" are not generally known; but it is said that Mr. Barnum, now that he has retired from the general show business, intends to devote his time and talents to the intellectual and moral culture of that ungainly ape. Beneath his unpromising exterior the penetrating eye of the veteran manager discerns exalted capacity for usefulness and honor. As many eminent philosophers of the last century regarded that wretched idiot, "Peter, the Wild Boy," with admiration and wonder, it is not surprising that the great inventor, curiosity collector, and moralist of our own time should behold in his latest *protégé* an incipient Chesterfield or a budding Burke.

But while admiring the benevolent intentions of the philanthropist, every unprejudiced observer must deplore the mistaken judgment of the man. To the anthropological student especially it seems extremely absurd to attempt to elevate the condition of a creature flaunting the caudal appendage, which is the mark of his inferiority, and which disqualifies him from holding the honorable position of a "connecting link" between man and the lower animals. In view of this humiliating fact, I cannot forbear, in closing, to offer a word of friendly advice to the great showman, and I shall charge him nothing for it. I advise him to unscrew the tail of the bogus gorilla, and, if that is impossible, to cut it off, regardless of expense. Let him clutch it, as the butcher man in Holmes's poem clasped the tail of the spectre pig. Even then his sleep may be disturbed by the phantom forms and dismal groans of outraged gorillas, but he will retain the confidence of The Great American People. They may not be educated up to the belief that man is a sublimated monkey; they may not agree, with Monboddo, that the orang-outang is of the human species, or hold, with Huxley, that man is a member of the same order as the apes and lemurs, and that in substance and in structure he is one with the brutes. They may not assent to the "Development" theory of Lamarck, or the "Natural Selection" hypothesis of Darwin, and may even think that they can justly claim a higher origin than any denizen of the forest or any inmate of a menagerie. But although they may have a poor opinion of the gorilla, and hardly care to put him in their family-tree, [illegible] him to their social circle, yet [illegible] not submit to have him insul[illegible] low-lived creature who has ass[illegible] name. They will not condem[illegible] his absence, and on hearsay [illegible] merely, but will await his arriv[illegible] they presume to pronounce [illegible] merits.

SCULPTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

A CURIOUS debate in the Senate, during the first session of the Thirty-ninth Congress, resulted in the appropriation of ten thousand dollars for a statue of Abraham Lincoln. It might have been believed that our representatives, buying in behalf of the people the statue of so great an American, would have taken pains to procure it from the wisest and ablest statuary the country affords; and would rather have given such a man twenty thousand dollars for his labor than one half the sum to an inferior artist, or to one whose ability had not been proved. But after much discussion the work was intrusted to a mere novice in art, a young person who had not received even the training of an apprentice in the handling of clay or bronze or marble. It is, perhaps, doubtful whether even this small appropriation would have been made, had the applicant been a sculptor of repute; for the youth and inexperience of the artist seemed to affect the minds of Senators as advantages, rather than as drawbacks, in the way of attaining a satisfactory result.

This disposition of the public money, however trivial in itself, illustrates the condition of the plastic art in this country. Various explanatory suggestions offered. It was said that the lawgivers were won by struggling genius. Possibly was a little joke. Congress looked over the list of American artists, and, finding none worthy, gave the fame, in a spirit of wholesale, to a *giovinetta*. Or, since money could be spared from the country's need, the government refrained from offering it to men of experience, knowing that they would get much better wages from private citizens. There are many ways in which we may console ourselves, and avoid the conclusion that our representatives are unwise in matters of art. A sanguine pre-Raphaelite, having at heart the reverent rendering of Mr. Lincoln's neck-tie and the wart on his cheek, may persuade himself that the young artist, failing to comprehend the whole, will give more careful study to the parts, and do the buttons nicely. The true realist cares little about the matter for itself, knowing that Washington is unlikely to encourage pure art, and that Congress will not adopt his scheme of reformation, at least until it is established. But those who look for results assert that two hundred years of civilization on this continent have not produced an essential difference between the work of the experienced sculptor and the crude efforts of youth, or that, the difference existing, Americans are not wise enough to estimate it. It is perhaps somewhere between these humiliating assertions that the truth may be found; they are worth the consideration of those who believe that sculpture in America is not necessarily an anachronism, and that it may yet bear an important part in our civilization and culture.

Rejecting, as biassed, the judgment of Congress, can it then be made to appear that our sculptors have done anything which bears the stamp of national excellence? Is there a first-class portrait-statue in the United States? Our plastic artists are famous men abroad, as well as here; they rank as high in Florence and Rome as those of any nation, — we are prone to think a trifle higher, — but can we properly call them American sculptors, or their works American works? Ward's fine statue of the Indian Hunter belongs to us, and a few other meritorious statues; the quaint little people of John Rogers are ours, and the productions of Clark Mills and Vinnie Ream; but may we claim the Lybian Sibyl, the Greek Slave, the Zenobia? The subjects of these are strange to the people, and the

workmanship is foreign. American artists dwelling in Europe are in some degree denationalized. While in Rome they must do much as the Romans do, and they cannot respond fully to our needs and sympathies at home. Our best sculptors, devoted to what we call classic art, and loving the flesh-pots of Italy, which take the tempting shape of beautiful marble and excellent workmen, join themselves at last to their idols abroad, and come to care little for popular appreciation in America. Those who emigrate, attaining wider fame, seriously influence those who remain. Few of these are interested in our national art. Being persuaded that their work will be judged by a foreign or classic standard, they almost inevitably render foreign themes, as well as imitate foreign style; and surrounded by casts of the antique, and nothing else, the beginner is led to believe that he must produce something equal to the Quoit-thrower of Myron or the Apollo Belvedere. The absurdity of the attempt is concealed from him; he forgets that he has no faith in Apollo or any heathen, and that his own gods are remarkably different from those of Greece. Few students are able to perceive the ages of school that lie hidden in the masterpieces of Greek art. Without thorough anatomical knowledge, and without anything like a fair opportunity to study the nude figure in action, the sculptor here often attempts to reproduce a kind of art which could develop only in the most favorable climate and under the auspices of a poetic religion. It is clear that this is labor thrown away. Nothing valuable to the American people comes of it. The work has already been thoroughly done; the best Greek modelling of the human figure is certainly well enough. Sensible men will hardly expect it to be done over again. We, at least, cannot do it, because the people do not want it, and for many other reasons. Compare the modelling of the Torso with the work of the best English and American sculptors, and the difference still seems infinite. Gibson, who spent nearly all his life in the study of the antique, with no lack of facilities, was newly amazed by some fragment of ancient sculpture exhumed at Rome, and declared that he could do nothing approaching it in excellence. What modern Venus, or other ideal female statue, shall be placed with the Venus of Melos? The nude figure in its antique grandeur being impossible to us, it is still more absurd to try to revive the empty drapery, and labor upon the folds of the extinct toga and tunic, clothing even the busts of private individuals with the robes of Roman senators or Greek philosophers. Yet the copying of the antique, nude and draped, is one of the principal means of teaching adopted by the modern schools, if they may be called schools, of sculpture. Study from life in this country is so limited that it must be considered as comparatively useless.

Such being the course chosen by nearly all our plastic artists, time and money are expended without worthy result. Among the increasing number of modellers in and for America, the earnest students, believing in the present, and working directly from nature, are far too few to develop the popular taste. Good judgment in the formative art, which would seem to be easily acquired, is almost unknown. There is little to serve as a basis. Perhaps the work of Crawford at Richmond and Washington is quite as much admired as any in the country; and it is not to be doubted that he was an artist of great energy, some invention, and skilful hand; but his statues, both portrait and ideal, sometimes overstep the modesty of nature in excess of action or execution, and lose the dignity which belongs to any proper subject of sculpture, and in some sense to the material employed. One is forced to the conclusion that such work is not all sculpture, but is alloyed with acting. The statue of Beethoven in the Boston Music Hall is a very noble example of the exceptions in Crawford's work. Perhaps even here the best taste would have omitted the book which the master is holding, and

left him entirely independent of accessories; if any man may be given the immutability of the gods, it is Beethoven. The likeness of a great man at rest presents the theme of his life upon which the imagination may build; but if the figure is distorted, it preserves only a moment of his life employed in some transient action, and gives the beholder but one idea or class of ideas. This is the nature of the cardinal fault in the Boston statue of Edward Everett, — the arm being lifted high and the fingers spread apart, in excitement, — representing only a passing emotion instead of the greater thought which underlies all worthy action. Inaccurate modelling of the figure and details is of little importance after this. Reference to the deviations from the law of repose shown in good Greek work affords no satisfactory excuse in this case; for these deviations were always suited to the subject, and the need of tranquillity was invariably recognized in likenesses of great men as well as in the statues of the gods. Nearly all modern sculpture seems designed to produce an immediate effect, like that of the instantaneous stereoscope; there is little patience in it, and less in the spectator. It is humiliating to compare such statues as this of Everett with that of Demosthenes in the Vatican; and, in view of the fact that our sculptor is a man of culture and acknowledged ability in his art, it seems evident that the study of classicism in Italy does not give the modern artist the power of the ancients, or else that it does not make that power available for present needs. Instead of taking root in the new soil, and growing healthily and vigorously from it, the artist who gives himself up to the classic influence flourishes bravely as a parasite on the firm old trunk, but yields us no fruit.

If modern sculpture, by patient following of the antique, could attain its marvellous perfection in the representation of the human figure, could the art by such means hold a rank in our culture equal with that which it held in Greece? If subjects worthy of such vast science and nice handiwork cannot be found, the acquirement of this branch of technical power is useless. By repetition of antique subjects, sculpture cannot re-establish its proper relation to the people. Statues of the gods cannot inform the American mind, except through its sympathy with the ancient Greeks and their mythology, — a remote and vague influence. The masses regard such marbles as workmanship or ornamentation, and art is more than that. Something must be done to carry the mind beyond externals. Zeus was a vital force to the Greek, he is only a shadow to the American. The ancients saw the ruling god; the moderns, only the historic representation. These themes belong to literature. This may also be said of subjects chosen from the common life of the ancients. It was no more worthy than our own, and our people care infinitely less about it. There is at Newport, Rhode Island, a splendid copy in marble of the Dying Gladiator, very beautiful and significant; but its presence in this country is known by but very few, and it is not likely to be appreciated by more than a few connoisseurs. The fine collections of casts from the antique in the large cities experience something of the same neglect; the artists study them, but the people look at them curiously, as they regard objects in the galleries of Natural History, and often with a real or affected horror of their nudity.

Those who desire the encouragement of classic art sometimes assume that it is folly for the artist to try to maintain a direct relation to the general public, which cannot appreciate fine art, and that he should model or paint only for those whose culture and taste fit them to be connoisseurs. Here a direct issue may be stated; for the realists, who also claim the best culture, believe that it is vain to model or paint for anybody else but the people. They say that if art is but the language of the learned, or the toy of the rich, it may as well die utterly, having become a useless luxury. History sustains this

position. No really great art has existed, which did not in some degree reflect the inner life of the people ; and no art can help us in America, unless it is based upon the sympathy and criticism of the public. Had there been only half a dozen Athenians who knew what was fitting and beautiful in a statue of Zeus, it is improbable that Phidias would have given his time and toil to the great Parthenon statue for their pleasure. It is even less likely that the splendid figures of athletes, done by the brass-casters of that period, were wrought for the appreciation of a select few, when the games had made the people so familiar with the human form that every man of ordinary perceptive power must have been a true critic. The best Greek work left to us is from the exterior of buildings, where it was placed for the instruction and delight of the nation. That magnificent school of art, so far excelling all other known in the history of the world, though refined to the utmost by the wisdom of the learned, had its foundation in the hearts of the people. Happily, our artists are not often forced to decide between the support of their wise and wealthy patrons and that of the masses; but where such a choice becomes necessary, there can be little hesitation in the minds of those who respect their calling. To model or paint for a person of wealth is comfortable, and to be conscious of the sympathy of a few choice souls is very pleasant ; but to model or paint for a nation raises the artist to his true place of a great teacher.

This rank the modern sculptor does not yet hold. When called upon to prophesy, he has only old stories to tell. Many of these are stories of ghosts, and most of them are not cheerful. The people are seldom wiser or happier for them, and do not care to listen. Among the dozen locally notorious portrait-statues at Boston, there are none likely to attain fame beyond a narrow limit, or to serve as models for future workmanship. But it is apparent that such of them as are most real, most nearly literal transcriptions of life, attract most attention from the public, whether such attention results in praise or blame. The classic statues are severely let alone. The extraordinary effigy of George Jupiter Washington, at the national Capitol, is very classic and fine and heroic ; but these qualities cannot compensate for the utter confusion of ideas involved in it. Nobody can get from it any notion of Washington as he was, and the inscription alone will show posterity what the marble intends. Take any good specimen of modern classic or Roman plastic art, by an American artist, and set it quietly in the Park at New York or Boston, without any advertising, and it will encounter very little criticism, and excite but the most transitory admiration. Give the full history of the subject in the public prints, and a biographical sketch of the sculptor, and it would attract much more attention ; yet the influence of the figure upon popular thought would be inappreciable, and would lessen year by year. This is not the case with the humblest modelling from life of the patient and literal kind. If the subject is a public man, the public is immediately a sympathetic and a correct critic. It is the same if the subject is taken from our common life. The little groups by John Rogers, simplest realism as they are, and next to the lowest orders of true art, carry more significance than all the classic sculpture in the country, and will possess historic value which we cannot overestimate. Though the classicists and the realists are almost equally helpless in the great ebb of formative art, — the former in lack of anything to say, and the latter in lack of ability to say anything, — their positions relative to the future are different and opposing, — the realists enjoying possibilities.

It is among the things hoped for that the plastic art may be and will be revived in America, and that it will attain here as good development as it had in Greece, under entirely different conditions, and, of course, in a widely different direction. While the influence

of foreign art prevailed in Greece, what was done was comparatively insignificant; it was not until the transition had been made, and sculpture thoroughly nationalized, that the marvellous gods came forth from the mines and quarries. Such a transition from foreign influence must of course be made here before the true growth begins. It is only a question of the time when the change can be made. Study of Greek art, especially its history and relation to the people, must always retain great influence in the education of our artists; but the time will come when it cannot denationalize them. The successful sculptors of the future will carefully appraise the work of the ancients, but they will not try to reproduce it. They will know the secret of its power in the land where it was native, and will therefore be able to gauge their own work by a noble standard, worthiest after that of nature and contemporary criticism. They will admit the limits of the plastic art, and not attempt to combine with it forces which belong to painting or acting. If truth requires the rendering of harsh and uncomely costumes, they will patiently deal with these until the much-needed reform is accomplished; believing that, however ugly our garments may be, it is better to represent them as they are, than to trick out our marbles with the shreds and patches of antiquity. They will discriminate between facts that are vital and those which are merely accessory; giving but its due share of time to the work of the tailor and shoemaker, yet taking care to tell the truth about such work as far as they go. They will not spend their lives in copying the work of other artists, nor will they seek beauty in systematic lines or symmetrical proportions, but they will find it in the significance of nature. And, in order to realize it, they will, if necessary, expend study and labor upon the smallest objects, provided those objects are first-hand; for it cannot be doubted that the great artists of the future will take their models from the best school, with whose works the whole people are familiar. These works they will not blindly try to imitate with their poverty of means; but they will seek to represent truly, to interpret in art's beautiful dialect, the glorious handwriting of nature. From the least matters of leaves and flowers, and from the grandest life of the world, the new school will strive to draw the best meaning; and it will be conscious that this best meaning, or foreshadowing, can only be attained from a firm foundation of facts. Knowing that the essence of all art for man is in form, the sculptor will reverence his art as the simplest and most immediate interpretation of nature; and though he may feel that in some respects his limits are narrower than those of the poet or the painter, he will be conscious that in an upward direction he has no limitation.

Results so remote from the tendency of prevailing art, it is easy to see, will not be attained in little time. The experiment of realism in sculpture has not been fairly tried since the Christian era, but the opportunity seems to be with us. It is not impossible that the present generation may see the beginning of good formative art. Two thousand years of subjection to classicism has not produced half a dozen great sculptors; and when the grand old Torso has been warmed by the life of the greatest artists, little real advancement of art has been achieved. The inevitable consequence of Buonarotti is Bernini; of Bernini, Borromini. It cannot be a vain hope that the transition from the old school with its spasmodic revivals to the ever-new school of life is at hand. The American people are capable of giving realism in art a fair trial. They are comparatively untrammelled by established styles. Loving all kinds of art ardently, and eager to avail themselves of its help, they fill their dwellings with cheap daubs from auctions and with plaster casts, rather than allow them to be vacant; but the tendency is in itself sufficient to insure the final success of art in a country whose thought and criticism are com-

paratively independent, and whose mechanical means are unlimited.

While everything pertaining to sculpture is in its present chaotic state, any attempt to indicate precisely its future course would be presumptuous; but allusion may be made to the most obvious means for its development. Among these its union with architecture is of the first importance. Interior ornamentation of buildings generally includes work only on a flat surface, in light and shade, with or without color, though the formative art might well be combined with it; but the refinement of the exterior depends almost wholly upon raised forms. If ever the laws of fine art have been set utterly at defiance, it is in the so-called decoration of modern architecture. Gross forms, like nothing on earth or in heaven, mechanically multiplied in plaster or wood or iron or zinc, and, worse still, sometimes in clean stone, flaunt from sill to cornice throughout the cities of the United States, — cheap, showy, and senseless. With few exceptions of recent design, there is scarcely a building between the Lakes and the Gulf worth a second glance for the art employed upon it. Many public edifices, of course, deserve the builder's attention as examples of good construction or as reproduction of Old World styles, but of invention or significant decoration there is an utter dearth. Here the work of the sculptor is wanting, and that only. The meaningless forms should be abolished, and the finer thought of the practised artist woven in. He alone can fill the empty niches, and cover the vacant spaces with intelligible history; he can make the walls respond to the love of nature imprisoned and dying in crowded cities. When the sculptor gets fairly at work on the exterior of buildings he is in a certain sense the agent of the whole people, and may express his thought in the freest and boldest manner, unfettered by the patronage of individuals or cliques. He will not be forced to represent forgotten myths. The source whence the people draw their ideas of the true and beautiful will also furnish his themes. The realist sculptor and the architect of the so-called Gothic or unlimited school having joined hands, good work is at once possible. For such union some sacrifice is necessary, the architect being too often not a sculptor, and the sculptor not an architect; but the one must not hesitate to avow his want, and the other must not hold himself above supplying it. The plan is so far from being impracticable, that, wherever tried, it has been immediately successful; and of those who have given thought to the subject nearly all are convinced of its feasibility and necessity.

Reform in art also, like all other reforms, depends upon education. False and vague ideas regarding the imitative arts are so common and so little resisted that progress must be necessarily slow. The vulgar idea of genius is that it achieves without effort and without consciousness of its means; that in art it evokes statues from marble and pictures from pigments by some unknown process and without labor. This is a mischievous and hindering notion. Though art is sometimes called a sport, the definition is inadequate; and the science of art is certainly a matter of labor and patience. It is in this science that we need education. If a sculptor wishes to represent a wreath of ivy in marble, and has never seen an ivy-leaf, all the genius in the world will not enable him to make his work acceptable to those who know the form of ivy; and, if he copies the work of another artist, his own is second-hand and valueless. Patient study of nature, and the acquired knowledge of representing form in different materials, are just as essential in his work as the inventive power which enables him to make a pleasant adjustment of his facts. Imagination in some degree is given to every one; but to nobody is given trained sight, which is the chief part of the science of art, and which may be acquired to a little or great extent by all. Confused and misty ideas in the popular mind regarding art seem unnecessary, if the

subject be approached in a common-sense way, and treated like any other subject. The science of art is like all other science; the whole of art is in the union of science and imagination. But it is in the first division that our education must begin, and the imagination must be allowed to take care of itself. If it does not keep in advance of the work of the hand, the worker is no longer an artist. But the child must be taught the alphabet before he can read. Exhibition in marble of genius without facts would be rather a vain show. Imagination is not injured by a proper training of the eye and hand; on the contrary, it can only be revealed and cultivated in imitative art by these means; and when the value of such art in our culture is apprehended, drawing and modelling will be taught the children as one of the elementary branches of knowledge. There is "genius" enough in America to furnish a school equal to the Greek; but of general culture in the science of art there is very little, and of artists carefully trained in the school of nature there are very few. Drawing from natural objects should be taught in the public schools, not only for the benefit of those who wish to become artists, but as an admirable exercise of the eye and hand, and likely to add greatly to future culture and enjoyment of life. The knowledge thus gained would soon change the character of plastic art in this country. Endowing the public with power to appreciate what is now obscure in the best art, and also to detect blunders in means and execution, it would soon do away with meaningless puffery, and obstinate fault-finding, substituting for these kind and careful criticism. Then the great power of artists like Greenough, Crawford, Story, and Powers would be utilized, and sculpture could no longer be called an anachronism in America.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER this brief interval the monotony of olden days returned, as it seemed to me, with tenfold dreariness. I fought in vain with the depression which it produced, and now, except my walks on the terrace, I had no longer any amusement, for my aunt's health failed daily. For the next two months, between prayers in the chapel, her bedside, and that solitary terrace forever haunted by the memory of my guardian's stately figure, my days passed slowly away. My aunt suffered much; and the dull stagnation which settled on my mind was quickened by my growing anxiety about her, — an anxiety which wore daily upon me. And daily, gathering force with every passing moment, swelled a longing more intense than I had yet known to be free, — free as I might have been but for my father's commands and my courteous guardian's relentless rule. Since I had seen my cousin I feared him more than ever; the softness of his voice and manner, the irresistible fascination of his presence, lingered no longer about me, but I recalled the fixed coldness, the iron resolve, which his courtly manner graced rather than concealed, and sighed and shuddered when I recalled his absolute power over me.

I was walking one evening on the terrace, musing on the sad past and veiled future of my life, when I heard a voice calling me. It was Father Romano, whom I had left with my aunt. He stood in a low archway which led to a private staircase communicating with the chapel, the crucifix in his hand. Something in his face, as I approached him, made my heart leap into my

mouth, but the new-born fear kept me silent; I asked no question.

"My daughter," said he, in his calm voice, "hasten to your aunt; her hours are numbered, the time of her departure is at hand; but she cannot be at peace until she makes a disclosure to you; hasten, my daughter."

I sprang past him, and hurried up stairs, and when I reached the room where she lay I saw indeed that death was close at hand; and, kneeling by her side, I watched her agonies for the next two hours, and heard her constant, terrified warnings against my guardian, and at last promised that, when she had departed, I would leave all, all, and hide myself from him forever. When I had whispered this promise again and again into her ear, she permitted me to call Father Romano, and while he was performing the last rites of the Church she died.

"Daughter," said Father Romano, as I sank sobbing on that cold bosom which had for so many years beat warm for me, — "daughter, she whom you loved is here no longer; pray for the repose of her soul." I rose at last; I left the servants to perform the last offices for her, and, going to my lonely room, I sat down to think. I was quite determined to go away. My aunt's warnings; her evident horror of Mr. Huntingdon; most of all, the promises she had exacted from me, that I would sacrifice everything rather than be again under his control, — all combined to urge me to escape from a future which I dreaded. I dared tell no one, not even Father Romano, nor did I know where to go; but the next morning I looked at the map, and, after carefully examining it, selected a far distant town in the heart of Germany, where I knew there was a convent, in which I hoped to hide myself from all pursuit. I determined to go as soon as my aunt was buried, and for the next three days I thought of little else. I had few preparations to make, money I had in plenty; luggage I dared not take, farewells it was safest not to make, as I wished above all things to keep the fact of my flight a secret. I had not written to M. Baudet, for I wished to depart before my cousin could possibly hear of my aunt's death. The days before her funeral wore themselves slowly away. At the close of the last, which was strangely and unnaturally warm for the time of year, I was sitting at the window of my aunt's room. Not a breath of air freshened the hot stillness, and through it the ticking of the clock in my dressing-room, and even the guttering and flickering of the candles which burned in the chapel round the corpse, were distinctly audible.

I sat weeping silently, and almost chiding the lagging hours which would intervene before my departure. They were very few now, for my aunt was to be buried the next day, and early on the following morning I meant to leave Lascours. As I thus sat, so still that I scarcely breathed, I heard a sound which I at first supposed was the distant roll of thunder in the storm-laden air, but as it grew louder I perceived it to be the rumble of wheels. Nearer and nearer they came, until I could distinguish the clatter of hoofs; in a few moments there entered the court a travelling carriage, drawn by four horses, and, as I distinctly saw by the light of the lamps, bearing the arms of Huntingdon emblazoned on the panels.

I descended instantly, without waiting to think, and as I reached the great door my guardian alighted.

He approached me with all his courtly deference of manner, but there was a change. Instead of taking my hand, as before, he clasped me in his arms.

"You are entirely mine now, you know," said he, as he touched my forehead with his lips; and, drawing my arm within his, he led me through the drawing-room to the terrace.

"Madame de Renneville is dead," said he, anticipating what I was about to say. "I regret that she suffered so much, and rejoice for her sake that her sufferings are at an end."

"I regret still more," he continued, after a moment's pause, "that it is ne-

cessary for me to take you to England at once. Had Madame de Renneville lived, I might indeed have waited; *now* it is impossible, as I can neither leave you at Lascours alone nor delay my departure for England; unfortunately, therefore, we must go immediately."

"To-morrow, you mean," said I, hoping to gain time.

"To-night," he replied; "at once"; and his sweet voice grew colder as he spoke. "If it were possible I would leave you here until after the burial of Madame de Renneville, but I have no alternative; go I must, and speedily, and, Charlotte, you go with me."

"O Harrington!" said I, plucking my hand away from his, and bursting into tears of rage and disappointment, "I cannot, — indeed, I cannot. Let me stay until to-morrow, I entreat you. I can follow you to England."

"My dear Charlotte," replied he, calmy, "you waste my time, and I assure you that I have no power to act in any other way. Entreaties cannot, and ought not, to avail with me; it is enough that they cannot, and it is better for you to prepare for your journey. You will not, I am sure, compel me to use force in removing you. You know that I alone of all the world have any claim upon you; I alone am allied to you by blood, I alone am vested with any power concerning you, and you know by whom that power was given to me. You cannot disregard your father's commands,— I say cannot, for I am firm in obeying them."

As he paused, the silence seemed laden to my ear with the burden of my father's first and last letter.

"Never deviate from his commands. If you do, I cannot rest in my grave."

But I rose. Angry and impatient, I burst into fresh tears of rage and terror. "I will *not* go," I said passionately, "I will *not* obey you. I think you are bitterly cruel, cold, pitiless. I cannot go, I will not go, until my aunt is laid in her grave; that will be to-morrow; O, be compassionate, Harrington, and let me stay until then!"

I fell on my knees as I spoke; my guardian bent over me, he folded my hot hands in his cool silken clasp, and in tones whose gentleness was far more powerful than harshness he said: "I have listened, Charlotte, but I can change nothing. I must entreat you not to spend your strength in such excitement as this. The moments I have allotted for your farewells are passing away, and I must beg you to begin your preparations at once."

"I will not go," I reiterated.

"In that case," said he as calmly, though more sternly, than before, "I will act for you."

In two strides he had gained the drawing-room window, and rung a bell which stood there.

"Mademoiselle is compelled to depart at once for England," I heard him say; "but half an hour will be given for preparation. M. Baudet will be here to-morrow, and will make all payments and necessary arrangements. Let all the servants be assembled in the hall immediately, to bid mademoiselle farewell."

I listened, speechless with anger and astonishment; yet when he again returned to my side, I made one more effort to change his determination.

"Listen to me," I said; "but this once yield to me in this one thing, and I will yield in all other things."

"Yield to you, Charlotte," he replied gently, — "yield to you, — would that I had the power to yield, and the château Lascours should still be your home if you so wished; must I again repeat that I have no such power, and that I *cannot* yield to you? Rise, Charlotte, the ground is damp, and you shiver even in this warm air; and, since you will not change your dress, it is better for you to remain in the drawing-room until we go."

I said not another word. I rose, allowed him to fold my shawl about me, and entered the drawing-room in silence. I made no further attempt to change his determination; I saw already that he was changeless. But what entreaties could not effect, stratagem, I thought, might; and, having thought

of a plan of escape, I awaited the opportunity to put it into execution.

My guardian waited for some moments, and then said: "Charlotte, you weep, you rebel, you detest this coercion, as you call it, — a coercion which has not given you more pain than me. You have already more than once called yourself a prisoner, yet your imprisonment has perhaps spared you much, as your father left the control of your marriage in my hands, and had you contracted (as in this solitary spot was not unlikely) an attachment for any one not your equal in rank, it might have resulted unhappily. But all that danger is over now; all pain of that nature, — and you are yet too young to know what it would have been, — is spared you. The future before you is brilliant, and, if the dangers are great, I have the power to protect you from them."

"What dangers?" I asked, involuntarily.

"Dangers which you cannot understand as yet, — dangers awaiting all who are young and beautiful, dangers especially awaiting heiresses of your vast expectations."

Something strangely ominous in his clear low tones made me tremble. He paused for a moment, and then continued, "Your marriage will be your best protection."

"I do not wish to marry," I rejoined.

"But it is my wish that you should do so," — and as he said this he placed me in a seat, and stood before me, — "it is my wish that you should do so, Charlotte."

"But if I do not wish it —"

"It is precisely in this respect that the dangers of which I have spoken will be greatest; it is necessary that you should marry a man whose rank and wealth are equal to your own, that you may not become the prey of the adventurers, who already know that Miss Carteret is possessed of the best blood of England and France and of vast wealth; lastly, it is necessary that you should marry a man whose honor is a sufficient guaranty for your protection."

"I do not wish to marry," I reiterated.

"Have I not told you that you *must* marry, Charlotte? It was your father's wish."

I remained silent; my marriage, I saw, was decided upon; and as I had been educated in the belief that Mr. Huntingdon was to choose my husband, I really cared very little, thinking that, if I should not succeed in escaping from Lascours, my marriage would at least separate me from him.

My guardian continued: "I am, as I have said, in possession of your father's wishes on this subject, and am about to propose to you the husband whom he selected and whom I wish you to accept. In birth and fortune he is your equal; as to his other qualities I shall say nothing. The moment has arrived which I have been anticipating for so many years."

He paused, and I looked at him with a wildly beating heart. Standing opposite to me, the perfect symmetry of his figure, the exquisite grace of his attitudes, the paleness of his fine features, even his white hands and the elegance of his dress, were admirably shown by the light of the chandelier beneath which he stood, and which only partially illumined the vast and sombre room in which we were.

After a moment's silence he resumed: "He whom I am about to propose to you has long cared for you. He would have chosen you had yours been a humble lot, for to his rank yours and your possessions can add nothing."

"He has your consent?" I stammered; "Harrington, who is he?"

He smiled, and taking my hand said: "Charlotte, the coercion which so pains you, the guardianship you so detest, the control from which you so revolt, end here. Not as Miss Carteret, the ward of a stern guardian, do I propose to take you back to England, but as my wife. I offer you, Charlotte, my hand, my heart, and my fortune, — I who have never before so spoken to any woman; answer me now, and answer as your father would have wished."

He ceased, but those tones, the singular melody of which lent a charm to his lightest word, yet echoed in my ear, and I had no power to resist them, no power to draw back from his encircling arms as he folded me to his breast. But a few days before my aunt had whispered in her agony, "See him no more. If you see him, you are undone." Alas, I had seen him, I had listened to his voice, had felt the mysterious magnetism of his presence, and I was indeed undone!

"Come now, my Charlotte," he said. "I have already overstayed my time. Your farewells must be spoken, and we must spend some moments at the church."

"Why?" I asked.

"We must be married at once. Father Romano is there now, and M. Baudet waits there to give you away."

"To-night?" I said, recoiling.

Mr. Huntingdon smiled. "Yes, Charlotte, at once. You must return to England as my wife."

We had by this time reached the hall where the servants were assembled; and when I had bidden them farewell I turned to Mr. Huntingdon, saying that I wished to go to the chapel, and wished him to wait for me. He assented, and I ascended the staircase alone.

The chapel where my aunt lay was quite at the other end of the château, and as I walked along the long galleries the recollection of all that she had said rushed over me. The dread of my guardian, none the less painful because so indefinable, returned. I thought of my promise to my aunt, of the hope of escape to which I still clung, until I came to the rooms which had once been my father's. The door which led to them was open, and as I crept past it, trembling, I almost expected to hear a voice saying: "Never deviate from his commands. If you do, I cannot rest in my grave."

I reached the chapel at last. All draped in black it was, except that stiff white figure about which the tall candles were burning. I advanced, I knelt at the foot of the bier, and, gazing at the pale and rigid face of the dead, I thought of my promise to her; I dared not break it then. I thought if I did those fast-closed lids would open, those folded hands unlock themselves and beckon me away from the man she so hated, and whom I had sworn to avoid. And now I was to be his wife! When I thought of that I almost screamed, and the wind rustled the folds of the pall. Could the dead come back? Should I wake her from that last sleep if I returned to my guardian's side? He was waiting, he bade me take my farewell speedily.

I knelt thus tortured by conflicting doubts and fears, wavering between my promise to my aunt and my duty to my father; but I rose at length, determined to escape. Behind the altar was a secret door, which led to the ruined wing of the château, and once there I was safe. I knew where the key of the staircase was kept, and took it; then wrapping my veil and mantle about me, I returned to the chapel, and, bending over the corpse, kissed its cold blue lips, and whispered a farewell in those unheeding ears.

Would she wake, I thought. No. I stood one moment gazing on her still face, then, gliding softly behind the altar, I touched the panel, which after some difficulty yielded to my hand, and, having closed it carefully behind me, I began to descend the steps. At the foot of the staircase was a narrow passage, which led to another secret door, opening on a small stone staircase which descended toward a long-deserted part of the woods. The stairs were partly in ruins, and the stones loose; and I crept down very carefully at first, pausing and listening at every step, though I felt tolerably secure, as the ruins were in such an entirely different direction from the chapel that I did not anticipate that any search would be made there for me. When I paused for the last time, I was upon the last turn of the staircase, and within a few steps of the bottom; it was quite dark, and I

listened intently, — listened in vain; for never was there a stillness more profound. I was alone and safe. Reassured and eager, I hastened on; but on the last step but one my foot turned on a loose stone, and I stumbled and fell, — almost, but not quite, for my guardian's arms received me. Against his bosom he stifled the shriek which burst from my lips, and, lifting me in his arms, he carried me across the court, and placed me on a stone seat. He stood by me in silence until I had somewhat recovered myself, and then said: "Are you sufficiently rested to walk across the park? I have directed the carriage to be in waiting at the door of the church, and it is already past nine."

I rose at once. Never again, I well knew, would I dare to dispute his commands; and as I drew my mantle about me the keys of the secret staircase fell to the ground. Mr. Huntingdon stooped, and, taking them up, flung them with a strong hand and unerring aim into a well on the other side of the court; then, taking my hand, he said: "Are you ready, Charlotte? we have no time to lose."

Supported by his firm clasp I reached the church. The door was open, and by the light of the tapers dimly burning on the high altar I could see the servants assembled near it, and Father Romano on his knees. As I expected, he was at his vigils. He rose as we approached the altar, and Monsieur Baudet, advancing, took his place behind me, and the service began. I opened the white bridal prayer-book which Mr. Huntingdon placed in my hand; but the words swam before my eyes, and I listened and responded like one in a dream. It seemed indeed all a dream to me, — the old church dimly lighted by the tapers burning on the high altar; the monotonous tones of Father Romano, which I had last heard in the offices for the dying; the clear responses pronounced at my side. I realized nothing until the rite was over, and I was in the carriage, when M. Baudet, taking my hand, wished "*madame* a pleasant journey."

Then, and as the order for departure was given, I covered my face, and burst into tears. Mr. Huntingdon had taken his seat opposite me; he bent forward to let down the window, and to inquire whether I liked the air, but did not again address me, and I sobbed myself to sleep unheeded.

At break of day we reached a small town, where we halted to rest for a short time, and it was yet early when we resumed our journey. Not once during all that day did Mr. Huntingdon address me; he sat absorbed in thought, and I was equally absorbed in watching him, though no change ever swept across his calm countenance, and though he never glanced at me except to wrap my shawl about me, to close or open the window, or to perform some slight courtesy of that kind.

On the fifth day after our departure from Lascours we sailed from Calais for England. We landed at Dover on a rainy, dreary November day; and as Mr. Huntingdon placed me in the carriage which was in waiting for us, I asked if we were expected at Carteret?

"They are prepared for us both at Carteret and at Huntingdon, but we shall go to neither place. I propose going to a small estate of mine on the borders of Scotland."

"I would rather go to Carteret," I answered, — not so much that I cared, for indeed I now cared for very little. I was confused and mentally wearied by the excitement I had undergone, but I felt that I wished to say something, express some desire, irritate, if I could not please, this man of marble. "I would rather go to Carteret," I repeated.

He only smiled in answer, and six days after, though no word had been spoken by him on the subject, we arrived at Banmore. It was a gloomy place, enclosed with yew-trees, and kept in a sort of stiff repair which was more dreary than dilapidation or decay; and when I went to my rooms, which were newly and well furnished, I dismissed my silent English maid, and sat down oppressed and sad. From that night

began a life of which I could not speak if I would, so nameless were its tortures. No visitors were ever admitted, Mr. Huntingdon saying that respect to the memory of my aunt required that we should live in the strictest seclusion; we paid no visits for the same reason. The servants, though obsequious and attentive, were strangely silent and quiet; Mr. Huntingdon so devoted that I was never for one moment unconscious of his observation, yet he hardly ever addressed me.

The monotony of my life at Lascours was as nothing compared with that at Banmore. Every day at the same hour we entered the carriage, and took a long and dreary drive; every day, at Mr. Huntingdon's side, I paced the same walk in a long, deserted avenue in the park. I cannot separate those hours, days, weeks, from one another. They were all alike; and then at that time I felt — I began to feel, I mean — that my mind was going, was shaken from its equilibrium. I began to doubt my powers, my memory, my perceptions. I often wished to be alone, which I never was; for my husband never left me, and my morning-room opened into the library where he sat, when not walking or driving with me, engaged in reading or writing.

I say he never left me. If I rose to leave the room, he rose also and followed me. I began at length to tremble, if but a moment alone, lest he should come and find me. To avoid being followed, I followed him; to avoid being watched, I sat close to him, usually at his feet; and so perfect was his calm politeness, his complete courtesy, that I frequently upbraided myself for my undutifulness and want of affection. Sometimes, actuated by those strange moods which sway the maniac, I caressed him passionately; I did not then hate, I wished to love him.

Kisses as cold as those of the dead he gave me, embraces as loveless; and I flung away in mingled rage and terror from his passionless calm.

Sometimes as I sat at his feet, luxuriously cushioned, — for he always insisted on giving me the softest seat, — sometimes so sitting, looking alternately at the low fire and cold landscape, and listening to the only sound ever heard in that house, the ceaseless scraping of his pen on the paper, — fierce impulses would seize me to shriek aloud, to spring upon him; and always, just as the cry trembled upon my lips, as the convulsion seemed about to seize my limbs, his cool hand touched my head, his calm, considerate voice said, "You can no longer sit still, I see. I will ring for your maid, and then walk with you"; and the thought that he was thus intuitively conscious of my silent inward struggles filled me with vague dread, and heightened the growing restlessness which was fast making my life a physical as well as a mental torture.

CHAPTER V.

Beyond the fact that he thus watched and followed me, and that he seemed to know my thoughts and impulses, my husband gave no sign which could lead me to think that he was aware of the misery I suffered, — a misery which was none the less intolerable because, when I strove to analyze it, I could not define in what it consisted.

But it increased so rapidly that I began at length to doubt whether I existed at all, whether my surroundings were real; if the past, as I recollected it, had ever been, nothing seemed to me real or actual except Mr. Huntingdon and his hold upon my life.

Towards the close of the winter he announced his intention of going to London to attend the opening of Parliament. I expected to be left alone, and something like hope shot through my mind as I thought. It was dispelled as he added, "We shall leave next week."

"Am I to go?" I said, sullenly.

"Certainly," he replied, calmly.

"I do not wish to go to London," I

answered; "I prefer to spend the time of your absence at Carteret."

"That cannot be," he said after a moment's pause. "I cannot leave you alone for so long, and I cannot leave London while Parliament is sitting."

"I wish to be alone," I sobbed, in a burst of tears; "I wish to do as I please."

He made no reply to this, but, drawing up his desk, began to write steadily and rapidly as usual.

I continued to sob, first with anger and disappointment, afterwards from nervousness; and as I wept the paroxysm increased in violence, until at length I became utterly incapable of controlling myself, and stamped and shrieked aloud. Mr. Huntingdon then raised his eyes for the first time, and surveyed me. There was neither scorn nor anger nor agitation in his glance; it said only, "I was prepared for this."

He rose and opened the window, and then, returning to his seat, began to fold and seal the letter he had written.

His composure irritated me beyond endurance. I redoubled my cries, and, throwing myself on the ground, began to tear my hair.

As I lay thus, convulsed and disordered, the door opened, and the butler appeared with some water. Mr. Huntingdon took a glass from the tray, and offered it to me; the unruffled courtesy of his manner and the curious glances of the servant transported me with rage. I took the glass, and flung it with all my strength against the marble chimney-piece.

"Leave the room," said Mr. Huntingdon to the servant. "Madame," he continued, turning to me, "rise immediately"; and as I refused he lifted and carried me, still struggling and screaming, into my morning-room; then closing the door, and placing me before the mirror, he awaited the result in silence.

What a sight I saw! what a hideous, mortifying sight!—my flushed and swollen face, dishevelled hair, and disordered dress, a torn handkerchief in one hand, the other cut with the broken glass, and, standing behind me, with a contemptuous smile upon his lips, my husband, serene and cold, with his perfectly arranged hair and dress in as exquisite order as usual. I was calmed in a moment. I saw, with a keen anguish which I can even now recall, how I must have appeared, and I sat motionless and silent.

I do not know how long we remained thus,—my eyes fixed upon the mirror and my husband's also. We outstayed my languor, stayed until the dreadful restlessness, which was my almost constant companion, beset me again and tormented me grievously; for I dared not move while my husband's hand rested upon my shoulder, nor close my eyes while he gazed upon me. At last he spoke: "It is best for you to lie down, Charlotte; you must be exhausted."

A disclaimer rose to my lips, but I withheld it, and obeyed in silence.

All that night he sat beside me, reading; and whenever I opened my eyes he met them with his calm, attentive, *watchful* gaze, until I wished myself dead, and buried deep out of that ceaseless scrutiny.

At the close of the following week we arrived in London. The house which Mr. Huntingdon had selected was vast and sombre, standing in a small court, and surrounded by a wall so high that the windows of my apartments, which were on the second floor, commanded nothing beyond.

Closed within those walls I dragged out four wearisome months. The fact that Mr. Huntingdon was absent a great deal of the time was no relief to me, as I soon found that in his absence I was a prisoner.

I need not dilate on those days; they were all alike,—solitary, dreary, hopeless. Attacks of frenzy, like the one I had had at Banmore, came on frequently; and while they were upon me I destroyed everything within my reach. My husband never remonstrated or complained. Often when my paroxysm was at its height did the door open noiselessly, and his calm face look in,

but he never spoke; usually he stood with folded arms, and silently surveyed the scene. The next day I invariably found that the articles I had destroyed were replaced without comment of any kind.

Conduct so forbearing, so cool, so patient, failed to soothe; it irritated me beyond endurance; it intensified the dislike and dread I felt for him, — a dislike which was fast deepening into hate, and which my fear of him alone kept in check.

Such was my condition when we left London for Huntingdon Hall, early in July. We stopped at Carteret Castle and Branthope Grange on the way, and were magnificently entertained at both places. When we entered the village of Carteret, bonfires were blazing on the surrounding hills, triumphal arches spanned the streets, the castle and park were illuminated, and all the tenants and servants assembled to welcome us.

Never shall I forget passing through that long line of eager and curious faces; how the desire to control myself made me tremble; how I raised my head defiantly and eyed them all curiously; how, long before we reached the end of the hall, my assumed composure gave way, and I hid my face, and whispered to my husband to take me away. I could not listen to the speech with which the old steward welcomed me, and twice endeavored to break away from my husband's detaining arm; and it was a relief to me when the speech was ended, and he responded briefly, alleging my ill health as a reason for my retirement.

Our reception at Huntingdon was equally formal, and my want of self-control, as I was painfully aware, still more apparent; I was fatigued by the motion of the carriage, by the excitement of my visit to Carteret, and by the fruitless efforts I had made to control what I now know must have been a disease. As I descended the grand staircase, after I was dressed, each of the lights with which the hall was illuminated seemed to me a curious eye, and all the magnificence displayed in my honor intolerably oppressive. Dinner was always a tedious ceremonial to me, and on this occasion it was even more so than usual; the great dining-room was blazing with lights and silver, and gay with flowers and the superb liveries of the servants, Mr. Huntingdon handsomer and more graceful than ever. I was the skeleton at that feast, — I who carried an aching head and disappointed heart beneath my tiara and necklace of diamonds; who felt the jewels with which I was loaded to be heavier than a prisoner's chains; who saw a jailer in the husband sitting opposite to me, and spies in the attentive servants hovering about my chair.

Mr. Huntingdon glanced at me once or twice. I saw that he was prepared for an outburst, and this, while it chafed, made me the more anxious to control myself. I averted my face, and bit my lips to restrain the hysterical laughter which trembled upon them, but in vain. The consciousness that I was closely watched irritated and confused me. I raised my head for a moment, and as I met the curious peering glances of the line of servants opposite my chair I lost all command of myself.

"How dare you look at me in that way?" I exclaimed. "Am I a monster, that I should be thus watched and examined?"

As I spoke, all the hysterical emotion which I had so long pent up burst forth. "Go, go!" I screamed, — stamping furiously as I saw the servants had made no attempt to leave the room, — "go, I tell you!"

All this time Mr. Huntingdon had been occupied with his dinner; he now rose, and, signing the servants to leave the room, approached me, saying simply: "You are not well, I see. Let me take you to your room."

He conducted me up stairs in silence; and, as the door of my apartments closed behind us, he said, in his calmest voice, "After this scene it will be best for you not to attempt to appear in public."

So began the fourth era of my imprisonment.

BACON.

II.

WE propose in this paper to give some account of Bacon's writings: and the first place in such an account belongs to his philosophical works relating to the interpretation of Nature.

As Bacon, from his boyhood, was a thinker living in the thick of affairs, with a discursive reason held in check by the pressure of palpable facts, he equally escaped the narrowness of the secluded student and the narrowness of the practical man of the world. It was therefore but natural that, early in his collegiate life, he should feel a contempt for the objects and the methods of the philosophy current among the scholars of his time. The true object of philosophy must be either to increase our knowledge or add to our power. The ancient and scholastic systems seemed to him to have failed in both. They had not discovered truths, they had not invented arts. Admitting that the highest use of knowledge was the pure joy it afforded the intellect, and that its lowest use was its ministration to the practical wants of man, it seemed to him evident that their method led as little to knowledge that enriched the mind as to knowledge that gave cunning to the hands. Aiming at self-culture by self-inspection, rather than by inspection of Nature, they neglected the great world of God for the little world of man; so that at last it seemed as if the peculiar distinction of knowledge consisted in knowing that nothing could be known. But the question might arise, Was not the barrenness of their results due to the selfish littleness, rather than disinterested elevation, of their aim? Introduce into philosophy a philanthropic motive, make man the thinker aid man the laborer, unite contemplation with a practical purpose, and discard the idea that knowledge was intended for the exclusive gratification of a few selected spirits, and philosophy would then increase in largeness and elevation as much as it would increase in usefulness; for if such a revolution in its spirit, object, and method could be made, it would continually furnish new truths for the intellect to contemplate from the impetus given to the discovery of new truths by the perception that they could be applied to relieve human necessities. If it were objected that Philosophy could not stoop from her ethical and spiritual heights to the drudgery of investigating natural laws, it might be answered that what God had condescended to create it surely was not ignoble in man to examine; "for that which is deserving of existence is deserving of knowledge, the image of existence." If philosophers had a higher notion of their dignity, Francis Bacon did not share it; and, accordingly, early in life he occupied his mind in devising a method of investigating the secrets of Nature in order to wield her powers.

The conception was one of the noblest that ever entered the mind of man; but was it accomplished? As Bacon's name seems to be stereotyped in popular and scientific speech as the "father of the Inductive Sciences," and as all the charity refused to his life has been heaped upon his philosophical labors, it may seem presumptuous to answer this question in the negative; yet nothing is more certain than that the inductive sciences have *not* followed the method which he invented, and have *not* arrived at the results which he proposed to accomplish.

The mistake, as it regards Bacon, has risen principally from confounding Induction with the Baconian *method* of Induction. If we were to tell our readers that there were great undiscovered laws in Nature, and should strongly advise them to examine particular facts

with great care, in order through them to reach the knowledge of those laws, we should recommend the practice of induction; but even if they should heed and follow the advice, we much doubt if any scientific discoveries would ensue. Indeed, if Bacon himself could hear the recommendation made, and could adopt the modern mode of spiritual communication, there would be a succession of indignant raps on the editorial table, which, being interpreted, would run thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, the mode of induction recommended to you is radically vicious and incompetent. Truth cannot be discovered in that way; but if you will select any given matter which requires investigation, and will follow the mechanical mode of procedure laid down in my method of induction, *Novum Organum*, Book II., you will be able, without any special scientific genius, to hunt the very form and essence of the nature you seek to its last hiding-place, and compel it to yield up its innermost secret. All that is required is common capacity, united with persevering labor and combination of purpose." This is not exactly Bacon's rhetoric, but as spirits, when they leave the body, seem somehow to acquire a certain pinched and poverty-stricken mode of expression, it will do to convey his idea.

Bacon, the philosopher, is therefore to be considered, not as a man who invented and recommended Induction, for Induction is as old as human nature, — was, in fact, invented by Adam, — and, as practised in Bacon's time, was the mark of his especial scorn; but he is to be considered as one who invented and recommended a new *method* of Induction; a system of precise rules to guide induction; a new logic or organ which was to supersede the Aristotelian logic. He proudly called it his art of inventing sciences. A method of investigation presupposes, of course, some conception of the objects to be investigated; and of the infinite variety and complexity of nature Bacon had no idea. His method proceeds on the notion that all the phenomena of nature are capable of being referred to combinations of certain abstract qualities of matter, simple natures, which are limited in number if difficult of access. Such are density, rarity, heat, cold, color, levity, tenuity, weight, and the like. These are the alphabet of nature; and as all words result from the combination of a few letters, so all phenomena result from the combination of a few elements. What is gold, for example, but the co-ordination of certain qualities, such as greatness of weight, closeness of parts, fixation, softness, &c.? Now, if the causes of these simple natures were known, they might be combined by man into the same or a similar substance; "for," he says, "if anybody can make a metal which has all these properties, let men dispute whether it be gold or no." But these qualities are not ultimate; they are the effects of causes, and a knowledge of the causes will enable us to superinduce the effects. The connection between philosophy and practice is this, that what "in contemplation stands for cause, in operation stands for means or instrument; for we know by causes and operate by means." The object of philosophy, therefore, is the investigation of the formal causes of the primary qualities of body, of those causes which are always present when the qualities are present, always absent when the qualities are absent, increase with their increase, and decrease with their decrease. Facts, then, are the stairs by which we mount into the region of essences; and, grasping and directing these, we can compel Nature to create new facts, as truly natural as those she spontaneously produces, for Art simply gives its own direction to her working.

From this exposition it will be seen how little foundation there is for Dugald Stewart's remark, that Bacon avoided the fundamental error of the ancients, according to whom "philosophy is the science of causes"; and also for the assertion of Comte and his school, that Bacon was the father of positive science. There is nothing

more repugnant to a positivist than the introduction into science of causes and essences, yet it was after these that Bacon aimed. "The spirit of man," he says, "is as the lamp of God, wherewith he searcheth the *inwardness* of all secrets." The word he uses is "Form," but Form with him is both cause and essence, an immanent cause, a cause that creates a permanent quality. If he sometimes uses form as synonymous with law, the sense in which he understands law is not merely the mode in which a force operates, but the force itself. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that, much as he decries Plato, he was still willing to use Form as identical with Idea, in the Platonic sense of Idea; for in an aphorism in which he severely condemns the projection of human conceits upon natural objects, he remarks that "there is no small difference between the idols of the human mind and the ideas of the Divine Mind, that is to say, between certain idle dogmas, and the real stamp and impression of created objects as they are found in Nature." Coleridge had probably this aphorism in mind when he called Bacon the British Plato.

The object of Bacon's philosophy, then, is the investigation of the forms of simple natures; his method is the path the understanding must pursue in order to arrive at this object. This method is a most ingenious but cumbrous machinery for collecting, tabling, sifting, testing, and rejecting facts of observation and experiment which have any relation to the nature sought. It begins with inclusion and proceeds by exclusion. It has affirmative tables, negative tables, tables of comparison, tables of exclusion, tables of prerogative instances. From the mass of individual facts originally collected everything is eliminated, until nothing is left but the form or cause which is sought. The field of induction is confined, as it were, within a triangular space, at the base of which are the facts obtained by observation and experiment. From these the investigator proceeds inwards, by comparison and exclusion, constantly narrowing the field as he advances, until at last, having rejected all non-essentials, nothing is left but the pure form.

Nobody can read the details of this method, as given at length in the second book of the *Novum Organum*, without admiration for the prodigious constructive power of Bacon's mind. The twenty-seven tables of prerogative instances, or "the comparative value of facts as means of investigation," would alone be sufficient to prove the comprehension of his intellect and its capacity of ideal classification. But still the method is a splendid, unrealized, and, we may add, incompleted dream. He never himself discovered anything by its use; nobody since his time has discovered anything by its use. And the reason is plain. Apart from its positive defects, there is this general criticism to be made, that a true method must be a generalization from the mental processes which *have been* followed in discovery and invention; it cannot precede them. If Bacon really had devised the method which succeeding men of science slavishly followed, he would deserve more than the most extravagant panegyrics he has received. Aristotle is famous as a critic for generalizing the rules of epic and dramatic poetry from the practice of Homer and the Greek tragedians; what fame would not be his, if his rules had preceded Homer and the Greek dramatists? Yet Macaulay, and many others who have criticised Bacon, while pretending to undervalue all rules as useless, still say that Bacon's analysis of the inductive method is a true and good analysis, and that the method has since his time been instinctively followed by all successful investigators of Nature, — as if Bacon did not construct his inductive rules from a deep-rooted distrust of men's inductive instincts. But it is plain to everybody who has read Comte and Mill and Whewell, that the method of discovery is still a debatable question, and, with all our immense superiority to the age of Bacon in facts on which to build a method, we

have settled as yet on no philosophy of the objects or the processes of science. There are many disputed methods, but no accepted method; the anarchy of opinions corresponds to the anarchy of metaphysics; and the establishment of a philosophy of discovery and invention must wait the establishment of a philosophy of the mind which discovers and invents.

But we know enough to give the reasons of Bacon's failure. The defects of his Method can be collected from the separate judgments of his warmest eulogists. First, Bacon was no mathematician, and Playfair admits that "in all physical inquiries where mathematical reasoning has been employed, after a few principles have been established by experience, a vast multitude of truths, equally certain with the principles themselves, have been *deduced* from them by the mere application of geometry and algebra." Bacon's prevision, then, did not extend to the foresight of the great part that mathematical science was to play in the interpretation of Nature. Second, Sir John Herschel, who follows Playfair in making Bacon the father of experimental philosophy, still gives a deadly blow to Bacon's celebrated tables of prerogative instances, considered as *real* aids to the understanding, when he admits that the same sagacity which enables an inquirer to assign an instance or observation to its proper class, enables him, without that process, to recognize its proper value. Third, Sir James Mackintosh, who claims for Bacon, that, if he did not himself make discoveries, he taught mankind the *method* by which discoveries are made, and who asserts that the physical sciences owe all that they are or ever will be to Bacon's method and spirit, refers to the 104th aphorism of the first book of the *Novum Organum*, as containing the condensed essence of his philosophy. This aphorism affirms that the path to the most general truths is a series of ascending inductive steps; that the lowest generalizations must first be established, then the middle principles, then the highest. It is curious that Mackintosh should praise a philosopher of facts for announcing a theory which facts have disproved. The merest glance at the history of the sciences shows that the opposite principle is rather the true one; that the most general principles have been first reached. Mill can only excuse Bacon for this blunder by saying that he could not have fallen into it if there had existed in his time a single deductive science, such as mechanics, astronomy, optics, acoustics, &c., now are. Of course he could not; but the fact remains that he did not foresee the course or prescribe the true method of science, and that he did not even appreciate the way in which his contemporaries, Kepler and Galileo, were building up sciences by processes different from his own. It is amazing, however, that Mackintosh, with the discovery of the law of gravitation, the most universal of all natural laws, as an obvious instance against the theory, should have adopted Bacon's error.

Fourth, Bacon's method of exclusion, the one element of his system which gave it originality, proceeds, as John Mill has pointed out, on the assumption that a phenomenon can have but one cause, and is therefore not applicable to coexistences as to successions of phenomena.

Fifth, Bacon's method, though it proceeds on a conception of nature which is an hypothesis exploded, and though it is itself an hypothesis which has proved sterile, still does not admit of hypotheses as guides to investigation. The last and ablest editor of his Philosophical Works, Mr. Ellis, concedes the practical inutility of his method on this ground, that the process by which scientific truths have been established "involves an element to which nothing corresponds in Bacon's tables of comparison and exclusion, namely, the application to the facts of observation of a principle of arrangement, an idea, existing in the mind of the discoverer antecedently to the act of induction."

Indeed, Bacon's method was disproved by his own contemporaries. Kepler tried twenty guesses on the orbit of Mars, and the last proved correct. Galileo deduced important principles from assumptions, and then brought them to the test of experiment. Gilbert's hypothesis, that "the earth is a great natural magnet with two poles," is now more than an hypothesis. The *Novum Organum* contains a fling at the argument from final causes; and the very year it was published, Harvey, the friend and physician of Bacon, by reasoning on the final cause of the valves in the veins, discovered the circulation of the blood. All these men had the scientific instinct and scientific genius that Bacon lacked. They made no antithesis between the anticipation of nature and the interpretation of nature, but they anticipated in order to interpret. It is not the disuse of hypotheses, but the testing of hypotheses by facts, and the willingness to give them up when experience decides against them, which characterizes the scientific mind.

Sixth, Bacon, though he aimed to institute a philosophy of observation, and gave rules for observing, was not himself a sharp and accurate observer of Nature, — did not possess, as has often been remarked, acuteness in proportion to his comprehensiveness. His Natural History, his History of Life and Death, of Density and Rarity, and the like, all prove a mental defect disqualifying him for the business. His eye roved when it should have been patiently fixed. He caught at resemblances by the instinct of his wide-ranging intellect; and this peculiarity, constantly indulged, impaired his power of distinguishing differences. He spread his mind over a space so large that its full strength was concentrated on nothing. He could not check the discursive action of his intellect, and hold it down to the sharp, penetrating, dissecting analysis of single appearances; and his brain was teeming with too many schemes to allow of that mental fanaticism, that fury of mind, which impelled Kepler to his repeated assaults on the tough problem of the planetary orbits. The same comprehensive multiplicity of objects which prevented him from throwing his full force into affairs, and taking a decided stand as a statesman, operated likewise to dissipate his energies as an explorer of Nature. The analogies, relations, likenesses of things occupied his attention to the exclusion of a searching examination of the things themselves. As a courtier, lawyer, jurist, politician, statesman, man of science, student of universal knowledge, he has been practically excelled in each department by special men, because his intellect was one which refused to be arrested and fixed.

And, in conclusion, the essential defect of the Baconian method consisted in its being an invention of genius to dispense with the necessity of genius. It was, as Mr. Ellis has well remarked, "a mechanical mode of procedure, pretending to lead to absolute certainty of result." It levelled capacities, because the virtue was in the instrument used, and not in the person using it. Bacon illustrates the importance of his method by saying that a man of ordinary ability with a pair of compasses can describe a better circle than a man of the greatest genius without such help; that the lame, in the path, outstrip the swift who wander from it; indeed, the very skill and swiftness of him who runs not in the right direction only increases his aberration. With his view of philosophy, as the investigation of the forms of a limited number of simple natures, he thought that, with "the purse of a prince and the assistance of a people," a sufficiently copious natural history might be formed, within a comparatively short period, to furnish the materials for the working of his method; and then the grand instauration of the sciences would be rapidly completed. In this scheme there could, of course, be only one great name, — the name of Bacon. Those who collected the materials, those who applied the method, would be only his

clerks. His office was that of Secretary of State for the interpretation of Nature; Lord Chancellor of the laws of existence, and legislator of science; Lord Treasurer of the riches of the universe; the intellectual potentate equally of science and art, with no aristocracy round his throne, but with a bureaucracy in its stead, taken from the middle class of intellect and character. There was no place for Harvey and Newton and Halley and Dalton and La Place and Cuvier and Agassiz, for genius was unnecessary; the new logic, the *Novum Organum*, Bacon himself, mentally alive in the brains which applied his method, was all in all. Splendid discoveries would be made, those discoveries would be beneficently applied, but they would be made by clerks and applied by clerks. All were latent in the Baconian method, and over all the completed intellectual globe of science, as in the commencement of the *Novum Organum*, would be written, "Francis of Verulam thought thus!" And if Bacon's method had been really followed by succeeding men of science, this magnificent autocracy of understanding and imagination would have been justified; and round the necks of each of them would be a collar, on which would be written, "This person is so and so, 'born thrall of Francis of Verulam.'" That this feeling of serene spiritual superiority, and consciousness of being the founder of a new empire in the world of mind, was *in* Bacon, we know by the general tone of his writings, and the politic contempt with which he speaks of the old autocrats, Aristotle and Plato; and Harvey, who knew him well, probably intended to hit this imperial loftiness, when he described him as "writing philosophy like a Lord Chancellor." "The guillotine governs!" said Barrère, gayly, when some friend compassionated his perplexities as a practical statesman during the Reign of Terror. "The Method governs!" would have been the reply of a Baconian underling, had the difficulties of his attempts to penetrate the inmost mysteries of nature been suggested to him.

Thus by the use of Bacon's own method of exclusion we exclude him from the position due of right to Galileo and Kepler. In the inquiry respecting the father of the inductive sciences, he is not "the nature sought." What, then, is the cause of his fame among the scientific men of England and France? They certainly have not spent their time in investigating the forms of simple natures; they certainly have not used his method; why have they used his name?

In answer to this question, it may be said that Bacon, participating in the intellectual movement of the higher minds of his age, recognized the paramount importance of observation and experiment in the investigation of Nature; and it has since been found convenient to adopt, as the father and founder of the physical sciences, one whose name lends to them so much dignity, and who was undoubtedly one of the broadest, richest, and most imperial of human intellects, if he were not one of the most scientific. Then he is the most eloquent of all discoursers on the philosophy of science, and the general greatness of his mind is evident even in the demonstrable errors of his system. No other writer on the subject is a classic, and Bacon is thus a link connecting men of science with men of letters and men of the world. Whewell, Comte, Mill, Herschel, with more abundant material, with the advantage of generalizing the philosophy of the sciences from their history, are instinctively felt by every reader to be smaller men than Bacon. As thinkers, they appear thin and unfruitful as compared with his fulness of suggestive thought; as writers, they have no pretension to the massiveness, splendor, condensation, and regal dignity of his rhetoric. The Advancement of Learning, and the first book of the *Novum Organum*, are full of quotable sentences, in which solid wisdom is clothed in the aptest, most vivid, most imaginative, and most executive expression. If a man of science at the present day wishes for a compact state-

ment in which to embody his scorn of bigotry, of dogmatism, of intellectual conceit, of any of the idols of the human understanding which obstruct its perception of natural truth, it is to Bacon that he goes for an aphorism.

And it is doubtless true that the spirit which animates Bacon's philosophical works is a spirit which inspires effort and infuses cheer. It is impossible to say how far this spirit has animated inventors and discoverers. But we know from the enthusiastic admiration expressed for him by men of science, who could not have been blind to the impotence of his method, that all minds his spirit touched it must have influenced. One principle stands plainly out in his writings, that the intellect of man, purified from its idols, is competent for the conquest of nature; and to this glorious task he, above all other men, gave an epical dignity and loftiness. His superb rhetoric is the poetry of physical science. The humblest laborer in that field feels, in reading Bacon, that he is one of a band of heroes, wielding weapons mightier than those of Achilles and Agamemnon, engaged in a siege nobler than that of Troy; for, in so far as he is honest and capable, he is "Man, the minister and interpreter of Nature," engaged, "not in the amplification of the power of one man over his country, nor in the amplification of the power of that country over other countries, but in the amplification of the power and kingdom of mankind over the universe." And, while Bacon has thus given an ideal elevation to the pursuits of science, he has at the same time pointed out most distinctly those diseases of the mind which check or mislead it in the task of interpretation. As a student of nature, his fame is greater than his deserts; as a student of human nature, he is hardly yet appreciated; and it is to the greater part of the first book of the *Novum Organum*, where he deals in general reflections on those mental habits and dispositions which interfere with pure intellectual conscientiousness, and where his beneficent spirit and rich imagination lend sweetness and beauty to the homeliest practical wisdom, that the reader impatiently returns, after being wearied with the details of his method given in the second book. His method was antiquated in his own lifetime; but it is to be feared that centuries hence his analysis of the idols of the human understanding will be as fresh and new as human vanity and pride.

It was not, then, in the knowledge of Nature, but in the knowledge of human nature, that Bacon pre-eminently excelled. By this it is not meant that he was a metaphysician in the usual sense of the term, though his works contain as valuable hints to metaphysicians as to naturalists; but these hints are on matters at one remove from the central problems of metaphysics. Indeed, for all those questions which relate to the nature of the mind and the mode by which it obtains its ideas, for all questions which are addressed to the speculative reason alone, he seems to have felt an aversion almost irrational. They appeared to him to minister to the delight and vain-glory of the thinker, without yielding any fruit of wisdom which could be applied to human affairs. "Pragmatical man," he says, "should not go away with an opinion that learning is like a lark, that can mount, and sing, and please herself, and nothing else; but may know that she holdeth as well of the hawk, that can soar aloft, and can also descend and strike upon the prey." Not, then, the abstract qualities and powers of the human mind, considered as special objects of investigation independent of individuals, but the combination of these into concrete character, interested Bacon. He regarded the machinery in motion, the human being as he thinks, feels, and lives, men in their relations with men; and the phenomena presented in history and life he aimed to investigate as he would investigate the phenomena of the natural world. This practical science of human nature, in which the discovery of general laws seems hopeless to every mind not ample enough to resist being over-

whelmed by the confusion, complication, and immense variety of the details, and which it will probably take ages to complete, — this science Bacon palpably advanced. His eminence here is demonstrable from his undisputed superiority to other prominent thinkers in the same department. Hallam justly remarks, that "if we compare what may be found in the sixth, seventh, and eighth books De Augmentis; in the Essays, the History of Henry VII., and the various short treatises contained in his works on moral and political wisdom, and on human nature, from experience of which all such wisdom is drawn, — if we compare these works of Bacon with the rhetoric, ethics, and politics of Aristotle, or with the histories most celebrated for their deep insight into civil society and human character, — with Thucydides, Tacitus, Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Davila, Hume, — we shall, I think, find that one man may be compared with all these together."

The most valuable peculiarity of this wisdom is, that it not merely points out what should be done, but it points out how it can be done. This is especially true in all his directions for the culture of the individual mind; the mode by which the passions may be disciplined, and the intellect enriched, enlarged, and strengthened. So with the relations of the individual to his household, to society, to government, he indicates the method by which these relations may be known and the duties they imply performed. In his larger speculations regarding the philosophy of law, the principles of universal justice, and the organic character of national institutions, he anticipates, in the sweep of his intellect, the ideas of the jurists and historians of the present century. Volumes have been written which are merely expansions of this statement of Bacon, that "there are in nature certain fountains of justice, whence all civil laws are derived but as streams; and like as waters do take tinctures and tastes from the soils through which they run, so do civil laws vary according to the regions and governments where they are planted, though they proceed from the same fountain." The Advancement of Learning, afterwards translated and expanded into the Latin treatise De Augmentis, is an inexhaustible storehouse of such thoughts, — thoughts which have constituted the capital of later thinkers, but which never appear to so much advantage as in the compact imaginative form in which they were originally expressed.

It is important, however, that, in admitting to the full Bacon's just claims as a philosopher of human nature, we should avoid the mistake of supposing him to have possessed acuteness in the same degree in which he possessed comprehensiveness. Mackintosh says that he is "probably a single instance of a mind which in philosophizing always reaches the point of elevation whence the whole prospect is commanded, without ever rising to that distance which prevents a distinct perception of every part of it." This judgment is accurate as far as regards parts considered as elements of a general view, but in the special view of single parts he has been repeatedly excelled by men whom it would be absurd to compare to him in general wisdom. His mind was contracted to details by effort; it dilated by instinct. It was telescopic rather than microscopic; its observation of men was extensive rather than minute. "Were it not better," he says, "for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch-candle into every corner?" Certainly, but the small watch-candle in some investigations is better than the great central lamp; and his genius accordingly does not include the special genius of such observers as La Bruyère, Rochefoucauld, Saint-Simon, Balsac, and Shaftesbury, — the detective police of society, politics, and letters, — men whose intellects were all contracted into a sharp, sure, cat-like insight into the darkest crevices of individual natures, — whose eyes dissected what they

looked upon, — and to whom the slightest circumstance was a key that opened the whole character to their glance. For example: Saint-Simon sees a lady, whose seemingly ingenuous diffidence makes her charming to everybody. He peers into her soul, and declares, as the result of his vision, that "modesty is one of her arts." Again, after the death of the son of Louis XIV., the court was of course overwhelmed with decorous grief; the new dauphin and dauphiness were especially inconsolable for the loss; and, to all witnesses but one, were weeping copiously. Saint-Simon simply says, "Their eyes were wonderfully dry, but well managed." Bacon might have inferred hypocrisy; but he would not have observed the lack of moisture in the eyes amid all the convulsive sobbing and the agonized dips and waves of the handkerchief. Take another instance: The Duke of Orleans amazed the court by the diabolical recklessness of his conduct. St. Simon alone saw that ordinary vices had no pungency for him; that he must spice licentiousness with atheism and blasphemy in order to derive any pleasure from it; and solves the problem by saying that he was "born bored," — that he took up vice at the point at which his ancestors had left it, and had no choice but to carry it to new heights of impudence or to reject it altogether. Again, to take an example from a practical politician: Shaftesbury, who played the game of faction with such exquisite subtlety in the reign of Charles II., detected the fact of the secret marriage between the king's brother and Anne Hyde by noticing at dinner that her mother, Lady Clarendon, could not resist expressing a faint deference in her manner when she helped her daughter to the meat; and on this slight indication he acted as confidently as if he had learned the fact by being present at the wedding.

Now neither in his life nor in his writings does Bacon indicate that he had studied individuals with this keen attentiveness. His knowledge of human nature was the result of the tranquil deposit, year after year, into his receptive and capacious intellect, of the facts of history and of his own wide experience of various kinds of life. These he pondered, classified, reduced to principles, and embodied in sentences which have ever since been quotable texts for jurists, moralists, historians, and statesmen; and all the while his own servants were deceiving and plundering him, and his followers enriching themselves with bribes taken in his name. The "small watch-candle" of the brain would have been valuable to him here.

The work by which his wisdom has reached the popular mind is his collection of Essays. As originally published in 1597, it contained only ten; in the last edition published in his lifetime, the number was increased to fifty-seven. The sifted result of much observation and meditation on public and private life, he truly could say of their matter, that "it could not be found in books." Their originality can hardly be appreciated at present, for most of their thoughts have been incorporated with the minds which have fed on them, and have been continually reproduced in other volumes. Yet it is probable that these short treatises are rarely thoroughly mastered, even by the most careful reader. Dugald Stewart testifies that after reading them for the twentieth time he observed something which had escaped his attention in the nineteenth. They combine the greatest brevity with the greatest beauty of expression. The thoughts follow each other with such rapid ease; each thought is so truly an addition, and not an expansion of the preceding; the point of view is so continually changed, in order that in one little essay the subject may be considered on all its sides and in all its bearings; and each sentence is so capable of being developed into an essay, — that the work requires long pauses of reflection, and frequent reperusal, to be estimated at its full worth. It not merely enriches the mind, it enlarges it, and teaches it comprehensive habits of reflection. The

disease of mental narrowness and fanaticism it insensibly cures, by showing that every subject can be completely apprehended only by viewing it from various points; and a reader of Bacon instinctively meets the fussy or furious declaimer with the objection, "But, sir, there is another side to this matter."

It was one of Bacon's mistakes to believe that he would outlive the English language. Those of his works, therefore, which were not written in Latin he was eager to have translated into that tongue. The "Essays," coming home as they did to "men's business and bosoms," he was persuaded would "last as long as books should last"; and as he thought, to use his own words, "that these modern languages would at some time or other play the bankrupt with books," he employed Ben Jonson and others to translate the Essays into Latin. A Dr. Willmott published, in 1720, a translation of this Latin edition into what he called reformed and fashionable English. We will give a specimen. Bacon, in his Essay on Adversity, says: "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New..... Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols." Dr. Willmott Englishes the Latin in this wise: "Prosperity belongs to the blessings of the Old Testament, adversity to the beatitudes of the New..... Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you 'll find more lamentable airs than triumphant ones." This is translation with a vengeance!

Next to the Essays and the Advancement of Learning, the most attractive of Bacon's works is his Wisdom of the Ancients. Here his reason and imagination, intermingling or interchanging their processes, work conjointly, and produce a magnificent series of poems, while remorselessly analyzing imaginations into thoughts. He supposes that, anterior to the Greeks, there were thinkers as wise as Bacon; that the heathen fables are poetical embodiments of secrets and mysteries of policy, philosophy, and religion; truths folded up in mythological personifications; "sacred relics," indeed, or "abstracted, rarefied airs of better times, which by tradition from more ancient nations fell into the trumpets and flutes of the Grecians." He, of course, finds in these fables what he brings to them, the inductive philosophy and all. The book is a marvel of ingenuity, and exhibits the astounding analogical power of his mind, both as respects analogies of reason and analogies of fancy. Had Bacon lived in the age of Plato and Aristotle, and written this work, he would have fairly triumphed over those philosophers; for he would have reconciled ancient philosophy with ancient religion, and made faith in Jupiter and Pan consistent with reason.

But the work in which Bacon is most pleasingly exhibited is his philosophical romance, The New Atlantis. This happy island is a Baconian Utopia, a philosopher's paradise, where the *Novum Organum* is, in imagination, realized, and utility is carried to its loftiest idealization. In this country the king is good, and the people are good, because everything, even commerce, is subordinated to knowledge. "Truth" here "prints goodness." All sensual and malignant passions, all the ugly deformities of actual life, are sedately expelled from this glorious dream of a kingdom where men live in harmony with each other and with nature, and where observers, discoverers, and inventors are invested with an external pomp and dignity and high place corresponding to their intellectual elevation. Here is a college worthy of the name, Solomon's House, "the end of whose foundation is the knowledge of causes and the secret motions of things, and the enlarging the bounds of human empire to the effecting of all things possible"; and in Solomon's House Bacon's ideas are carried out, and man is in the process of "being restored to the sovereignty of nature." In this fiction, too, the peculiar beneficence of Bacon's spirit is displayed; and perhaps the

finest sentence in his writings, certainly the one which best indicates the essential feeling of his soul as he regarded human misery and ignorance, occurs in his description of one of the fathers of Solomon's House. "His countenance," he says, "was as the countenance of one who pities men."

But, it may still be asked, how was it that a man of such large wisdom, with a soul really of such pervasive beneficence, was so comparatively weak and pliant in his life? This question touches his mind no less than his character; and it must be said that, both in the action of his mind and the actions of his life, there is observable a lack both of emotional and moral intensity. He is never impassioned, never borne away by an overmastering feeling or purpose. There is no rush of ideas and passions in his writings, no direct contact and close hug of thought and thing. Serenity, not speed, is his characteristic. Majestic as is the movement of his intellect, and far-reaching its glance, it still includes, adjusts, *feels into* the objects it contemplates, rather than darts at them like Shakespeare's or pierces them like Chaucer's. And this intelligence, so wise and so worldly wise, so broad, bright, confident, and calm, with the moral element pervading it as an element of insight rather than as a motive of action, — this was the instrument on which he equally relied to advance learning and to advance Bacon. As a practical politician, he felt assured of his power to comprehend as a whole, and nicely to discern the separate parts, of the most complicated matter which pressed for judgment and for volition. Exercising insight and foresight on a multitude of facts and contingencies all present to his mind at once, he aimed to evoke order from confusion, to read events in their principles, to seize the salient point which properly determines the judgment, and then act decisively for his purpose, safely for his reputation and fortune. Marvellous as this process of intelligence is, it is liable both to corrupt and mislead unless the moral sentiment is strong and controlling. The man transforms himself into a sort of earthly providence, and by intelligence is emancipated from strict integrity. But the intellectual eye, though capable, like Bacon's, of being dilated at will, is no substitute for conscience, and no device has ever yet been invented which would do away with the usefulness of simple honesty and blind moral instinct. In the most comprehensive view in politics something is sure to be left out, and that something is apt to vitiate the sagacity of the whole combination.

Indeed, there is such a thing as being over wise in dealing with practical affairs, and the defect of Bacon's intellect is seen the moment we compare it with an intellect like that of Luther. Bacon, with his serene superiority to impulse, and his power of giving his mind at pleasure its close compactness and fan-like spread, could hardly have failed to feel for Luther that compassionate contempt with which men possessing many ideas survey men who are possessed by one; yet it is certain that Luther never could have got entangled in Bacon's errors, for his habit was to cut knots which Bacon labored to untie. Men of Luther's stamp never aim to be wise by reach but by intensity of intelligence. They catch a vivid glimpse of some awful spiritual fact, in whose light the world dwindles and pales, and then follow its inspiration headlong, paying no heed to the insinuating whispers of prudence, and crashing through the glassy expediencies which obstruct their path. Such natures, in the short run, are the most visionary; in the long run, the most practical. Bacon has been praised by the most pertinacious revilers of his character for his indifference to the metaphysical and theological controversies which raged around him. They do not seem to see that this indifference came from his deficiency in those intense moral and religious feelings out of which the controversies arose. It would have been better for himself had he been more of a fanatic, for such a

stretch of intelligence as he possessed could be purchased only at the expense of dissolving the forces of his personality in meditative expansiveness, and of weakening his power of dealing direct blows on the instinct or intuition of the instant.

But while this man was without the austerer virtues of humanity, we must not forget that he was also without its sour and malignant vices; and he stands almost alone in literature, as a vast dispassionate intellect, in which the sentiment of philanthropy has been refined and purified into the subtile essence of thought. Without this philanthropy or goodness, he tells us, "man is but a better kind of vermin"; and love of mankind, in Bacon, is not merely the noblest feeling but the highest reason. This beneficence, thus transformed into intelligence, is not a hard opinion, but a rich and mellow spirit of humanity, which communicates the life of the quality it embodies; and we cannot more fitly conclude than by quoting the noble sentence in which Bacon, after pointing out the mistakes regarding the true end of knowledge, closes by divorcing it from all selfish egotism and ambition. "Men," he says, "have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of man; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding-ground for strife or contention; or a shop for profit and sale; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

SEA-GULLS.

THE salt sea-wind is a merry-maker,
Rippling the wild bluff's daisied reach;
The quick surf glides from the arching breaker,
And foams on the tawny beach.

Out where the long reef glooms and glances,
And tosses sunward its diamond rain,
Morn has pierced with her golden lances
The dizzy light-house pane.

Gladdened by clamors of infinite surges,
Heedless what billow or gale may do,
The white gulls float where the ocean-verges
Blend with a glimmer of blue.

I watch how the curtaining vapor settles
Dim on their tireless plumes far borne,
Till faint they gleam as a blossom's petals,
Blown through the spacious morn.

THE TRADITIONAL POLICY OF RUSSIA.

AT this moment, when the Pan-Slavic and Greco-Catholic Propaganda gathers all its strength to aid the Czar's government in making another push at the East, and when the Muscovite armies, as a preparatory move, have taken possession of the Khanates of Tartary, thus nearing the British possessions of India, the traditional policy of Russia, as exhibited in her ancient history, acquires a peculiar importance.

Current events are often the outcome of deep-rooted tendencies. In the case of Russia, everybody talks fluently of her "traditional policy"; yet how few are there who have even a faint knowledge of the political and social conditions through which that empire has passed during and after the Middle Ages! There is a wellnigh general, but withal fallacious, belief that Russia is "a young state," in the prime of life, whose political organization dates only from the last century. Hence those comparisons with the youthful Transatlantic Republic, arising out of a few accidental, and no doubt transitory, similarities, with omission of the deep and characteristic diversities.

It is no exaggeration to say that even in England, which is the rival Asiatic power with Russia, one might as well ask for a general knowledge of what the Aztecs of Tenochtitlan did a thousand years ago as for an acquaintance with ancient Muscovite history. As the existence of the human race is recorded to have had its origin with "Adam," so Russian existence is often thought to have begun with a certain "Peter." As to what occurred in the fabulous times before the appearance of that historical Czar scarcely any one cares to inquire. Ere the "Shipwright of Saardam" connected his empire with Western civilization, Russia is usually assumed to have been a *terra incognita* to Europe. Since his time only — so many believe — the Northern Colossus has acted a part as an aggressive power in the East.

Yet, in what a different light would "youthful" Russia be regarded, were it kept in mind that, centuries before Czar Peter, — nay, at the very epoch when Alfred the Great founded the power of the English realm, — the ancient Russian Grand-Princes had already made themselves hateful to the Eastern world as barbarian sovereigns of the most grasping ambition. Opinions with respect to Muscovite "orthodox" policy would be altered, if the fact were remembered that, more than nine hundred years ago, when Russia was still sunk in paganism, the Danubian Principalities, the countries of the Black Sea, the Balkan, and the Bosphorus, and the gates of Constantinople itself, were already the theatre of Russian invasion and attack! What would be thought of the "religious mission" the autocrats have attributed to themselves, were it remembered that, in those far-distant times, the name, not only of the heathen, but even of the Greco-Catholic Ῥῶς (Russian), was pronounced with feelings of terror within the walls of Greco-Catholic Byzance long before that city of world-wide importance had become the capital of the "Padishah and Caliphe of all the Mussulman believers"?

If we would keep to real historical truth, we must reverse many current notions and preconceived ideas. We must not seek in the so-called evidently forged "Testament of Peter I." for the text-book of Russian attempts at universal dominion, or for the first indices of Russian movements against Constantinople; this encroaching tendency must be traced *ten centuries back!*

In the ninth century, when the Russians still revered the idols of Perun and Yurru, while Constantinople was ruled by an orthodox imperator, their

Grand-Princes, as they were then called, made war against Constantinople, holding the savage doctrine that "Byzantium must become their capital because the Greeks were women and the Russians 'blood-men.'"

In the tenth century, when the Russian Grand-Prince had embraced the same faith to which the Byzantine Empire adhered, another pretext had to be framed for aggression. Constantinople was then to become the residence of the barbarian, "because it suits the dignity of the Russian monarch to receive baptism in the capital of Eastern Christendom."

In the eleventh century, another trifling occasion was eagerly caught at by Russia to make an attempt for the conquest of Constantinople with one hundred thousand men. And when subsequently the Byzantine Emperors were relieved from further attacks on the part of Russia, it was only because she had become weakened by internal feuds and ultimately subjected to Mongol rule.

All this, we ought to note here, happened at a time when Russia was not yet so much of a Slavonian power as she at present is. Finnish and Tartaric populations occupied, in those early centuries, a larger area within the confines of the empire than they at present do. Superposed on those three great national divisions — the Fins, the Slavonians, and the Tartars — was a dynasty and a military aristocracy of Northern, Germanic descent, which probably came from Scandinavia, and which gave the empire it founded a name imported from its Northern home.

The Mongol invasion wiped out for several centuries the existence of a Russian Empire. On the revival of the latter a spark of the old ambition reappears. In the fifteenth century the Muscovite autocrats return to the old designs. They were certainly unable then to try the chance of arms against the powerful Osmanlee, who in the mean time had planted the Crescent on the cupola of St. Sophia. But by and by they sought to gain influence among the Greco-Slavonians of what now had become Turkey; basely asserting that at no distant date the Czar would be able to seize upon Constantinople as his inheritance, "because the marriage of Ivan Vassiljevitch with the niece of the last Paleologus gives to Russia a title to the possession of the Lower Empire."

Time passed on; the Porte lost its military prestige, and the moment at last appeared propitious to revive ancient pretensions by force of arms. So Peter I. propounded the doctrine that Constantinople must become the capital of Russia because "the religious supremacy of the Czar is entitled to sway the whole East."

In the middle of the eighteenth century, French philosophy penetrated into the Cabinet of Catherine II. The grand seigneurs and *roués* of her voluptuous court coquetted with the ideas of liberalism and classic humanism; consequently the world had to be told that Constantinople ought to become a Muscovite fief "because the republics of ancient Hellas must be re-established under Russian protection."

But philosophy and classicism got out of fashion at St. Petersburg when the revolutionary storm thundered in France. The old *dictum* was therefore reproduced, that Stamboul cannot remain under Ottoman dominion "because the infidel Turk is a disgrace to the Holy City from whence Russia received the light of Christianity." This argument was strongly in favor with the late Czar Nicholas, who, however, had still another in reserve, — not this time of a religious character, — namely, that Russia had a right of succession to Turkey, "because the Turk is a sick man." Let us add that even this medical *dictum* is a traditional one, already in vogue at the time of Catherine II., who was indebted for it to the wit of Voltaire.

Thus the spirit of encroachment has, with certain compulsory interruptions, always existed in Russia since the formation of the Empire. Not in the

eighteenth, but in the ninth century, was the organization of Russia as a military monarchy first undertaken. Not under Peter I., but immediately after the introduction of the Rurik dynasty, do the pretensions of Russia to the domination over Constantinople appear. Not with the establishment of the "Holy Directing Synod," but in the very first year of the general spread of Christianity into Russia, under Vladimir, in 988, are the theocratical tendencies of the Russian sovereigns to be remarked. In the reigns of Oleg, Igor, Sviatoslaf, Vladimir, and Yaroslaf, Russia has already her prototypes of princely absolutism, military conquest, and ecclesiastical ambition. The later czars continued, they did not originate, this policy.

Nothing, consequently, can be more erroneous than to say that under Peter, son of Alexis, Russia for the first time emerged from a chaotic state into the proportions of a realm, and that since his time she has been continually developing her "juvenile vigor." History unfolds a view diametrically opposed to this theory. Russia is an old empire. And, unlike other European countries which have had their rise, growth, and decline, or transformation, she has for a thousand years oscillated between the existence as a military empire of menacing aspirations and a state of total political eclipse. She can hardly boast of a steady internal development. Warlike, aggressive despotism in one epoch, total prostration in another, have been her characteristics. In the mean while, through all these jerking changes, her people have unfortunately ever remained servile and uncultivated, her princes ever unduly ambitious. There were only two germs of freedom in Russia at the two farther ends of the Empire. We allude to the city of Novogorod, at one time a member of the German Hanseatic League, and to the city of Kiev. Both fell before the onslaught of czarism. There was no force in all the vast extent of the Empire to support the good cause of Novogorod; and it would seem as if the abject spirit of slavery in so many millions of subjects had continually tended to produce a vertigo of ambition in the minds of the monarchs. Finding at home no impediment to their most extravagant wishes, they indulged in the wildest dreams of conquest of other nations. In this manner they brought forward schemes of universal dominion, and stretched out their hands — they, the barbarian chieftains! — towards the sceptre of Eastern Rome. But when they failed, the nations that had been wronged took a great revenge; and so Russia often sank to almost entire annihilation under the shock of foreign coalitions. In this way, exaggerated aspirations were followed by terrible catastrophes. But after a period of prostration, the insatiate spirit of conquest regularly reappeared; and this, we apprehend, will continue until Europe has succeeded in pushing the frontiers of civilization farther into Muscovy.

As the view above given of Russian history is not quite in accordance with the recognized notions, it may, perhaps, be as well to add an outline of the chief epochs with regard to the autocratic foreign policy of the grand-princes and czars.

In the first century of its foundation, the Russian Empire treads the stage, so to speak, in full armor. From the disorder of a host of not very warlike tribes, the foreign — Germanic — dynasty of the Ruriks calls a realm into existence, ready armed for offence; and forthwith a despotism is developed, "born with teeth in its head." This earliest epoch dates from the ninth to the eleventh century. During it, the Rurik dynasty unites the Finnish and Slavonian tribes of what is now Northern and Central Russia into one empire, overthrows in the southeast the highly cultivated Tartar Kingdom of the Khazans,* who inhabited the countries

* The history of the Khazan Kingdom, erroneously confounded with that of the Khanates of rude nomadic hordes, almost remains to be written. Although a Tartar (or Turkish) steppe-tribe by origin, the Khazans of the ninth century turned their attention to Greek culture and refinement, and acted as

of the Don, the Dnieper, and the Tauric peninsula, and for two centuries wages war against the government of Constantinople, in order to unite the crowns of the Russo-Varangian princes with the golden tiara of Byzantium. The most monstrous designs were set on foot at this period by the northern despots. They strove for the annexation of the Balkan peninsula, the dominion over the Black Sea, the subjugation of the Crimea and the Caucasus. Thus, from 865 to 1043, the provinces of the Byzantine Empire were subjected to incessant inroads from the North. The Grand-Princes marched their Germanic, Finnish, Slavonian, and Tartar hosts along the Dnieper into the Danubian countries, or transported them in fleets of small craft across the Euxine to appear as besiegers before the "City of the World." The waters of the Pontus, the provinces which we now call Moldo-Wallachia, Bulgaria, the Haemus passes, and the coasts of Roumelia, were the battle-grounds for the armies and navies of Russia and of the Lower Empire. In these contests, the "Russian capital," as a proud Rurik chieftain called it, was for a time established at the foot of the Balkan, at Praejeslavety. But, not satisfied with this conquest, the invader pointed with his lance to Constantinople as the future seat of his government. It affords a singular spectacle to behold in the mirror of this ancient history the forecast of modern events. The treaties then agreed upon between the Byzantines and the Russians vividly recall to mind the conventions of Kutjuk-Kainardji, Adrianople, and others. With the Grand-Princes of the ninth and eleventh centuries, as with the czars of the eighteenth and nineteenth, it was the practice to look upon treaties as upon convenient conjurer's caskets from whence to extract a sophistical justification for fresh aggression. With the Russian rulers of eight hundred years ago it was already good policy to "protect" the government of Constantinople against internal seditions, in order to degrade it into vassalage. Then already the Danubian provinces were seized upon by Russia as a "material guaranty"; then already the government of Constantinople was declared to be only encamped in Europe; and then already the Grand-Princes — scarcely weaned from idolatry! — claimed a certain supremacy over the Eastern Church.

Such was Russian dynastic policy eight hundred and nine hundred years ago. We say "dynastic," because the people played no part in these events save one of passive obedience. Those mighty plans of a domineering Northern monarchy were fostered only in the brains of the Varangian rulers.

But after these vast exertions, Russia, by a sort of historical retribution, collapsed under internal convulsions. Her political unity was torn asunder by quarrels among the different branches of the reigning family; and when at last the nomadic hordes of Genghis-Khan and Batou appeared on the confines of the Empire, there was no centre of resistance, no strength, no patriotism to oppose them. Within a few years, Russia became the slave of the Golden Horde. The Tartar flood broke forth from the depths of Asia, sweeping in its stormy course towards the West, and, being stayed by the rock of German and Polish valor, settled down over the Scytho-Sarmatian plains from the Volga to the Valdai Hills. For two hundred and fifty years, from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century, the Mongols governed the kingdom of the proud Ruriks!

the pioneers of progress in Southern Russia. In those tracts of land where the hideous Kalmuk and Kirghiz people now swarm the Khazans created wealthy towns and fruitful fields. The highway from Derbent to Suir was adorned by them with flourishing cities, such as Atel, Sarkel, Kuram, Gadran, Segekan, Samandar, Albaida, Ferus-Kapad; the plans of most of which towns had been traced out, and the chief buildings erected, by Byzantine architects. Khazan fleets traded up the Don, along the Black Sea, and in the Mediterranean as far as France and Spain. Unfortunately, this remarkable nation, which first began to ameliorate the savage habits of the Slavonians of the Dnieper, was weakened in its power by Russian invasions, and afterwards overpowered by nomadic inroads; thus these Eastern countries were again handed back to the darkness of barbarism.

Russia was now Mongolized in spirit, and even in the physical appearance of her people. Her very name became confused in the memory of Europe. A line of Kalmuk frontier-guards drew, so to speak, a Chinese wall round the boundaries of the empire.

But when the sovereignty which the Mongol Kaptchak had exercised over Russia was at last destroyed (not by Russian bravery, but by conflicts among the wandering Asiatic tribes themselves), the Muscovite Grand-Princes, assuming the title of Czar and Emperor, again ran riot in ambition. The chief field of their activity lay this time, not to the south, but to the north and the west. Their sword was pointed, not to Constantinople, but to Sweden, Poland, and the German provinces of the Baltic.

Whilst it had been the aim of the early Ruriks to establish Russia as a great Oriental power, the czars, subsequently to the fifteenth century, endeavored to found Russian supremacy in Baltic quarters. So strenuous were their efforts in that direction, that one might say they anticipated in thought the later foundation of the modern Russian capital at the Neva. But, although directing their chief energy towards Baltic quarters, the autocrats of that period did not wholly lay aside the "Byzantine" policy of their predecessors. By the ties of marriage and state-craft, the hospodars of Moldo-Wallachia were drawn into the Muscovite interests, and the zeal of the Greek population of Turkey kept up by showy demonstrations, which the agents of one of those czars contrived to perform in the very streets of Stamboul. Thus an embassy was sent by Ivan IV. to the Sultan, which, in the details of its get-up, astonishingly reminds us of the Menchikoff embassy of some fifteen years ago. At that time, also, the double eagle of Byzance, symbol of sovereignty over the east and the west, was adopted as the Russian escutcheon, so as to exhibit the Czar in the light of the chosen champion of Christianity against the unbeliever. This at an epoch when the Moslem stood at the zenith of his power.

Such was Russia in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But this renewed attempt at an ascendency was not of long duration. It ended suddenly with the extinction of the Rurik family. Scarcely had the last tyrant of that race expired, when another catastrophe hurled down the Muscovite Empire into the depths of humiliation. Poles, Germans of the Baltic provinces, Swedes, Tartars of Astrakhan, and other nations that resented the former encroachments of Russia, make a simultaneous attack upon her. The situation is complicated, too, by internal dissensions. Pretenders arise on all sides, and wars of succession break completely the strength of Russia. The capital falls into the hands of the Poles, whose princes dispose of the throne of Moscow. Conspiracies are rife all over the country, in the sacristies of the clergy and in the castles of the nobles, until at last the tumult subsides into the election of the new dynasty of Romanoff. During this state of confusion, the attention of Europe had gradually again been diverted from those northern regions. Russia once more became to the West a hyperborean *ultima Thule*.

At the end of the seventeenth century Czar Peter appeared. He combined the schemes of the Russo-Norman Grand-Princes Oleg, Igor, Sviatoslaf, Vladimir, and Yaroslaf, with those of the semi-Mongol czars Ivan III. and Ivan IV. His ambition embraced the north and the south, the Black Sea and the Baltic, Asia and Europe; and since his time the march of Russian aggression was again onward, until a check was offered to it in the Crimean War.

From this brief summary it will be perceived what importance must be attached to the history *before* Peter I. Nor are we wanting in authentic sources. Not to speak of the regular (chiefly Byzantine, Arabic, and Russian) chronicles, there exists, if we may say so, a whole series of "voyage

literature" concerning Russia, beginning with the ninth century, and consisting of travel memoirs, ambassadorial reports, and so forth.

From Ohthere, a Norman native of Heligoland, who in 890 gave an account of his voyage to Northern Russia by order of Alfred of England; and from Ahmed-ben-Fosylan, the plenipotentiary of an Abasside Khalif, who in 921 drew up a report of his journey, — there are, down to modern times, comparatively a great number of documents. Taking only the two centuries before Peter I., we come to the surprising fact that, nearly four hundred years ago, Germany sent her scientific commissions to Moscow, with a view to studying the situation of Russia, which had then just emerged from Mongol slavery. The reports of these commissions still exist. Unfortunately, they are hidden in the dust of Austrian archives. More accessible are the documents of a political nature, such as the letters and memoirs of German ambassadors at the court of Moscow.* Of these latter we name only the accounts given by George Thurn, who had a mission from the German Emperor Maximilian to negotiate for a marriage with the daughter of the Czar (1492); then the work of Sigismund von Herberstein, a Councillor and President of the Board of Revenues of the German Empire, who, in 1516, went as envoy extraordinary to Moscow (*Rerum Moscovitarum Commentarii*, Vienna, 1549). In the sixteenth century Russia was much travelled through by men of all nations, trades, and stations of life. Of their numerous reports we will single out those of a few Englishmen: Thomas Aldcocke, factor of an English commercial company, who made the voyage from Jaroslaw to Astrakhan (1564); Arthur Edwards (1565); Thomas Southam, in the service of the Anglo-Russian Company in London (1566); Thomas Randolfe, ambassador of Queen Elizabeth (1568); Giles Fletcher, also ambassador at Moscow (1588), etc.

Unquestionably, one of the most interesting memoirs is that of the French Captain Margeret, originally published in 1607 at Paris. To assign their right place to the reports of this leader of free lands, we will observe that his sojourn in Muscovy, where he rose to great dignity, occurred during the beginning of a period which we called "eclipse." His work, therefore, cannot, properly speaking, serve as a contemporary authority for the traditional policy of Russia. Yet so constant has been the tendency towards territorial extension and absolute government, that even Margeret, though writing at a time when the country was hastening to decline, felt deeply impressed, not only by the vastness of its geographical extent and its military resources, but also by the restless ambition which prompted the barbarian autocrats to aspire to imperial honors and European importance.

If we were to draw any inferences from the more than secular — because almost millenary — policy of Russian czars, we should come to the conclusion that the appropriation of Constantinople by them may, after all, be still averted. Sometimes the accomplishment of the design has seemed near enough, but a gigantic catastrophe has as often averted it. Autocratic policy was powerful enough to move the stolid mass of the Muscovite population for the purpose of conquest, and unscrupulous enough to hurl the savage tribes of the farthest Asiatic deserts against the rich countries of Eastern Europe. But what the czars were unable to inspire their subjects with has been

* These are, however, not the earliest traces of intercourse between Russia and the West. There were Russian embassies to Germany, and *vice versa*, during the reign of the German emperor Henry II. (1003–24). Projects of intermarriage at that epoch were discussed or carried out between German, Hungarian, Polish, English, and French princes or princesses on the one hand, and members of the Rurik family on the other. In the eleventh century, a dethroned Russian sovereign made a personal pilgrimage to Mayence, to solicit aid against a rival, — the exiled Russian pretender promising that, if Henry IV. of Germany would reinstate him on the throne, he would engage "to hold Russia only as a vassal fief of the German empire." Henry IV., being involved in a struggle both with his own vassals and the Holy See, was unable to do more than to make an inefficient diplomatic intervention.

the noble instinct of enterprising migration and colonization, the intelligence of mind necessary for fertilizing territorial conquests, and converting them into valuable possessions. Even in the mere warlike spirit required for a system of encroachment the Muscovite people have ever been deficient. Their great successes have generally been won more by fostering dissensions among the enemy, by diplomatic influences, by the lavish use of gold, and by the skill of foreigners taken into Russian service, rather than by native Muscovite prowess. When invaded on her own soil, Russia had recourse to the aid of nature's forces, availing herself of the barrenness of the country and the rigor of the climate. As to the boast contained in the spurious "Last Will of Peter I.," that the vigorous races of Russia, similar to the Germanic tribes, will inundate the countries of the west, east, and north, we need only point to the thinness of the population of Muscovy proper, and to the utter absence of a wandering impulse among them. The most superficial observer must see through the fallaciousness of a pretended similarity between, on the one hand, the youthful, freedom-loving, adventurous Germanic races of the migrations, who scarcely knew kingly authority; and, on the other, that enthralled mass of Muscovite subjects who have successively submitted to Khazan, Varangian, and Mongol supremacy, and whose government not unfrequently reminded one of the worst era of Roman imperators. A comparison between Russia and the United States is therefore certainly out of the question.

Latterly, Russia has made some steps in advance in internal improvement, mainly in consequence of her defeat by the allied Western Powers. The emancipation of the serfs is a great move, at which all friends of humanity must rejoice, though it is no secret that the Czar carried it out from a desire of diminishing the wealth of those nobles who, in common with a portion of the town's population, were striving for the introduction of some sort of parliamentary government. No sooner, however, has Russia made those steps in advance than her rulers have resumed their aggressive policy in Central Asia, thus trying once more to divert the attention of the nation from progress at home to territorial conquests abroad.

CALICO-PRINTING IN FRANCE.*

IN this age of liberty and of individual enterprise, when every one can freely choose his occupation and pursue it without let or hindrance, we with difficulty appreciate the all but insurmountable obstacles which restrictive and prohibitory laws, and the jealous exclusiveness of trade corporations, once presented to a young and aspiring mechanic.

In the early ages of their history, these trade corporations were indeed the first rallying-points of liberty for the mechanic. They were, at first, secret societies, formed for mutual defence against the lawless and tyrannical exactions of the feudal lords, so continually engaged in private warfare with each other; but, as each trade naturally clustered together, these societies soon became trade corporations. Their numbers and discipline made them formidable. Privileges were granted them, and free towns established, in the government of which they took an active part; and the feudal lords were grad-

* "Manufacturers and Inventors." By URBAIN PAGES.

ually forced to refrain from the cruel and ruinous oppression they had so long practised. But the oppressed readily become oppressors, and these corporations did not escape the general law. They became jealous, tyrannical, and exclusive. Improvement, progress, or innovation of any nature, was rejected by them with indignation and alarm; and time-honored customs and vexatious regulations met the mechanic in every direction. All that his father had done the son might do, but no more. His pay, his hours of work, the number of his apprentices, indeed, every detail, was strictly regulated by his corporation. From these trammels there was no escape, for an independent workman could not find employment. He was even forbidden to exercise his calling, and frequently was banished from town or village for insubordination. In a word, he was excluded from the right of earning his bread. It is, however, but fair to add, that, during illness or accidental incapacity, the workman and his family received from the corporation of which he was a member all the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of life. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that the domineering influence of these corporations or trade-unions continued long after the causes that led to their formation had disappeared.

The arbitrary laws and customs of trade corporations we can readily ascribe to jealous and unenlightened selfishness; but how can we explain, or even conceive, that patriotic and enlightened statesmen have clung with so much tenacity, through so many ages, to restrictive and prohibitory enactments and to sumptuary laws? the first forbidding industry, the other forbidding consumption! and yet every page of history tells us that such laws were enforced even to our own times.

Calico-printing in France suffered from all these causes; for, when these goods were first introduced, the extensive and powerful corporation of the weavers, and the corporation of the dyers, were greatly alarmed. They made every effort to suppress them, and positively forbade any member of their corporations to engage in this work. Through their clamor and influence they at length induced the government to issue decrees strictly prohibiting the printing of calicoes in France.

Notwithstanding the prohibitions and the heavy duties exacted at the frontiers, printed calicoes became fashionable; but the demand was almost wholly supplied by smugglers, who, in the very high prices obtained, found ample remuneration for the risks incurred.

The constant increase of smuggling, and the consequent decline of the revenue, together with the great number of persons continually condemned for this offence to the galleys, and even to death, at length alarmed the Council of Trade, and induced them to propose more liberal measures. But such measures, then as now, met with violent opposition. Committees and deputies were despatched from Tours, Rouen, Rheims, Beauvais, and many other manufacturing towns, to remonstrate with the ministers. They did not hesitate to affirm that foreign competition would utterly annihilate commerce and manufactures, and they conjured their sovereign not to take the bread of life from the poor weavers and their wives and children! The evil was, however, serious and increasing; for partial combats and loss of life were continually occurring near the frontiers. After a laborious examination and long hesitation, the council decided in favor of liberty; and Louis XV., in the year 1759, issued a royal decree, permitting the printing of calicoes in his kingdom of France. These decrees at once called individual enterprise into action; but it was principally to a German and a Protestant — to Christopher Philippe Oberkampf — that France is indebted for one of its most productive manufactures, which has given profitable employment to vast numbers of its inhabitants, and has markedly advanced the prosperity of the nation.

The history of this intelligent and indefatigable mechanic is, indeed, the history of the first successful establish-

ment of calico-printing in France; and we are greatly indebted to the family and descendants of this extraordinary man for having confided the archives of their family to Mr. Urbain Pages, and to this distinguished author for his valuable and interesting history.

Christopher Philippe Oberkampf was born on the 11th of June, 1738, at Wissembach, a small town of Würtemburg. His father was a dyer, — an expert and laborious workman, and withal a strict Lutheran. In his youth he had made long peregrinations from town to town, supporting himself, as was then the custom, by working at his trade in every place he visited; employment being obtained for him by the dyer's corporation of each locality.

In this excellent school of experience he learned many new processes and new combination of colors, and acquired the art of dyeing in reserve, — that is to say, dyeing cloths in any color, but reserving the design in the ground-color of the material, which was generally white. He also learned to print on woollen goods.

After his return home, he discovered a method of producing a new color. This discovery gave him the well-merited reputation of being an expert and intelligent dyer and printer, and induced a large manufacturer of Bale, in Switzerland, to make him an advantageous offer of employment. These offers he accepted, with the express stipulation that his son, then eleven years old, should be received as an apprentice, and be instructed in drawing and engraving. The family made their journey to Bale on foot, and young Christopher marched quite proudly beside his father, with his bundle tied to a stick over his shoulder, thinking himself already quite a man, and soon to become a smart workman. He was a bright, courageous boy, full of good-humor and of all the happy confidence of youth.

At Bale his father at once began work, and his son commenced his apprenticeship with the humble occupation of spreading colors upon the blocks his father used. The bright, inquisitive boy, ever ready to be useful, and anxious to learn, amused the workmen with his ready wit and cheerfulness, and soon made so favorable an impression that all were willing to explain to him the mysteries of their profession and to initiate him into the secrets of their art. These mysteries consisted principally of valuable receipts for making or mixing of colors, and were universally held as profound secrets. During the three years of his father's engagement at Bale young Christopher made rapid progress in designing and engraving, — studies to which he devoted himself with unusual constancy.

The engagement ended, his father removed to Larrach, near Bale, and then to Schaffsheim, when, having by industry and economy laid by a small sum, but, above all, by strict religious honesty having acquired the confidence of all about him, he established (in 1755) small print-works at Aarau, Switzerland. He was then principally occupied in printing calicoes. He was moderately successful, and the magistrates of the canton, anxious to encourage this new industry, which gave occupation to its citizens, and thus retained them at home, bestowed upon him the distinction and advantages of citizenship. This was no slight favor, for it was then more difficult to obtain than the more aristocratic titles bestowed by kings and princes.

Young Oberkampf was now an expert workman, for he had learned practically every operation, whether important, or secondary, and theoretically, all that Switzerland could teach him. The field his father had chosen soon became too narrow and limited for him, and he longed ardently to see the world. This desire grew stronger with his strength, and, after long hesitation, he informed his father of his wishes. The father would not listen to the proposition, for young Christopher was now a valuable aid to him, and he had destined him to be his successor. A century ago parental authority was quite absolute, and it was not only sustained by public sentiment, but also was amply enforced

by legal enactments. There seemed, therefore, for young Oberkampf no other course but to resign himself to his hard fate. His imagination, however, still dwelt upon the attractions of the outer world, and at length obtained the mastery; for, having secured the implied consent of his mother, he furtively quitted his father's house, and launched himself into the great world. He first went to Mulhouse, already celebrated for its beautiful productions. Mulhouse was then a free city, and a firm ally of the Swiss Cantons. There he obtained employment as an engraver in the celebrated print-works of Samuel Koechlin and Henri Dolfus. Forty years later, in 1798, Mulhouse was incorporated into France.

The elder Oberkampf was naturally indignant at his conduct; but time wore away the sharp edge of his father's anger, and the influence of his mother finally obtained his pardon. After an absence of six months, he returned home, but with the express understanding that he might leave again at his pleasure.

His restless desires soon returned, and in October, 1798, when twenty years old, he determined to visit Paris, and from there go to Spain, where he had been told a new field was open to him. Once more he journeyed on foot, and reached the great city with his purse nearly empty, but with a strong heart full of courage, energy, and confidence.

Calico-printing in France was still strictly prohibited, but, from some unexplained reason, a small section of Paris, called the "Clos of St. Germain," enjoyed an exclusive privilege for printing. This privilege was probably a remnant of some ancient concessions made to the monastery of St. Germains, for in feudal times the monks alone gave protection to honest industry.

Under the protection of this privilege, a person named Cotin had established print-works. He was already known to Oberkampf, for Cotin had frequently sent to Switzerland for workmen, and to him Oberkampf now applied for employment to help him on his way. A designer, engraver, colorist, and printer, all united in one person, was a godsend to Cotin, and he at once secured the prize by a long engagement. The print-works soon felt the impulse given to it by the laborious and ardent young workman. It was while thus occupied that rumors of a change of policy on the part of the government, of its intention to repeal the prohibitory laws, were circulated, and naturally attracted the attention and excited the hopes of Oberkampf; and when at length the Decrees were published, he was exceedingly anxious to profit by them. He was intelligent, laborious, and a complete master of his trade; but the one thing needful, capital, he did not possess, and could not command. He had indeed amassed by strict economy, almost privation, the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars; but this was not capital, and yet it was the grain of mustard-seed which developed itself into wide-spread prosperity.

The print-works of Cotin had long been in embarrassment, and were now sustained by mere expedients. Payments were made with great difficulty, and then only by heavily loading the future. Cotin lost credit, and in consequence purchased his white cloths and dye-stuffs under great disadvantages. At length he was unable to pay his workmen regularly; and one by one they deserted him, until Oberkampf found himself almost alone. Although Oberkampf obtained with difficulty and delay the payment of his wages, a strong sentiment of probity, which in after life never deserted him, prevented him from breaking an engagement by which he still felt himself bound. Poor Cotin could not replace the absent workmen, and at the very moment when the recently published Decrees were about to give new life to his enterprise he was forced to close his works, and Oberkampf was free to form a new connection.

One of his countrymen named Ta-

vanne, who held a small post under the Comptroller-General of Finance, had obtained early notice of the Decrees, and, full of confidence in the brilliant prospect about to be opened, had realized a small capital, and had employed it in establishing small print-works in the Rue de Seine St. Marcel. He was well acquainted with Oberkampf, and had made great efforts to induce him to join him, but Oberkampf refused so long as his engagement with Cotin continued. He had, however, promised to join him as soon as he was free to do so; and in the mean time had given valuable indications and advice to Tavanne, who thought it indispensable to be the first in the field. As soon as the Decrees were published, he commenced work. Oberkampf now joined Tavanne, who had impatiently waited for him. A short experience convinced Oberkampf that the works were badly located. Why remain in the city, to be continually overshadowed by dust and smoke, where land was dear, and water at a distance? and, above all, where the bustle, excitement, and temptations of city life were continually distracting the attention of the workmen? Oberkampf insisted upon removing to the country, and at length prevailed upon Tavanne to seek for a favorable position. This was soon discovered, and, after several visits, a new location was selected.

About three miles from Versailles, and fifteen miles from Paris, lies the peaceful village of Jouy-en-Josas. It was a small hamlet, composed of a few cottages grouped around the church, and placed in a deep valley, — the hills on each side being covered with woods. Near it flowed the river Bièvre, which watered the green prairies at the bottom of the valley. The position seemed to unite every advantage. The water was excellent and abundant, the green field could be had at a moderate price, and the seclusion of the valley secured it from the interruptions and the attractions of city life.

Oberkampf at once decided his partner in its favor, and noticing a small unoccupied house, having a grass-field attached to it, he proposed to Tavanne to secure it at once. After long bargaining, it was leased for nine years at a moderate rent. A few days afterwards, in the spring of 1760, Oberkampf, with his brother Fritz, whom he had called to him, and two workmen, transferred to this new scene of labor the implements of their trade, where a house-carpenter put them in place. It was a narrow field, for the house was so small that it was impossible to place in it the large kettle used for heating and mixing the colors employed. Like the camp-kettle of a regiment, it was bravely placed in the open air in the yard. The remainder of the implements filled the house, leaving no place for furniture of any kind. In consequence, the printing-table was required to do triple duty; for, after a laborious day, a mattress placed upon it served for a bed; and upon it was spread their frugal meals brought from the village, at the moderate price of eight cents each.

This was the humble origin of one of the most extensive and prosperous manufactures of France.

Work commenced with great ardor, and, on the 1st of May, 1760, Oberkampf printed the first piece of calico. There could be no division of labor among the four workmen; each became designer, colorist, or printer, as occasion required; and at the end of two months a sufficient quantity of calicoes had been printed to be sent to market. Unfortunately, the commercial partner was not in any way equal to the manufacturer. Tavanne, having furnished the funds, had reserved for himself the sale of the goods; but unluckily he was quite incompetent. He could not effect sales nor provide funds to pay the notes he had given for the white cloths purchased, and which were fast falling due. Perplexed and alarmed, he informed Oberkampf of his unfortunate dilemma. By his letters of copartnership Oberkampf was not responsible for any losses incurred; but he at once gave his one hundred and twenty-five dollars to Tavanne, and

then, with his usual energy, sought for aid to meet the difficulties of the situation.

An acquaintance of Tavanne, a Mr. Parent, first clerk of the Comptroller of finance at Versailles, had often visited the print-works, and had remarked the intelligence and industry of Oberkampf. To him Oberkampf applied for counsel. Mr. Parent received him in a friendly manner, and, as his position placed him in frequent communications with the merchants of Paris, he offered to apply to one of them for aid. He explained the affairs of Jouy to a silk-merchant of Paris (whose name is not mentioned), and induced him to make the necessary advances to meet the engagements of Tavanne, upon the condition that all the printed goods should be consigned to him for sale, and, in addition, that he should have a share in the profits. The merchant soon discovered that the print-works were profitable, and that Oberkampf was the cause of its success. Being a keen, shrewd man, he manœuvred in such a manner as to disgust Tavanne with the whole affair, and finally bought of him all his interest in the business for the small sum of twelve hundred dollars. Not content with this, he further induced the candid and confiding Oberkampf to convey to him a part of his share of the profits. A drone had entered the hive, and was taking to himself the honey collected by the working bees.

The friendly interest of Mr. Parent had been excited, and he soon perceived, with regret, that the interests of Oberkampf were being sacrified by the grasping shrewdness of the merchant. He now cast about for a remedy. He proposed another partner, who was ready to embark the large sum of ten thousand dollars in the business, for one third of the profits. This capital would place the print-works upon a solid basis, and Oberkampf accepted the proposition with great joy. The silk-merchant was greatly annoyed, but, fearing he might lose Oberkampf, he was forced to consent.

The new partner was Mr. Sarasin Demaraise, an advocate of Grenoble, who had, however, long resided in Paris. He was a learned and successful advocate, but had always felt a strong inclination for commerce, which he preferred, indeed, to his own occupation. He was an excellent man; and Oberkampf and himself naturally drew together, and soon became warm friends. With the consent of the partners, the books and countability of the print-works were confided to Mr. Demaraise, and the manufactory of Jouy now boasted of an office in Paris. The sale of the merchandise still remained in the hands of the merchant.

Erelong, Mr. Demaraise discovered that the merchant had secured to himself undue advantages; and the legal acumen of the advocate soon detected flaws and omissions in the original contract with Tavanne, and in the transfer to the merchant. This Demaraise communicated to Oberkampf, showing him conclusively that he was working for another. He proposed to him to unite, and drive the drone from the hive. With some reluctance and hesitation, Oberkampf consented. The merchant positively refused to sell to them his share of the business, even after the irregularities in his contract had been explained to him, and a suit at law was commenced.

To the advocate, Mr. Demaraise, a lawsuit was a pleasant matter; but to Oberkampf it seemed full of care, uncertainty, and alarm. Other cause of anxiety had arisen. He and his workmen were Protestants, and the inhabitants of the village were ill disposed towards this little colony of strangers and heretics.

These causes of preoccupation and anxiety weighed heavily upon Oberkampf, when, unluckily, a freshet of the river laid his drying-field under water at the moment when his cloths were exposed. Oberkampf and his workmen plunged into the water to rescue the cloths. The next morning sharp pains and fever confined him to his bed; and there he remained several

weeks, suffering all the pangs of severe nervous rheumatism. The vigor of youth and the strength of his constitution, aided by a short visit to Switzerland, with the gentle care of his mother, at length gave him the victory.

In the mean while, the lawsuit made slow progress; but the friendly Mr. Parent once more offered his services, and at length effected a compromise. The belligerent advocate, Mr. Demaraise, was very unwilling to accede to it, but the influence of Mr. Parent and the urgent solicitations of Oberkampf at length prevailed. The drone was permitted to withdraw from the hive, well laden with honey.

A new co-partnership was now formed under the name of Sarasin Demaraise, Oberkampf, and Co.; and the partners, relieved from all embarrassments, determined to carry out their plans with activity and energy.

It is well known that cotton cloths have been printed in India from time immemorial; but there the outline of the design alone was printed; all the colors were afterwards painted in by hand. For this reason, these goods, in France, were called "toiles peints," or painted cloths, and they still retain the name. This industry was therefore in India more that of an artist than of a printer, and could be carried on only in a country when the price of labor was reduced to its lowest limits. In Europe all the colors were printed in the same manner as the outline; but for a long time the result was very imperfect and unsatisfactory, and at the same time slow and expensive. The colors were difficult to manage, for chemistry had not yet lent its aid. Nor had mechanics been applied, for block-printing alone was practised.

It may be well to explain to the uninitiated this simple process. A design was drawn upon a block of wood, of which the surfaces had been accurately smoothed, and repeated upon as many blocks as there were colors in the design; suppose three colors, — red, blue, and green. On the surface of the first block all but the red color was cut away, and the red printed on the cloth. On the second block, all but the blue was cut away, and this block was applied precisely to the place where the red block had been placed, and printed the blue color; and so with the green. If the blocks were applied with precision, the result would be the design printed in three colors. It will be readily perceived, that, if each block is not applied with mathematical precision, the design will be awry, and very imperfect, if not destroyed, and thus occasion great loss of labor, materials, and cloth.

A few colors, such as indigo blue and some others, were still applied by hand, — generally by women, with small hair brushes.

It was all-important, therefore, to secure the best workmen. This was very difficult, if not impossible, in France, where the corporations of the weavers and of the dyers exerted so much authority, and Oberkampf was forced to seek them in Germany and in Switzerland. He supplied his father and his brother-in-law Widmer, at Aarau, with the necessary funds to make advances to any good workman who was willing to come to Paris. In this way he secured the services of Rohrdorf and Hapner, both excellent designers; and of Bossert, a talented engraver. These three remained with him until their death, and formed a very superior staff of foremen. They always lived in friendly fellowship with Oberkampf, — taking their meals with him at the printing-table, — and shared his recreations whenever opportunities occurred. When more prosperous times came, they always resided at his house, and dined at his more luxurious table.

Every one now worked with ardor, and all were soon rewarded by evident success. Their designs were greatly admired, and the printing was so very superior that their goods met with a ready sale. The profits, too, augmented rapidly. The first year gave but $ 1,500 to $ 1,800, but the second year showed a gain of nearly $ 12,000. This great success determined the partners to en-

large their premises. The small house had indeed received many additions, but it was still too small and inconvenient. The capitalist, Demaraise, was ready to invest more of his fortune in so profitable an affair, and their credit was excellent; but this success was troubled by local annoyances.

The pious susceptibilities of the curate of Jouy were alarmed by the influx of Swiss workmen, most of whom were Protestants, and complaints had been made to the local authorities. Good-humored patience and generous contributions gradually enlightened the curate and the mayor to their true interests, and their opposition subsided; but a more difficult obstacle remained. The partners required more land; but the seigneur of the village, the Marquis of Beuvron, had been much annoyed by the establishment of the print-works in the quiet valley of which he was the principal proprietor, and so near to the chateau which he occupied. He coldly, but positively, refused to sell or let a prairie near the print-works, which had now become indispensable to its extension. He was, however, a generous and enlightened gentleman, and soon learned to respect the industry, integrity, and intelligence of his unwelcome neighbors. Nor could he refuse to acknowledge that the neighborhood and his own estate had profited by their presence. At length, after long solicitation, seconded by the liberal price offered, and by a generous present to the Marchioness, as was the custom of the age, he consented to allow them to take the land they so earnestly desired.

The new building was commenced in 1764, and completed two years afterwards. Among other improvements made, a canal was dug from the river, the sides and bottom of which were well puddled with clay, and then incased with thick oaken planks. In this basin the cloths could be washed in perfect safety.

The establishment now assumed large proportions; for Oberkampf, while making great exertions to produce beautiful designs, enriched with brilliant colors, did not neglect to produce less expensive goods at a moderate price, within the reach of the great mass of consumers. These goods were called Mignonettes, from the nature of the designs, which consisted of small running flowers and vines, varied in disposition and colors according to the taste of the moment or of the market to which they were destined. The sale of this class of goods was immense, for they penetrated into the most secluded corners of France.

The prosperity of the new establishment soon extended to the village, where houses were built, and waste lands cultivated, to supply the requirements of the increasing population, attracted by good wages and certain employment.

The reputation of the print-works was now fully established; but it is an old maxim, that reputation can be maintained only by constant progress. To this end Oberkampf directed all his energy. He established a washing-mill to replace hand labor, and continually simplified and perfected every operation. When his brother Fritz brought from Switzerland a design engraved upon copper, he did not hesitate to adopt this innovation for fine work, notwithstanding the great additional expense.

This constant labor of mind and body could not, however, be sustained without recreation and relaxation. He built for himself and friends a moderate house, and at times indulged his passion for horses. He had two or more always in his stable, and a sharp canter, in company with one of his foremen, over the neighboring hills, was a favorite diversion. Upon one occasion, the baying of hounds gave notice that the royal hunt was near. Louis XV., surrounded by a brilliant cortége of nobles, huntsmen, and servants, swept by; and Oberkampf and his companion, carried away by the excitement, and thinking no harm, followed after at a respectful distance. Louis XV. remarked them, and inquired, "Who are those gentlemen so

well mounted?" Upon being told, he coldly observed they would do better to remain at their factory, rather than lose their time in following his hunt. The observation was at once carried to Oberkampf, who, with his usual good sense, without any sign of anger, replied, "His Majesty is right, and we will profit by his counsel," and at once withdrew.

Oberkampf had remained unmarried; but he now decided to share his prosperity with another. He had long been acquainted with a Protestant family of Sancerre, and in that family he chose his wife. His dwelling-house and grounds were enlarged and improved, but his marriage with Miss Palineau was celebrated in Paris. Mrs. Oberkampf was an accomplished musician, many of his Swiss foremen were good performers, and in the royal band at Versailles, near by, there were many Germans, who were soon in friendly relations with Jouy. The liberal hospitality of Oberkampf attracted them to his house, and upon Sundays and *fête* days, indeed upon every occasion, his house was crowded with musicians and artists; and music and the dance alternated with more serious theatricals and conversation.

Upon one occasion the tutor of the royal princes brought them to visit the establishment, and Oberkampf explained the divers operations to the future Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., who successively occupied the throne of France. The last, then called Count d'Artois, attempted to print, but the blocks were too heavy for his hand.

In 1782 Oberkampf met with a cruel misfortune. His wife, while attending one of her children, ill with the small-pox, contracted the disease, and became its victim.

In the mean while, the unfortunate Louis XVI. had succeeded to the throne of France. Ever anxious to encourage national industry, and to reward merit, he conferred, in 1783, the title of Royal Manufactory upon the print-works of Jouy; and, four years later, he granted, without solicitation, a patent of nobility to Oberkampf, the German mechanic whom Louis XV. had not permitted to follow the royal hunt.

Two years later, when the Revolution began, this noble distinction bestowed upon Oberkampf became a serious danger. The recent date of his parchments, and his simple good sense and frank character, averted the evil; and he was permitted to hide away, and forget his title of nobility with its emblazoned coat of arms. "Liberty and Fraternity" could not well be alarmed by the sturdy mechanic who had risen by his own industry and merit.

In 1789 his copartnership with Demaraise expired. It had lasted twenty-five years, and Demaraise now wished to retire from active life. His fortune was ample, for the profits to be divided amounted to the large sum of $ 1,800,000. The intercourse between the partners had always been confiding and friendly, and they separated with mutual esteem.

This period marked an epoch in the history of the establishment, for it was the moment of transition from the old system to new progress. Improvements of every nature had indeed been effected, but now science was to perform its wonders; chemistry and mechanics, so long confined to the laboratory, were now to be applied to active industry.

Prosperity had not alienated the affections of Oberkampf from his family. When his parents, his brother-in-law, and a married sister died, he called their young families around him, and gave them the advantages of a careful education. To each of his nephews he gave successively an interest in the manufactory, and was rewarded by their intelligence and devotion, — more especially in the case of his eldest nephew, Samuel Widmer, who became a distinguished chemist and mechanic, and rendered important services to his uncle.

The great chemists of the age, Berthollet, Chaptal, Monge, and Chevreul, were in constant communication with

Jouy, and Gay-Lussac was employed to give courses of lectures upon chemistry and physics to the foremen and workmen of the print-works. They would come to Jouy, when any new combination or new process was conceived by them, with their pockets filled with samples; and Oberkampf and Widmer were ever ready to test them upon a large scale, and thus ascertain their application and value. Many, very many, were worthless; but many brilliant exceptions served to mark the constant progress obtained by the application of science to industry. The system of bleaching with chlorine, discovered by Berthollet, was here first applied, and Widmer at once established a laboratary to produce this useful material.

The sanguinary Revolution still pursued its course, and the excitement spread in every direction. Partly to obey the instinct of the moment, and partly as a politic precaution, Oberkampf caused a large design of the "Fête of the Federation" at the Champs de Mars to be engraved with great care for furniture-hangings. The success was extraordinary, and gave a somewhat new direction to the print-works. Eminent artists, such as Huet, Lebas, and Demarne, were employed to produce a series of large designs; but Oberkampf, with good sense and prudence, abandoned political subjects. The Wolf and the Lamb, The Lion in Love, Psyche and Cupid, Don Quixote, and others, were produced in succession with marked success. In smaller designs, natural flowers were copied with care and precision; and the flora of distant lands contributed their curious and graceful flowers, decked in all the gorgeous colors of the tropics.

Oberkampf again found himself crowded for room, and decided to erect an immense building, in which his workmen would be more at ease, and in consequence produce still more perfect work. A plan by an architect of Paris was adopted, and at once carried into execution. An immense hall on the lower floor, lighted by eighty-eight windows, was devoted to printing. In the first story were the offices, and the rooms occupied by the engravers and designers upon wood and copper, as well as printing-rooms for shawls. Here, too, was the store-room for blocks, where all were carefully preserved, for many were found worthy of several editions. In the next story were placed the finishers, where three hundred women were seated at long tables completing or correcting the coloring of the rich designs. Over all was an immense, lofty garret, open upon every side, which served as a drying-room. Here the long depending cloths of every hue, swaying back and forth in the wind, gave a brilliant and picturesque appearance to the building. They were called the banners of Jouy. This building was finished in 1792, and during the year the prosperity of the establishment continued unabated, notwithstanding the vast political agitation of the moment; but soon misery crept slowly but surely upon the people, and the demand rapidly declined.

The excitement and madness of the Revolution had long since reached the quiet village of Jouy. Public meetings had been called, clubs had been formed, and political festivities been celebrated, but fortunately all the municipal authority of the place was concentred in the hands of Oberkampf. He was himself the mayor; two of his foremen were sub-mayor and secretary; and his nephew, Samuel Widmer, was the commander of the militia. Oberkampf did not attempt to oppose the torrent of public excitement, but wisely allowed it to expend itself in violent speeches, and still more violent resolutions, but he carefully watched their development into active operation, and was thus enabled to protect society and himself.

He was, of course, obliged to contribute largely of his wealth, as we may judge by a few notes found among his papers. He first made a patriotic gift of $ 10,000, then gave $ 1,600 to equip and pay ten volunteers, then a forced loan to the nation of $ 5,000, then a so-called voluntary loan of $ 15,000, then $ 600 to equip a cavalry soldier, then a war-

contribution of $3,500, — all these in addition to the very heavy taxes imposed upon his property and upon his manufactory. By acceding promptly and cheerfully to these exactions, he maintained the character of a good citizen and a friend of the country, but this did not secure him from occasional alarm. On the 19th February, 1794, a gendarme brought him a summons to appear the next day, at eleven o'clock, before a committee at the Hôtel de Toulouse (now the Bank of France). At the foot was written the ominous notice, "Exactitude rigorously required." Oberkampf at once obeyed. A scheme for raising ten millions of dollars "to save the country" was laid before him. It was in the form of sixty notes, the payment of which was to be guaranteed by forty-four of the principal bankers and merchants. Oberkampf's signature was required. He did not hesitate to sign the bonds, — indeed, it would have been dangerous to manifest any unwillingness, — and then returned to Jouy calmly to await the result. A long while afterwards he learned that these notes could not be employed, and that they had been finally destroyed.

Two months later, Oberkampf was denounced as a suspected moderate, a hidden royalist, a monopolizer, — in a word, a rich man. These charges were more than sufficient to bring him before the Revolutionary Tribunal and lead him to the scaffold. Fortunately, a member of the committee was friendly to Oberkampf, and, although a violent Jacobin, he defended him with courage, and succeeded in averting the blow. The first intimation to Oberkampf of the danger he had run was made by a communication from the terrible Committee of Public Safety, who sent him a certificate of civism, declaring the manufactory useful to the Republic, and requiring Oberkampf, his wife, and children, to continue it. The hand of a friend was visible in this certificate, for the "wife and children" protected by it had nothing to do with the factory, which, indeed, had never suspended operation. Many of the workmen had been drawn away, either to Paris or to the army; but every good workman found employment at the print-works, and, what was more, was paid in coin so long as it was possible to procure it. When this could no longer be obtained, the agent in Paris sent down whole bales of bank-bills, fresh from the press, and on pay-day three women were employed in cutting them apart.

A few months afterwards, Oberkampf received an alarming visitor. In June, 1794, a carriage drove into the court-yard, and a tall, elegant young man sprang lightly to the ground, and gave his hand to a young and beautiful lady to aid her to descend; a robust servant immediately stretched himself into the carriage, and withdrew in his arms a third person, whom he carried into the saloon. This person was the redoubtable George Couthon, a monster of cruelty, who, with Robespierre and St. Just, governed and instigated the terrible atrocities of the Committee of Public Safety. The "virtuous and tender-hearted Couthon," as his adherents were pleased to call him, took an active part in spreading spies and informers in every direction, and with their aid covered France with guillotines. His personal appearance was not at all fearful, for his pale, regular features expressed calm confidence, if not benignity and dignity. He was dressed with care, for the Jacobins did not affect roughness either in manner or dress. He wore powder, and his manners were polite, although cold and formal. He appeared to be of medium height, but his bust alone existed, — the lower part of his body being completely paralyzed. Oberkampf received him with quiet self-possession, but with difficulty suppressed a sentiment of detestation and fear. Citizen Couthon was, of course, invited to visit the manufactory, and Widmer carried him in his arms from story to story, while Oberkampf explained to him all the interesting processes of manufacture. The party then returned to the house, where refreshments were offered. Great care was taken that

the repast should be extremely simple and frugal; for famine was abroad, and sumptuous living was not merely an impropriety, it was crime which led directly to the scaffold. Wheat flour was extremely scarce, and the bread served was coarse and dark. To the surprise of every one, Couthon directed the servant to bring a small basket from the carriage, in which, carefully enveloped in a napkin, lay a few delicate white loaves, with their rich brown crust, for which Paris is renowned. Couthon made no remark upon this aristocratic luxury, in which he alone dare indulge, but politely offered it to all. Commerce and the feats of the great army of the nation were the only subjects of conversation, which was constrained and guarded. It was therefore with a sensation of great relief that Widmer once more placed Couthon in his carriage, who, after having briefly expressed his satisfaction and his thanks, drove away, leaving behind him distrust and apprehension. To the surprise of all, no disastrous results ensued from this visit.

The overthrow of Robespierre brought peace and partial security, and active operations recommenced at Jouy. In the year 1797 this activity received an immense impulse by the invention of printing with rollers. The principal honor of this invention is due to Widmer, but he was greatly aided by the counsel and encouragements of Oberkampf. Widmer had long dreamed of substituting rollers for blocks, and at length, after many failures, succeeded in realizing his dream by establishing his machine at Jouy. The progress was immense, for the machine printed fifty-five hundred yards per day, the work of forty-five printers.

The engraving of the rollers was a difficult, costly, and long process, and Widmer set himself at work to overcome this objection. After three years of laborious thought and costly experience, he at last succeeded, and produced a machine which greatly aided in engraving the rollers. This was established in the year 1800. The successes of Napoleon and the establishment of the Empire gave a strong impulse to the activity of the print-works, which now employed fourteen hundred workmen. It had been intimated to Oberkampf that he might aspire, under the new *régime*, to the dignity of senator. But the simplicity of his character remained unchanged, and he positively refused the high honor.

In the month of June, 1806, a Garde de Chasse in the Imperial livery entered Jouy at a sharp gallop, and rode at once to the manufactory. He announced the visit of the Emperor. The news spread with rapidity, and every one quitted his occupation to rush to the court-yard. A few moments later the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress Josephine, drove into the same court-yard where, a few years since, Couthon had brought fear and dismay. But now a dense crowd of workmen and villagers received their visitor with unbounded enthusiasm. Addressing a few words to Oberkampf, with his customary rapidity, he proposed at once to visit the printing machine. It was put in operation, and, to the surprise and admiration of all, the white cloth was drawn under the rollers and printed at the rate of eight yards per minute. At a signal the rollers were changed, and a new design printed. Napoleon frequently expressed his satisfaction, and then visited every part of the manufactory, asking with great rapidity the most searching questions, which taxed all the attention of his host to answer. With ready tact he conversed with the foremen and workmen, and excited the enthusiasm of all about him. He then returned to the court-yard, and was again surrounded by the crowd, while every window of the immense building was filled by the workmen. The favorable moment had come. Napoleon detached the Cross of the Legion of Honor which he wore, and placed it with his own hand upon the breast of Oberkampf, exclaiming, in a firm voice, that none were so worthy to wear it. This high military honor, bestowed in so marked and public a man-

ner upon a civilian, gave great satisfaction, not only to the friends of Oberkampf, but to the whole commerce of the country, which claimed its share on this occasion, and felicitations from every province were addressed to Oberkampf.

The fourth Exposition of National Industry took place in the year 1806, and for the first time the manufactory of Jouy sent a brilliant collection of its products, and received the gold medal.

The succeeding years were marked by two important inventions. The method of printing a solid green color in one application, and the heating of colors by steam.

In the year 1810 the Emperor Napoleon invited Oberkampf, the "patriarch" or the "seigneur" of Jouy, as he familiarly called him, to visit him at the Palace of St. Cloud. Oberkampf was accompanied by Samuel Widmer, who wished to solicit a favor from the Emperor. Napoleon received them in his usual manner, addressing rapid, searching, almost offensive questions to Oberkampf and to Widmer. "They tell me you are wealthy, — was not the first million the most difficult to gain? Have you children? Will your son continue your business, or will he, as is more usual, dissipate your fortune?" &c., &c. He discussed the tariff, and when Oberkampf remarked that the duty on cotton was excessive, "O," replied the Emperor, "I only take what the smugglers would get," and added, in an excited voice, "I will have all the English and Swiss cotton goods burned. I have given three millions to plant cotton in the plains of Rome. Is not that better than giving them a Pope?" In his memoirs, dictated by himself at St. Helena, speaking of the Continental system, he remarks, "I consulted Oberkampf." So indeed he did, but he did not listen to his advice.

The interview was brought to a close by the usual question, "Have you anything to ask?" Oberkampf replied that his nephew, Widmer, was very desirous to visit the manufactories of England. The Continental system was strictly applied at that moment, and no one could visit England without a passport signed by the Emperor's own hand. Napoleon replied with some impatience, "What can he see there? What can he learn? Well, well, I will send him a passport." A few days afterwards the desired document was received.

In the midst of this honorable but laborious prosperity, Oberkampf did not escape the trials and afflictions of life. Illness and death had visited his family and his friends, taking from him his child in its early years and his devoted friends in their old age. In 1810 he lost Ludwig Rohrdorf, the last of his early associates around the printing-table of Jouy. He, like the rest, had shared in the prosperity of the factory, and left a fair property. Being unmarried, his heirs, who resided in Switzerland, proved their unlimited confidence in the probity of Oberkampf by requesting him to liquidate the succession without process at law.

The sturdy Oberkampf himself did not appear to feel the fatigues of advancing age. He had long wished to free himself from dependence upon the manufactories of printing-cloths, and to convert the bale of raw cotton into pieces of printed calicoes within his own works. His son-in-law, Mr. Louis Feray, being fully competent to direct a mill, Oberkampf established one at Essonne, and another at Corbeil for his brother Fritz, both for the manufacture of printing-cloths. His brother preferred to retire from commerce; Oberkampf received back the mill, and maintained it in activity.

The fall of Napoleon in 1814, and the invasion of the Allied armies, suspended work at Jouy. For the first time the manufactory was closed. A recommencement of activity was arrested by the return of Napoleon from Elba in 1815, when Jouy was once more occupied by foreign troops. Many farms with their buildings had been destroyed, and every one was anxious for the safety of the manufactory; for, although work had again ceased, yet

the building had never before been so crowded with occupants. All the poor families of the outskirts, who had the most to fear, were permitted to bring their furniture and worldly goods to the manufactory, and there they found protection and support.

The buildings escaped destruction, and, when peace returned, active operations were again commenced. But anxiety, distress, and severe labor could no longer be borne with impunity by Oberkampf at his advanced age. He became feeble, and his health began to fail, when a severe cold brought on a fever which proved fatal. He expired on the 4th of October, 1815, and ended an honorable and useful life of seventy-seven years, surrounded by his family and by his numerous friends. A son and three daughters (all married) survived their parent.

The manufactory was continued six years longer by the son, Emile Oberkampf, and by the nephew, S. Widmer. Upon the death of Widmer, Emile Oberkampf associated with him a new partner, to whom he was soon obliged by ill-health to cede the paternal establishment. The prosperity of the manufactory seemed, however, to be attached to the name and family of Oberkampf; for, when separated from them, it languished and declined. It was converted into a joint-stock company, but without success, and a few years afterward was discontinued, and the property sold. The principal building alone now remains.

The decline of the manufactory at Jouy does not in any way indicate the decline of calico-printing in France, for the impulse given by Oberkampf has been fully sustained by the great progress continually made. One examines with surprise the wonderful printing of Mulhouse, upon the gossamer, airy tissue of muslin, which one would think incapable of bearing the rich colors and designs with which it is impregnated. The town of Mulhouse is now the seat of the perfection of calico-printing, but Rouen and many other towns can well boast of their productions.

The family of Oberkampf did not desert the humble village of Jouy. They retained the dwelling-house, and constantly visited the village and the families of the old workmen, who long experienced their active and generous charity.

The small building called the House by the Stone Bridge, in which Oberkampf printed the first piece of calico at Jouy, was offered for sale, and the daughters of Oberkampf hastened to purchase it. They enlarged and improved it, and converted it into an asylum for young children. All the children of the village were here collected for the day, and received the care and the instruction their age required. They were provided with meals, and even those living at a distance were brought to the asylum in an omnibus, and carried home at night. Assuredly this was a noble monument of gratitude and charity to the memory of their father.

We need not add that his name will never be forgotten in the village of Jouy. The principal street bears the name of Oberkampf, and the patriarchs of the village recall with pride the splendors of the times of the great factory.

MAYDENVALLEY, SPINSTERLAND.

"AND what do you study in your school?" I asked the blue-eyed little stranger whom I had lifted into my lap as a defence against woman's claim to my seat in a street car.

"Jography, 'rithmitic, readin', and spellin'."

She could spell "rhinoceros," but not "hippopotamus," and could multiply twelve by three, but not by one with success. In "jography" my examination was more thorough. It commenced as we were crossing the Back Bay, in full view of the Mill-Dam, the Dome of the State-House, and Bunker Hill Monument.

"Can you tell me where East Cambridge is?"

"We don't learn such things at our school."

"How is Boston bounded?"

"We don't study that kind," half contemptuously.

"Where is the Atlantic Ocean?"

"East of Asia; no,—it's west of Africa."

The little scholar had not been taught home geography, but she knew where the Red Sea was, knew there was no Blue Sea anywhere, and could tell more than it is worth while to know about the Cape of Good Hope. I expressed my surprise that a body only nine years old should be so wise, adding that I should like to go to her school.

"Why don't you, then?"

"Could I go into your class?"

"No, you would have to go into the infant class."

I was saved from further mortification by our arrival at the end of the route. As I made my bow to my learned friend, I fell to wondering how many children of a larger growth know where Spinsterland is, and how many of the travellers who pass through Maydenvalley in the course of the summer acquaint themselves with its name, its residents, or its magical properties.

Yet Spinsterland comprises 62,116 square miles, and has a population of over three millions, of whom considerably less than half are males. It is bounded to the west by a river and lake; to the north and northeast by a forest still traversed by moose, Indians, trout-brooks, and lumbermen; and to the east and south by the ocean. Its principal products are rocks, ice, machinery, and the fabrics of machinery. The farmer can rarely extort a reward for his industry from an unwilling soil; but he raises all the vegetables and coarser cereals required for home consumption. Along the coast reside a hardy race, who furnish America with its Friday dinner and Spinsterland with its Sunday breakfast also. In ancient times, a considerable foreign commerce was carried on; but a city, once the centre of the India trade, now imports little but peanuts; another, which used to have direct steam communication with Europe, has lived to see its harbor filling up, and those of its wharves, which are not frequented by coasting-vessels, grass-grown. The mariners of a third, who during the Golden Age of Spinsterland supplied a large part of the world with oil, still bring from distant seas the flexible bones within which many of the inhabitants pass their days.

The government of Spinsterland is in pretension and form republican, but in fact aristocratic, the majority of the adults being denied the right of suffrage. Members of the disfranchised class usually, however, spend at their pleasure the earnings of the minority, and often teach voters their duties. They might have the ballot, as many believe, if they should insist upon having it, but they seem to prefer the pleasure of power to its burdens and responsibilities. They may be distinguished from their self-styled lords and masters by superior tact, a more flowing costume,

and a singular fashion of wearing other people's hair superimposed upon their own.

Notwithstanding the marked disproportion between the sexes, polygamy is frowned upon by the laws and by public opinion. Years ago the ruler of one province proposed to export several thousand women to the distant land of Celibaton; but the suggestion was coolly received, and has not been acted upon, although all the world knows that the voyage would surely end in the harbor of Matrimony. It must not be inferred, however, that the people of Spinsterland are averse to marriage. Every proper inducement, on the contrary, is held out to young men; and woe be to him who, having plighted his troth, withdraws it! He is mulcted in heavy damages by an indignant jury, and would be stripped of his property if tried by twelve women.

In the cities of Spinsterland, a sort of Vanity Fair is held on several evenings of each week during the winter, at which unmarried persons are exposed to public competition; the mother usually defraying the expenses of the day on which her daughter "comes out," as it is technically termed. Dancing, dress, music, flowers, champagne, splendor for the eyes, soft words for the ears, delight in the display of one's taste or in the exercise of one's faculty of pleasing, unite with love of excitement to attract young people to the gay booths of pleasure. But while some go to the Rialto, that they may see the pretty things exposed to view, or may chat with their friends, most mount the steps in order to cross the Grand Canal.

Yet a growing disinclination to marriage has, of late, manifested itself among the young men of Spinsterland, which has never been satisfactorily explained, and which has thus far, except in isolated instances, resisted efforts to overcome it. Under these adverse circumstances, sensible women are abandoning an unequal contest with the decrees of fate and the whims of mankind, and are asking themselves whether a solitary life need be miserable. They recall Queen Elizabeth, Rosa Bonheur, Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau, Frederika Bremer. They bethink them of nuns, vowed to the service of the Virgin Mary; of Sisters of Charity, going about to do good; of nurses in whom sick and wounded soldiers have found tender reminiscences of home; of teachers, who break the bread of a higher life; of the Cousin Grace of the family circle in which their childhood was passed; of the irreparably single-women, known to them in after life, — the good souls who visit the poor and the sorrowing, into whose patient ear the lover whispers his story or the maiden her hopes, the favorite aunt, the skilful housekeeper, the sure to be present when wanted, and the sure to be absent when not wanted, cultivated, but not learned; quiet, yet not unapt at conversation; and with a smile that transfigures features upon which Time has set his mark. They bethink them, too, of marriage as it is depicted by keen observers like Thackeray or Balzac, of the grief of dispelled illusions, of the misery of being obliged to live with a stranger, of the base deceptions necessary to keep up appearances, of shattered health and ruined fortune, of all the chances that a number in the great lottery will not draw a prize. The sight of a pretty child may, sometimes, cause a woman's longing; but they will close their hearts with the thought that the bliss of maternity is not always unalloyed. Aching for love as they may, they dread its counterfeits, and prefer the clear, steady light of friendship to the flicker of passion or the will-o'-the-wisp of a fancy. They will marry, if the true lover comes: but they will await his coming in the seclusion of maidenly reserve; not spending their days in looking even privily from the window for him, but seeking in single life such opportunities for happiness and for usefulness as a cheerful and active nature can find there.

In the winter such women go into society perhaps, and dance and talk, and use their weapons of defence and offence; but they rarely find a man

worthy of their steel, and they welcome the summer as a release from the fret and burden of fashionable life. In June they prepare for a long estivation, and on the first warm day take the wings of a railroad, and fly to the sea or the mountains. The traveller in July will find bevies of them in the most lovely spots he visits. He will see them coming into the morning out of farm-houses or rural hotels, with roses in their cheeks and smiles interpreting their words. He will meet them in the afternoon, two by two, in country wagons, or by twenties loading down a vehicle drawn by four horses. Should he climb up to Princeville, he may trace upon the village green below the meeting-house the lines of ten or twelve games of croquet, in which every player is a spinster save one, whose black coat spots the picture, as a bare twig juts from a cloud of apple-blossoms. And if a happy chance leads him within the gates of Maydenvalley, and gives him the eyes to see what is there, he will enjoy a spectacle such as can be found nowhere outside of Spinsterland.

"I have been to all the places most praised by travellers," said one whose manners at thirty-three — shall I guess? — proved more in favor of single-blessedness than St. Paul's logic; "but I find only two whose charms can never fly, as George Herbert has it, — Rome and Maydenvalley. At Rome I had to drink of the fountain of Trevi to insure my return; but one full draught of the air of this valley is an amulet against the temptation to spend my summers elsewhere." The visitor in Maydenvalley may complain of his small chamber, of sour bread, stringy meat, inefficient service, a thousand and one discomforts known to boarders with people who live, like the mosquitoes of their groves, upon visitors; but these petty annoyances are forgotten as he watches the shadows chasing each other over Beam Mountain, the rosy cloud that lingers upon Mount Ironington, the curves of the river Proway, or the elms grouped in the intervale through which it flows. He will never tire of wandering in that intervale; for every moment will show him a new picture, and every cloud will change the aspect of familiar objects, — a little earth and water are susceptible of so many combinations. Rising, for the first time in his life, perhaps, with the sun, he will catch Nature coming from the embrace of Night more fresh and rosy than ever; or, rambling in the pine woods, five hours later, he may surprise her asleep under a tree, and dreaming that the sun has pushed aside the branches to get near her. Days of soft rain will hide the mountains, but their drop-curtain has a peculiar beauty, and its folds are caught, as it gradually lifts, upon crag and peak, until, at length, the tops of Beam and Ironington show him clear sunshine above the fog clinging to their sides. Then will come days during which his petty I goes from him "like an ache," and he becomes a part of the mountain wind in his hair; and other days, when the eastern breeze is as salt as if the sea had come sixty miles to look upon a lovelier valley than northern tides can enter.

Maydenvalley is walled from the world by mountains rising from one to six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is some six miles long, and at no point more than three miles in width. The northern half alone is inhabited, the southern half being covered with forests, except in the river-bottoms, where a few farmers live in neat white houses that look down on broad acres of grass and corn. These are all situated upon the western side of the Proway, and have little communication with the eastern side, — there being no bridge across the river. About three miles from the northern extremity of the valley stands the first and one of the pleasantest of the spinster homes, where the wit and beauty of Maydenvalley once focalized. For here lived the most brilliant woman whom young Spinsterland remembers, — she whose sayings are still repeated, though her voice has for years been

silent; who was called heartless, because her quick wit flashed from among the flowers of her speech, pinning butterflies, piercing conventionalities, and warding off questions that might have gone too deep; who recalled Undine, sometimes as she was before she had found her soul, and sometimes as she was afterwards. We think of her as of a longing, lonely soul, who might have loved, — how intensely! — but who never did love; who might have sacrificed herself to an idol, had she had one, but who caused the sacrifice of others; to whom everybody told her story, and who confided to more than one all she could put into words — but not the inner truth — about herself; a less learned, less thoughtful, less sentimental, but more brilliant and far more beautiful Margaret Fuller, exercising, like her, a fascination upon both men and women, and keeping the best part of her womanhood out of sight almost always, but out of reach never. With her dwelt in the same little house several radiant beings, who still visit the haunts where they learned to love her, and still account Maydenvalley the most delightful place in the world. Fairy feet follow the path traced by her, along the bank that crumbles fifty feet down to the intervale, to the rustic seat from which the eye takes in at a glance the ranges of mountains from Shockarua to Shearkarge, the sweep of the meadows wearing June green in August, the drooping elms, the flashing river, and the pines darkening the ledges above it.

Following the road to the north, you are hardly out of sight of this house before the sharp peak of Shockarua disappears behind Beam Mountain. Soon the village of North Proway begins, and thenceforward every rod of the route blossoms with memories. Here is O'Miller's House, with its broad veranda, and its beautifully shaded croquet-ground; here Sunset Hill, with the tree under which Shampreigh made his latest sketches, as the droppings from his easel testify, with the rock at the summit, every lichen in whose crevices has witnessed a flirtation; here the road is crossed by Artists' Brook, up which memory runs to the wild ravine, enlivened by cascades, and softened by the moss on its rocks or hanging from the trees over it; here are the circulating library, the photograph saloon, the country stores, the cross-road leading to the shop of the mender of umbrellas and of watches, and to the bridle-path up Shearkarge, the frequent Spinster cottages from the Elms to the North Proway House, from bluff John Whitaker's cottage, — known for its kind host, its clean linen, its comely little waiter, and the store opposite, where women in impossible bonnets come in wagons of the last century to buy their groceries, and whence, in the absence of customers, the nasal sound of psalm-singing emerges, — to Parquetteman's Hotel at the upper extremity of the valley.

Last summer, when a spirit in my feet led me — who knows how? — to Maydenvalley, it contained, in addition to the five or six hundred permanent residents, who supplied the rest of the population with food and shelter, not less than a thousand spinsters, and perhaps a hundred and fifty other persons. In some houses the proportion of women to men was as sixty to one; to others only "old maids" — as the brides of quietness are irreverently called — were admitted; and in none did the men form a respectable minority. Not only the towns of Spinsterland, but the banks of the Hudson, the Schuylkill, the Ohio, and the Mississippi contributed their contingents to the Amazonian army of occupation, which foraged for health and pleasure to the remotest points. There were few walkers, but not one denied herself the afternoon drive; few readers, but many who carried a volume of poetry into the grove, for "I must have something in my hands." Almost all were fond of music, and some sang or played well, — and of conversation, and some knew the last word of coquetry; but every one found, in nature, books, music, or society exactly fitting her mood. Every

one was strengthened, refined, elevated, in some way rendered better or happier, by the influences of Maydenvalley. Not a spinster but found, next winter, the flowers from the Proway meadows the sweetest that were pressed between the leaves of her memory. These happy souls were of every age and temperament, from tranquil Charity, whose hair in some lights showed lines of gray, and for whom the angels long since rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre where her sorrows were buried, to Eugenia, whose history is yet to be composed.

Born to wealth and position, Eugenia makes no display. Educated at the best schools in Spinsterland, — and women find better teachers nowhere, — she thinks herself ignorant. Looking at life through a clear atmosphere, she laments her occasional inability to agree with received opinions. The favorite poets of her young-lady friends do not attract her; but she finds something to like in the Brownings, in Keats, and in Emerson. She understands the thought of the best music, and possesses the rare accomplishment of not playing upon the piano. She is so well governed by a conscience that the ruler's presence is never perceived. Delicate as a harebell, her nature, like that flower, is rooted in eternal rock, and can resist all winds. Her eye has caught the harebell's hue, and is as pellucid as the water of Diana's Baths, near which we dismounted.

Diana's Baths — Dinah's Baths the country people call them — belong to a slender stream that descends from Beam Mountain to the Proway, — jumping from rock to rock or slipping down gently; stopping under the shadow of every tree; lifting a shining face, before taking another leap, toward Shearkarge and the first Adder Mountain; and hollowing the rock into deep baths in which the clear water is never quiet. What a place to rest in after a gallop! The smooth granite for a seat, the moss for a carpet, the brook for society that does not intrude!

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Eugenia, as the evening sun emerged from a cloud, and threw the long shadow of an elm upon the emerald intervale, hundreds of feet below us.

"Beautiful indeed!" I answered, glancing at the tremulous eyelids of my companion, and at the faint flush called into her cheek by her sensibility to natural beauty.

It is not easy to talk sentiment on horseback, for the intelligent quadrupeds overhear what is said, and one catches only the spoken portions of the conversation, — usually the least significant portions. Besides, Eugenia would gallop, merrily laughing at every hint that she should slacken her pace, and defying me to keep up with her. So we galloped by the home of the teacher of the village school, and through the wood of little pines, hardly noticing the yellow carpet made by their needles, which we had admired on our way to the Baths. Eugenia did not draw rein till we had reached the steep bank at the ford of the Proway.

"Will you cross the Rubicon with me?" I asked.

"This is the Proway. We are not in Italy, and you are not Cæsar. You may follow me." And she rode into the water.

"We have had a pleasant ride," said she, as I assisted her to dismount.

"We" inspired hope. How little inspires hope when the heart is made up!

Eugenia was away when I called next day, — a piece of formal politeness I performed, though the etiquette of Maydenvalley dispenses with it. I did not see her again until we met at a picnic on Horn Mountain.

Nine ladies and one gentleman beside myself formed the party, which filled a stout mountain wagon, with as little spring to it as a Spinsterland year. Up and up we rode, with an occasional sharp descent, — by farmhouses with the front door and blinds closed, after the fashion of Spinsterland, but with the back doorway framing a sharp-faced woman, with red arms akimbo; by barns, which opened a broad side upon the road; by fields of

wheat, not inferior to that harvested in our Western Egypt; through fragrant pine forests; between rows of raspberry-bushes untouched by men or bears. Here and there a wild rose retained the summer; here and there, as we ascended, a blazing branch announced the autumn. Distant brooks murmured and distant sheep-bells tinkled. A colt escorted us to the limits of his pasture, and bade us farewell with both hind heels. Half a dozen cows in another enclosure regarded us demurely, and in a moment resumed their milk-making. At every turn, a glance backwards gave a new view of Maydenvalley, or a glance forwards, a new aspect to the mountain we were approaching. Out of the high-road at last, and through the fields to a tenantless house and a hospitable barn, where the road ended. Out of the wagon and among the sugar-maples, the inanimate portion of the picnic carried upon the back of the animate portion; up a narrow path, half a mile up to the summit, — to a prospect twenty-five miles in radius, to air that fed the blood with fire, to eager appetites.

There we

"Ate and drank, and saw God also."

There we served to one another the lightest of light conversation, and floated puns with laughter. Our granite dinner-table was screened from the sun, and in the shadiest corner Eugenia sat. Her thoughts were not with the company, for her eyes had the expression which made our visit to Diana's Baths memorable for me. Clear and pure as ever, they were unfathomable as the sky above us; and it seemed no less impossible to find a thought of me in them than in that sky. I could only venture to offer her, as we came down the mountain, a few wild-flowers and the brightest branch from the brightest maple, and to draw dreams from her gentle good-night.

There was little satisfaction in visiting Eugenia at her boarding-house. In Maydenvalley private parlors are unknown, and though *tête-à-têtes* may not be equally unknown, I was rarely able to secure one with Eugenia, partly because of the abiding generosity of her nature, — "I like Eugenia," remarked Maria; "she is n't stingy with her young men," — and partly because she was under the charge of an unmarried aunt, who never found a pretext for going out of the room. I ought not to harbor ill-will against the good old lady, for she was a friend of my father, and it was through her that I made the acquaintance of Eugenia; but my gratitude to a bridge that takes me over a river is never excessive, particularly when it is so ungainly a structure as was Aunt Susan. Sometimes, however, when her gold eye-glasses and her ear-trumpet were not upon duty, she was an aid to conversation, — the click of her knitting-needles forming an accompaniment to what was said. I should thank her, too, for the glimpses she enabled me to get of the true heart which beat under the girlishness of Eugenia. Nothing could surpass her devotion to this aged relative, who seemed to live upon the sunshine of her presence. She followed her counsels, yielded to her whims, gave up darling plans for her sake, answered her sudden words gently, read to her by the hour in a voice necessarily pitched so high as to mar its sweetness, and smoothed her white hair with a daughter's hand. If she took any reward, it was in teasing Aunt Susan about the old days when she too was a girl.

"Every woman," I happened to observe, not thinking of Aunt Susan at all, "has, at least, one opportunity to marry, they say."

"I never had any," broke in the old lady, straightening herself up.

"Why, aunt!" exclaimed Eugenia, with a twinkle in her eye.

"No, Jenny, I never did."

"But, aunt, father has told me over and over again, how pretty you were when —

"Tut, tut, child! don't be silly. Besides, it is n't the prettiest that get the most offers. Perhaps I was n't enough of a fool to please the men."

"But father says," went on Eugenia, leaving the high-road of argument for the short cut of statement direct, — "father says that you used to have lots of attention."

"Nonsense, girl; but no man of them all ever said, 'Marry me'; though — Do you really care to go on that wild-goose chase up Beam Mountain to-morrow?"

"Ever and ever so much, dear aunt. They say the view is the finest in North Proway; and there 'll be five gentlemen to take care of three ladies, and Mrs. Osbaldistone will matronize us, and I'll wear my thickest shoes and that mountain dress you think so unbecoming."

"Why, Eugenia, how you talk!" cried Aunt Susan. "It 's the only sensible costume in Proway."

But, Eugenia remembered, with a blush which did not escape me, that it was not her aunt who had pretended to criticise her convenient dress.

THE LAND OF PAOLI.

THE Leghorn steamer slid smoothly over the glassy Tyrrhene strait, and some time during the night came to anchor in the harbor of Bastia. I sat up in my berth at sunrise, and looked out the bull's eye to catch my first near glimpse of Corsican scenery; but, instead of that, a pair of questioning eyes, set in a brown, weather-beaten face, met my own. It was a boatman waiting on the gangway, determined to secure the only fare which the steamer had brought that morning. Such persistence always succeeds, and in this case justly; for when we were landed upon the quay, shortly afterwards, the man took the proffered coin with thanks, and asked for no more.

Tall, massive houses surrounded the little circular port. An old bastion on the left, — perhaps that from which the place originally took its name, — a church in front, and suburban villas and gardens on the shoulders of the steep mountain in the rear, made a certain impression of pride and stateliness, notwithstanding the cramped situation of the city. The Corsican coast is here very bold and abrupt, and the first advantage of defence interferes with the present necessity of growth.

At that early hour few persons were stirring in the streets. A languid officer permitted us to pass the *douane* and sanitary line; a large-limbed boy from the mountains became a porter for the nonce; and a waiter, not fully awake, admitted us into the Hôtel d'Europe, a building with more space than cleanliness, more antiquated furniture than comfort. It resembled a dismantled palace, — huge, echoing, dusty. The only tenants we saw then, or later, were the waiter aforesaid, who had not yet learned the ordinary wants of a traveller, and a hideous old woman, who twice a day deposited certain oily and indescribable dishes upon a table in a room which deserved the name of *manger*, in the English sense of the word.

However, I did not propose to remain long in Bastia; Corte, the old capital of Paoli, in the heart of the island, was my destination. After ascertaining that a diligence left for the latter place at noon, we devoted an hour or two to Bastia. The breadth and grandeur of the principal streets, the spacious new *place* with a statue of Napoleon in a Roman toga, the ample harbor in process of construction to the northward, and the fine coast-views from the upper part of the city, were matters of surprise. The place has grown rapidly within the past fifteen years, and now contains twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Its geographical situation is

good. The dagger-shaped Cape Corso, rich with fruit and vines, extends forty miles to the northward; westward, beyond the mountains, lie the fortunate lands of Nebbio and the Balagna, while the coast southward has no other harbor for a distance of seventy or eighty miles. The rocky island of Capraja, once a menace of the Genoese, rises over the sea in the direction of Leghorn; directly eastward, and nearer, is Elba, and far to the southeast, faintly seen, Monte Cristo, — the three representing mediæval and modern history and romance, and repeating the triple interest which clings around the name of Corsica.

The growth of Bastia seems to have produced but little effect, as yet, in the character of the inhabitants. They have rather the primitive air of mountaineers; one looks in vain for the keenness, sharpness, and, alas! the dishonesty, of an Italian seaport town. Since the time of Seneca, who, soured by exile, reported of them, —

> "Prima est ulcisci lex, altera vivere raptu,
> Tertia mentiri, quarta negare Deos," —

the Corsicans have not been held in good repute. Yet our first experience of them was by no means unprepossessing. We entered a bookstore, to get a map of the island. While I was examining it, an old gentleman, with the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, rose from his seat, took the sheet from my hands, and said: "What's this? what's this?" After satisfying his curiosity, he handed it back to me, and began a running fire of questions: "Your first visit to Corsica? You are English? Do you speak Italian? your wife also? Do you like Bastia? does she also? How long will you stay? Will she accompany you?" &c. I answered with equal rapidity, as there was nothing obtrusive in the old man's manner. The questions soon came to an end, and then followed a chapter of information and advice, which was very welcome.

The same naïve curiosity met us at every turn. Even the rough boy who acted as porter plied me with questions, yet was just as ready to answer as to ask. I learned much more about his situation and prospects than was really necessary, but the sum of all showed that he was a fellow determined to push his way in the world. Self-confidence is a common Corsican trait, which Napoleon only shared with his fellow-islanders. The other men of his time who were either born upon Corsica or lived there for a while — Pozzo di Borgo, Bernadotte, Massena, Murat, Sebastiani — seem to have caught the infection of this energetic, self-reliant spirit.

In Bastia there is neither art nor architecture. It is a well-built, well-regulated, bustling place, and has risen in latter years quite as much from the growth of Italian commerce as from the favor of the French government. From the quantity of small coasting craft in the harbor, I should judge that its trade is principally with the neighboring shores. In the two book-shops I found many devotional works and Renucci's History, but only one copy of the *Storiche Corse*, which I was glad to secure.

When the hour of departure came, we found the inquisitive old gentleman at the diligence office. He was our companion in the *coupé*, and apparently a personage of some note, as at least a score of friends came to bid him adieu. To each of these he announced in turn: "These are my travelling companions, — an American gentleman and his wife. They speak French and Italian; they have never been in Corsica before; they are going to Corte; they travel for pleasure and information." Then there were reciprocal salutations and remarks; and if the postilion had not finally given the signal to take our places, we should soon have been on speaking terms with half Bastia.

The road ran due south, along the base of the mountains. As we passed the luxuriant garden-suburbs, our companion pointed out the dusky glitter of the orange-trees, and exclaimed: "You see what the Corsican soil produces.

But this is nothing to the Balagna. There you will find the finest olive culture of the Mediterranean. I was prefect of the Balagna in 1836, and in that year the exportation of oil amounted to six millions of francs, while an equal quantity was kept for consumption in the island."

Brown old villages nestled high up in the ravines on our right; but on the left the plain stretched far away to the salt lake of Biguglia, the waters of which sparkled between the clumps of poplars and elms studding the meadows. The beds of the mountain streams were already nearly dry, and the summer malaria was beginning to gather on the low fields through which they wandered. A few peasants were cutting and tedding hay here and there, or lazily hauling it homewards. Many of the fields were given up to myrtle and other wild and fragrant shrubs; but there were far too few workers abroad for even the partial cultivation.

Beyond the lake of Biguglia, and near the mouth of the Golo River, is the site of Mariana, founded by Marius. Except a scattering of hewn stones, there are no remains of the Roman town; but the walls of a church and chapel of the Middle Ages are still to be seen. The only other Roman colony on Corsica — Aleria, at the mouth of the Tavignano — was a restoration of the more ancient Alalia, which tradition ascribes to the Phoceans. Notwithstanding the nearness of the island to the Italian coast, and its complete subjection to the Empire, its resources were imperfectly developed by the Romans, and the accounts of it given by the ancient writers are few and contradictory. Strabo says of the people: "Those who inhabit the mountains live from plunder, and are more untamable than wild beasts. When the Roman commanders undertake an expedition against the island, and possess themselves of the strongholds, they bring back to Rome many slaves; and then one sees with astonishment the savage animal nature of the people. For they either take their own lives violently, or tire out their masters by their stubbornness and stupidity; whence, no matter how cheaply they are purchased, it is always a bad bargain in the end."

Here we have the key to that fierce, indomitable spirit of independence which made the Genoese occupation one long story of warfare; which produced such heroes as Sambucuccio, Sampieri, and Paoli; and which exalted Corsica, in the last century, to be the embodiment of the democratic ideas of Europe, and the marvellous forerunner of the American Republic. Verily, Nature is "careful of the type." After the Romans, the Vandals possessed Corsica; then the Byzantine Greeks; then, in succession, the Tuscan Barons, the Pisans, and the Genoese, — yet scarcely one of the political forms planted among them took root in the character of the islanders. The origin of the Corsican Republic lies back of all our history; it was a natural growth, which came to light after the suppression of two thousand years.

As we approached the gorge through which the Golo breaks its way to the sea, the town of Borgo, crowning a mountain summit, recalled to memory the last Corsican victory, when Clement Paoli, on the 1st of October, 1768, defeated and drove back to Bastia a French force much greater than his own. Clement, the brooding monk in his cloister, the fiery leader of desperate battle, is even a nobler figure than his brother Pascal in the story of those days.

We changed horses at an inn under the mountain of Borgo, and then entered the valley of the Golo, leaving the main road, which creeps onward to Bonifacio through lonely and malarious lands. The scenery now assumed a new aspect. No more the blue Tyrrhene Sea, with its dreams of islands; a valley wilder than any infolded among the Appenines opened before us. Slopes covered with chestnut groves rose on either side; slant ravines mounted between steep escarpments of rock; a village or two, on the nearer heights, had the appearance of

refuge and defence, rather than of quiet habitation, and the brown summits in the distance held out no promise of softer scenes beyond.

Our companion, the prefect, pointed to the chestnut groves. "There," said he, "is the main support of our people in the winter. Our Corsican name for it is 'the bread-tree.' The nuts are ground, and the cakes of chestnut-flour, baked on the hearth, and eaten while fresh, are really delicious. We could not live without the chestnut and the olive."

The steep upper slopes of the mountains were covered with the *macchia*, — a word of special significance on the island. It is equivalent to "jungle" or "chaparral"; but the Corsican *macchia* has a character and a use of its own. Fancy an interminable thicket of myrtle, arbutus, wild laurel, lentisk, box, and heather, eight to twelve feet in height, interlaced with powerful and luxuriant vines, and with an undergrowth of rosemary, lavender, and sage. Between the rigid, stubby stems the wild boar can scarcely make his way; thorns and dagger-like branches meet above, — yet the richest balm breathes from this impenetrable wilderness. When the people say of a man, "he has taken to the macchia," every one understands that he has committed a murder. Formerly, those who indulged in the fierce luxury of the *vendetta* sometimes made their home for years in the thickets, communicating privately, from time to time, with their families. But there is now no scent of blood lurking under that of the myrtle and lavender. Napoleon, who neglected Corsica during his years of empire (in fact, he seemed to dislike all mention of the island), remembered the odors of the macchia upon St. Helena.

Our second station was at a sawmill beside the river. Here the prefect left us, saying: "I am going to La Porta, in the country of Morosaglia. It is a beautiful place, and you must come and see it. I have a ride of three hours, on horseback across the mountains, to get there."

His place in the *coupé* was taken by a young physician bound for Pontenuovo, further up the valley. I was struck by the singular loneliness of the country, as we advanced further into the interior. Neither in the grain-fields below, nor the olive-orchards above, was any laborer to be seen. Mile after mile passed by, and the diligence was alone on the highway. "The valley of the Golo is so unhealthy," said the physician, "that the people only come down to their fields at the time for ploughing, sowing, and reaping. If a man from the mountains spends a single night below here, he is likely to have an attack of fever."

"But the Golo is a rapid mountain stream," I remarked; "there are no marshes in the valley, and the air seems to me pure and bracing. Would not the country become healthy through more thorough cultivation?"

"I can only explain it," he answered, "by the constant variation of temperature. During the day there is a close heat, such as we feel now, while at night the air becomes suddenly chill and damp. As to agriculture, it don't seem to be the natural business of the Corsican. He will range the mountains all day, with a gun on his shoulder, but he hates work in the fields. Most of the harvesting on the eastern coast of the island, and in the Balagna, is done by the Lucchese peasants, who come over from the main-land every year. Were it not for them, the grain would rot where it stands."

This man's statement may have been exaggerated, but further observation convinced me that there was truth in it. Yet the people are naturally active and of a lively temperament, and their repugnance to labor is only one of the many consequences of the vendetta. When Paoli suppressed the custom with an iron hand, industry revived in Corsica; and now that the French government has succeeded in doing the same thing, the waste and pestilent lands will no doubt be gradually reclaimed.

The annals of the Corsican vendetta are truly something terrible. Filippini

(armed to the teeth and protected by a stone wall, as he wrote) and other native historians estimate the number of murders from revenge in the three and a half centuries preceding the year 1729 at three hundred and thirty-three thousand, and the number of persons wounded in family feuds at an equal figure! Three times the population of the island killed or wounded in three hundred and fifty years! Gregorovius says: "If this island of Corsica could vomit back all the blood of battle and vendetta which it has drunk during the past ages, its cities and towns would be overwhelmed, its population drowned, and the sea be incarnadined as far as Genoa. Verily, here the red Death planted his kingdom." France has at last, by two simple, practical measures, stayed the deluge. First, the population was disarmed; then the bandits and blood-outlaws were formed into a body of *Voltigeurs Corses*, who, knowing all the hiding-places in the macchia, easily track the fugitives. A few executions tamed the thirst for blood, and within the past ten years the vendetta has ceased to exist.

While we were discussing these matters with the physician, the diligence rolled steadily onwards, up the valley of the Golo. With every mile the scenery became wilder, browner, and more lonely. There were no longer villages on the hill-summits, and the few farm-houses perched beside the chestnut-orchards appeared to be untenanted. As the road crossed by a lofty stone arch to the southern bank of the river, the physician said: "This is Pontenuovo, and it is just a hundred years to-day since the battle was fought." He was mistaken; the battle of Pontenuovo, fatal to Paoli and to the independence of Corsica, took place on the 9th of May, 1769. It was the end of a struggle all the more heroic because it was hopeless from the start. The stony slopes on either side of the bridge are holy ground; for the Corsicans did not fight in vain. A stronger people beyond the sea took up the torch as it fell from their hands, and fed it with fresh oil. History (as it has hitherto been written) deals only with events, not with popular sympathies and enthusiasms; and we can therefore scarcely guess how profoundly the heart of the world was stirred by the name of Corsica, between the years 1755 and 1769. To Catharine of Russia as to Rousseau, to Alfieri as to Dr. Johnson, Paoli was one of the heroes of the century.

Beyond Pontenuovo the valley widens, and a level road carried us speedily to Ponte alla Leccia, at the junction of the Golo with its principal affluent the Tartaglia. *Pontaletch* and *Tartatch* are the Corsican words. Here the scenery assumes a grand Alpine character. High over the nearer mountains rose the broken summits of Monte Padro and Capo Bianco, the snow-filled ravines glittering between their dark pinnacles of rock. On the south, a by-road wandered away through the chestnut-woods to Morosaglia; villages with picturesque belfries overlooked the valley, and the savage macchia gave place to orchards of olive. Yet the character of the scenery was sombre, almost melancholy. Though the myrtle flowered snowily among the rocks, and the woodbine hung from the banks, and the river filled the air with the incessant mellow sound of its motion, these cheerful features lost their wonted effect beside the sternness and solitude of the mountains.

Towards the end of this stage the road left the Golo, and ascended a narrow lateral valley to the village of Omessa, where we changed horses. Still following the stream to its sources, we reached a spur from the central chain, and slowly climbed its sides to a higher region, — a land of rocks and green pasture-slopes, from the level of which a wide sweep of mountains was visible. The summit of the pass was at least two thousand feet above the sea. On attaining it, a new and surprising vista opened to the southward, into the very heart of the island. The valley before us dropped in many windings into that of the Tavignano, the second river of

Corsica, which we overlooked for an extent of thirty miles. Eastward the mountains sank into hills of gentle undulation, robed with orchards and vineyards, and crowned with villages; westward they towered into dark, forbidding ranges, and the snows of the great central peaks of Monte Rotondo and Monte d' Oro, nearly ten thousand feet in height, stood gray against the sunset. Generally, the landscapes of an island have a diminished, contracted character; but here the vales were as amply spread, the mountains as grandly planted, as if a continent lay behind them.

For two leagues the road descended, following the bays and forelands of the hills. The diligence sped downward so rapidly that before it was quite dusk we saw the houses and high rock fortress of Corte before us. A broad avenue of sycamores, up and down which groups of people were strolling, led into the town. We were set down at a hotel of primitive fashion, where we took quarters for the night, leaving the diligence, which would have carried us to Ajaccio by the next morning. Several French officials had possession of the best rooms, so that we were but indifferently lodged; but the mountain trout on the dinner-table were excellent, and the wine of Corte was equal to that of Tuscany.

While the moon, risen over the eastern mountains, steeps the valley in misty silver, and a breeze from the Alpine heights deliciously tempers the air, let us briefly recall that wonderful episode of Corsican history of which Pascal Paoli is the principal figure. My interest in the name dates from the earliest recollections of childhood. Near my birthplace there is an inn and cluster of houses named Paoli, — or, as the people pronounce it, Pēōli. Here twenty-three American soldiers were murdered in cold blood by the British troops, in September, 1777. Wayne's battle-cry at the storming of Stony Point was, "Remember Paoli!" The old tavern-sign was the half-length portrait of an officer (in a red coat, I think), whom, I was told, was "General Paoli," but I knew nothing further of him, until, some years later, I stumbled on Boswell's work; my principal authority, however, is a recent volume,* and the collection of Paoli's letters published by Tommaseo.

It is unnecessary to review the long struggle of the Corsicans to shake off the yoke of Genoa; I need only allude to the fact. Pascal, born in 1724 or 1725, was the son of Hyacinth Paoli, who was chosen one of the chiefs of the people in 1734, and in connection with the other chiefs, Ceccaldi and Giaffori, carried on the war for independence with the greatest bravery and resolution, but with little success, for two years. In March, 1736, when the Corsicans were reduced to the last extremity, the Westphalian adventurer, Theodore von Neuhoff, suddenly made his appearance. The story of this man, who came ashore in a caftan of scarlet silk, Turkish trowsers, yellow shoes, a Spanish hat and feather, and a sceptre in his right hand, and coolly announced to the people that he had come to be their king, is so fantastic as to be scarcely credible; but we cannot dwell upon it. His supplies of money and munitions of war, and still more his magnificent promises, beguiled those sturdy republicans into accepting the cheat of a crown. The fellow was not without ability, and but for a silly vanity, which led him to ape the state and show of other European courts, might have kept his place. His reign of eight months was the cause of Genoa calling in the aid of France; and, after three years of varying fortunes, the Corsicans were obliged to submit to the conditions imposed upon them by the French commander, Maillebois.

Hyacinth Paoli went into exile, and found a refuge at the court of Naples with his son Pascal. The latter was carefully educated in the school of Genovesi, the first Italian political-economist of the last century, and then entered the army, where he distinguished

* *Histoire de Pascal Paoli.* Par M. Bartoli. Largentiere. 1866.

himself during campaigns in Sicily and Calabria. Thus sixteen years passed away.

The Corsicans, meanwhile, had continued their struggle, under the leadership of Giaffori, another of the many heroes of the island. When, in 1753, he was assassinated, the whole population met together to celebrate his obsequies, and renewed the oath of resistance to death against the Genoese rule. Five chiefs (one of whom was Clement Paoli, Pascal's elder brother) were chosen to organize a provisional government and carry on the war. But at the end of two years it was found prudent to adopt a more practical system, and to give the direction of affairs into the hands of a single competent man. It was no doubt Clement Paoli who first suggested his brother's name. The military experience of the latter gave him the confidence of the people, and their unanimous voice called him to be their leader.

In April, 1755, Pascal Paoli, then thirty years old, landed at Aleria, the very spot where King Theodore had made his theatrical entry into Corsica nineteen years before. Unlike him, Paoli came alone, poor, bringing only his noble presence, his cultivated intelligence, and his fame as a soldier, to the help of his countrymen. "It was a singular problem," says one of the historians of Corsica; "it was a new experiment in history, and how it might succeed at a time when similar experiments failed in the most civilized lands would be to Europe an evidence that the rude simplicity of nature is more capable of adapting itself to democratic liberty than the refined corruption of culture can possibly be."

Paoli, at first reluctant to accept so important a post, finally yielded to the solicitations of the people, and on the 15th of July was solemnly invested with the Presidency of Corsica. His first step shows at once his judgment and his boldness. He declared that the vendetta must instantly cease; whoever committed blood-revenge was to be branded with infamy, and given up to the headsman. He traversed the island, persuading hostile families to bury their feuds, and relentlessly enforced the new law, although one of his relatives was the first victim. But he was not allowed to enter upon his government without resistance. Matra, one of the Corsican chiefs, was ambitious of Paoli's place, and for a year the island was disturbed with civil war. Matra claimed and received assistance from Genoa, and Paoli, defeated and besieged in the monastery of Bozio, was almost in the hands of his rival, when reinforcements appeared, headed by Clement and by Carnoni, a blood-enemy of the Paolis, forced by his noble mother to forswear the family enmity, and deliver instead of slay. Matra was killed, and thenceforth Paoli was the undisputed chief of Corsica.

It was not difficult for the people, once united, to withstand the weakened power of Genoa. That republic possessed only Bastia, Ajaccio, and Calvi; the garrisoning of which fortresses, by a treaty with France in 1756, was transferred to the latter power, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Corsicans. The French proclaimed a neutrality which Paoli perforce was obliged to respect. He therefore directed his attention to the thorough political organization of the island, the development of its resources, and the proper education of its people. He had found the country in a lamentable condition when he returned from his exile. The greater part of the people had relapsed into semi-barbarism in the long course of war; agriculture was neglected, laws had fallen into disuse, the vendetta raged everywhere, and the only element from which order and industry could be evolved was the passionate thirst for independence, which had only been increased by defeat and suffering.

Paoli made the completest use of this element, bending it to all the purposes of government, and his success was truly astonishing. The new seaport of Isola Rossa was built in order to meet the necessity of immediate com-

merce; manufactories of all kinds, even powder-mills, were established; orchards of chestnut, olive, and orange trees were planted, the culture of maize introduced, and plans made for draining the marshes and covering the island with a network of substantial highways. An educational system far in advance of the time was adopted. All children received at least the rudiments of education, and in the year 1765 the University of Corsica was founded at Corte. One provision of its charter was the education of poor scholars, who showed more than average capacity, at the public expense.

Paoli was obliged to base his scheme of government on the existing forms. He retained the old provincial and municipal divisions, with their magistrates and elders, making only such changes as were necessary to bind the scattered local jurisdictions into one consistent whole, to which he gave a *national* power and character. He declared the people to be the sole source of law and authority; that his office was a trust from their hands, and to be exercised according to their will and for their general good; and that the central government must be a house of glass, allowing each citizen to watch over its action. "Secrecy and mystery in governments," he said, "not only made a people mistrustful, but favored the growth of an absolute irresponsible power."

All citizens above the age of twenty-five years were entitled to the right of suffrage. Each community elected its own magistrates, but the voters were obliged to swear before the officials already in power, that they would nominate only the worthiest and most capable men as their successors. These local elections were held annually, but the magistrates were not eligible to immediate re-election. A representative from each thousand of the population was elected to the General Assembly, which in its turn chose a Supreme Executive Council of nine members, — one from each province of the island. The latter were required to be thirty-five years of age, and to have served as governors of their respective provinces. A majority of two thirds gave the decisions of the General Assembly the force of law; but the Council, in certain cases, had the right of veto, and the question was then referred for final decision to the next Assembly. Paoli was President of the Council and General-in-Chief of the army. Both he and the members of the Council, however, were responsible to the nation, and liable to impeachment, removal, and punishment by the General Assembly.

Paoli, while enforcing a general militia system, took the strongest ground against the establishment of a standing army. "In a free land," he said, "every citizen must be a soldier, and ready to arm at any moment in defence of his rights. But standing armies have always served Despotism rather than Liberty." He only gave way that a limited number should be enrolled to garrison the fortified places. As soon as the people were sufficiently organized to resist the attempts which Genoa made from time to time to recover her lost dominion, he devoted his energies wholly to the material development of the island. The Assembly, at his suggestion, appointed two Commissioners of Agriculture for each province. The vendetta was completely suppressed; with order and security came a new prosperity, and the cities held by the *neutral* French began to stir with desires to come under Paoli's paternal rule.

The resemblance in certain forms as in the general spirit and character of the Constitution of the Corsican Republic to that of the United States, which was framed more than thirty years afterwards, is very evident. Indeed, we may say that the latter is simply an adaptation of the same political principles to the circumstances of a more advanced race and a broader field of action. But if we justly venerate the courage which won our independence and the wisdom which gave us our institutions, how shall we sufficiently honor the man and the handful of half-

barbarous people who so splendidly anticipated the same great work! Is there anything nobler in history than this Corsican episode? No wonder that the sluggish soul of Europe, then beginning to stir with the presentiment of coming changes, was kindled and thrilled as not for centuries before. What effect the example of Corsica had upon the American Colonies is something which we cannot now measure. I like to think, however, that the country tavern-sign of "General Paoli," put up *before* the Revolution, signified more than the mere admiration of the landlord for a foreign hero.

At the end of ten years the Genoese Senate became convinced that the recovery of Corsica was hopeless; and when Paoli succeeded in creating a small fleet, under the command of Perez, Knight of Malta, they saw their Mediterranean commerce threatened with destruction. In the year 1767 the island of Capraja was captured by the Corsicans; then Genoa set the example which Austria has recently followed in the case of Venetia. A treaty was signed at Versailles on the 15th of May, 1768, between the French Minister, the Duke de Choiseul, and the Genoese Ambassador, whereby Genoa transferred to France all her right and title to the island of Corsica. This was a death-blow to the Republic; but the people armed and organized, determined to resist to the end. The splendid victory at Borgo gave them hope. They asked and expected the assistance of England; but when did England ever help a weak and struggling people? The battle of Pontenuovo, on the 9th of May, 1769, sealed the fate of the island. A month afterwards Paoli went into exile with three hundred of his countrymen. Among those who fled, after the battle, to the wild Alpine fastnesses of Monte Rotondo, was his secretary, Carlo Bonaparte, and the latter's wife, Letitia Ramolino, then seven months *enceinte* with the boy who afterwards made Genoa and France suffer the blood-revenge of Corsica. Living in caves and forests, drenched with rain, and almost washed away by the mountain torrents, Letitia bore her burden to Ajaccio, and Napoleon Bonaparte was one of the first Corsicans who were born Frenchmen.

Paoli's journey through Italy and Germany to England was a march of triumph. On reaching London he was received by the king in private audience; all parties joined in rendering him honor. A pension of two thousand pounds a year was granted to him (the greater part of which he divided among his fellow-exiles), and he took up his residence in the country from which he still hoped the liberation of Corsica. For twenty years we hear of him as a member of that society which included Burke, Reynolds, Johnson, Garrick, and Goldsmith; keeping clear of parties, yet, we may be sure, following with an interest he hardly dared betray the events of the American struggle.

But the French Revolution did not forget him. The Corsicans, in November, 1789, carried away by the republican movement in France, had voted that their island should be an integral part of the French nation. There was a general cry for Paoli, and in April, 1790, he reached Paris. Lafayette was his friend and guide; the National Assembly received him with every mark of respect; the club of the *Amis de la Constitution* seated him beside its President, — Robespierre; Louis XVI. gave him an audience, and he was styled by the enthusiastic populace "the Washington of Europe." At Marseilles he was met by a Corsican deputation, two of the members of which were Joseph and Napoleon Bonaparte, who sailed with him to their native island. On landing at Cape Corso, he knelt and kissed the earth, exclaiming, "O my country, I left thee enslaved, and I find thee free!" All the land rose to receive him; *Te Deums* were chanted in the churches, and the mountain villages were depopulated to swell his triumphal march. In September of the same year the representatives of the people elected him President of the

Council and General of the troops of the island.

Many things had been changed during his twenty years' absence, under the rule of France. It was not long before the people divided themselves into two parties, — one French and ultra-Republican; the other Corsican, working secretly for the independence of the island. The failure of the expedition against Sardinia was charged to Paoli, and he was summoned by the Convention to appear and answer the charges against him. Had he complied, his head would probably have fallen under the all-devouring guillotine: he refused, and his refusal brought the two Corsican parties into open collision. Paoli was charged with being ambitious, corrupt, and plotting to deliver Corsica to England. His most zealous defender was the young Napoleon Bonaparte, who wrote a fiery, indignant address, which I should like to quote. Among other things he says, "We owe *all* to him, — even the fortune of being a Republic!"

The story now becomes one of intrigue and deception, and its heroic atmosphere gradually vanishes. Pozzo di Borgo, the blood-enemy of Napoleon, alienated Paoli from the latter. A fresh, cunning, daring intellect, he acquired a mischievous influence over the gray-haired, simple-hearted patriot. That which Paoli's enemies charged against him came to pass; he asked the help of England, and in 1794 the people accepted the sovereignty of that nation, on condition of preserving their institutions, and being governed by a viceroy, who it was presumed would be none other than Pascal Paoli. The English fleet, under Admiral Hood, speedily took possession of Bastia, Calvi, Ajaccio, and the other seaports. But the English government, contemptuously ignoring Paoli's services and claims, sent out Sir Gilbert Elliott as viceroy; and he, jealous of Paoli's popularity, demanded the latter's recall to England. George III. wrote a command under the form of an invitation; and in 1795, Paoli — disappointed in all his hopes, disgusted with the treatment he had received, and recognizing the hopelessness of healing the new dissensions among the people — left Corsica for the last time. He returned to his former home in London, where he died in 1807, at the age of eighty-two years. What little property he had saved was left to found a school at Stretta, his native village; and another at Corte, for fifteen years his capital. Within a year after his departure the English were driven out of Corsica.

Paoli rejoiced, as a Corsican, at Napoleon's ascendency in France. He illuminated his house in London when the latter was declared Consul for life, yet he was never recalled. During his last days on St. Helena Napoleon regretted his neglect or jealousy of the old hero; his lame apology was, "I was so governed by political considerations, that it was impossible for me to obey my personal impulses!"

Our first object, on the morning after our arrival in Corte, was to visit the places with which Paoli's name is associated. The main street conducted us to the public square, where stands his bronze statue, with the inscription on the pedestal: "A PASCAL PAOLI LA CORSE RECONNAISSANTE." On one side of the square is the Palazza, or Hall of Government; and there they show you his room, the window-shutters of which still keep their lining of cork, as in the days of assassination, when he founded the Republic. Adjoining it is a chamber where the Executive Council met to deliberate. Paoli's school, which still flourishes, is his best monument.

High over the town rises the battered citadel, seated on a rock which on the western side falls several hundred feet sheer down to the Tavignano. The high houses of brown stone climb and cling to the eastern slope, rough masses of browner rock thrust out among them; and the place thus has an irregular pyramidal form, which is wonderfully picturesque. The citadel was last captured from the Genoese by Paoli's forerunner, Giaffori, in the year 1745. The Corsican cannon were be-

ginning to breach the walls, when the Genoese commander ordered Giaffori's son, who had been previously taken prisoner, to be suspended from the ramparts. For a moment — but only for a moment — Giaffori shuddered, and turned away his head; then he commanded the gunners, who had ceased firing, to renew the attack. The breach was effected, and the citadel taken by storm: the boy, unhurt amidst the terrible cannonade, was restored to his father.

We climbed towards the top of the rock by streets which resembled staircases. At last the path came to an end in some unsavory back-yards, if piles of shattered rock behind the houses can be so called. I asked a young fellow who was standing in a doorway, watching us, whether any view was to be had by going farther.

"Yes," said he, "but there is a better prospect from the other house, — yonder, where you see the old woman."

We clambered across the intervening rocks, and found the woman engaged in milking a cow, which a boy held by the horns. "Certainly," she said, when I repeated the question; "come into the house, and you shall look from the windows."

She led us through the kitchen into a bright, plainly furnished room, where four women were sewing. They all greeted us smilingly, rose, pushed away their chairs, and then opened the southern window. "Now look!" said the old woman.

We were dazzled by the brightness and beauty of the picture. The house was perched upon the outer angle of the rock, and the valley of the Tavignano, with the gorge through which its affluent, the Restonica, issues from the mountains, lay below us. Gardens, clumps of walnut and groves of chestnut trees, made the valley green; the dark hues of the mountains were softened to purple in the morning air, and the upper snows shone with a brilliancy which I have rarely seen among the Alps. The breeze came down to us with freshness on its wings, and the subdued voices of the twin rivers.

"Now the other window!" the women said.

It opened eastward. There were, first, the roofs of Corte, dropping away to the water-side; then a wide, bounteous valley, green, flecked with harvest-gold; then village-crowned hills, and, behind all, the misty outlines of mountains that slope to the eastern shore. It is a fair land, this Corsica, and the friendly women were delighted when I told them so.

The people looked at us with a natural curiosity as we descended the hill. Old women, invariably dressed in black, gossiped or spun at the doors, girls carried water on their heads from the fountains below, children tumbled about on the warm stones, and a young mother, beside her cradle, sang the Corsican lullaby: —

> "Ninni ninni, ninni nanna,
> Ninni ninni, ninni nolu,
> Allegrezza di la mamma,
> Addormentati, o figliolu!"

There is another Corsican cradle-song which has a singular resemblance to Tennyson's, yet it is quite unlikely that he ever saw it. One verse runs: —

> "A little pearl-laden ship, my darling,
> Thou carriest silken stores,
> And with the silken sails all set
> Com'st from the Indian shores,
> And wrought with the finest workmanship
> Are all thy golden oars.
> Sleep, my little one, sleep a little while,
> Ninni nanna, sleep!"

The green waters of the Tavignano, plunging and foaming down their rocky bed, freshened the warm summer air. Beyond the bridge a vein of the river, led underground, gushes forth as a profuse fountain under an arch of masonry; and here a number of people were collected to wash and to draw water. One of the girls, who gave us to drink, refused to accept a proffered coin, until a countryman who was looking on said, "You should take it, since the lady wishes it." A few paces farther a second bridge crosses the Restonica, which has its source in some small lakes near the summit of Monte Rotondo. Its volume of water appeared to me to be quite equal to that of the Tavignano.

The two rivers meet in a rocky glen a quarter of a mile below the town; and thither we wandered in the afternoon, through the shade of superb chestnut-trees. From this, as from every other point in the neighborhood, the views are charming. There is no threat of malaria in the pure mountain air; the trees are of richest foliage, the water is transparent beryl, and the pleasant, communicative people one meets impress one with a sense of their honest simplicity. We wandered around Corte, surrendering ourselves to the influences of the scenery and its associations, and entirely satisfied with both.

Towards evening we climbed the hill by an easier path, which brought us upon the crest of a ridge connecting the citadel-rock with the nearest mountains. Directly before us opened the gorge of the Tavignano, with a bridle-path notched along its almost precipitous sides. A man who had been sitting idly on a rock, with a pipe in his mouth, came up, and stood beside me. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the bridle-path, — "yonder is the road to the land of Niolo. If you follow that, you will come to a forest that is four hours long. The old General Arrighi — the Duke of Padua, you know — travelled it some years ago, and I was his guide. I see you are strangers; you ought to see the land of Niolo. It is not so rich as Corte here; but then the forests and the lakes, — ah, they are fine!"

Presently the man's wife joined us, and we sat down together, and gossiped for half an hour. They gave us the receipt for making *broccio*, a kind of Corsican curd, or junket, which we had tasted at the hotel, and found delicious. I also learned from them many details of the country life of the island. They, like all the Corsicans with whom I came in contact, were quite as ready to answer questions as to ask them. They are not so lively as the Italians, but more earnestly communicative, quick of apprehension, and gifted with a rude humor of their own. In Bastia I bought a volume of *Pruverbj Corse*, which contains more than three thousand proverbs peculiar to the island, many of them exceedingly witty and clever. I quote a single one as a specimen of the dialect: —

> "Da gattivu calzu un ne piglià magliolu,
> Male u babbu e pegghiu u figliolu."

During our talk I asked the pair, "Do you still have the vendetta in this neighborhood?"

They both professed not to know what I meant by "vendetta," but I saw plainly enough that they understood the question. Finally the man said, rather impatiently, "There are a great many kinds of vendetta."

"I mean blood-revenge, — assassination, — murder."

His hesitation to speak about the matter disappeared as mysteriously as it came. (Was there, perhaps, a stain upon his own hand?) "O," he answered, "that is all at an end. I can remember when five persons were killed in a day in Corte, and when a man could not travel from here to Ajaccio without risking his life. But now we have neither murders nor robberies; all the roads are safe, the people live quietly, and the country everywhere is better than it was."

I noticed that the Corsicans are proud of the present Emperor on account of his parentage; but they have also some reason to be grateful to his government. He has done much to repair the neglect of his uncle. The work of Paoli has been performed over again; law and order prevail from the sea-shore to the highest herdsman's hut on Monte Rotondo; admirable roads traverse the island, schools have been established in all the villages, and the national spirit of the people is satisfied by having a semi-Corsican on the throne of France. I saw no evidence of discontent anywhere, nor need there be; for Europe has nearly reached the Corsican ideal of the last century, and the pride of the people may well repose for a while upon the annals of their heroic past.

It was a serious disappointment that

we were unable to visit Ajaccio and the Balagna. We could only fix the inspiring scenery of Corte in our memories, and so make its historical associations vital and enduring. There was no other direct way of returning to Bastia than the road by which we came; but it kept a fresh interest for us. The conductor of the diligence was one of the liveliest fellows living, and entertained us with innumerable stories; and at the station of Omessa we met with a character so original that I wish I could record every word he said.

The man looked more like a Yankee than any Italian I had seen for six months. He presented the conductor with what appeared to be a bank-note for one thousand francs; but it proved to be issued by the "Bank of Content," and entitled the holder to live a thousand years. Happiness was the president, and Temperance the cashier.

"I am a director of the bank," said the disseminator of the notes, addressing the passengers and a group of countrymen, "and I can put you all in the way of being stockholders. But you must first bring testimonials. Four are required, — one religious, one medical, one legal, and one domestic. What must they be? Listen, and I will tell. Religious, — from a priest, vouching for four things: that you have never been baptized, never preached, don't believe in the Pope, and are not afraid of the Devil. Medical, — from a doctor, that you have had the measles, that your teeth are sound, that you are not flatulent, and that he has never given you medicine. Legal, — from a lawyer, that you have never been accused of theft, that you mind your own business, and that you have never employed him. Domestic, — from your wife, that you don't lift the lids of the kitchen pots, walk in your sleep, or lose the keyhole of your door! There! can any one of you bring me these certificates?"

The auditors, who had roared with laughter during the speech, became suddenly grave, — which emboldened the man to ply them with other and sharper questions. Our departure cut short the scene; but I heard the conductor laughing on his box for a league farther.

At Ponte alla Leccia we breakfasted on trout, and, speeding down the grand and lonely valley of the Golo, reached Bastia towards evening. As we steamed out of the little harbor the next day we took the words of our friend Gregorovius, and made them ours: —

"Year after year, thy slopes of olives hoar
Give oil, thy vineyards still their bounty pour!
Thy maize on golden meadows ripen well,
And let the sun thy curse of blood dispel,
Till down each vale and on each mountain-side
The stains of thy heroic blood be dried!
Thy sons be like their fathers, strong and sure,
Thy daughters as thy mountain rivers pure,
And still thy granite crags between them stand
And all corruptions of the older land.
Fair isle, farewell! thy virtues shall not sleep;
Thy fathers' valor shall their children keep,
That ne'er this taunt to thee the stranger cast, —
Thy heroes were but fables of the Past!"

THE HARVESTER.

MY harvest strews the white sea-sand;
The storm-wind is my scythe and flail;
Though skies be dark, and wild the strand,
My harvests never fail.

I roam at large in greener fields,
Where clover-beds are smoothly mown,
And learn my bitter fruitage yields
A glory all its own.

I need not pray fair wind and showers,
Nor long for white or purple bloom;
The tempest brings me varied flowers,
Torn from the deep sea's womb.

Dark is their hue to others' eye,
And shattered is their plumy head;
I only know for life they die,
And live for others, dead.

KENTUCKY'S GHOST.

TRUE? Every syllable.

That was a very fair yarn of yours, Tom Brown, very fair for a landsman, but I 'll bet you a doughnut I can beat it; and all on the square too, as I say, — which is more, if I don't mistake, than you could take oath to. Not to say that I never stretched my yarn a little on the fo'castle in my younger days, like the rest of 'em; but what with living under roofs so long past, and a call from the parson regular in strawberry time, and having to do the flogging consequent on the inakkeracies of statement follering on the growing up of six boys, a man learns to trim his words a little, Tom, and no mistake. It 's very much as it is with the talk of the sea growing strange to you from hearing nothing but lubbers who don't know a mizzen-mast from a church-steeple.

It was somewhere about twenty years ago last October, if I recollect fair, that we were laying in for that particular trip to Madagascar. I 've done that little voyage to Madagascar when the sea was like so much burning oil, and the sky like so much burning brass, and the fo'castle as nigh a hell as ever fo'castle was in a calm; I 've done it when we came sneaking into port with nigh about every spar gone and pumps going night and day; and I 've done it with a drunken captain, on starvation rations, — duff that a dog on land would n't have touched and two teaspoonfuls of water to the day, — but someways or other, of all the times we headed for the East Shore I don't seem to remember any quite as distinct as this.

We cleared from Long Wharf in the ship Madonna, — which they tell me

means, My Lady, and a pretty name it was; it was apt to give me that gentle kind of feeling when I spoke it, which is surprising when you consider what a dull old hull she was, never logging over ten knots, and oncertain at that. It may have been because of Moll's coming down once in a while in the days that we lay at dock, bringing the boy with her, and sitting up on deck in a little white apron, knitting. She was a very good-looking woman, was my wife in those days, and I felt proud of her, — natural, with the lads looking on.

"Molly," I used to say, sometimes, — "Molly Madonna!"

"Nonsense!" says she, giving a clack to her needles, — pleased enough though, I warrant you, and turning a very pretty pink about the cheeks for a four-years' wife. Seeing as how she was always a lady to me, and a true one, and a gentle, though she was n't much at manners or book-learning, and though I never gave her a silk gown in her life, she was quite content, you see, and so was I.

I used to speak my thought about the name sometimes, when the lads were n't particularly noisy, but they laughed at me mostly. I was rough enough and bad enough in those days; as rough as the rest, and as bad as the rest, I suppose, but yet I seemed to have my notions a little different from the others. "Jake's poetry," they called 'em.

We were loading for the East Shore trade, as I said, did n't I? There is n't much of the genuine, old-fashioned trade left in these days, except the whiskey branch, which will be brisk, I take it, till the Malagasy carry the prohibitory law by a large majority in both houses. We had a little whiskey in the hold, I remember, that trip, with a good stock of knives, red flannel, hand-saws, nails, and cotton. We were hoping to be at home again within the year. We were well provisioned, and Dodd, — he was the cook, — Dodd made about as fair coffee as you 're likely to find in the galley of a trader. As for our officers, when I say the less said of them the better, it ain't so much that I mean to be disrespectful as that I mean to put it tenderly. Officers in the merchant service, especially if it happens to be the African service, are brutal men quite as often as they ain't. At least, that 's my experience; and when some of your great ship-owners argue the case with me, — as I 'm free to say they have done before now, — I say, "That 's *my* experience, sir," which is all I 've got to say; brutal men, and about as fit for their positions as if they 'd been imported for the purpose a little indirect from Davy Jones's Locker. Though they do say that the flogging is pretty much done away with in these days, which makes a difference.

Sometimes on a sunshiny afternoon, when the muddy water showed a little muddier than usual, on account of the clouds being the color of silver, and all the air the color of gold, when the oily barrels were knocking about on the wharves, and the smells were strong from the fish-houses, and the men shouted and the mates swore, and our baby ran about deck a-play with everybody, — he was a cunning little chap with red stockings and bare knees, and the lads took quite a shine to him, — "Jake," his mother would say, with a little sigh, — low, so that the captain never heard, — "think if it was *him* gone away for a year in company the like of that!"

Then she would drop her shining needles, and call the little fellow back sharp, and catch him up into her arms.

Go into the keeping-room there, Tom, and ask her all about it. Bless you! she remembers those days at dock better than I do. She could tell you to this hour the color of my shirt, and how long my hair was, and what I ate, and how I looked, and what I said. I did n't generally swear so thick when she was about.

Well; we weighed, along the last of the month, in pretty good spirits. The Madonna was as stanch and seaworthy as any eight-hundred-tonner in the harbor, if she was clumsy; we turned in, some sixteen of us or thereabouts, into

the fo'castle,—a jolly set, mostly old messmates, and well content with one another; and the breeze was stiff from the west, with a fair sky.

The night before we were off, Molly and I took a walk upon the wharves after supper. I carried the baby. A boy, sitting on some boxes, pulled my sleeve as we went by, and asked me, pointing to the Madonna, if I would tell him the name of the ship.

"Find out for yourself," said I, not over-pleased to be interrupted.

"Don't be cross to him," says Molly. The baby threw a kiss at the boy, and Molly smiled at him through the dark. I don't suppose I should ever have remembered the lubber from that day to this, except that I liked the looks of Molly smiling at him through the dark.

My wife and I said good by the next morning in a little sheltered place among the lumber on the wharf; she was one of your women who never like to do their crying before folks.

She climbed on the pile of lumber and sat down, a little flushed and quivery, to watch us off. I remember seeing her there with the baby till we were well down the channel. I remember noticing the bay as it grew cleaner, and thinking that I would break off swearing; and I remember cursing Bob Smart like a pirate within an hour.

The breeze held steadier than we 'd looked for, and we 'd made a good offing and discharged the pilot by nightfall. Mr. Whitmarsh—he was the mate—was aft with the captain. The boys were singing a little; the smell of the coffee was coming up, hot and homelike, from the galley. I was up in the maintop, I forget what for, when all at once there came a cry and a shout; and, when I touched deck, I saw a crowd around the fore-hatch.

"What 's all this noise for?" says Mr. Whitmarsh, coming up and scowling.

"A stow-away, sir! A boy stowed away!" said Bob, catching the officer's tone quick enough. Bob always tested the wind well, when a storm was brewing. He jerked the poor fellow out of the hold, and pushed him along to the mate's feet.

I say "poor fellow," and you 'd never wonder why if you 'd seen as much of stowing away as I have.

I 'd as lief see a son of mine in a Carolina slave-gang as to see him lead the life of a stow-away. What with the officers from feeling that they 've been taken in, and the men, who catch their cue from their superiors, and the spite of the lawful boy who hired in the proper way, he don't have what you may call a tender time.

This chap was a little fellow, slight for his years, which might have been fifteen, I take it. He was palish, with a jerk of thin hair on his forehead. He was hungry, and homesick, and frightened. He looked about on all our faces, and then he cowered a little, and lay still just as Bob had thrown him.

"We—ell," says Whitmarsh, very slow, "if you don't repent your bargain before you go ashore, my fine fellow, —— me, if I 'm mate of the Madonna! and take that for your pains!"

Upon that he kicks the poor little lubber from quarter-deck to bowsprit, or nearly, and goes down to his supper. The men laugh a little, then they whistle a little, then they finish their song quite gay and well acquainted, with the coffee steaming away in the galley. Nobody has a word for the boy,—bless you, no!

I 'll venture he would n't have had a mouthful that night if it had not been for me; and I can't say as I should have bothered myself about him, if it had not come across me sudden, while he sat there rubbing his eyes quite violent, with his face to the west'ard (the sun was setting reddish), that I had seen the lad before; then I remembered walking on the wharves, and him on the box, and Molly saying softly that I was cross to him.

Seeing that my wife had smiled at him, and my baby thrown a kiss at him, it went against me, you see, not to

look after the little rascal a bit that night.

"But you 've got no business here, you know," said I; "nobody wants you."

"I wish I was ashore!" said he, — "I wish I was ashore!"

With that he begins to rub his eyes so very violent that I stopped. There was good stuff in him too; for he choked and winked at me, and did it all up about the sun on the water and a cold in the head as well as I could myself just about.

I don't know whether it was on account of being taken a little notice of that night, but the lad always kind of hung about me afterwards; chased me round with his eyes in a way he had, and did odd jobs for me without the asking.

One night before the first week was out, he hauled alongside of me on the windlass. I was trying a new pipe (and a very good one, too), so I did n't give him much notice for a while.

"You did this job up shrewd, Kent," said I, by and by; "how did you steer in?" — for it did not often happen that the Madonna got fairly out of port with a boy unbeknown in her hold.

"Watch was drunk; I crawled down ahind the whiskey. It was hot, you bet, and dark. I lay and thought how hungry I was," says he.

"Friends at home?" says I.

Upon that he gives me a nod, very short, and gets up and walks off whistling.

The first Sunday out, that chap did n't know any more what to do with himself than a lobster just put on to boil. Sunday 's cleaning day at sea, you know. The lads washed up, and sat round, little knots of them, mending their trousers. Bob got out his cards. Me and a few mates took it comfortable under the to'gallant fo'castle (I being on watch below), reeling off the stiffest yarns we had in tow. Kent looked on at euchre awhile, then listened to us awhile, then walked about oneasy.

By and by says Bob, "Look over there, — spry!" and there was Kent, sitting curled away in a heap under the stern of the long-boat. He had a book. Bob crawls behind and snatches it up, unbeknown, out of his hands; then he falls to laughing as if he would strangle, and gives the book a toss to me. It was a bit of Testament, black and old. There was writing on the yellow leaf, this way: —

"Kentucky Hodge.
"from his Affecshunate mother who prays, For you evry day, Amen."

The boy turned fust red, then white, and straightened up quite sudden, but he never said a word, only sat down again and let us laugh it out. I 've lost my reckoning if he ever heard the last of it. He told me one day how he came by the name, but I forget exactly. Something about an old fellow — uncle, I believe — as died in Kentucky, and the name was moniment-like, you see. He used to seem cut up a bit about it at first, for the lads took to it famously; but he got used to it in a week or two, and, seeing as they meant him no unkindness, took it quite cheery.

One other thing I noticed was that he never had the book about after that. He fell into our ways next Sunday more easy.

They don't take the Bible just the way you would, Tom, — as a general thing, sailors don't; though I will say that I never saw the man at sea who did n't give it the credit of being an uncommon good yarn.

But I tell you, Tom Brown, I felt sorry for that boy. It 's punishment bad enough for a little scamp like him leaving the honest shore, and folks to home that were a bit tender of him maybe, to rough it on a trader, learning how to slush down a back-stay, or tie reef-points with frozen fingers in a snow-squall.

But that 's not the worst of it, by no means. If ever there was a cold-blooded, cruel man, with a wicked eye and a fist like a mallet, it was Job Whitmarsh, taken at his best. And I believe, of all the trips I 've taken, him being mate of the Madonna, Kentucky found him at

his worst. Bradley — that 's the second mate — was none too gentle in his ways, you may be sure; but he never held a candle to Mr. Whitmarsh. He took a spite to the boy from the first, and he kept it on a steady strain to the last, right along, just about so.

I 've seen him beat that boy till the blood ran down in little pools on deck; then send him up, all wet and red, to clear the to'sail halliards; and when, what with the pain and faintness, he dizzied a little, and clung to the ratlines, half blind, he would have him down and flog him till the cap'n interfered, — which would happen occasionally on a fair day when he had taken just enough to be good-natured. He used to rack his brains for the words he slung at the boy working quiet enough beside him. It was odd, now, the talk he would get off. Bob Smart could n't any more come up to it than I could: we used to try sometimes, but we had to give in always. If curses had been a marketable article, Whitmarsh would have taken out his patent and made his fortune by inventing of them, new and ingenious. Then he used to kick the lad down the fo'castle ladder; he used to work him, sick or well, as he would n't have worked a dray-horse; he used to chase him all about deck at the rope's end; he used to mast-head him for hours on the stretch; he used to starve him out in the hold. It did n't come in my line to be over-tender, but I turned sick at heart, Tom, more times than one, looking on helpless, and me a great stout fellow.

I remember now — don't know as I 've thought of it for twenty years — a thing McCallum said one night; McCallum was Scotch, — an old fellow with gray hair; told the best yarns on the fo'castle always.

"Mark my words, shipmates," says he, "when Job Whitmarsh's time comes to go as straight to hell as Judas, that boy will bring his summons. Dead or alive, that boy will bring his summons."

One day I recollect especial that the lad was sick with fever on him, and took to his hammock. Whitmarsh drove him on deck, and ordered him aloft. I was standing near by, trimming the spanker. Kentucky staggered for'ard a little and sat down. There was a rope's-end there, knotted three times. The mate struck him.

"I 'm very weak, sir," says he.

He struck him again. He struck him twice more. The boy fell over a little, and lay where he fell.

I don't know what ailed me, but all of a sudden I seemed to be lying off Long Wharf, with the clouds the color of silver, and the air the color of gold, and Molly in a white apron with her shining needles, and the baby a-play in his red stockings about the deck.

"Think if it was him!" says she, or she seems to say, — "think if it was *him!*"

And the next I knew I 'd let slip my tongue in a jiffy, and given it to the mate that furious and onrespectful as I 'll wager Whitmarsh never got before. And the next I knew after that they had the irons on me.

"Sorry about that, eh?" said he, the day before they took 'em off.

"*No*, sir," says I. And I never was. Kentucky never forgot that. I had helped him occasional in the beginning, — learned him how to veer and haul a brace, let go or belay a sheet, — but let him alone generally speaking, and went about my own business. That week in irons I really believe the lad never forgot.

One time — it was on a Saturday night, and the mate had been oncommon furious that week — Kentucky turned on him, very pale and slow (I was up in the mizzen-top, and heard him quite distinct).

"Mr. Whitmarsh," says he, — "Mr. Whitmarsh," — he draws his breath in, — "Mr. Whitmarsh," — three times, — "you 've got the power and you know it, and so do the gentlemen who put you here; and I 'm only a stow-away boy, and things are all in a tangle, but *you 'll be sorry yet for every time you 've laid your hands on me!*"

He had n't a pleasant look about the eyes either, when he said it.

Fact was, that first month on the Madonna had done the lad no good. He had a surly, sullen way with him, some'at like what I 've seen about a chained dog. At the first, his talk had been clean as my baby's, and he would blush like any girl at Bob Smart's stories; but he got used to Bob, and pretty good, in time, at small swearing.

I don't think I should have noticed it so much if it had not been for seeming to see Molly, and the sun, and the knitting-needles, and the child upon the deck, and hearing of it over, "Think if it was *him!*" Sometimes on a Sunday night I used to think it was a pity. Not that I was any better than the rest, except so far as the married men are always steadier. Go through any crew the sea over, and it is the lads who have homes of their own and little children in 'em as keep the straightest.

Sometimes, too, I used to take a fancy that I could have listened to a word from a parson, or a good brisk psalm-tune, and taken it in very good part. A year is a long pull for twenty-five men to be becalmed with each other and the devil. I don't set up to be pious myself, but I 'm not a fool, and I know that if we 'd had so much as one officer aboard who feared God and kept his commandments, we should have been the better men for it. It 's very much with religion as it is with cayenne pepper, — if it 's there, you know it.

If you had your ships on the sea by the dozen, you 'd bethink you of that. Bless you, Tom! if you were in Rome you 'd do as the Romans do. You 'd have your ledgers, and your children, and your churches and Sunday schools, and freed niggers, and 'lections, and what not, and never stop to think whether the lads that sailed your ships across the world had souls, or not — and be a good sort of man too. That 's the way of the world. Take it easy, Tom, — take it easy.

Well, things went along just about so with us till we neared the Cape. It 's not a pretty place, the Cape, on a winter's voyage. I can't say as I ever was what you may call scar't after the first time rounding it, but it 's not a pretty place.

I don't seem to remember much about Kent along there till there come a Friday at the first of December. It was a still day, with a little haze, like white sand sifted across a sunbeam on a kitchen table. The lad was quiet-like all day, chasing me about with his eyes.

"Sick?" says I.

"No," says he.

"Whitmarsh drunk?" says I.

"No," says he.

A little after dark I was lying on a coil of ropes, napping it. The boys were having the Bay of Biscay quite lively, and I waked up on the jump in the choruses. Kent came up while they were telling

> "How she lay
> On that day
> In the *Bay* of Biscay O!"

He was not singing. He sat down beside me, and first I thought I would n't trouble myself about him, and then I thought I would.

So I opens one eye at him encouraging. He crawls up a little closer to me. It was rather dark where we sat, with a great greenish shadow dropping from the mainsail. The wind was up a little, and the light at helm looked flickery and red.

"Jake," says he all at once, "where 's your mother?"

"In — heaven!" says I, all taken aback; and if ever I came nigh what you might call a little disrespect to your mother it was on that occasion, from being taken so aback.

"Oh!" said he. "Got any women-folks to home that miss you?" asks he, by and by.

Said I, "Should n't wonder."

After that he sits still a little with his elbows on his knees; then he speers at me sidewise awhile; then said he,

"I s'pose *I* 've got a mother to home. I ran away from her."

This, mind you, is the first time he has ever spoke about his folks since he came aboard.

"She was asleep down in the south chamber," says he. "I got out the window. There was one white shirt she 'd made for meetin' and such. I 've never worn it out here. I had n't the heart. It has a collar and some cuffs, you know. She had a headache making of it. She 's been follering me round all day, a sewing on that shirt. When I come in she would look up bright-like and smiling. Father 's dead. There ain't anybody but me. All day long she 's been follering of me round."

So then he gets up, and joins the lads, and tries to sing a little; but he comes back very still and sits down. We could see the flickery light upon the boys' faces, and on the rigging, and on the cap'n, who was damning the bo'sen a little aft.

"Jake," says he, quite low, "look here. I 've been thinking. Do you reckon there 's a chap here — just one, perhaps — who 's said his prayers since he came aboard?"

"*No!*" said I, quite short: for I 'd have bet my head on it.

I can remember, as if it was this morning, just how the question sounded, and the answer. I can't seem to put it into words how it came all over me. The wind was turning brisk, and we 'd just eased her with a few reefs; Bob Smart, out furling the flying jib, got soaked; me and the boy sitting silent, were spattered. I remember watching the curve of the great swells, mahogany color, with the tip of white, and thinking how like it was to a big creature hissing and foaming at the mouth, and thinking all at once something about Him holding of the sea in a balance, and not a word bespoke to beg his favor respectful since we weighed our anchor, and the cap'n yonder calling on Him just that minute to send the Madonna to the bottom, if the bo'sen had n't disobeyed his orders about the squaring of the after-yards.

"'From his Affecshunate mother who prays, For you evry day, Amen,'" whispers Kentucky, presently, very soft. "The book 's tore up. Mr. Whitmarsh wadded his old gun with it. But I remember."

Then said he: "It 's 'most bedtime to home. She 's setting in a little rocking-chair, — a green one. There 's a fire, and the dog. She sets all by herself."

Then he begins again: "She has to bring in her own wood now. There 's a gray ribbon on her cap. When she goes to meetin' she wears a gray bunnet. She 's drawed the curtains and the door is locked. But she thinks I 'll be coming home sorry some day, — I 'm sure she thinks I 'll be coming home sorry."

Just then there comes the order: "Port watch ahoy! Tumble up there lively!" so I turns out, and the lad turns in, and the night settles down a little black, and my hands and head are full. Next day it blows a clean, all but a bank of gray, very thin and still, — about the size of that cloud you see through the side window, Tom, — which lay just abeam of us.

The sea, I thought, looked like a great purple pin-cushion, with a mast or two stuck in on the horizon for the pins. "Jake's poetry," the boys said that was.

By noon that little gray bank had grown up thick, like a wall. By sundown the cap'n let his liquor alone, and kept the deck. By night we were in chop-seas, with a very ugly wind.

"Steer small, there!" cries Whitmarsh, growing hot about the face, — for we made a terribly crooked wake, with a broad sheer, and the old hull strained heavily, — "steer small there, I tell you! Mind your eye now, McCallum, with your foresail! Furl the royals! Send down the royals! Cheerily, men! Where 's that lubber Kent? Up with you, lively now!"

Kentucky sprang for'ard at the order, then stopped short. Anybody as knows a royal from an anchor would n't have blamed the lad. I 'll take oath

to 't it 's no play for an old tar, stout and full in size, sending down the royals in a gale like that; let alone a boy of fifteen year on his first voyage.

But the mate takes to swearing (it would have turned a parson faint to hear him), and Kent shoots away up, — the great mast swinging like a pendulum to and fro, and the reef-points snapping, and the blocks creaking, and the sails flapping to that extent as you would n't consider possible unless you 'd been before the mast yourself. It reminded me of evil birds I 've read of, that stun a man with their wings; strike *you* to the bottom, Tom, before you could say Jack Robinson.

Kent stuck bravely as far as the cross-trees. There he slipped and struggled and clung in the dark and noise awhile, then comes sliding down the back-stay.

"I 'm not afraid, sir," says he; "but I cannot do it."

For answer Whitmarsh takes to the rope's-end. So Kentucky is up again, and slips and struggles and clings again, and then lays down again.

At this the men begin to grumble a little, low.

"Will you kill the lad?" said I. I get a blow for my pains, that sends me off my feet none too easy; and when I rub the stars out of my eyes the boy is up again, and the mate behind him with the rope. Whitmarsh stopped when he 'd gone far enough. The lad climbed on. Once he looked back. He never opened his lips; he just looked back. If I 've seen him once since, in my thinking, I 've seen him twenty times, — up in the shadow of the great gray wings, a looking back.

After that there was only a cry, and a splash, and the Madonna racing along with the gale twelve knots. If it had been the whole crew overboard, she could never have stopped for them that night.

"Well," said the cap'n, "you 've done it now."

Whitmarsh turns his back.

By and by, when the wind fell, and the hurry was over, and I had the time to think a steady thought, being in the morning watch, I seemed to see the old lady in the gray bunnet setting by the fire. And the dog. And the green rocking-chair. And the front door, with the boy walking in on a sunny afternoon to take her by surprise.

Then I remember leaning over to look down, and wondering if the lad were thinking of it too, and what had happened to him now, these two hours back, and just about where he was, and how he liked his new quarters, and many other strange and curious things.

And while I sat there thinking, the Sunday-morning stars cut through the clouds, and the solemn Sunday-morning light began to break upon the sea.

We had a quiet run of it, after that, into port, where we lay about a couple of months or so, trading off for a fair stock of palm-oil, ivory, and hides. The days were hot and purple and still. We had n't what you might call a blow, if I recollect accurate, till we rounded the Cape again, heading for home.

We were rounding that Cape again, heading for home, when that happened which you may believe me or not, as you take the notion, Tom; though why a man who can swallow Daniel and the lion's den, or take down t' other chap who lived three days comfortable into the inside of a whale, should make faces at what I 've got to tell I can't see.

It was just about the spot that we lost the boy that we fell upon the worst gale of the trip. It struck us quite sudden. Whitmarsh was a little high. He was n't apt to be drunk in a gale, if it gave him warning sufficient.

Well, you see, there must be somebody to furl the main-royal again, and he pitched onto McCallum. McCallum had n't his beat for fighting out the royal in a blow.

So he piled away lively, up to the to'-sail yard. There, all of a sudden, he stopped. Next we knew he was down like heat-lightning.

His face had gone very white.

"What's to pay with *you?*" roared Whitmarsh.

Said McCallum, "*There's somebody up there, sir.*"

Screamed Whitmarsh, "You're gone an idiot!"

Said McCallum, very quiet and distinct: "There's somebody up there, sir. I saw him quite plain. He saw me. I called up. He called down; says he, '*Don't you come up!*' and hang me if I'll stir a step for you or any other man to-night!"

I never saw the face of any man alive go the turn that mate's face went. If he would n't have relished knocking the Scotchman dead before his eyes, I've lost my guess. Can't say what he would have done to the old fellow, if there 'd been any time to lose.

He 'd the sense left to see there was n't overmuch, so he orders out Bob Smart direct.

Bob goes up steady, with a quid in his cheek and a cool eye. Half-way amid to'-sail and to'-gallant he stops, and down he comes, spinning.

"Be drowned if there ain't!" said he. "He's sitting square upon the yard. I never see the boy Kentucky, if he is n't sitting on that yard. '*Don't you come up!*' he cries out,—'*don't you come up!*'"

"Bob's drunk, and McCallum's a fool!" said Jim Welch, standing by. So Welch wolunteers up, and takes Jaloffe with him. They were a couple of the coolest hands aboard,—Welch and Jaloffe. So up they goes, and down they comes like the rest, by the back-stays, by the run.

"He beckoned of me back!" says Welch. "He hollered not to come up! not to come up!"

After that there was n't a man of us would stir aloft, not for love nor money.

Well, Whitmarsh he stamped, and he swore, and he knocked us about furious; but we sat and looked at one another's eyes, and never stirred. Something cold, like a frost-bite, seemed to crawl along from man to man, looking into one another's eyes.

"I'll shame ye all, then, for a set of cowardly lubbers!" cries the mate; and what with the anger and the drink he was as good as his word, and up the ratlines in a twinkle.

In a flash we were after him,—he was our officer, you see, and we felt ashamed,—me at the head, and the lads following after.

I got to the futtock shrouds, and there I stopped, for I saw him myself,—a palish boy, with a jerk of thin hair on his forehead; I 'd have known him anywhere in this world or t' other. I saw him just as distinct as I see you, Tom Brown, sitting on that yard quite steady with the royal flapping like to flap him off.

I reckon I 've had as much experience fore and aft, in the course of fifteen years aboard, as any man that ever tied a reef-point in a nor'easter; but I never saw a sight like that, not before nor since.

I won't say that I did n't wish myself well on deck; but I will say that I stuck to the shrouds, and looked on steady.

Whitmarsh, swearing that that royal should be furled, went on and went up.

It was after that I heard the voice. It came straight from the figure of the boy upon the upper yard.

But this time it says, "*Come up! Come up!*" And then, a little louder, "*Come up! Come up! Come up!*" So he goes up, and next I knew there was a cry,—and next a splash,—and then I saw the royal flapping from the empty yard, and the mate was gone, and the boy.

Job Whitmarsh was never seen again, alow or aloft, that night or ever after.

I was telling the tale to our parson this summer,—he 's a fair-minded chap, the parson, in spite of a little natural leaning to strawberries, which I always take in very good part,—and he turned it about in his mind some time.

"If it was the boy," says he,—"and I can't say as I see any reason especial why it should n't have been,—I 've been wondering what his spiritooal condition was. A soul in hell,"—the parson believes in hell, I take it, because he

can't help himself; but he has that solemn, tender way of preaching it as makes you feel he would n't have so much as a chicken get there if he could help it, — "a lost soul," says the parson (I don't know as I get the words exact), — "a soul that has gone and been and got there of its own free will and choosing would be as like as not to haul another soul alongside if he could. Then again, if the mate's time had come, you see, and his chances were over, why, that 's the will of the Lord, and it 's hell for him whichever side of death he is, and nobody's fault but hisn; and the boy might be in the good place, and do the errand all the same. That 's just about it, Brown," says he. "A man goes his own gait, and, if he won't go to heaven, he *won't*, and the good God himself can't help it. He throws the shining gates all open wide, and he never shut them on any poor fellow as would have entered in, and he never, never will."

Which I thought was sensible of the parson, and very prettily put.

There 's Molly frying flapjacks now, and flapjacks won't wait for no man, you know, no more than time and tide, else I should have talked till midnight, very like, to tell the time we made on that trip home, and how green the harbor looked a sailing up, and of Molly and the baby coming down to meet me in a little boat that danced about (for we cast a little down the channel), and how she climbed up a laughing and a crying all to once, about my neck, and how the boy had grown, and how when he ran about the deck (the little shaver had his first pair of boots on that very afternoon) I bethought me of the other time, and of Molly's words, and of the lad we 'd left behind us in the purple days.

Just as we were hauling up, I says to my wife: "Who 's that old lady setting there upon the lumber, with a gray bunnet, and a gray ribbon on her cap?"

For there was an old lady there, and I saw the sun all about her, and all on the blazing yellow boards, and I grew a little dazed and dazzled.

"I don't know," said Molly, catching onto me a little close. "She comes there every day. They say she sits and watches for her lad as ran away."

So then I seemed to know, as well as ever I knew afterwards, who it was. And I thought of the dog. And the green rocking-chair. And the book that Whitmarsh wadded his old gun with. And the front door, with the boy a walking in.

So we three went up the wharf, — Molly and the baby and me, — and sat down beside her on the yellow boards. I can't remember rightly what I said, but I remember her sitting silent in the sunshine till I had told her all there was to tell.

"*Don't* cry!" says Molly, when I got through, — which it was the more surprising of Molly, considering as she was doing the crying all to herself. The old lady never cried, you see. She sat with her eyes wide open under her gray bunnet, and her lips a moving. After a while I made it out what it was she said: "The only son — of his mother — and she — "

By and by she gets up, and goes her ways, and Molly and I walk home together, with our little boy between us.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

If, Yes, and Perhaps. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

IT is one of the sad offices of criticism oftentimes to say self-evident things, to discover obvious facts, to enforce undisputed opinions. We had an idea of referring to Mr. Hale as a most charming writer, with a gift of invention so original that it might almost be pronounced novel, and a *verve* and spirit that we do not know exactly where to match; but it has occurred to us that this can scarcely be a secret to the readers of the Atlantic; and we own that we should be very glad to let his little book speak for itself, except that we do not allow any one but the Reviewer to repeat himself in these pages, from which Mr. Hale has taken some of the best things in the present volume. Our readers need only to be reminded of "My Double, and how he undid me," "The Man without a Country," "The Last of the Florida," to be able to form a just notion of the quality of this collection, which includes papers from various sources, and of such remote dates as 1842, 1851, and 1852; and he need only look over the earliest of these — "The South American Editor" — in order to see how real a gift is Mr. Hale's extraordinary power of utilizing the improbable, and of turning exaggeration to the best and pleasantest account. The charm in his things is — as nearly as we can get at it — that the characters, in no matter what absurdity of attitude or situation they find themselves, always act in the most probable manner; the plot is as bizarre or grotesque as you like, but the people are all true to nature, and are exactly our friends and neighbors, or what our friends and neighbors would be if they were a little livelier. The Rev. Frederick Ingham and his man Dennis, so wildly fantastic in their relation to each other, are never anything but New England clergyman and Irishman in themselves; Philip Nolan, amidst all the sad impossibilities of his fate, was so veritable a man, that many have claimed to know his history apart from Mr. Hale's narrative. You have granted the author's preposterous premises almost before he asks you, and thereafter he has you quite at his disposal; you are to laugh or sigh as he bids you, and not to concern yourself with the probable or improbable. Perhaps his peculiar gift is most skilfully employed in that lovely love-story, "The Children of the Public," in which every incident appears the most likely thing that could have happened — in the circumstances. Carter is so truly and thoroughly an honest-hearted young adventurer, come to New York to attend the distribution of Mr. Burrham's cyclopædias, and Fausta — cast upon his poverty and ignorance by the theft of her trunk and all her money, and the address of the lady she is come to visit — is so sweetly and naturally trustful of him and fate, that it does not seem in the least strange that they should dine and sup together for six cents, should while away their time on the streets, in hotel parlors, and public libraries till night, and should sleep at the public charge, — she in a church-pew, and he in a station-house, — or should next day both draw prizes in Mr. Burrham's gift enterprise, and get married shortly. You do not perceive till the end that these events belong, perhaps, to the range of fact, but not to that of probability; and the interest of the pretty love-story is so artfully thrown over all, that you do not understand at first what a lesson in modern civilization you have been taking. On the whole, though this paper lacks the daring and delightful humor of "My Double, and how he undid me," we are inclined to rank it first among those in the book, which is rating it very high. In some of the others, the conception being not so happy, the art is less, and the artifice is more: in "The Skeleton in the Closet" the construction is felt almost unpleasantly, — even the humor of it does not save it from being a little *scadente*. "A Piece of Possible History," in which Homer and David are brought together, and "The Old and the New, Face to Face," in which Paul and Seneca are confronted, are not strongly wrought; but "Christmas Waits in Boston" is a very charming bit of cheerful and ingenious suggestion and invention.

Mr. Hale, indeed, after Dr. Holmes, is

the writer the most deeply imbued with local colors and flavors. His experience, no less than his taste, is such as to make him know Boston character to the core, and his people are nearly always Bostonian. It is quite the same whether they live in Richmond or Naguadavick; and this peculiarity, of which the author is doubtless as perfectly conscious as any other, enhances the unique and delightful ideality of all the sketches.

Familiar Quotations: being an Attempt to Trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. By JOHN BARTLETT. Fifth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

WE think this book may be accurately described as the book with which it is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. Every man has some passage of some author which, from long repetition and frequent quotation, he has come to consider a phrase in common use, and for him it is sufficient condemnation of Mr. Bartlett's work not to find in it that line from The Columbiad, or whatever. Besides, the field of literature being so vast, it might well happen that phrases really in common use have been now and then omitted from the collection, which, being vainly sought there, appear the only quotations worth remembering. We confess that we imagine this case, and that we have not tried to think of any one familiar quotation with the purpose of convicting Mr. Bartlett of its omission. He has had the help of Mr. Rezin A. Wright of New York, in editing the present edition, and has greatly enlarged it since the last issue of the work in 1863, through the researches of others interested in its completeness. He and his assistants must of course be the judges of the degree of use in which a quotation becomes familiar. Completeness, which in this compilation is the great *desideratum*, can only be attained by frequent revision and addition; but the editors of the book might do much to effect it by inviting contribution from every one who considers himself the proprietor or repository of a familiar quotation. A good deal of trash would thus be got together, but it would be worth going over.

In the mean time, the book is a peculiarly entertaining as well as useful one, and has much of the strange fascination belonging to unabridged dictionaries, which, we maintain, are more agreeable reading than most modern romances and poems constructed from them. If there is a certain pleasant novelty in seeing for the first time a familiar quotation in the circumstances where its creator placed it, there is also something interesting in looking on a famous passage, hitherto known with the context, as a quotation. It is a very trifling enjoyment, but it is well not to reject any sort of small delight; and the pursuit of this may lead one to some comparative observation of the amount of quotation from different authors in Mr. Bartlett's ingenious volume. The passages are arranged chronologically, beginning with Chaucer and ending with Lowell, and including familiar quotations from a few un-English sources, though these are exceptional. Naturally, Shakespeare has the largest place, — a hundred and eighteen pages; next to him is Milton, then Byron, then Pope, then Wordsworth, then Dryden, then Cowper, then Goldsmith. Humanity has given the first of these his great vogue in parlance; but moods, sentiments, and conditions have had much to do with the familiarity of the others in quotation, and it is curious to find Milton and Wordsworth just holding their own against Pope and Byron. Cowper, Goldsmith, and Dryden are almost equally quoted, though the latter is probably far less read; and Butler has furnished many weapons to those who never penetrated to his armory of wit, — or museum of armor as it has now well-nigh become.

Tennyson is first among quotation-bearing authors of our own time, and first after him is Longfellow, — neither being quoted at his best. We suppose it was in despair of representing Charles Dickens with any sort of adequacy that he was given only one page in this book. It is certain that he, more than any living author, — perhaps more than Shakespeare himself, — has supplied current phrases and expressions. He has, indeed, become so habitually quoted, that his phraseology has modified that of the whole English-speaking world, and his sayings are in every mouth; a book of "Familiar Quotations," conscious and unconscious, could be gathered from his romances alone.

The usefulness of Mr. Bartlett's volume is greatly enhanced by the very complete index of subjects, and by the appendix, containing proverbial sayings and expressions, as well as the most-quoted passages from the Bible and Prayer-Book.

The Ever-victorious Army: a History of the Chinese Campaign under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and of the Suppression of the Taiping Rebellion. By ANDREW WILSON. Blackwood and Sons: Edinburgh. 1868.

THE Taiping rebellion, which was imagined to be opening China to Christianity, and which promised at one time to revolutionize the empire, grew out of the contact with foreigners and the loss of Imperial prestige by collisions with England. The distress of the rebels hurled their armies upon the neighborhood of the European settlements, and compelled the English and French to fence them out from the neighborhood of Shanghai by force of arms. Before the American adventurer, Ward, had organized the little army which, under Gordon, gave the finishing stroke to the civil war, the Taipings had proved their incapacity to hold their conquests, or to substitute a better government for that which they would overthrow. Great bands of marauders had swept over the Flowery Land, and marked their progress in the night by the glare of burning villages, in the day by the smoke of consuming towns. When the pretender died, at the capture of Nanking, he must have felt that he had changed busy cities into heaps of ruin, fruitful fields into utter wilderness. The success of the Europeanized army led by Colonel Gordon, after the fall of General Ward at the capture of Tseki, was due to its compactness, alertness, and enterprise, — its steamers and its artillery, — its taking the initiative everywhere, — and the intuitive perception of its commanding officer. This remarkable man was no adventurer, but a regular officer of engineers, perfectly calm, thoroughly in earnest, and so absolutely disinterested, that he was discharged at his own request from the service poorer than when he entered. His genius multiplied his three thousand men tenfold without a commissariat; under a scorching sun, he burst through vast lines of fortification, utterly routed a relieving army of immense numbers, forced his steamers through every impediment; and displayed such gallantry to the resisting, and such mercy to the vanquished, such neglect of personal advantage, and such singular regard to the interests of the Imperial government, that the very highest honors the Chinese can bestow were heaped upon him.

No doubt this Taiping rebellion has worked for the development of China, and led remotely to the liberal measures by which it is now entering into commercial and fraternal relations with the rest of the world. It is a sad reality, however, that the multiplication of free ports does not affect the tea question favorably at first. Since the opening of the Chinese ports tea has deteriorated in quality and expanded in price; so that the third rates fifteen years ago were equal to the first quality now. The quantity demanded by commerce has doubled; the old trees have been plucked too freely, and the same kind is not only one half dearer than ever before, but is raised by the intense competition to a higher rate at times in China than in London. Still, this must be only temporary; trade inevitably finds a healthy level; and increase of international intercourse ameliorates the condition of the world at large.

The Opium-Habit, with Suggestions as to the Remedy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

NOTHING from this book appears more certain than that if the burnt child does dread the fire, he cannot keep out of it. It is the unburnt child who shuns it; and reform is for the most part confined to those who have not gone astray. In other words, the chief, if not the sole use of the book, which recounts in many experiences, and in the moving language of its victims, the horrible effects of the opium habit, is to terrify from its formation, not to persuade to its relinquishment. Yet even here the good to be done is of limited degree, if we are to believe, as the compilation teaches, that in most if not in all cases the opium habit is formed upon the physician's prescription; that the drug is rarely or never taken in the first or even second place for the delight it gives, but for the relief it affords from intense physical pain. The remedy seems to lie in the substitution of some other alleviative for opium, or in strict warning from the physician to his patient that he must never prescribe opium for himself. It is of course possible that, with the habit of deceit and self-deceit which opium-eating creates in its victims, they romance the beginning of their ruin, and that they take the drug more for pleasure than they allow in their confessions. Southey suspected this of Coleridge. But whatever is the cause of the opium habit, the effect is ineffably tragic, no doubt. This book, where

so many dreadful facts are grouped, is to be read with thrilling nerves, and the excitement is not to be allayed even by Mr. Ludlow's "What shall they do to be saved?" though if anything could soothe the reader, that gentleman's gift of making truth appear stronger than fiction would do it. There is very much in his letter, which ends the book, sketching the outlines of an opium-cure to be operated in an opium-eater's asylum, which must strike every one as very sensible; but every one is not a judge of this part of the business. Inveterate opium-eaters generally cannot be cured; their attempts at reformation end in death, if persevered in beyond the capacity to resume the habit, which if resumed duly kills. Among the cases here presented at less or greater length there is one "Successful Attempt to abandon Opium" and one "Morphine Habit overcome." In the first, the patient succeeded in breaking the habit by gradual reduction of his potion of laudanum, after De Quincey's method; in the second, the drug seems to have been abruptly and totally relinquished. But in the one case, the writer addresses himself almost entirely to those who have only briefly and moderately indulged their fatal appetite, and, in giving advice for their cure, confesses that the best advice is never to begin the habit; in the other case, the cure is of but two months' standing.

John Ward's Governess. A Novel. By ANNIE L. MCGREGOR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

FROM the life of a young gentleman, who marries an Italian singer of great beauty and unsettled principles, and survives her elopement and death, with two young children and a poor opinion of women, no surprising event is to be expected by the veteran novel-reader, and one understands almost from the title-page that John Ward's Governess will become John Ward's second wife. Incidents and most characters bear proof of evolution from inner consciousness, rather than experience of the world, in this little book; yet we see how it could have been made so much worse than it is that we are half inclined to praise it. At least one character is almost well done, — the excellent, tender-hearted, loving, over-anxious elderly sister. She does annoy and bore her brother in a natural way; if she sometimes also bores the reader, we must concede so much to art, and suffer in patience. We mean to say something better than this, namely, that the character shows a real feeling for human nature, and gives us the hope that if the author would turn her attention to human nature as she sees it about her, and eschew it as she finds it in fiction, she could do something, after a while, that we should all read with pleasure. Even in this book there are great negative merits; the people are all in a pretty fair state of physical health; none, that we recollect, has any unpleasant personal blemish or defect; and we are legitimately asked to be interested in the fortunes of men and women whose individuality is not eked out by entire social disability or desperate pecuniary circumstances. This is a great step, a very great step, in the right direction.

Smoking and Drinking. By JAMES PARTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

MR. PARTON, who always carries interest with him, has here the help of facts which carry conviction with them. We do not see how any one but a smoker could hold out against the arguments proving the unremunerative nature of his habit; and teetotalers, we think, must own that wine-bibbing is entirely bad, in spite of the fact that the one element of wine which makes it wine is of an indeterminable character, and *may* be so generous and wholesome as to counterbalance all its other evil properties. In fact, we have a faint hope that these admirable essays may persuade some user of alcohol and tobacco to abandon them; or if not that, then warn those whom it is not too late to warn never to indulge in these harmful pleasures. But it is a good deal to hope for even faintly. Mr. Parton does not, apparently, hold out a strong inducement of reform to a wicked world when he tells it that its bottle "enables us to violate the laws of nature without immediate suffering and speedy destruction." With vantage-ground like this given him, it would seem that the sinner must be greatly tempted to continue in his sin. Grant a misdoer time, and eternity is always an infinite way off. Nevertheless, we like Mr. Parton's candid fashion of treating these matters, which brings into their popular consideration something of the impartiality of science. The world is too old to be frightened into goodness and wisdom, and

must be approached as if it could be persuaded to give up what would probably result in evil. The strongest of all arguments against slavery was that it was in spirit compatible with all possible crimes.

Even if what Mr. Parton writes did not always make a vivid impression, we think the readers of the Atlantic could scarcely have forgotten the three essays, "Does it Pay to Smoke?" "Will the Coming Man drink Wine?" and "Inebriate Asylums and a Visit to One," which form this volume. We need not comment upon the excellent manner in which good material is utilized in them, or advert again to their author's well-known gift of making all his facts entertaining. But we can speak of the very sensible and felicitous Preface to their republication, near the close of which he strikes the key-note of all successful protest against vice. When the Devil suggests that perhaps evil-doing does n't hurt much, it is the triumphant answer of reason, that, if you refrain from a possible evil, you are not only absolutely safe, but more a man through your self-denial. "During those seven months," says our author of one who had given up tobacco for that length of time, "he was a man. He could claim fellowship with all the noble millions of our race who have waged a secret warfare with Desire all the days of their lives. . . . . It is surprising what a new interest is given to life by denying ourselves one vicious indulgence. What luxury so luxurious as self-denial! . . . . The cigar and bottle are often replaced by something not sensual."

A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant, Illustrated by Twenty-six Engravings; Eight Fac-similes of Letters from Grant, Lincoln, Sheridan, Buckner, Lee, &c., &c., and Six Maps. With a Portrait and Sketch of Schuyler Colfax. By ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, Author of "Field, Dungeon, and Escape," and "Beyond the Mississippi." Hartford: American Publishing Company. [Published by subscription.]

WE cannot find, from an examination of Mr. Richardson's book, that a Personal History of General Grant differs from most other histories of him, except in being a great deal more entertaining. To be sure, there is an effort made throughout to fix the reader's attention upon General Grant's character rather than his performance; but the two are not to be separated, and the only perceptible result is the accumulation of anecdote. A larger proportion of the work is given to the record of his life anterior to the Rebellion than is usual in biographies of our matter-of-fact hero; but he is not more studied here than in his subsequent history. In fact, we get no fresh impressions of the man from his personal historian, except that the most and the worst has been made of those early lapses from sobriety, of which we hear less and less now every day. Commonly Mr. Richardson is frank enough in the treatment of all points in Grant's career, and we cannot suspect him of uncandor when he describes him as peculiarly susceptible to a little wine; but we are loath to be reminded in that way of the great public character whose innocent habits rendered him such an easy victim, and we prefer to believe that Grant's temperance is a virtue, — that he may once have yielded to drink as other men do, and reformed as other men do. It appears to us that Lincoln set this whole affair right in the answer which Mr. Richardson says he made to a "persistent grumbler," demanding Grant's removal. "For what reason?" asked the President, "Because he drinks so much whiskey." "Ah, yes!" (thoughtfully). "By the way, can you tell me where he gets his whiskey? He has given us about all our successes; and if his whiskey does it, I should like to send a barrel of the same brand to every general in the field." We cheerfully accept Grant upon this method of valuation; and if the habit of taking strong waters breeds so much good sense, energy, modesty, and correct principle in prospective Presidents, we hope the coming man of the people will always drink wine — to excess.

A very interesting part of Mr. Richardson's work is that describing General Grant's boyhood, and the state of society in which he grew up. Here, however, the field of anecdote has been pretty well gleaned, and Mr. Richardson achieves new effects rather by the carefulness with which he gives circumstances and conditions than with novelty of material. We get a clear idea of Grant's home-life, and the local influences which went to form his character. Among the latter, a lack of local appreciation was doubtless useful to him. A boy from whom not much is expected has already a fair start in the world, and Grant always had the assistance of a good deal of neighborly doubt. His first advance in life

gave dissatisfaction to the neighbors, and when it became known that he was appointed to West Point, one of them said to his father: "So Hamer has made Ulyss a cadet?" "Yes." "I am astonished that he did n't appoint some one with intellect enough to do credit to the district." Improving snubs have attended many steps of Grant's life, civil and military; but nothing has soured him, and he is so far from "a good hater," that he probably cherishes enmity against no man alive. He is in fact a good forgiver, — as good a forgiver as Lincoln himself, who could have said nothing better than Grant did when the insolent Rebel officers at Vicksburg failed to offer him a chair, during the visit he made them after their surrender: "Well, if Pemberton can stand it, under the circumstances, I can." Here is the large allowance for human nature so eminently characteristic of Lincoln; and in some of the other stories Mr. Richardson gives there are touches of humor which remind us of Lincoln's peculiar pleasantry.

At Vicksburg, "a young Rebel officer, an aid of Bowen's, was brought in prisoner. He rode a beautiful horse, with a quilted saddle and costly trappings. He answered a few questions, and then manifested the assurance of his class: —

"PRISONER. — 'General Grant, this horse and saddle don't belong to the Confederate government, but are my private property, presented by my father. I should be glad if I might retain them.'

"GRANT. — 'I have got three or four horses, which are also my private property, meandering about the Confederacy. I 'll make an exchange with you. We 'll keep yours, and when you find one of mine, just take it in his place!'"

There are notices of nearly all of Grant's associates and many of his contemporaries in this personal history, and, on the whole, it might have been called a history of the war with no great presumption. Necessarily, perhaps, in making a book for strictly popular sale, a big one is desirable, and bigness is the greatness that comes of "stuffing out with straw." We must not conceal that the present work is considerably padded, not only with irrelevant narrative, but with any little story of Frederick the Great, or Napoleon, or Daniel Webster, or anybody, or any little quotation that happens to take Mr. Richardson's passing fancy. Yet it is an entertaining book; it is a valuable book in so far as the writer is eye and ear witness of many things Grant did and said, and has his material at first-hand. We readily conceive of its outliving the political campaign.

Modern Women and what is said of them. A Reprint of a Series of Articles in the Saturday Review. With an Introduction by MRS. LUCIA GILBERT CALHOUN. New York: J. S. Redfield.

THE general impression received from these varying and very unequal essays is that the Girl of the Period is entirely worthy of the Critic of the Period. In him the fine elements of satire are as degenerate as those of dressing and pleasing in her; extravagance, coarseness, and commonness characterize them both; and if the girl has taken her costume and manners from Anonyma, it appears that the critic has formed his ideas and opinions upon the same authority. We give a passage from a paper entitled "Costume and its Morals," which is offered as a sketch of fashionable life, and which will illustrate our meaning very well: —

"A white or spotted veil is thrown over the visage, in order that the adjuncts that properly belong to the theatre may not be immediately detected in the glare of daylight; and thus, with diaphanous tinted face, large painted eyes, and stereotyped smile, the lady goes forth looking much more as if she had stepped out of the green-room of a theatre, or from a Haymarket saloon, than from an English home. But it is in evening costume that our women have reached the minimum of dress and the maximum of brass. We remember a venerable old lady whose ideas of decorum were such, that in her speech all above the foot was ankle, and all below the chin was chest; but now the female bosom is less the subject of a revelation than the feature of an exposition, and charms that were once reserved are now made the common property of every looker-on. A costume which has been described as consisting of a smock, a waistband, and a frill seems to exceed the bounds of honest liberality, and resembles most perhaps the attire mentioned by Rabelais, 'nothing before and nothing behind, with sleeves of the same.' Not very long ago two gentlemen were standing together at the Opera. 'Did you ever see anything like that?' inquired one, with a significant glance, directing the eyes of his companion to the

uncovered bust of a lady immediately below. 'Not since I was weaned,' was the suggestive reply. We are not aware whether the speaker was consciously or unconsciously reproducing a well-known archiepiscopal *mot*."

We imagine the late Miss Menken, if she had taken to satire instead of serious poetry, treating the same subject in exactly this manner, — a little more decently, perhaps; and we are not unjust to very many papers in this collection in offering the quoted passages as characteristic. It is not, of course, to be supposed that they depict any but the most exceptional phases of English society; and if anything is to be argued from the notoriety these essays from the *Saturday Review* have attained, it is an intellectual, not a moral decay. It is very sad to reflect that the ideas of brilliancy in our generation are derived from sarcasms like the following: —

"There is a certain melancholy in tracing further the career of the Fading Flower. We long to arrest it at each of these picturesque stages, as we long to arrest the sunset in its lovelier moments of violet and gold. But the sunset dies into the gray of eve, and woman sets with the same fatal persistency. The evanescent tints fade into the gray. Woman becomes hard, angular, colorless. Her floating sentiment, so graceful in its mobility, curdles into opinions. Her conversation, so charmingly impalpable, solidifies into discussion. Her character, like her face, becomes rigid and osseous. She intrenches herself in the 'ologies. She works pinafores for New-Zealanders in the May Meetings, and appears in wondrous bonnets at the Church Congress. She adores Mr. Kingsley because he is earnest, and groans over the triviality of the literature of the day. She takes up the grievances of her sex, and badgers the puzzled overseer who has omitted to place her name on the register. She pronounces old men fogies, and young men intolerable. She throws out dark hints of her intention to compose a great work which shall settle everything. Then she bursts into poetry, and pens poems of so fiery a passion that her family are in consternation lest she should elope with the half-pay officer who meets her by moonlight on the pier. Then she plunges into science, and cuts her hair short to be in proper trim for Professor Huxley's lectures."

It strikes us that the ideas and sarcasms here are of about equal value with the Girl of the Periods' pinchbeck gauds and ornaments, and that the satirist has not even the poor advantage of displaying them at first-hand. We have all seen this dreary, dreary stuff before; it is inexpressibly cheap and poor.

We have already hinted a distinction between the two classes of essays in this book, which are apparently by several hands. Those studying modern women's minds, as "Woman's Heroines," "Interference," "Plain Girls," "Ambitious Minds," "Pretty Preachers," etc., are much better than the pictures of women's manners. But there is throughout the book an air of brutality and of savage excess as far from true satire as from truth; and the dull, industrious pounding of denunciation in the worse papers, unrelieved by any flash of humor or wit, is to the last degree tedious.

The Story of the Kearsarge and Alabama. San Francisco: Henry Payot & Co.

THE author, who has been induced to publish this narrative of the famous combat between the Kearsarge and the Alabama, by the want that existed of a popular, detailed, and yet concise account of the affair, may congratulate himself on having exactly met this want. We have read his clear, full, brief history of an action already so familiar with fresh interest and fresh intelligence. With no feeble-minded impulses to be dramatic or picturesque, he is graphic in the best way, and brings the whole occurrence before his reader with the simplicity of a sensible man, and the quiet power of an artist. We think we could have read even a duller narrative with pleasure in the exquisite print which the publishers have given his little book, and which is noticeable as characteristic of the California press.

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OUR PAINTERS.

I.

NOT so much criticism as personal recollections of the men who have "painted and passed away," and of some who are still working out the great problem of life among us, would seem to be wanted just now.

Let us begin, therefore, with GILBERT STUART, one of the best painters for male portraiture since the days of Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Vandyck, and Rembrandt. A man of noble type himself, robust and hearty, with a large frame, and the bearing of one who might stand before kings, all Stuart's men look as if they were predestined statesmen, or had sat in council, or commanded armies, — their very countenances being a biography, and sometimes a history of their day; while his women, often wanting in the grace and tenderness we look for in the representations of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Sir Thomas Lawrence or Sully, are always creatures of flesh and blood, — like Mrs. Madison, or Polly Madison as they still persist in calling her, — though somewhat too strongly individualized perhaps for female portraiture.

At our first interview, which happened nearly fifty years ago, when Stuart was not far from sixty-five, this fresh-looking, old-fashioned, large-hearted man, reminding you constantly of Washington himself, and General Knox or Greene, or perhaps of the late Mr. Perkins, — Thomas H., — who were all in their look and bearing rather more English than American, insisted on my emptying a tumbler of old East Indian Madeira, which he poured out from a half-gallon ewer, like cider or switchel in haying-time. And this at an early hour of the day, when cider itself or switchel might have been too much for a youngster like me, brought up, if not on bread and milk, at least on the plainest of wholesome food.

At first, having heard much of his propensity for hoaxing, I could hardly believe him when he threw off about half a tumblerful, and, smacking his lips, told me it was Madeira which had been twice round the Cape; nor did he believe me, I am afraid, when I told him I never did anything of the sort, for he winked at me as much as to say, "Can't

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you trust me?" and then hoped for a better acquaintance.

In the course of an hour's chat that followed, he told me story after story of himself, some of which are well worth repeating. First, he tried me with a pun, which he had let off in a high wind, for the sake of saying *de gustibus non disputandum*, and which I swallowed without a wry face, though it went sadly against my stomach; and then he launched out into a severe though pleasant criticism upon our social habits, our Pilgrim Fathers, the blue laws, and what he called the bigotry and fanaticism of the day, intermingled with anecdotes of a rather startling character, and then followed some of his own personal experiences over the bottle.

At Philadelphia he had once belonged to a club of a dozen or twenty good fellows, who were a law to themselves. Once a year they came together, bringing with them twelve or twenty bottles apiece, according to their number, every drop of which it was a point of honor with them to drink off before they separated.

At one of these gatherings, — the very last, I believe, — a large hamper was set down between him and a neighbor who was reckoned a prodigious *gourmet*, and from whose decision about wines and vintages there was no appeal; and Stuart was urged, with a sly wink and a tap on the elbow, to "dip in"; his friend assuring him in a whisper, that a certain oddly shaped bottle, which he pointed out, contained the finest claret he had met with for years, — a downright purple nectar, indeed, — "bottled velvet," a compound of sunshine, ripeness, and aroma. Others of the company who sat near Stuart, and who had been favored in the same way, nodded assent, looked mischievous, and smacked their lips with decided emphasis in confirmation.

But while they were praising it Stuart stooped down, without being observed, and drew out a bottle of another shape, with a different seal, and amused himself with tasting it, until his friend, the connoisseur, happening to look that way, told him he had got hold of the wrong article, and then went on to say that he had lately bought several hampers at auction at such a bargain that he could well afford to throw away the doubtful portion, such as Stuart had been dabbling with. But being a very obstinate man, as everybody knew, Stuart persisted until he had nearly finished the second bottle, when he "let the delicious secret out." On being asked why he continued drugging himself with that detestable stuff, when he had a bottle of the finest claret before him, he said, "Simply because, on the whole, I prefer *Burgundy*."

"Burgundy! Burgundy!" they exclaimed; "are you mad, Stuart, or is this only another of your jokes?" every man catching up a bottle, and pouring out a glass for himself, as the tumult increased. "Burgundy! and how happened you to know that it was Burgundy, Stuart?"

"By tasting. I took it for granted, from the shape and size of the seal and the fashion of the bottle that it was something out of the common way; for," added he, "the seals were *emphasized*, and had not been tampered with." Of course there was nothing more to be said after the verification that followed.

At another time he was dining with Gouverneur Morris, after that gentleman's return from Portugal. There was a large party of handsome women and fashionable men, who occupied high positions in Church or State, and carried their honors bravely. The conversation was chiefly about wines, and especially port wine and vintages; their host maintaining, as well he might, that in this country we never saw any real port wine; and, among other pleasant things, he averred that more port wine, or what passed for port wine, was drank in London than was ever made in Portugal; that even there the genuine article was never to be had for love or money, except under peculiar circumstances, — even the "old port" of the London docks being, at best, but a

decoction of logwood and elder-berries or grape-cuttings; and that, in fact, the real Simon Pure was so utterly unlike what passes for port wine here and elsewhere, that our best judges would call it insipid, having neither body nor soul. Nevertheless, he had managed while in Portugal to make an arrangement whereby he could obtain a quarter-pipe now and then for himself or a friend as a special favor, the government itself being afraid to allow the exportation of unadulterated wines, lest they should injure the sale of the rest.

"And now," said he, "to show you all how you have been abused in this matter, I must beg of you to try a glass of what *I* call port wine, — old port. — Here, George" (to a waiter behind his chair), "bring us up, — let me see," — and here he glanced up and down the long table, as if counting noses, — "bring us up three bottles, not more, — I cannot afford more, till my stock is replenished, — of the vintage I have been telling you of, — and give us clean glasses."

The waiter soon appeared with just three bottles, fat and chunky, and covered with dust and cobwebs. The clean glasses were rather undersized, it must be acknowledged; but they were filled, and held up to the light, and looked through, and then there was a deal of talk about the aroma, — the bouquet, — and what they called the body, as if it were condensed sunshine, flashing through a live grapery. Stuart was just raising the glass to his lips, when he caught a whiff of the aroma, and set it down, without tasting it, and without being observed. The talk went on. The ladies began to chirp and chatter like sparrows on the house-tops, — I give Stuart's language, not my own, — and the sparkle of their eyes, and the uncommon freshness of their lips, by the time they had managed the second glass, only served to strengthen his convictions.

At last, after collecting the suffrages, which were not only unanimous but enthusiastic, the host turned to Stuart, and, seeing a full glass before him, asked what he had to say for himself, and whether he had ever met with such old port in all his life before. "Never!" said Stuart; and then the host nodded and smiled, and looked about with a triumphant air, as much as to say, What did I tell you? "Never!" but still there was something in the look or tone of his guest which puzzled Mr. Morris, and seemed to call for explanation. "Come, come, Stuart!" said he, "none of your tricks upon travellers. We want your honest opinion, for we all know you are the best judge of wines to be found on this side of the water; and therefore I ask you once more, in all seriousness, if you ever drank such old port in all your life, either at home or abroad, 'pon your honor, now?"

"*Never*," said Stuart, — "never!" And then there was a dead silence, and the host himself began to look uneasy, not knowing how to understand what he believed to be one of Stuart's jokes; and then Stuart added in his own peculiar way: "You must excuse me, my friend, and you, ladies and gentlemen; but I assure you that what you have all been taking for old port wine is not wine at all."

"Not wine at all," exclaimed Morris, almost jumping out of his chair, — "why what the — plague — is it then?"

"I should call it — excuse me," — taking a sniff, as he passed it back and forth before his nose, — "I should call it *cherry bounce!*"

For a moment the host appeared thunder-struck, wellnigh speechless with amazement; but then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, his countenance underwent a change, and, calling the waiter, he said, "George, you scoundrel!" in a sort of stage whisper, that could be heard all over the room, — "George, tell me where you found these bottles." The poor fellow trembled and shook; but after a few words of explanation, Morris threw himself back in his chair, and laughed and laughed until it seemed as if he would never stop; and it turned out that this port wine, so carefully selected by him

in Oporto, and sent home years before, as he thought, was indeed nothing but cherry bounce, which had been put up and set aside for family use on special occasions long before he went abroad, till it was entirely forgotten.

Other conversation followed between us, about West and Trumbull, and about Washington and his wife, whose portraits were leaning against the wall. They were the originals from which he had painted all the copies he had furnished to the Marquis of Lansdown, Mr. Coke of Norfolk, the great commoner of our day, and others over sea. They were so unnaturally fresh, that, if he had not told me otherwise, I should have supposed they had been painted within a year or two at furthest. He talked freely of Washington, of his large features and stately bearing, and of the signs he saw, in the massive jaw, the wide nostrils, and large eye-sockets, that he was a man of almost ungovernable passions and indomitable will, — such as would carry him not only into, but out of, many a terrible crisis, like that when he headed his troops, after the disastrous battle of Brooklyn Heights, and would have led them against the British at Kipp's Bay, if they would have followed him, and when he held on his way with a loosened rein, cutting at the fugitives right and left as they hurried past, and snapping his pistols at the foremost, and would have been taken prisoner but for one of the faithful few about him, who seized the bridle and turned him back; or like that where, after the battle of Trenton, he came unexpectedly upon a body of Hessians, and leaped his horse between them and his own troops, and received the fire of both, like General Scott at Lundy's Lane; or like that where he crossed the North River in an open boat with only two or three officers, and actually landed on the other side, while the British, who had carried Fort Washington by assault, were bayoneting our poor fellows without mercy. Washington could not bear this, and for a time he thought his personal appearance on the ground might change the face of affairs. It was a terrible rashness, though generous and heroic, and more like Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi than like George Washington. — We had no phrenologists at this time, or Stuart would have been a professor of that science, — for science it certainly is: he believed in Lavater, or at least in the leading principles of physiognomy.

Let us now call up another, who, after a long life spent in the service of sincere and high art, has gone to his rest, — REMBRANDT PEALE. Of him, notwithstanding his labors and success in historical painting, it must be acknowledged that he failed in portraiture: his portrait of Charles Matthews, the comedian, was almost a likeness of the great William Pinkney; and his portrait of Washington, though a better likeness of the man himself than Stuart's, if we may trust Chief Justice Marshall and others among his contemporaries, yet wanted that which gives the greatest value to a likeness, — *individuality*, *inwardness*, or glimpses of the inner man, a subdued though impressive ideality; a grandeur, not of the stage, nor the studio, but of the audience-chamber, the battle-field, or the closet.

Truthfulness we should have, or the likeness vanishes; but with this truthfulness we want something more than the every-day or even the average expression: we want the acknowledged capabilities, and even the possibilities, of the original either demonstrated or at least clearly indicated. We are to choose between the countenance or expression that everybody is familiar with, — a business-face or a street-face, — and that which is never seen but on great occasions, and by the few, instead of the many, when all the hidden or hoarded characteristics of the man break forth in a tempest of eloquence, perhaps, or self-assertion, or it may be in a gush of unspeakable tenderness. The great multitude who have seen the original year after year in his daily walk and conversation are acquainted only with the outer man, the husk or

shell, and often cry out before a likeness which the wife or a dear friend of the original, who remembers him in the hour of inspiration, when he may have seemed almost a disembodied transfiguration of himself, would not bear patiently with for a moment.

That everybody recognizes the likeness at a glance, that comparative strangers are delighted with it, is no evidence that a portrait is what it should be. Ask those who are not comparative strangers, and hear what they have to say, before you make up your mind.

Stuart's Washington, though untruthful, is grand, simple, and satisfying as a revelation. Peale's, though truthful in every feature and lineament — a *facsimile* indeed — so far as the distinguishing peculiarities and every-day expression are concerned, is so unsatisfactory that you cannot help feeling uncomfortable on account of the resemblance. Stuart's Washington is a downright American; Peale's, a Frenchman in ruffles and powder, elaborated for the occasion, and painted — like a Frenchwoman — to kill.

Undoubtedly, if Washington himself should reappear to-morrow, and stand side by side with Stuart's picture, he would be called an impostor; and yet we cling to the magnificent shadow, and let the substance go, willing that Stuart himself should go down to after ages, instead of Washington.

As an historical painter Peale has never had justice done him, and one cannot help wishing he had been allowed to finish the "Sermon on the Mount," where the Saviour was represented *sitting*, as he ought always to be, when preaching to the multitude; but he never got beyond the composition, grouping, and outline drawing, — which, by the way, was worthy of West himself, and smacked of the old masters, — for want of reasonable encouragement. The reception his "Court of Death" met with, after the first twelvemonth or so, and the embarrassments and cares of a large museum in Baltimore, and his costly experiments with gas, which he was the first to introduce to our people, so completely discouraged him, that, after trying New York and Boston, he betook himself to Philadelphia, where of course, in due time, he was gathered to his fathers — and forgotten, simply because Benjamin West — or *Sir* Benjamin West as they love to call him there, though he was never knighted — was their only standard.

My acquaintance with Mr. Peale began oddly enough. I had been scribbling in the papers about his gallery, and criticising some of the pictures, from sheer instinct and without any knowledge of painting. Among these I remember a portrait of Napoleon, painted by Peale one day when the Emperor sat hour after hour without moving, to receive a procession of deputies in the *Champ de Mars*. It was then believed that he had taken lessons of Talma for the occasion; but, however that may be, he sat as if cast in bronze, — the enthroned Mysteries, while principalities and powers passed in review before him, — the shadows of coming empire, crowned and sceptred Phantoms on their way to Moscow. The occasion was eminently favorable, and the portrait, although wholly unlike any other I ever saw, especially about the lower part of the face, with the ponderous jaw and pallid complexion, was said to be the best likeness of that wonderful man ever painted, in two or three particulars, and especially in the parts I have mentioned. Such, at least, was the testimony of Gérard, Lefevre, and two or three more, who had been *tried* by his Imperial Majesty. It was one of the most remarkable portraits I ever saw, — pale, earnest, and thoughtful, with a mixture of sadness and solemnity, such as you would expect from one who could see far into the future. The general contour was not obtrusively classical, as if modelled for a Roman bust or a cameo; and the complexion, though strongly tinted, was something between the cadaverous and the swarthy; and altogether as unlike anything I ever saw that passed for Napoleon, as the portrait of Byron by

West the Kentuckian was unlike all that you ever see in the galleries and print-shops of the age.

I was invited to the first private exhibition of the Court of Death, while it was yet unfinished. On entering the large hall, used by the artist for philosophical experiments and lectures until he began his great picture, I found a small man, of about forty-five or fifty, I should say, with a mild, pleasant expression, and eyes that seemed looking beyond this and into another world. He stood as if studying the effect of certain touches just laid on.

The picture was by far the largest I had ever seen, — large enough, indeed, to nearly cover the whole end wall of the apartment, and, though crowded with figures of heroic size, did not seem either huddled or confused. Everything was clear and well pronounced, and the groupings were admirable. Not being well acquainted with the poem of Bishop Proteus, which Mr. Peale had translated with his pencil, and transferred to canvas, I questioned him about the general drift of the author, and must acknowledge myself profoundly impressed with the chief personage, — Death, — occupying the centre; not Death as we see him on the pale horse of West, from the Apocalypse, with Hell following after him, nor the raw-head-and-bloody-bones of the nursery, but Death as it must have appeared to the priesthood of Thebes, or to the Babylonian soothsayers, — a majestic figure, of the old Egyptian type, and countenance fixed and unchangeable as that of the sphinx, and sitting with the waters of oblivion flowing over its feet, and all about it the dead and the dying, with War, Pestilence, and Famine, Fever, Madness, Intemperance, Old Age, and Pleasure, holding high carnival in its dread presence, and Old Age and Filial Piety working out the great problem of life in the foreground. Peale's father stood for Old Age, and Filial Piety and Pleasure were pretty fair likenesses of two daughters he had been blessed with.

Seeing my attention fixed on the principal figure, Peale came up to my side, and stood still, as if waiting for me to speak first.

"Is that yard-stick in the poem?" said I.

"Yard-stick, sir!"

I pointed to what he, and the Bishop too, had called, not a yard-stick, to be sure, but a *wand*, like that of a Prospero, stretching toward the spectator out of the dim, distant shadow, and foreshortened so that really it might have passed for a two-foot carpenter's rule somewhat lengthened with a slide.

"Ah!" said he, with a smile, after a few moments of rather embarrassing silence, "I don't much wonder that you should call it a yard-stick." Was he getting personal, or had he never been told that I had once kept a retail haberdashery? "It has given me more trouble," he added, "than almost any other accessory of the picture; but what am I to do? It is a part of the poem. I dare not abridge or interpolate; and, moreover, it is the symbol of power, and by common consent would seem to be indispensable."

"What are you to *do?*" I replied, pointing to the outstretched hand, which was admirably drawn, and boldly projected from a heavy mass of drapery. "If you will but cover up that hand with a fold of that drapery, you will have, not the wand nor the yard-stick, which for supreme power would be but a symbol of weakness, — for no such instrumentality can be needed by such a being, any more than it would have been at first, when the decree went forth, "Let there be light!" — but the calm expression of latent or hidden power, — irresistible, inexorable power, — alike mysterious and awful, because you see only the outlines of a gigantic hand shrouded in darkness."

The idea took with him, and he lost no time in painting out the hand, yard-stick and all, and giving the drapery that grand expression of inward power now to be seen in the picture.

After this we grew intimate, and I was with him day after day till he had finished the picture; and it was gener-

ally reported and believed that I had stood for the figure of War, — certainly the least original and the most melodramatic of the whole; a very strange mistake, though I saw it circumstantially set forth in a printed circular not long ago, issued by the family, with the engraving. But perhaps this may be explained; for, although I did not stand for the warrior in his Court of Death, I did stand for another historical personage, — even Virginius, — in the Death of Virginia. It happened thus: One day Dr. John Godman, the celebrated anatomist and lecturer, who afterward married Angelica, Peale's second daughter, and who had seen me with my right arm bare, after I had been sparring or fencing, I forget which, asked me if I would consent to help Peale in a desperate emergency. He wanted a leg or two, and a right arm, and knew not where to find them. I consented; and soon after stood for the Roman father till I was ready to drop; after *peeling* me, he transferred my right arm, uplifted and brandishing the bloody knife, and one of my legs, or both of them, to the canvas.

One day, when he was giving me some account of his past life, he told me that his father, Charles W., was a painter, — a painter by trade, he might have added, — indefatigable and laborious to a degree, until he had crowded the Philadelphia Museum with portraits of all our Revolutionary fathers worth mentioning; and all so much alike, owing perhaps to their military costume and powdered hair, that sometimes you could hardly tell one from another. Up to the age of ninety or ninety-two, if I remember aright, this patriarch of the brush labored at the business of portraiture, and even went so far at that great age, like another Titian, as to undertake a full-length of himself, with his pallet on his thumb, going through a dim passage-way, and just lifting his foot to ascend a step, with his head turned over the shoulder to see who is following, — and with such success that strangers were constantly mistaking the picture for a living man. And I well remember the portrait of Colonel Burd, painted by him, without spectacles, at the age of eighty-three.

So enthusiastic was he, that he named all four of his sons after some of the great masters, — Rembrandt, Rubens, Raphael, and Titian; and his example was followed by the eldest, Rembrandt, who named his first-born Rosalba, after Rosalba Carriera, whose portrait of herself she copied with astonishing faithfulness; and the second, Angelica, after Angelica Kauffmann, — to little purpose, it would seem, for she never manifested any liking for the art; and the youngest, Michael Angelo, which is about all we know of him. His uncle Titian, however, who went with Lewis and Clarke on their expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and made all the drawings, might have been distinguished as a painter, — he had it in him; and then there was Anna, who painted miniatures, by no means remarkable for resemblance, though beautifully treated; and Sarah, who confined herself to portraiture.

While yet a youth, or just entering on his early manhood, Rembrandt and his father and his uncle James determined to get up a Washington in partnership. The great man was overwhelmed with the cares of state, and could ill spare the time, but consented to sit nevertheless. Three different views were taken at the same time; and out of these — a full front, a three-quarter face, and a profile — the celebrated portrait of Washington, lately purchased of the family with a Congressional appropriation, was made up after a lapse of thirty or forty years.

Before Peale settled in Baltimore, and established a museum almost a match for that of his father in Philadelphia, and a gallery by far the best in our country, unless we except the Philadelphia Academy, he had been twice abroad, — once with the skeleton of a mammoth, before mammoths were called mastodons; and once in the hope of turning an honest penny, if not of making a fortune, by what he called en-

caustic or enamelled miniatures, which were to be not only incombustible, but imperishable. Both enterprises were failures, — disastrous failures.

On his last visit to England one of the most extraordinary incidents of his life occurred. He was on short allowance, and troubled and anxious about the morrow; but still he could not bear the idea of giving up, and going back to his father in Philadelphia, before he had achieved something of a reputation at least. This, I should say, was before he had painted his Jupiter and Io, afterward rechristened the Dream of Love, with the head of Jupiter painted out; or the Roman Daughter nursing her father in prison, — the best thing he ever did in that way; or Napoleon crossing the Alps — on a stuffed horse; and while at best he was only a portrait-painter, and had never meddled with history, but made faithful and laborious likenesses, though wanting the charm of individuality, or, in other words, *inspiration* and *exaltation*.

At last, without knowing how it came to pass, he found himself on board a packet-ship, and half across the Atlantic on his way home, with no one thing he had gone abroad for and set his heart upon accomplished. But how came he there? What had finally decided him? And what had become of his wife and children? and the bones of the mammoth he had blundered upon along the Ohio? and the encaustic miniatures, which he had long before made up his mind to go down with to future ages? He could remember nothing of all that must have happened; perhaps he had lost his senses and wandered away, nobody knew whither. In the midst of this distressing self-examination, happening to turn over in his berth, heart-sick and utterly discouraged, he caught a glimpse through the parted curtains of something which made him almost shout for joy as he sprang out of bed. It was a familiar article of furniture, and lo! he found himself, when fully awake, in his own little snuggery, with all his family about him, and all London roaring in his ears. So strong had been the delusion, however, and so unexpected the sudden change, that he could hardly believe his own eyes; and it required several minutes to satisfy him that he was not still dreaming, and that, of a truth, he was not half-seas over, on his way home, with all his hopes unfulfilled, and all his anticipations blasted forever, and his whole future life clouded with disappointment, remorse, and self-reproach. It was, after all, not so much a dream, he thought, as an "open vision"; but when fully awake, was he not the happiest man alive?

But Peale was never the man to give up. He married anew, and settled down to his work in Philadelphia, long after the majority of old men give up altogether, and begin, not only to build, but to occupy, their sepulchres. When "fourscore and upwards," like Lear, and like Lear, too, "mightily abused," instead of saying, "I do confess that I am old: age is *unnecessary*," he went about the business of life with the face of an angel, and a heart overflowing with kindness and sympathy. His labors are beginning to tell on a new generation. A little book he published twenty or twenty-five years ago, wherein he undertook to show that drawing should be a part of our common-school education, and might be taught with writing, and as easily as writing, has borne fruit, and now the question is beginning to be settled in his favor all over the country.

And here another little incident occurs to me, which the good man always believed providential, strengthening his constitutional predisposition to kindness, and obliging him to set a watch upon his hasty temper. While yet a child, he threw something at a little kitten he was very fond of, and broke its back. The poor thing suffered cruelly and might have died, though she had "as many lives as Plutarch," but for the boy's father, who nursed her with especial care, and helped her to live, that his child might be reminded as often as the poor little thing crept up to him, dragging her hind legs after

her so piteously, what irreparable mischief may be done by giving way to a hasty temper. The lesson was effectual. He never needed another; and I must say that during all the time I knew him, — and our acquaintance lasted for years, — I never saw him ruffled or flurried or impatient or querulous; his fine, clear eyes would flash, and his handsome mouth tremble with indignation sometimes, when "much enforced," but he never showed "the hasty spark."

Had Peale been permitted, or encouraged rather, to finish his "Sermon on the Mount," I do believe it would have astonished everybody. The whole arrangement, grouping, and composition, and the drawing, were altogether beyond anything to be found in the "Court of Death." It was of the same size, and may still be in existence for aught I know. But who shall bring it forth from its hiding-place and carry out the author's magnificent conception?

And now for another of these departed worthies, whom we "would not willingly let die": JARVIS, — JOHN WESLEY JARVIS, — named after the celebrated preacher, who was a relative.

Jarvis, like Sully, was of English birth, but came over in his boyhood, and lived and died here. Nevertheless, our brethren over sea claim all American painters for Englishmen, if they were either born or bred in England. West, Allston, Stuart, Morse, Newton, Leslie, and King, though Americans by birth, learned their trade in England, and of course are English painters, if not Englishmen; while Jarvis and Sully, being born in England, though educated here, of course are Englishmen.

Beyond all question, Jarvis was the best portrait-painter of his day, within a limited sphere, — that of character when there was in it anything of the humorist. Being himself a humorist in the broadest and richest sense of the word, all his men were so distinctly individualized, and, as it were, branded, that there was no mistaking them. I never saw any of his women, but have an idea from what I knew of the man and saw in his pictures, that they were too manly by half, and would not have been much distressed if they had been set off with a riding-whip and spurs.

In stature he was about five feet seven, with large features, a dark, turbid complexion, a full chest, and a prodigious head, according to my present recollection, and when I knew him he was not far from forty-five years old. He was a man of imperturbable gravity on common occasions, and the best story-teller that ever lived. To him Charles Matthews was indebted for "Uncle Ben" and "that 'ere trifle," and for many touches and intonations full of grotesque humor and astonishing truthfulness. Well do I remember an evening he passed with our Delphian Club, when he told us about the Kilkenny cats, and their fighting until there was nothing left but the tips of their tails, — a story older than Joe Miller, and one we had all been familiar with from our earliest boyhood. And yet, with his embellishments, and the running accompaniment of growling and sputtering and flashing, he threw us all, even the gravest of our number, Mr. Pierpont and Paul Allen and myself, into convulsions, though some had heard him tell the story before, and William Gwynn and General Winder more than once; I drove Breckenridge, author of "Views in Louisiana," and a History of the War, from one side of a large open fireplace to the other, with my manifestations of ungovernable delight, and that, too, without being aware of the fact, until he was fairly *cornered*, and could not move his chair another inch, that I had been pounding him black and blue. Some of the club actually shouted until they lost their breath, and tears stood in their eyes. And yet the stories Jarvis told were nothing of themselves, not even new in most cases, and seldom of greater length than five minutes.

But he was a sad dog at the best. In Audubon's Ornithological Biography — which he might as well have named the Autobiography of American

Birds — we have a capital sketch of Jarvis, with an account of his painting and shooting and *naturalizing*, well worth a place here. "As I was lounging," says Audubon, "one fair and very warm morning, on the levee at New Orleans, I chanced to observe a gentleman whose dress and other accompaniments greatly attracted my attention. I wheeled about and followed him for a short space, when, judging by everything about him that he was a true original, I accosted him. But here let me give you some idea of his exterior. His head was covered with a straw hat, the brim of which might cope with those worn by the fair sex in 1830; his neck was exposed to the weather; the broad frill of a shirt, then fashionable, flapped about his breast, whilst an extraordinary collar, carefully arranged, fell over the top of his coat. The latter was of *a light green color, harmonizing well with a pair of flowing nankeen trousers and a pink waistcoat*, from the bosom of which, amidst a large bunch of splendid flowers of the magnolia, protruded part of a young alligator, which seemed more anxious to glide through the muddy waters of some retired swamp than to spend its life swinging to and fro among the folds of the finest lawn. The gentleman held in his hand a cage full of richly plumed nonpareils, whilst in the other he sported a silk umbrella, on which I could plainly read 'Stolen from J.,' in large white letters. He walked as if conscious of his own importance, — that is, with a good deal of pomposity, singing 'My love is but a lassie yet,' and that" — observe this little touch — "and that, *with such a thorough imitation of the Scotch emphasis*, that, had not his physiognomy brought to my mind a denial of his being born 'within a mile of Edinboro',' *I should have put him down in my journal for a true Scot.*" And so would Charles Matthews, I dare say; for he borrowed largely from Jarvis in that department, as well as in that which not only passed for, but was of a truth, unequalled and unadulterated Yankee. "But no," continues our ornithologist, "his tournure, nay, the very shape of his visage, *pronounced him an American*, from the further part of our *Eastern Atlantic shores*." Not only a genuine Yankee, therefore, but a Down-Easter! How admirable must have been the acting of this Englishman, who was never Down East in all his life, and never much in any part of New England, to deceive such a close observer.

Another free witness once told me that he saw Jarvis in New Orleans with a hat full of snakes, lizards, and cockroaches, or other abominations, — not in his hand, but on his head, in a hot, sultry day.

He was an atrocious punster, and used to keep a large nutmeg-grater on the mantel-piece in his painting-room, to which, when he was asked by a sitter if such or such a person — a preacher perhaps or a painter, a statesman or a player — was not a great man, he would point, saying "*There's a greater*"; and this he did year after year, as a sort of standing joke.

One day, when he was painting Archbishop Carrol, that amiable and excellent man, who had long intended to have a little serious talk with Jarvis, if he could get a chance, began a long way off with a word or two which set the free-thinker, or atheist, on his guard. "Shut your mouth, sir," said Jarvis, leaving the forehead, upon which he was at work, and coming down to the lower part of the face. After a few minutes, the good prelate made another attempt, but with no better success. "Keep your mouth shut, if you please," said Jarvis, without looking up. And there the matter ended, and the simple-hearted churchman went away without a suspicion of the trick, as he himself acknowledged, when speaking of the painter and of his uncouth manners and strange eccentricities.

AUTUMNAL.

I.

CAN this be sadness? this forebode decay?
Are these the vestments of funereal woe?
Sure, hues that pale like these the dawning's glow
The rather deck some dryad's festal day!
Hail, radiant hour! thrice welcome, gladsome ray,
That kindling through these boughs, with golden flow,
Streams joy and summer to the shades below!
And thou, brown-dappled Oak, and Maple gay,
In rippling waves of many-tinted flame,
Lithe Birch gold-hued, thin Ash, whose dyes might shame
The trodden vintage reeking on the lees,
And ivied Beech with sanguine cinctures fair: —
As in the long days past, fraternal trees,
With you, whate'er your gladness, let me share!

II.

O'er banks of mossy mould how lightly strewn
All the wan summer lies! The heedless tread
Awakes no sound; and, had not pale leaves fled,
As soft it came, the low wind were not known.
How strange the sharp and long-drawn shadows thrown
From lank and shrivelled branches overhead,
While from their withered glories, spoiler-shed,
The earthy autumn-scents are faintly blown!
Ah! reft and ravaged bowers, the garish day
Flaunts through the hidings of your dewy glooms!
And thou, in leafy twilights wont to be,
Shy maid, sweet-thoughted Sadness, come away,
And here beneath this hemlock's drooping plumes
With pensive retrospection muse with me.

III.

Why holds o'er all my heart this dreamy hour
A sway that spring or summer never knew?
Why seems this ragged gentian, wanly blue,
Of all the circling year the fairest flower?
Whence has each wandering leaf this mystic power
That all my secret being trembles through, —
Or sounds the blackbird's note more human-true
Than all the songs of June from greenwood bower?
Deep meanings haunt the groves and sunny glades,
Strange dearness broods along the hazy slopes,
A vague but tender awe my breast pervades,
That hints of shadowy doubt, yet is not fear;
While musing quiet stirs with drowsy hopes,
And Nature's loving heart seems doubly near.

CALEB'S LARK.

"BUT, doctor, what shall we do for him? He laughs at medicine, dieting, and rest, and, like the late lamented Confederacy, only desires to be let alone, — a treatment likely to be as fatal in this case as in that. What can I do for him?"

"Try a lark," sententiously replied the family physician, with a twinkle of his honest eyes.

"A lark!" dubiously echoed Miselle. "But where is one to be found? How would a robin answer?"

"Pho, child! not a lark to eat, but a lark to do, to be, and to suffer. Recreation," said the doctor; and Miselle put on her considering-cap.

"I have it!" exclaimed she, presently. "Not a cent for himself, millions for some one else, — that's Caleb! Doctor, tell him confidentially that *my* health is suffering for want of rest and change. Advise him to take me somewhere directly, and leave the rest of the case to me."

The doctor nodded, smiled, and took his leave.

That evening Caleb casually remarked to the wife of his bosom: "Miselle, I have been thinking that I should enjoy a little trip to the mountains or the sea-shore. What do you say to the idea?"

"Anything that pleases you, my dear," meekly replied Miselle. "When would you like to go? I have just been reading a glowing account of Mount Desert, a little island off the coast of Maine, which seems to combine everything desirable in a holiday-ground, — lofty mountains, deep ravines, forests, precipices, gorges, echoes, fresh mackerel, and no end of blueberries; in fact, all the delicacies of the season, including the prettiest women in the Union, who are there collected."

"What magnificent combinations!" exclaimed Caleb, in enthusiasm. — "Mackerel and sunset skies, blueberries and ocean, alike unlimited, pretty women and nature! The antitheses are irresistible. Miselle, go pack your trunk." Which command was obeyed with such zeal, that at 6 P. M. upon the succeeding evening the pleasure-seekers left Boston by rail for Portland, there to take boat for Mount Desert; preferring this mode of transit to making the entire passage by water, as some persons choose to do. Reaching Portland at 10 P. M., travellers and luggage were quietly transferred to the steamer Lewiston, a pretty and commodious boat under admirable management.

"Sit here while I look for our stateroom," directed Caleb, leaving Miselle *planté* before a divan divided by arms into sections like a pie. Most of these sections were occupied by persons wearing the preternaturally solemn expression of incipient sea-sickness, and Miselle, leaving her satchel and sunshade to keep them company, made her independent way to the forward deck, when a sudden tornado snatched and bore away her hat, whisked her drapery into undignified and ungraceful festoons, and made of her own hair a veil to cover her confusion, as she hastily retreated from the group of smokers among whom she had plunged, and penitently sought countenance and protection among her discreeter sisters upon the divan, now in the rigid condition preceding the final agony of *maladie-du-mer*.

Here Caleb presently found, wondered at, mildly rebuked, and finally bore away, the hatless and dishevelled aspirant for fresh air, for once quite subdued and silent.

After leaving Rockland, — a thriving town at the mouth of the Penobscot River, where the passengers coming from Boston by boat are received on board the Lewiston, — the route lies

among the myriad islands of the coast of Maine, and every curve of the sinuous course opens a new vista of combined land and ocean view positively startling in its wild beauty. Many of these islands, as well as various points upon the main-land, perpetuate in their names the memory of French discovery and occupation, — as Castine, where an old French fort still towers above an earthwork not yet five years old; the islands of Grand and Petit Menan, Terre Haute, Belle Isle, Isle au Haut, Rosier; and Mount Desert itself, originally Mont Desart, although some antiquarians choose to derive the name from that of Captain Dessertes, one of the first navigators of Frenchman's Bay.

But resolutely closing ears and eyes to the bewildering and bewitching traditions so artfully mingled with the history of this island that one knows not whether to visit first Gold-Digger's Glen, where several enthusiastic speculators are to-day searching for Captain Kyd's buried treasure, or to search at Fernald's Point for the still more apocryphal site of the old Jesuit settlement established under the patronage of the fair and discreet Madame de Guerchville about 1613, and so cruelly destroyed by an English governor of Virginia named Argall, some years later, — Miselle returns to her simple narrative of personal experience, leaving the glory of research and compilation to more industrious historians.

"Come and see Mount Desert. We are just going into Southwest Harbor," said Caleb, and Miselle, closing her book, followed to the bows of the steamer to look upon a view wonderful in its savage beauty; for the great mountains standing sentry at either side the port were clothed in dense evergreen forest, and the valleys between them seemed wells of darkness. Black thunder-clouds, gathering upon the crests of the hills, spread rapidly over the sky, until now so smiling; so that at last the whole island lay in frowning shadow, while the sea far to southward still glittered in summer sunshine, and the Lewiston, with her freight, seemed a veritable Charon's boat bringing hapless souls from the warmth and light of life to some dim, horribly beautiful purgatory, beyond which might lie heaven or hell.

"Only, six dollars is a good deal more than an obolus," remarked Miselle, the nineteenth century pressing hard upon her.

"What is that? Why, it is raining, as sure as I 'm a sinner!" responded Caleb.

"Don't speak of it now, if you are," murmured Miselle, following him across the gangway plank to a wharf surrounded by lobster-canning factories, and redolent of fish. Here stood sundry remarkable vehicles, into one of which Miselle found herself hastily packed, in company with a jolly cripple, two limp and despairing women, and a driver; while Caleb, who had four times secured a seat and relinquished it to whoever would accept it, plodded cheerfully along in the rain, and stood waiting, like an aqueous angel, to receive his charge upon the steps of Deacon Clark's Hotel. Beside him was the Deacon himself, grave, benevolent, and patriarchal, while behind them appeared the cheery faces of the Friend from Philadelphia, and the Count all the way from Germany; for — again like Hades — Mount Desert collects its visitors from all the world.

"Very glad to see you. Dinner is ready," said the Deacon with a nice adaptation of the topic to the mood of his guests; and the rest of the day was devoted to a blazing fire, conversation, both merry and grave, tea-time, and plans for the morrow. But Miselle closed her weary eyes to the lullaby of the rain upon the roof, and awoke to the same melody. A breakfast, graced by the freshest of mackerel and the sweetest of blueberries, mitigated, but could not conceal, the fact that the rainy morning was likely to continue into a rainy day. From the table the party adjourned to the piazza.

"What a pity that we must lose the walk to Big Pond this morning!" said

the Friend, mildly appealing to the uncompromising clouds.

"I am going," announced Miselle; "I shall be ready in fifteen minutes."

"But it rains," remonstrated the Count.

"So I see."

"You will get awfully wet," suggested Caleb.

"Far up the height" of the steep stairs Miselle's voice replied, "In fifteen minutes."

But "fortune favors the brave," and when, in less than the prescribed quarter of an hour, the party set forth, equipped with rubber boots and overcoats, water-proof cloaks and umbrellas, while Caleb paid unusual deference to the elements by fastening one button of his coat, the clouds had broken and the rain had ceased. Three miles of bush and brake, woodland road, and wood without road, brought the explorers to Big Pond, or Long Lake, the indigenous and imported names of a lovely sheet of water shut in by Beechill Mountain on the right and Western on the left, while the southern end is finished by the little sandy beach to be found, as the Friend asserts, at the southern end of every lake upon the island.

Upon this beach sat down the four, breathless, draggled, and happy. Beside them crisped and murmured a little woodland brook, tumbling across the sands toward the lake; above them floated the clouds, now breaking to show a watery sun, now gathering stern and dark upon the mountain summits. The evergreen forests clothing the hillsides were full of mystery and gloom; but creeping out from their shadow, and holding the middle ground between forest and beach, rioted the wild convolvulus, the brilliant scarlet bunch-berry, the sweet blue harebells, and clusters of the loveliest wild roses that ever bloomed on earth. Upon the beach lay scattered the bleached trunks of trees far larger than the present growth of the hills; and the Count argued, with much show of reason, that they were the metamorphosed remains of Titanic heroes who had fought and died upon these shores, upheaving hills and hollowing lake-basins in the ardor of their mighty struggle.

"I should say, rather," gravely suggested Caleb, "that these smaller trunks are the remains of the heroes, while the larger ones represent the hippogriffs, sylants, or other battle-chargers which they bestrode. This upon which we sit would, for instance, have served as steed for Hengist himself."

"Yes, it is without doubt the *Streit hengst* of that renowned warrior," replied the Count, examining the relic from which the party reverently arose.

"The theory is a good one, but does not the *Streit hengst* of Hengist sound rather tautological?" mildly inquired the Friend.

"Never mind tautology, let us roll the *Streit hengst* into the lake! Let us hasten his resolution into the elements! Let us offer him a sacrifice to Odin and to Thor! Above all, let us amuse ourselves!" shouted the Count, throwing off his coat, and picking up a small stick.

The ribs of heroes make excellent levers, their mighty vertebræ serve capitally as fulcrums; and in a few moments the whole party, Miselle included, were laboring at their task with might and main, regardless of the clouds mustering yet more darkly upon Beechill, and even of the rain-drops dimpling the bosom of the lake like the bullets of sharp-shooters.

"There!" cried Caleb, giving the *Streit hengst* a final impetus, and flinging after him the rib of Hengist which had effected it, "we have fulfilled our duty to the past, now let us think of the present. Miselle, child, assert your femininity, and be afraid of the rain directly."

Such a merry race homeward! such scrambling toilets! such Homeric appetites for so nice a dinner, not yet ended when Deacon Clark announced that a return carriage was about to start for Bar Harbor, and would be glad of passengers! The opportunity was a

good one, so, after brief consultation, the travellers abandoned for the time the remaining lions of Southwest Harbor, bundled their wet clothes into the trunks with their dry ones, paid the Deacon's bill, silently wondering to what use so guileless a patriarch could put so much money, and set forth upon their drive.

The road from Southwest Harbor to Bar Harbor is set down as sixteen miles in length. To this may be added some five or six miles of perpendicular ascent and precipitous descent; the latter remarkably exhilarating for strong nerves, but rather trying to weak ones, especially as the horses are encouraged to make the descents at full speed, and the pitch of the carriage and clatter of rolling stones become something really awful.

Upon the brink of one of these precipices the driver checked his horses, and looked back into the carriage with an expectant grin.

"Oh!" remarked the Friend, "hallo-o-o-o-o-o!"

"Has he gone mad?" whispered Miselle, clinging to Caleb; but the Count held up his finger, imploring silence, while back from the broad breast of Beechill Mountain, and over the placid lake at its foot, came the response, clear, sweet, and powerful.

Having thus summoned the nymph, the Friend gracefully introduced his friends, and withdrew, leaving them to continue the conversation, which they did with great satisfaction; Echo sweetly replying to every appeal, whether it were an operatic refrain in Caleb's mellow tones, a thunderous German apostrophe from the Count, a bit of sisterly *badinage* in Miselle's treble, or the bovine bellow of the driver.

About half-way from Southwest to Bar Harbor lies the village of Somesville; or, as the post-office will have it, the town of Mount Desert, and Miselle here pauses to give the travelling public a hint in the matter of mail addresses upon this island. A letter intended for Southwest Harbor should be superscribed Tremont, Maine; one for Somesville, Mount Desert, Maine; and one for Bar Harbor, East Eden, Maine, — these being the names of the three towns, while the others are mere local sobriquets, to be added or omitted at pleasure. The name of Mount Desert, however, should never be added unless it is desired that the letters should arrive at Somesville. But with all or any of these precautions the subject of postal communication is enveloped in the same romantic cloud shrouding the rest of Mount Desert matters, and refuses to be reduced to arbitrary rules or certainties.

The principal feature of Somesville is Somes's Sound, an arm of the sea some seven miles in length by one in width, nearly cutting the island in halves, and so straight that from its head one may look down its shining path to the sea-horizon leagues beyond. Besides the sound, Somesville boasts mountain scenery so fine that the little inn is always filled with artists, their portfolios crammed with "studies" for next winter's pictures, and their faces beaming with wonder and delight. More than all, Somesville boasts the aristocrat of the island in the person of Captain Somes, who with his pretty daughters keeps the village inn, and reigns patriarchally to-day over the acres his fathers possessed and named two centuries before the Shoddies, the Gunnybags, and the McFlimsies ever heard of Mount Desert. Also, may Somesville boast a variety store, — where hats can be procured for such unfortunates as have lost their own, — a town-pump, and a very promising and observant crop of future presidents and presidentesses.

Leaving Somesville, the travellers were presently called upon to admire the prospect from the Saddle, — a name bestowed upon the highest point of land crossed by the road, and from whence may be obtained a fine view of nearly the entire island, embracing Marsh, Western, Beechill, Dog, Sargent's, Wasgott, and Sharp Mountains at the western extremity, and Green, Dry, Bubble, and Newport at the eastern,

not to mention various lovely water-glimpses of ocean, sound, lake, and brooklet, and some of the finest forest scenery imaginable; for in the woods of Maine grow and thrive in lusty beauty the arbor-vitæ, the fir-balsam, the hemlock, the hop-hornbeam, moosewood, and many another sylvan treasure only found with us of the more southern latitudes in nurseries or upon carefully tended lawns.

After the Saddle came a hurried visit to Eagle Lake, — a beautiful sheet of water lying at the foot of Green Mountain, and reflecting the great hill in its placid waters.

"The little sandy beach at the southern end still, you remark," said the Friend, as the party returned to their carriage.

Another half-hour, and the travellers, cold, weary, wet, and hungry, arrived in Bar Harbor, and stiffly dismounted at the door of Captain Hamor's hospitable house, whereat stood the gallant Captain himself, who, after brief survey, led his guests to the only fire in the house, albeit it blazed in the kitchen stove, and, seating them thereby, commanded, "Some warm supper for these folks right away."

An epicurean writer advises: "If you would eat beefsteak, sit beside the fire with a warm plate, and let the cook toss the meat from the gridiron into it."

To which Miselle appends: "If you would eat fish, travel all day in a northeasterly storm, and sit beside the stove to see it fried, listening, meanwhile, to the story of its capture within the hour."

Supper over, — for no such æsthetic title as "tea" describes the banquet of fish, meat, corn-bread, white biscuit, toast, blueberries, cake, doughnuts, and cheese, spread before Caleb and his friends, — the Captain announced, with some hesitation, that the accommodations of his house being limited, a large number of his guests were obliged to lodge out; and that for this particular party had been secured rooms in a certain cottage just along shore, where it was hoped they might be comfortable.

"'A cottage by the sea,'" murmured Miselle, quite ready to be charmed with the proposed abode, and not the less so for finding it was to be shared by some old friends, — the General and his wife, just from Washington.

"The first thing to do is to visit Schooner Head and Great Head," announced the Friend next morning at breakfast; and the party, electing him cicerone, were presently packed in a big wagon in company with Chibiabos the sweet singer, and Atalanta his wife, who for once condescended to employ horse's feet instead of her own active members.

Caleb assumed the reins, and the roan was already in motion when a hail from the artist arrested them.

"Beg pardon, but they say you are going to Schooner Head."

"Yes."

"Then let me tell you the road is absolutely impassable. There is one gully a hundred feet long, three or four deep, and extending from one side of the road to the other. There is no getting through, by, or over it."

The party looked at each other.

"I suppose, then, we must give it up," said the men.

"What fun! Let us go on!" exclaimed the women; to which Miselle added in an aside, "This is where the 'lark' comes in, Caleb."

The stronger minds prevailed, as they should; and, with thanks to the artist, the party drove merrily out of the gate and along a road as full of picturesque beauty as of holes, and presenting as startling a variety of scenery as of impediment. Like some of the young gentlemen who finish their education abroad, the farther it went the worse it grew, until all minor atrocities ended at the mouth of the gully, which in appearance quite justified the character bestowed upon it by the artist.

A council of war was held, resulting in the roan's being slipped from the shafts, and prevailed upon to scramble down and through the gully to its far-

ther termination, where he was intrusted to Atalanta and Miselle, with strictest orders to all three to remain precisely where they were left, and attempt no ambitious operations whatever, — orders minutely obeyed by both roan and his keepers until the controlling element was out of sight, when they at once followed to a point commanding the field of action, which they contemplated with gleeful satisfaction.

"Just fancy those men laboring in that style from necessity instead of for fun," suggested Atalanta, as she watched Chibiabos, the Friend, the Count, and Caleb, who, literally putting their shoulders to the wheel, pushed, pulled, lifted, and hoisted the heavy wagon along, conclusively proving that four men are *almost* equal to one horse.

The gully, however, was passed; the picket-guard, duly chidden for disobedience and insubordinate mirth, was relieved of its charge; the roan reharnessed; the party repacked; and the journey continued over a road still very bad, but leading through a region of such wild beauty that its faults were all forgiven. The last part of its course lay under the eastern side of Newport Mountain, which, like nearly every other mountain upon the island, slopes gradually and greenly to the west, and toward the east presents a precipitous and frowning face of naked granite. Another curious feature in this formation is the fact that several of these precipitous mountain-faces terminate in water, — either lake, sound, or ocean. On a sudden the broken road disappeared altogether, and we came upon a grassy plateau, with a fisherman's cottage at its farther extremity and a land-locked harbor beyond, beautiful enough to have sheltered Cleopatra's galleys, instead of the unsavory fishing-craft riding at anchor there.

"Do you see that sheer precipice near the crest of Newport?" asked the Friend, helping Miselle from the wagon.

"Yes. Has it a story?"

"Some years ago two girls were scrambling along its edge, — looking for berries, I believe, — when one fell over, dragging her comrade after her. The first crashed straight down upon the rocks, two hundred feet below, and never stirred again. The other fell upon her, and escaped with broken limbs and terrible bruises. Her shrieks were heard at this house, and some men went immediately to the rescue; but such was the difficulty, at first of reaching, and afterward of removing her, that it was eight hours before she was raised to the edge of the cliff. Fancy those eight hours!"

"But did she live?"

"O yes, and is to-day landlady of one of the Bar Harbor hotels. Humanity is so absurdly tenacious of life. — But the roan is safely stabled in the fence-corner, and Atalanta leads the way to Schooner Head."

So through the great gate, and over the oozy meadow path, gay with harebells and wild roses, up a sharp ascent, and along a slippery crag-path, trooped the merry party, until, reaching the brow of a mighty cliff, they found the ocean at their feet, filling the far horizon with his splendor. Beside them lay the Spouting Horn, — a mighty caldron, a hundred feet or more in depth, into which the sea has worn an entrance through a layer of softer rock near the base of the dividing cliff, and where, having gained admittance, it fights and rages, like any trapped wild thing, to regain its liberty. To the roar of the rising wave succeeds the moan and swirl of the retreating one, and then the wild struggle between the incoming and outgoing forces, until one closing his eyes might fancy himself lying beside the veritable mouth of the pit, as described by Bunyan.

"Rameses, as you call him," said the Friend, "clambered down the inside of the Horn at low tide, until he could look through the arch out to the open sea."

"I should like to have heard his next sermon," commented Miselle, graciously allowing Caleb to make of his knee a step in the somewhat perilous descent from the Horn to the cliff whence one may see the outer entrance

of the cave. Here, seated upon a convenient shelf, with the waters now swelling to their feet, now lapsing until the dripping cliffs lay bare and black beneath, the friends spent a happy hour before they thought of time. Just over the surface of the gulf, where the waves flew back from the face of the cliff in showers of spray, appeared and vanished at every moment the ghost of a rainbow. High overhead rose the cliffs, whose resemblance, as viewed from seaward, to a schooner with all sail set, has given the place its name. High in the blue zenith sailed an eagle, his broad vans motionless, while far below him whirled and screamed a flock of snow-white gulls. The bright waters of the bay were studded with sails, "and the stately ships went on" to some fair unknown haven, when —

"Suppose we get a lunch at Norris's, and take the whole afternoon for Great Head?" suggested the poet of the party. The proposition was hailed as a brilliant one, and, the spell being broken, every one found himself ready to return to the little house at the head of the bay, where the lunch was ordered; and during its preparation a part of the company found time to visit a curious cave upon the shore, known as the Devil's Oven, and celebrated for the number and variety of its sea-anemones and other marine treasures; while their more indolent or weary companions chose rather to sit beside the open fire, watch the manufacture and baking of cakes and pies in a "tin reflector," and listen to anecdotes and reminiscences from the elders of the family who have lived, married, come into and gone out of the world in this secluded spot for many a year before the world came to surprise them with the news that it was famous.

The cakes baked, and the wanderers returned, the lunch, or rather dinner, since salted fish formed one of its elements, was served, and eaten with a relish not always conceded to Blot's or Soyer's most successful efforts. The roan, having also dined, was favored with a draught of water from Atalanta's botanical specimen box; and the party, resuming their places, drove merrily on through a pretty wood-road, in the direction of Great Head. Another isolated house, seated at the head of a lovely little golden beach, marks the end of the carriage-road; and while the gentlemen once more unharnessed and stabled the roan, Atalanta and Miselle entered, and made acquaintance with the hospitable dame, while Capitoliana, Britomarte, Hatty Louise, Wilfred, and Conins tumbled about the floor, or peered in at the guests with wide eyes of wonder glowing beneath a thatch of sunburned hair.

"Your children have quite romantic names; where did you find them?" inquired Miselle, mildly resisting Hatty Louise's efforts to wrench open her watch-case.

"Out of the New York Ledger, ma'am," replied the complacent mother. "Me and my sister and another lady club together and take it; and I think it 's most a beautiful paper, — don't you, ma'am?"

"Much better than nothing," sensibly replied Atalanta, while Miselle hesitated; and then, as Caleb's head appeared at the open window, they took leave, and followed the Friend, who acted as guide, through about a mile of flowery woodland path, coming at last upon the black crags of Great Head, the answering promontory to Schooner Head, and yet more massive and imposing in its structure. The party scattered over the surface of the cliff, and Miselle, finding a little nook close at the water's edge, sat watching in silent delight the grand march of the waves, as sweeping up, battalion after battalion, they fearlessly dashed themselves to foam against the gray old rocks which for ages have borne the assault as unflinchingly as now, and shall endure in primeval strength and majesty when we who marvel have passed on to meet yet greater marvels.

One noticeable point in this view is its primitive character. Seated low in the amphitheatre of the cliff, nothing is visible but sea, sky, and rock; not one flower, one blade of grass, or even the

brown earth, is to be seen. It is a glimpse of the era before the lichens had turned to moss, or the *parvenu* man had yet been dreamed of. Near the crest of the cliff is a profile rock nearly as good as the famous Franconian one; but, when one goes so far to escape the constant sight of real profiles, why waste time or enthusiasm upon an imperfect imitation?

"Half past five, and a bad seven miles between us and the tea-table," announced Caleb; and with many a backward look the friends departed, leaving the gray old cliff smiling rosily in the light of a glorious sunset, while all the east was filled with the silver and azure of moonrise.

With the morning came the sisters, fresh, sparkling, and energetic as morning itself.

"Gouldsboro'! It is the very day for it,—a favorable tide, a promising wind, and Captain Royal Higgins disengaged," said Roma, while Avoca quietly put Miselle's bow straight, adding, "and we will dine at Captain Hill's, and drive to Sullivan."

"O, sailing! How can any one speak of sailing at Mount Desert after that dreadful, dreadful accident last summer! Did you hear of it?" cried Dame Partlett with an anxious glance toward her own ducklings.

"But we are going with Captain Higgins," said Roma, in a sufficing sort of way; and while the dame proceeded with the melancholy tale of the wreck and loss of every life but one out of a party of eleven, Roma supplemented the story of Captain Higgins's prompt and courageous action in the matter, resulting in the saving of that one life, and establishing an enviable reputation as man and sailor for himself.

So the voyage to Gouldsboro' was arranged, and a party made up, including the four friends, the General, his wife, and Dick, the sisters, the ambassador, the two English ladies, the *fiancée* and Mephistopheles. A party selected as it should be, with every one capable of contributing something to the general enjoyment; "for even I can serve as ballast," remarked Caleb, seating himself with much satisfaction between Roma and Avoca, while Miselle, with Captain Higgins's quiet connivance, established herself in the little skiff towing behind the Petrel and enjoyed the atom of danger and full draught of exhilaration incident to her position hugely.

Gouldsboro' upon the map means a town some twelve miles east of Mount Desert, occupying a peninsula between Frenchman's and Gouldsboro' Bays. But Gouldsboro' in the annals of Caleb's Lark means a quaint old-fashioned farm-house, buried in riotous woodbine, and framed in a border of lilac and syringa bushes, sweet-peas and marigolds, hollyhocks, sunflowers, poppies, southernwood, Ragged Robin, Love-lies-bleeding, and Johnny-jump-up-and-kiss-me, while from house and garden slopes to the water's edge a green and blossomy lawn. Seated in the porch of this old house, and feeding your senses with the perfume of the flowers, the songs of birds, and hum of bees, and wash of waves upon the shore, you may satisfy your soul with such a glorious view as hundreds of miles of travel cannot rival. Description could but do it injustice; and Miselle leaves to some future Murray the catalogue of islands studding the blue bay,—some dark with evergreens, some bright with birch and alder growths,—the mountain peaks crowding the horizon, the sails of every variety of craft, the soft pastoral beauty of the foreground. Or, pending the Murray, she introduces with pleasure to an appreciative public the genius of the spot, Captain Barney Hill, who "man and boy, has lived here and hereabouts this sixty year," and knows its story thoroughly.

From this feast Miselle was summoned to the less satisfying, but yet essential, banquet of fish and lamb, inevitable at the sea-shore, and here met with a delightful surprise in the person of her charming kinswoman, whose talk of the last book, the last music, the last idea of the thinkers, and last whim of the fashionists, added the same

fanciful charm to the scene that her dainty gloves and handkerchief and fan did to the moss-grown and rough-hewn step upon which they lay.

The drive to Sullivan, along the shores of the bay, and giving a fine view of Mount Desert and the other islands upon the one hand and the inland country with the Schoodic Mountains upon the other, is described as something wonderful ; but Captain Hill's horses having already gone in another direction, the party were obliged to content themselves with a pretty walk, a row upon the pond, and a harvest of water-lilies. Then came good-by to Gouldsboro' and the fair cousin, who remained like Ariadne alone upon the shore, while the Petrel, sailing out into the sunset, carried its happy crew upon a voyage as full of romance and beauty as theirs who in the unremembered years sought for the Fortunate Isles.

Deep in the moonlit night the Petrel dropped anchor at her usual berth ; and her passengers, full of content and peace, went each to his own abode.

The next day was devoted to the ascent of Green Mountain, the highest peak upon the island, — measuring very nearly two thousand feet by actual survey, and the one spot of all others which a tourist may not omit visiting. After this, he may, if strong of limb and energy, scramble up Newport, and get a view much extolled by those who have seen it; or, like Atalanta, cross half a dozen mountains and valleys to Jordan's Pond, — a spot whose beauty and inaccessibility are matters not to be put in words.

For pedestrians of moderate powers, however, the road up Green Mountain offers sufficient exertion to satisfy either conscience or spinal system. It can be accomplished by horse-power, if one is neither timid nor sympathetic with the brute creation ; but the wisest course is to drive along the southwest harbor road about two miles to the beginning of the mountain road, where stands a guide-board to inform the public with suspicious exactness that the "Summit House" is distant two miles and an eighth, — the eighth being a trope, or poetical figure, expressive of unknown and illimitable distance, capable of mitigation, however, by frequent rests upon mossy logs or shaded rocks, draughts from a clear cold spring, handsful of bunch-berries and blue-bells, and mouthsful of blueberries and mountain cranberries.

The Summit House, reached at length, proved to be a very comfortable cottage of primitive construction, but furnishing tolerable beds and a very good dinner.

"And *now*, Caleb, you may show me the view," graciously announced Miselle ; and Caleb, who had employed the hour devoted by that young woman to repose in getting himself up as *cicerone*, proceeded, spy-glass in hand, to do the honors of Green Mountain.

"In the first place you notice that we seem to be in the hollow of a great basin, with the sea rising in a blue slope upon every side until the horizon line is on a level with our eyes. This is on account of our great elevation above the sea-level and is an effect often mentioned by aëronauts — "

"Caleb ! did I come to the top of Green Mountain to imbibe Learning-made-easy ? You will be attempting next to teach me the multiplication-table."

"Excuse me, my dear, I never should attempt that ; and I will now confine myself to obvious facts, leaving their attendant theories to you. Do you see that black beetle with a plume upon his head, crawling up the blue slope toward the horizon ? "

"Yes, I see the beetle."

"Well, his, or rather her, name is Lewiston ; and she is a steamer of no matter how many tons, proceeding from Southwest Harbor toward Machias. Through the spy-glass you can distinguish the people upon her decks."

"Then I won't look through the spy-glass, for I much prefer the black-beetle idea to the steamer idea. But where are all the ships gone to-day ? "

"There are two ships and a good many other vessels in sight," replied

Caleb with mild accuracy, "although I dare say you took them for boats, or even sea-fowl; all those flashing white specks are sails. Now look at the islands. This, with a great bay eating the heart out of it, and leaving only a circle of earth, is called — "

"The Doge's Ring, — is it not?"

"No more than Frenchman's Bay is called Adriatic. That is Great Cranberry, — pronounced Crarmb'ry Island, — and the nearer ones are Little Cranberries. Beyond is Long Island, and just above, if your eyes are very sharp, you can make out a speck called Mount Desert Rock. Stay, look through the glass at it. There is no danger of seeing any of your fellow-creatures, although two of them inhabit it."

"A light-house? O yes; I make out a solitary shaft with a pedestal of rock and the foam dashing over it. Do you say two men live there? why, it is worse than Minot Light."

"More lonely, certainly; for it is twenty-five miles from land, and must be frequently quite shut in by fog and storm. Now come to the other side of the house, and I will show you Katahdin, one hundred and thirty miles away, and perhaps Mount Washington, at a distance of one hundred and seventy. I saw it just now."

So Miselle obediently went, saw all the lions, and then wandered away with the sweet-faced Quakeress to a little nook, where, with the world before them, they enjoyed themselves in a desultory feminine fashion, careless of names or distances, but vividly conscious of every point of beauty in sky or sea or land.

"I think this will do us good for the whole year, — don't thee?" asked Miselle's companion; and out of a full heart she could answer only "Yes."

Then came "the world's people," joyous and noisy, and Miselle retraced the few steps she had reverently taken into the pure, sweet chambers of that saintly life, and joined in Chibiabos's merry chorus, and emulated Atalanta's daring leaps from point to point of the rocky path leading to the brow of the ravine, — a precipitous cleft between Green Mountain and its easterly spur sometimes called Dry Mountain. Beyond this again lies Newport Mountain, and then the sea. The Green Mountain, or eastern face of this ravine, is composed of bare, storm-scattered rock, and so precipitous that a stone launched from the summit drops a thousand feet to the valley below, striking fire from a dozen salient points of the precipice as it goes, and announcing the end of its journey by a faint and distant crash, while a curious double echo repeats the sound of its fall, — first from Otter Creek to the west; and some seconds later from some point far to the east, apparently the open sea.

"Probably our friends the Titans came here to repose in the 'lap of Nature,'" suggested the Count. "Fancy one of them resting his head upon the breast of Dry Mountain, and his body in the wooded valley below, while his feet dabbled luxuriously in the waters of Otter Creek."

Here Caleb launched a fragment of rock so large that its thunderous descent aroused the eagles who inhabit Newport, and who now rose, screaming angrily, from their eyrie.

"Nine of them, as I 'm a sinner!" exclaimed Caleb, in great excitement.

And Miselle remarked to Atalanta, "How fortunate we are not chickens, or even lambs!"

"Don't be afraid, those gentlemen have, or soon will have, other fish than you to fry," remarked Caleb; while the Ambassador, always practical, proclaimed his discovery of a nook filled with the largest blueberries ever seen.

"There is a lively sympathy between us and the lower animals after all. They are always grubbing round for something to eat, and so are we," suggested Atalanta, meditatively plucking the blueberries.

And so home again.

The next day the gentlemen, headed by the General, devoted to a fishing excursion; and their disconsolate relicts, left to themselves, also hired a roomy row-boat with the two sturdy

mariners appertaining, and set forth upon a voyage to the Ovens, — an unromantic name given to certain curious caves worn by action of the tide in the base of certain picturesque crags upon the shore of Saulsbury Cove.

"Ovens!" exclaimed Mrs. General, indignantly, as the party strolled along the beach, looking up at the bold cliffs toppling above their heads, their wide seams green with ferns and blue with harebells, while from the crest nodded birch and larch, and many another graceful growth,—"ovens indeed! This place is henceforth to be called Saulsbury Crags."

"It is a vote," announced the Speaker; and Miselle "resp'y submits" the idea.

The day was charming, so was the company, so was the lunch, eaten in the largest "oven," so was the row homeward, so was the evening, when the fishermen returned wet and dirty beyond belief, hungry, boastful, and happy beyond expression.

The next day was devoted to "the long drive," a tour embracing the village of Seal Cove, Northeast Harbor, and Somesville, a curious sea-wall or natural causeway composed of pebbles, thrown up by the ocean, but not equal to a similar formation at the other side of Somes's Sound, near Southwest Harbor.

But the limits of a magazine paper are peremptory, and by no means admit narrations of all the wonderful adventures that befell the party in this expedition, — of how they lost their way, and were fain to send out an exploring expedition; of how they sought shelter and advice in Rhoda Wasgott's Variety Store at Seal Cove, and were referred to a friendly farm-house close at hand, where they received kindest hospitality, much new milk, bread, butter, doughnuts, and apple-pie, and where, to Miselle's rapturous delight, she found a woman spinning real *bona fide* yarn to be knitted into stockings, and learned, furthermore, that the dwellers in this primitive region still spin and weave and wear the wool of their own sheep, precisely as all our grandmothers once did.

From these scanty "specimen bricks" let the reader build up for himself the story of a long and charming day, ending in a rattling drive homeward, and an impromptu concert at "the other house."

The following morning was devoted to a scramble up a perpendicular mountain for the purpose of obtaining what Atalanta recommended as a "tidy little view"; and Miselle, mentally adjusting the price of candles to the pleasure of such a game, declined accompanying her friends farther than a cottage at the foot of the mountain, where she begged hospitality until their return. It was granted with ready kindness; and while the hostess continued her washing, Miselle devoted herself to a large rocking-chair, a little girl named Aqua, and a new field of observation.

"You don't feel the storms here as they do on the coast, — do you?" asked she, looking out at the surrounding mountains.

"No, it's an awful sight lee-er here under the hills than right out on shore, you see; but then it's dretful lonesome come to die here in the winter, and a man have to go eight mile a-horseback through the mountains 'fore he can fetch a doctor, and you mebbe gone 'fore he gets back."

It was a handful out of her inmost heart that the woman thus gave, and Miselle glanced with sudden appreciation at her hollow cheeks and overbright eyes.

Presently the hostess wiping her arms, and, sending Anselm for "kin'lin's," busied herself over the stove for a few minutes, and returned with a steaming cup of tea and a cup of milk.

"Thought mebbe you'd take a dish o' tea along o' me," said she: "you don't look so dretful rugged; and it'll kind o' rest ye."

And Miselle, sipping the tea, thought of certain holy words: "For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

Before the lunch was ended, the mountaineers returned, as footsore, ragged, tired, and cross as they deserved to be, and Miselle bid good by to her new friend with real regret.

"We are all invited to a *bal masque* at the Bayview House this evening," announced Atalanta at dinner; "and we are all going, which is more."

So the afternoon was devoted to finery and contrivance; the early evening to dressing a Benedictine monk, a Calcutta baboo, and a gypsy fortune-teller; and the first hours of the night to dancing and nonsense.

"The moon knows better than to go to masquerades; she stays out of doors, and enjoys herself like a rational creature," said Miselle, between two yawns, as she walked home.

"You should have been a monk and shrived pretty penitents," said Caleb, laughing with much apparent satisfaction.

But, *Halte-là!* cries the editorial voice, and Miselle pauses, saying, with the wily Scheherezade, "However curious these things may be, what I have yet to tell will divert you infinitely more."

"Pooh!" growls the philosopher. "Because you like a thing, why expect all the world to like it also? How many unfortunate tourists now may be beguiled into visiting it only to find that your swans are geese, and to come away railing at your rose-colored delusions."

"The swans may be geese, and the eagles carrion crows," serenely replied Miselle; "but the larks of Mount Desert are not to be doubted, for Caleb found one there, and it did him a world of good."

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO days after this, while I was in my husband's library, he writing and I restlessly pacing from wall to wall, the door opened, and the groom of the chambers announced "Sir Thomas Juxton, of London."

Mr. Huntingdon advanced to greet the stranger, and I turned to leave the room, for I noticed that even this newcomer glanced at me as did every one, that is, watchfully and suspiciously. Mr. Huntingdon, however, intercepted me, and, presenting the stranger as a physician who had come from London to see me, rolled a chair to me, and, placing me in it, sat down opposite.

Sir Thomas took my hand, felt my pulse, and then ensued a long cross-questioning as to my symptoms, during which I preserved an obstinate silence. I was, however, so irritated, that I at length dragged my hand forcibly away from his, and, pushing him from me, cried, "Leave me! You can do me no good unless you give me liberty." No sooner had he left the room with Mr. Huntingdon than I bitterly repented having shown such impatience; the more I raged against my bonds the closer were they drawn, — gently, and almost imperceptibly, it is true, but most securely. I therefore resolved to call the doctor back, apologize for what I had said, and submit to whatever remedies he might propose. The sound of voices in the ante-room, as I opened the door, made me pause. Mr. Huntingdon was standing with his back to me, and the doctor was speaking. "I never saw a clearer case in my life," he was saying. "In fact, when I saw your lady in London, I anticipated nothing else; though I had hopes that your unusual devotion, and the remedies which I proposed, might have ar-

rested in some degree the progress of the disease."

"You consider — her — incurable?" interrupted Mr. Huntingdon.

"Entirely so; indeed, my dear sir, it is best that I should not conceal the truth from you, painful as it is. There is absolutely no hope for your wife, and I should advise her immediate removal. But the subject, I see, is an unpleasant one to you, and I have no wish to prolong it unnecessarily. *Good* morning."

Mr. Huntingdon immediately returned to the library, and, drawing his chair to the table, began to write. I, however, was determined to compel him to repeat what the doctor had said, and interrupted him with the request that he would listen to me for a moment. He assented by a slight inclination of the head, pushed his papers away, and, selecting a pen from the rack before him, began leisurely to mend it, assuming meanwhile an air of patient attention. Need I repeat that interview? Enough if I say that I, as usual, was agitated and confused, he calm and patient; that at its close I really believed myself the prey to some dreadful disease, and that another attack of frenzy was the result.

I was more closely imprisoned than ever after that day, and never was my desire for liberty so strong. Unceasingly and cunningly did I speculate upon a means of escaping and sailing for some distant land, where he who held over me so absolute a sway could never come. It was on the 5th of August that I at length found means to elude the vigilance of the servants who watched me in Mr. Huntingdon's absence. I remember well that hot, starlit night, the great house lit up, the deep, cool glades of the park, in one of which I concealed myself until deeper night should come, that under cover of it I might start away and be lost.

Soon after ten o'clock I proceeded on my way. I was anxious to strike a post road, and, if possible, take the night coach, and I walked with a desperate haste which afterward seemed to me miraculous. I literally fled along the lonely road, and before long left the lights of Huntingdon far behind me. I began, however, to grow weary. My shoes were thin; I was unaccustomed to walking; and the mad pace, which at first was a relief to me, at last became intolerably wearisome. Toiling on thus, I was overtaken by the coach, and, having paid a liberal fee to the guard, was taken up. Tired as I was, I dared not, could not sleep; I watched through the short summer night for the tramp of horses in pursuit, and glowed exultant at the thought that every hour bore me further and further away from my hated captivity.

We travelled all the following day, and at nightfall reached a hamlet in a far distant country. After assuring myself that a coach would pass through early in the morning, I prepared to alight.

It was too dark for me to see the group gathered round the coach, and I gave my hand to a gentleman who extended his to assist me. Although I could not see his face, I knew that firm velvet clasp; and a chill ran through my veins, and my heart paused in beating, as it closed over my hand. Mr. Huntingdon was there before me.

"I have been waiting here some time for you," he said; "and, as our own carriage is ready, perhaps we had better continue our journey at once."

I drew back, trembling and indignant; but, taking me in his arms, he placed me forcibly in the carriage, and signed the postilions to proceed.

When we were fairly on our way, he bent towards me, and said: "You will not find a repetition of last night's attempt for your advantage."

Before sunset on the following day I was once more in my apartments at Huntingdon Hall.

On the third day after our return, as I sat listlessly watching the fast-falling rain, the door of my room suddenly opened, and Mr. Huntingdon appeared, followed by my maid, who carried my shawl and travelling-cloak

on her arm. I noticed that she was herself dressed for travelling.

"Where are we going?" said I, as she approached me.

"Poor dear!" said my maid. "Think of her forgetting that now!"

"I have forgotten nothing," I replied, as calmly as I could. "Where are we going, Harrington?"

Mr. Huntingdon was engaged in giving an order to a servant who had followed him into the room. He suffered me to repeat my question before he spoke. "You know that we are going to travel," said he, quietly.

"I did *not* know it," I replied, indignantly, "and you know that I did not."

"You wished to travel a day or two since. I was not prepared to accompany you then, and could not permit you to travel alone. Now we will travel, as I am anxious to gratify you."

I laughed scornfully as I answered: "You know perfectly that I am a prisoner here, and that my wishes are little regarded; *now*, however, I insist upon knowing where I am to go."

"You know already, Mrs. Huntingdon," interrupted my maid, officiously. "Dear me, madam, you 've been all for going to France, I 'm sure."

I had always disliked this woman, and the feeling that she despised me, and that she had seen me during my attacks of passion, — attacks the recollection of which mortified me deeply, — was not calculated to mollify my dislike. Of late she had not only watched me closely, but had assumed a patronizing, officious manner, which seemed to me insulting. I therefore replied, with some temper: "You are impertinent, and you at least shall not go with me. You — "

"Leave the room," said Mr. Huntingdon. She obeyed instantly; and, offering his arm to me, he said: "The carriage has already been waiting some time."

"Where are we going?" I answered, still lingering.

"To France, as you already know," he answered.

I took his arm without another word, but without feeling any reluctance with regard to the visit to France. Always and everywhere a prisoner, even a change of captivity was welcome to me; and, besides, the journey offered another possibility of the escape for which I cherished an undiminished longing. We walked down stairs, therefore, and through the long corridor leading to the hall, in perfect silence; and as we approached the hall I heard a voice — my maid's voice — declaiming loudly: "Bless your heart, she 's more flighty now than ever, — quite violent, indeed, and master's patience with her is something wonderful; and when she 's at her worst, screaming and tearing everything like a fury, he 's as cool and patient as can be. She 's only fit for the mad-house, and I hope she 'll soon go there."

I paused aghast as I heard this, and looked up at my husband. He had involuntarily slackened his pace to listen, and a slight, scarcely perceptible, smile curled his lips.

"Can you permit your servants to speak thus of me?" I said.

"Can I under any circumstances prevent them from observing your conduct?" he answered, composedly.

These words inflamed my already irritated temper to the utmost. The moment we entered the hall, I insisted, in the presence of the servants, that my maid should not accompany me on my journey, and that she should be instantly dismissed. A stormy scene ensued, which was ended by Mr. Huntingdon's speaking for the first time, and saying that it should be as I wished. Immediately afterward we departed alone. The carriage, I saw, was heavily packed, as if for a long journey; and during that journey, oppressed with grief, dread, and bodily fatigue, I addressed not one word to my husband, — I feared to do so. O, how I hated and feared, — how I fear him still!

And how he watched me! Those clear sleepless eyes almost maddened me; and as I repeated inwardly to my-

self that I both feared and hated him, I shuddered, believing that he would divine my thoughts, and punish them as he alone knew how.

Four days after we left Huntingdon we reached a small seaport town, whence we were to embark for France. Our luggage and servants had gone by a different route, and we were to sail on the following day. As we were walking that evening on the cliffs which overhung the sullen, swelling sea, I thought suddenly that there was the repose I had coveted so long. I had never thought of suicide before, though I had felt that loathing of existence which makes life valueless; but now, as I thought, Death seemed to me my only friend, the grave, and its solemn, inviolable shelter, my last refuge. The white, curling waves seemed to beckon me with strange fascination, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, I dropped Mr. Huntingdon's arm, saying that I was cold, and wanted my cloak. I expected that he would at once leave me to seek it, as he rarely failed in any office of courtesy; but he passed his arm about me, and said, "Abandon the thought of suicide, Charlotte; you will never have an opportunity to commit it, though your French blood may make the temptation a strong one."

I made no reply, and suffered him to convey me back to our lodgings in silence; but when we were fairly in our apartments, and the doors were closed, I confronted him.

"Why did you not let me die?" I asked.

"It was my duty to prevent you," he answered, calmly.

"You do not love me?"

"Certainly not," he said, with some surprise; "nor do I think that I ever pretended to do so."

"You once said you did."

"At Lascours? Pardon me, I did not say so. I have not once violated the truth in anything I ever said to you."

"You hate me now."

"No, I assure you."

"Then why did you not let me die?"

"I have already answered that question," said he, looking at his watch; "I can spare no more time." And he opened a book. For once, however, my anger, rather than my fear, prevailed. I darted forward, and snatched it from his hand.

"You must *not* read now," I said; "you *shall* listen to me."

"To what purpose shall I listen?" he replied. "Continue, however, to speak, if you prefer to do so."

"You know well all that I have to say to you," said I, struggling to restrain my tears.

"It is possible; but, if so, why do you persist in saying it?"

"Harrington," I answered, rising, and taking his hand, "tell me, for pity's sake tell me, where I am going. Tell me why that physician came to see me; tell me whether —" I hesitated; the dark fear I had in my mind I could not shape in words, so much did I dread his reply, — "tell me," I continued, "whether you believe that I am what — that woman said."

"All those questions can be easily answered," said Mr. Huntingdon. "You are going to a retreat which I have selected; that physician came to see you by my desire, and what I think of your mental condition I refuse to reveal."

"But I will know," I replied. "I will not longer submit in silence to treatment which has gone far toward making me what you perhaps think I am. I am your wife, and I claim to be treated as such."

To this he vouchsafed no reply. And I went on: "I have estates of my own. I have a right to leave you, and live alone if I choose to insist on a separation."

"Indeed," he said; "and on what grounds would you base your appeal for a separation?" As he said this he lifted his eyes, and surveyed me with a contemptuous smile.

"On what grounds?" I repeated. "You do not love me, you are cruel to me, and I am weary of my life."

"Very graceful and romantic rea-

sons," answered Mr. Huntingdon; "but they would not stand in a court of law, and I shall never consent to a legal separation."

"Let me go, let me leave you," I rejoined, "and you may have my estates."

"Your estates are already mine," he replied. "By the laws of this country a married woman possesses no property; and, besides, your estates are entailed, and I am your heir. You see, therefore, that what you would offer me is mine by a double right, which I shall never relinquish."

"You bad, cruel man!" I burst out. "You do not love me, you never loved me; you do not hate me, but you torture me nevertheless. You know that I am dying by inches, that your presence is killing me; and you have all that you want, — all that I can give you, — yet you deny my prayer for solitude and rest; you insist upon keeping me in your presence until I am maddened by your ceaseless surveillance. Ah! let me go away, I beseech you, anywhere, or let me die. Death is preferable to such a life as mine."

He was silent, and I — fool that I was — thought that I had at last moved him. I looked eagerly up in his face, as I waited for his reply. As he still stood motionless, I retreated step by step until I reached the door. There, seeing that he made no movement, I paused, and again said: "You have all, remember, I want nothing; I ask nothing for myself but liberty. I do not ask for a legal separation. I only want to live apart from you."

Still silence.

"Farewell," I said.

"Farewell," he replied.

I turned the handle of the door gently at first, then, as it resisted my efforts, more roughly, shook it at length violently; all in vain; it was locked on the outside. Mr. Huntingdon smiled.

"Return to your seat," said he. "That door is locked by my command. At midnight we embark, and until then you had better rest."

"Then you will not let me go? you insist on prolonging my misery?" said I, with a choking sense of despair, as this last hope was wrenched from me.

"I had already decided your future," he answered, resuming his book.

CHAPTER VII.

In vain, transported by rage and disappointment, did I lavish threats, entreaties, and expostulations upon him. He was alike deaf to all, and sat turning the leaves of his book as coolly, and with as much apparent interest, as if no heart-broken, indignant soul were pleading to him so pitifully.

It was past midnight when we embarked in an open boat for the packet which was moored in the bay. I was lashed to one of the seats, and, as the fisherman who had engaged to row us out took the oars, Mr. Huntingdon inquired whether he would be able to accomplish the distance in half the usual time.

"Because," he added, "I perceive that we are already late, and, in case you cannot engage to take us out within that time, I will buy your boat of you, row my wife out, and set it adrift. I cannot afford to run the risk of losing the packet."

After some parleying this plan was agreed upon, and the boat shot out upon the water like a living thing, propelled by his long, steady strokes. As soon as we were fairly out of sight of the town, he changed his course, and, instead of making for the packet, rowed to the northward, keeping close to the shore.

It was a calm, moonless night, and, exhausted by the emotion I had undergone, and lulled in spite of myself by the rhythmical beat of the oars, I fell asleep. When I awoke Mr. Huntingdon was bending over me, unfastening the lashing which bound me to my seat. The boat was moored on a solitary shore, and the gray dawn of the summer morning, breaking over the scene, showed on the one hand the grayer sea,

and on the other a low shore, marshes, and a distant hamlet, from which as yet no smoke was rising.

As I stepped out of the boat Mr. Huntingdon set her adrift, and, taking my hand, began to walk rapidly toward this hamlet. After a few steps we reached a turn in the road, where we sat down to rest; and while we were waiting Mr. Huntingdon enveloped the lower part of his face in a scarf, so that it was impossible to distinguish his features. Not long afterward a coach came in sight, and we hailed it and entered. We travelled for two days, and at length, at nightfall alighted on the edge of a wide moor. No human habitation was in sight, and Mr. Huntingdon, taking my arm, plunged into a deep wood. We had not gone far before I perceived that, wild and desolate as everything looked, it had once formed part of a gentleman's grounds. Statues, moss-grown and broken, glimmered in the deep recesses of the wood, and I soon saw that we were approaching a large mansion. It stood before us so gloomy, dark, and ivy-grown that it was almost impossible to distinguish it from the thickly growing trees which surrounded it. Not a light glimmered from its numerous windows, all of which were closed and barred, nor did the faintest echo break the deep silence which brooded around. We ascended the flight of stone steps which led to the grand entrance, and Mr. Huntingdon, taking a key from his pocket, opened the heavy door, and closed it noiselessly behind us. He then again took my hand, and we mounted the staircase; it was long, and had two landings. Arrived at the top, I was led down a long corridor, then through a suite of rooms, — I could guess this by the fact that Mr. Huntingdon opened the doors as we advanced. At length we paused, and he struck a light. I was at first so dazzled that I could distinguish nothing; but, as my vision cleared, I perceived that we were in a small room, hung with tapestry. There were no windows as I speedily observed, and the fireplace was closed. The room was abundantly lighted by four wax-candles, which were burning in silver sconces on the walls; the furniture consisted of two lounging-chairs, a bed, cheval-glass, and a table already laid for supper. Mr. Huntingdon mixed some wine and water, and offered it to me; but I pushed it away, and said, "Where am I?"

"At Averndean Manor," he replied. "You wished for a separate residence, and one has been assigned you; you will reside here alone, but I shall visit you occasionally. Averndean Manor, as you are aware, is one of my estates; it was unoccupied during my father's lifetime, and has remained so until now. The desire for solitude which you expressed so passionately will be fully gratified here, I think; here, at least, you will be entirely alone, nor shall I ever again reside with you. Our separation is final and complete."

"Why can I not remain at Carteret?" I asked.

"Because Averndean Manor is within nine miles of Huntingdon, and therefore admits of frequent visits from me. We do not part in anger, and it is my intention to maintain some intercourse with you."

"But Carteret is my own estate."

"Have I not already told you that that is no longer the case? Indeed, even admitting that view of the subject, Averndean Manor is also yours. When in the marriage service I made you a sharer in all my worldly goods, I thought especially of Averndean. I intended then that it should be your residence."

"Who lives here?" I rejoined.

"You only," he replied. "You demanded solitude, repose, immunity from observation, and from the surveillance which you stigmatized as cruel; your prayer is granted without reservation; the solitude of Averndean Manor is absolute; you will have no temptations to lure you from repose; and from the observation of all eyes you are as completely sheltered as you would be in your grave."

"What!" I gasped, "is it possible

that you intend to leave me here alone, — utterly alone? I shall go mad. It is base, cruel, murderous."

"That is a harsh term," he said, with a slight smile. "It is in fact a matter of some difficulty for me to arrange matters in accordance with your wishes. You demand a separation, a demand which you cannot legally justify, but I grant it; you demand solitude, I grant that also; you demand immunity from observation, — a singular demand for so young and beautiful a woman, — but that is yours; and, having at considerable loss of time, gratified all these whims my conduct is stigmatized as — However, I will not repeat your words. Doubtless it has already occurred to you that they are ill adapted to me."

"No, no, *no!*" I cried. "All the vile epithets in the world would not do justice to conduct such as yours, to cruelty so refined, to injustice so undeserved. If you have brought me here to murder me, do it now. Spare me — "

"Murder you!" he interrupted, in his softest tones, and with a deprecating wave of his white hand, — "*murder* you! Such an idea is far from me; such a crime I have no motives to commit, nor, if I had the motives, have I a temperament which would permit me to act upon them. No, I shall neither murder you, nor allow you to murder yourself. Suicide, although it has, as I before remarked, a certain attraction for the French nature, is quite unworthy of a daughter of the Carterets and of my wife. I shall therefore guard you safely in this respect."

"*Guard me!*" I repeated scornfully, "your guardianship has ruined my life, broken my heart, shattered my mind. May God in mercy preserve any other poor creature from guardianship such as yours, which, after driving me to despair, would drag me back from the grave where I might forget you and your cruelty."

"I see," said Mr. Huntingdon, slightly shrugging his shoulders, "that I am little understood. Sit down," he continued, pushing a chair toward me, "and I will admit you into the confidence which you some time since so bitterly complained that I withheld from you. Compose yourself and listen.

"I assure you, in the first place, that the guardianship of which you are so weary has been equally wearisome to me. I determined long since to relinquish it when the proper time arrived, and it has arrived. There is but one more scene in the drama which we have enacted together since your birth, — then the curtain drops, and severed, not by death, but by my will, which is as potent, you will be to me, and I to you, as if we had never been."

He paused for a moment to look at his watch, but I still listened, breathless. What was he about to tell me? A dreadful fascination held me.

"I believe," he resumed, glancing at me with the contemptuous smile I so hated, "that you have hardly appreciated my character and talents, and, to make them quite clear to you, I must tell you something of my history. You are aware, of course, that your father was my favorite uncle and dearest friend; perhaps if I were to reverse that proposition, and say that I was his favorite nephew and dearest friend, I should approach more nearly to the truth. I was ever conscious that he stood between me and Carteret Castle. You observe that I am frank with you, and it affords me pleasure, I assure you, to be so. I was, of course, the heir to Carteret, as well as Huntingdon, for my uncle constantly assured me that he had given up all thought of marrying. Nothing, therefore, occurred to render my prospects dubious until my seventeenth year, when I accompanied my uncle to France. Among other visits we paid one to the Chateau Lascours, then inhabited by your grandfather, who died a few months afterward, and your mother, who was somewhat younger than you are now, and at the height of her very remarkable beauty. Your father was much confined to his room by ill health at that time, and the Countess devoted herself to me. She was extremely fascinating and beautiful

and, though I cannot now say that I loved her, she had a great charm for me, and we were secretly affianced. Judge, therefore, of my surprise when, shortly after my return to England, I received a letter from your father announcing his nuptials with Mademoiselle de Lascours. I think it will be granted that I then had just cause for murder, but that has never been at all a temptation of mine. Revenge, my dear Charlotte, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should not be illegal. But to return to my story. Shortly after the marriage your father's health began to fail. He returned to England to die; and it was while I was watching his last agonies that the news of your birth and of your mother's death arrived. I communicated both, and had the satisfaction of receiving his last injunctions. I decided then and there upon the course I have since adopted in regard to you. I have watched carefully over all your interests, and would be willing to display my management of them before England and the world. I educated you to be my wife, and, in accordance with my determination, you in time became so; as to the devotion I have since shown you, and which I assure you others appreciate if you do not, I have had my reasons for that also, though it has been irksome at times, and is relinquished with pleasure. Your inheritance has been preserved inviolate, your life has been calm, nor have you ever received unkindness at my hands. You complain that you have not been happy, and I reply that it never was my intention that you should be.

"One thing more and I have done. You asked me, not long since, the opinion of your physician in regard to your case. He declared you to be an incurable maniac, and advised your immediate removal to a Maison de Santé on the Continent. In compliance with his directions I made arrangements for your admittance, engaged your apartments, and forwarded your luggage, but it was never my intention to permit you to reside there: I had selected Avern-dean as a retreat better suited to your rank, and here you will reside for a time. Have no fear, however, of personal violence; that will never be offered you."

He ceased, and, leaning gracefully against the mantel-piece, contemplated me with a cold serenity which inflamed to the utmost the stormy passions at war within me, — passions so intense that they could not at first find a vent in words. I began to see the past clearly, to comprehend all that had seemed so mysterious, and I shuddered as I thought. One question, the reply to which I felt a horror of, and was, nevertheless, resolved to hear, I must ask.

"Tell me," I said, rising from my chair as I spoke, — "tell me — that letter of my father's — did he — when did he write that?"

"When? Surely you have heard."

"Is it his handwriting?"

"You have seen other letters of his; any one familiar with his handwriting would swear to the signature of that letter to you."

"Is it his own handwriting? Did he write it?" I persisted, my hideous, half-formed suspicions gathering certainty.

Mr. Huntingdon surveyed me with a mocking smile. "It is my desire to be quite frank with you," he answered. "That letter was — All stratagems are fair in love, you know, or war, and our marriage was, perhaps, a combination of both."

"Then," I said, my voice issuing from my lips in a hoarse shriek, "that letter was a forgery! my father never wrote it!"

"Forgery is an ugly term," Mr. Huntingdon answered. "Call it, however, what you will, that letter was neither written nor dictated by your father, although I flatter myself that it did no more than express his wishes."

The room seemed to whirl round me as he spoke. I remember snatching a knife from the table and springing towards him; then darkness swept over all my senses, and I remember no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

When I came to myself, I was lying on the sofa, the knife had been wrenched from my grasp, and Mr. Huntingdon was gone.

The night must have been far advanced, for the tall candles were burned almost to their sockets. There was a liberal supply upon the mantel-piece, however, and I soon lit others, and then I had leisure to examine my apartment. It had, as I have before said, no windows, although it was well ventilated, apparently by some aperture in the lofty ceiling. To my horror, I soon found that there was no door, and the truth was clear to me that I was a prisoner in a secret chamber of the long-deserted Averndean Manor, — a prisoner, and evidently to be so for some length of time, as there was an abundance of provisions and clothing. All that I had before endured was as nothing compared with the horror of that moment, — a dull horror, through which my fierce hatred of the man who had thus ruined me glared like a lurid torch. When, after repeated examinations of every rent in the tapestry, of every crack in the floor and panelling, I became aware that all was useless, and that escape was for me a thing impossible, I gave myself up unrestrainedly to the fury which possessed my soul. The lofty roof, the long galleries, the many silent rooms of that deserted house, tossed back my shrieks in a thousand mocking echoes; but no human voice replied, no step approached, no hand was extended to aid me.

When I was literally exhausted, I threw myself down and slept. Slept! that sleep was a dream of hell, and from it I woke to deeper misery. I sought everywhere for some means of putting an end to my wretched existence, but in vain; he who had locked me there had well kept his promise of guarding me from suicide.

After that, I cannot remember much; I do not even know how the time passed, although I remember that, when the candles burned out, I replaced them. The dread of utter darkness was alive in me still, and sometimes I ate and drank. I do not know how long I had been there when I woke out of a kind of stupor which yet was not sleep. The candles were flickering and guttering, and, strangely enough, reminded me of those other candles far away, which had burned round the corpse in the Chateau Lascours.

I rose from the side of my bed, where I must have been sitting, and looked round the room. It was all dismantled now. The tapestry hung (as I had torn it) in strips from the walls, the furniture was broken and disordered. I looked slowly round, feeling that it was my last sight of earth and earthly things. My last trial, I thought, had come, for I had resolved to beat myself to death against a sort of abutment in the panelled wall.

I advanced. Once, twice I hurled myself against it with a sort of fierce delight, as I thought that *he* would come and find me dead. The third time the panel yielded, and I fell forward into the room beyond.

My first emotion was one of dread lest Mr. Huntingdon should be near; my next, the determination to seize this opportunity of escape without delay. I returned to my room for a moment, to fold my veil and mantle about me; then, taking my purse, I crept out, carefully closing the panel behind me. I was in total darkness, but rightly conjecturing that the room in which I found myself was the last of the suite through which I remembered to have passed, I groped my way on slowly, opening and closing the doors noiselessly. At last I felt that I was in the corridor or gallery leading to the staircase. I found it at last, and descended, my heart beating audibly as I remembered *who* had once met me at the foot of a staircase. He was not there, however, and I found myself in a large, octagonal hall, with many corridors diverging from it. From one of these a light gleamed, and I advanced toward that light, swiftly and silently. As I approached it, I saw

that it proceeded from a large room, in the centre of which stood a table upon which four wax-candles were burning. It was littered with papers, and sitting writing with his back to me was Mr. Huntingdon. He had evidently been riding, for his coat, hat, and whip lay upon a chair near the door, together with a small Italian stiletto which he always carried about him. I took that up as I passed, and crept toward him.

He was dressed, as he often was, in a coat of gray cloth with ruffles of the finest lace. One hand was thrust into his breast, the other was travelling steadily over the paper. I crept nearer, nearer still, — so near that, had I not held my breath, it would have stirred his blond silken hair. I saw what he had written: —

"Died at Hyères, France, on the 20th of August, 1798, Charlotte Alixe la Baume, wife of the Right Honorable Harrington Carteret Huntingdon, of Huntingdon Hall and Averndean Manor, Cumberland, and daughter of the Hon. Charles Huntingdon Carteret of Carteret Castle and Branthope Grange."

All the fierce hatred I felt for him blazed up at the sight, and quivered through every fibre, and I stabbed him, — stabbed him deeply behind the ear.

A slight shudder shook his strong frame, his right hand dragged itself along the paper, then — all was still, and I turned and fled, throwing the stiletto from me as I sped along the gallery. I opened the great door, and hastened down the steps. Mr. Huntingdon's horse was tied there, and I unfastened and let him go; then, plunging into the woods, I rushed madly on. The night was far advanced, and I was on a distant road, when I was overtaken by the coach; and of the next few days I have little recollection. I never rested for a moment until I reached Paris. I arrived there in the morning; but how long after I left England I do not know. I had some difficulty at first in securing apartments; but, being liberally provided with money, I at length succeeded in finding them in the Rue ——. I was worn out with fatigue and hunger, and slept until quite late. When the portress, whose services I had engaged, at length awoke me, it was dark. She soon brought candles, however, and then left me, after placing my dinner on the table. I rearranged my dress as well as I was able, and then, seeing a long mirror opposite, I lifted my eyes to survey the effect. Horror! horror! Bending over me, his left hand still in his bosom, his fair hair, his rich dress, all unruffled, save for the blood which dripped from the wound behind his ear, with a mocking smile on his lips, stood Mr. Huntingdon.

I could not have turned, I could not have averted my eyes for worlds; but, slowly raising my right hand, I thrust it backward. It was not clasped, it met no resisting medium, although *it* did not stir. No; I thrust it through and through that figure, moved it up and down, and then, — then I knew that I had but set him free that he might follow and torment me wherever I went, and I tore myself away, and rushed out of the room.

On the first landing of the staircase down which I hastened was a tall mirror, and in it I could see him descending at my side, step by step, his wound dripping redly as he walked. A group of servants were assembled on the landing, and as one of them advanced to ask if I wanted anything, I paused, and made some remark about the gentleman with me.

"Madame?" he said, gazing first at the mirror to which my eyes were directed, and then at me. Evidently he saw nothing, and thought me mad, and I lingered no longer. I rushed out; and since then I have been a wanderer, never daring to rest, and knowing always that he was near; and he is. Not only in mirrors, but in solitary pools and watercourses, ay, even in the sea, I have seen him as I saw him that night. Everywhere and always he is with me. Even in the convent I knew he was there; and one night when I kept my vigils before the high altar, I saw in the marble floor — HIS

face. I knew then that God had forsaken me, and I tried to come back to England to confess, if perhaps then I might have rest. But I was ill, — and I lost my way, — and now — now I am dying, and he is here waiting, — waiting for me. If I had strength to rise and look, I should see him smiling mockingly at me. He knows I must come soon; but I cannot stop his wound; it bleeds, — it drips, drips still. Ah! he is waiting, and I must go. Doctor, this is my confession. When I am gone, publish it, — tell it. Perhaps — he will — be satisfied — then.

She paused. Already death was at hand; the strong will, which alone had kept her alive during the five days which had elapsed since she began to dictate her confession, had yielded at last; the agony of haste with which she had spoken was all spent; and, as she sank down among her pillows, her thin hands began to pluck restlessly at the coverlet, — busy and aimless, as the hands of the dying often are. Opening the door, I called the nurse, who came speedily, and, bending over her, began to chafe the feet which were already dipped in the cold waters of that stream which, sooner or later, must be crossed by all who are born of woman. I raised her head, to ease, if possible, the breath which now came only at intervals, catching and rattling in her throat; and then, thinking that perhaps, if she were able to swallow it, brandy might alleviate the last agony, I went to the fireplace, where a bottle stood, and was pouring it out, when I raised my eyes involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, to the looking-glass. What I saw froze my blood. It may be doubted — will be doubted — by many. I can only vouch for it as the truth.

I saw a man, tall and stately, his dress splashed with mud as if from hard riding. One hand was thrust into his breast, the other hung by his side. His cold blue eyes met mine with a haughty glance, as I gazed upon him, and a mocking smile curled his lips. I knew those fair and finely chiselled features, that silky blond hair, that dress of fine cloth, and linen and lace; and I shuddered as I saw the blood dripping warm and red from the wound behind his ear.

Motionless I stood, lost in the mortal terror of the moment, and while so standing the Abbey clock began to strike. The deep solemn strokes vibrated through the room, and with each that figure became more and more indistinct, or receded. As the twelfth stroke pealed forth it vanished; and the wild wind, rising, moaned and wailed round the inn, and then swept howling away.

I turned towards the bed. The nurse was bending over the still form which lay there. "Poor dear!" she said, drawing back as I approached; "I did n't think she 'd go so easy just at the last. She was off like a bird at the last stroke of twelve. Ah, sir, it 's no use feeling her pulse; it 'll never beat again."

I laid the dead hand back. All was over indeed; and out upon the wild winter midnight those two souls, so strangely linked together by crime and wrong, had gone, — together still.

"One step to the death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel,
And one — O where?"

HOOKER.

THE life of the "learned and judicious" Mr. Richard Hooker, by Izaak Walton, is one of the most perfect biographies of its kind in literature. But it is biography on its knees; and though it contains some exquisite touches of characterization, it does not, perhaps, convey an adequate impression of the energy and enlargement of the soul whose meekness it so tenderly and reverentially portrays. The individuality of the writer is blended with that of his subject, and much of his representation of Hooker is an unconscious idealization of himself. The intellectual limitations of Walton are felt even while we are most charmed by the sweetness of his spirit, and the greatest thinker the Church of England has produced is not reflected on the page which celebrates his virtues.

Hooker's life is the record of the upward growth of a human nature into that region of sentiments and ideas where sagacity and sanctity, intelligence and goodness, are but different names for one vital fact. His soul, and the character his soul had organized, — the invisible but intensely and immortally alive part of him, — was domesticated away up in the heavens, even while the weak visible frame, which *seemed* to contain it, walked the earth; and though in this world thrown controversially, at least, into the Church Militant, the Church Militant caught, through him, a gleam of the consecrating radiance, and a glimpse of the heaven-wide ideas, of the Church Triumphant. There is much careless talk in our day of "spiritual" communication; but it must never be forgotten that the condition of real spiritual communication is height of soul; and that the true "mediums" are those rare persons through whom, as through Hooker, spiritual communications stream in the conceptions of purified, spiritualized, celestialized reason.

Hooker was born in 1553, and was the son of poor parents, better qualified to rejoice in his early piety than to appreciate his early intelligence. The schoolmaster to whom the boy was sent, happy in a pupil whose inquisitive and acquisitive intellect was accompanied with docility of temper, believed him, in the words of Walton, "to be blessed with an inward divine light"; thought him a little wonder; and when his parents expressed their intention to bind him apprentice to some trade, the good man spared no efforts until he succeeded in interesting Bishop Jewell in the stripling genius. Hooker, at the age of fourteen, was sent by Jewell to the University of Oxford; and after Jewell's death Dr. Sandys, the Bishop of London, became his patron. He partly supported himself at the university by taking pupils; and though these pupils were of his own age, they seem to have regarded their young instructor with as much reverence, and a great deal more love, than they gave to the venerable professors. Two of these pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, rose to distinction. As a teacher, Hooker not merely communicated the results of study, but the spirit of study; some radiations from his own soul fell upon the minds he informed; and the youth fortunate enough to be his pupil might have echoed the grateful eulogy of the poet: —

> "For he was like the sun, giving me light,
> Pouring into the caves of my young brain
> Knowledge from his bright fountains."

No one, perhaps, was better prepared to enter holy orders than Hooker, when, after fourteen years of the profoundest meditation and the most exhaustive study, he, in his twenty-eighth year, was made deacon and priest. And now came the most unfortunate event of his life; and it came in the shape of an honor. He was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross, a pulpit cross erected in the churchyard of St. Paul's Cathedral, and from which

a sermon was preached every Sunday by some eminent divine, before an assemblage composed of the Court, the city magistracy, and a great crowd of people. When Hooker arrived in London on Thursday, he was afflicted with so severe a cold that he despaired of being able to use his voice on Sunday. His host was a linen-draper by the name of Churchman; and the wife of this man took such care of her clerical guest, that his cold was sufficiently cured for him to preach his sermon. Before he could sufficiently express his gratitude, she proposed further to increase her claim upon it. Mrs. Churchman — unlike the rest of her sex — was a matchmaker; and she represented to him that he, being of a weak constitution, ought to have a wife who would prove a nurse to him, and thus, by affectionate care, prolong his existence, and make it comfortable. Her benevolence not stopping here, she offered to provide such a one for him herself, if he thought fit to marry. The good man, who had, in his sermon, deemed himself capable of arguing the question of two wills in God, "an antecedent and a consequent will, — his first will that all men should be saved; his second, that those only should be saved who had lived answerable to the degree of grace afforded them," — a subject large enough to convulse the theological world, — the good man listened to Mrs. Churchman with a more serene trustfulness than he would have done to an Archbishop, and gave her power to select such a nurse-wife for him; he, the thinker and the scholar, who, in the sweep of his mind over human learning, had probably never encountered an intelligence capable of deceiving his own, falling blandly into the toils of an ignorant, cunning, and low-minded matchmaker! This benevolent lady had a daughter, whose manners were vulgar, whose face was unprepossessing, whose temper was irritable and exacting, but who had youth and romance enough to discriminate between being married and going out to service; and this was the wife Mrs. Churchman selected, and this was the wife gratefully and guilelessly received from her hands by the "judicious Mr. Hooker." Izaak Walton moralizes sweetly and sedately over this transaction, taking the ground that it was providential, and that affliction is a divine diet imposed by God on souls that he loves. Is this the right way to look at it? Everything is providential after it has happened; but retribution is in the events of providence as well as chastening. Hooker, in truth, had unconsciously slipped into a sin; for he had intended a marriage of convenience, and that of the worst sort. He had violated all the providential conditions implied in the sacred relation of marriage. It was a marriage in which there was no mutual affection, no assurance of mutual help, no union of souls; and taking his wife, as he did, to be his nurse, what wonder that she preferred the more natural office of vixen? And though every man and woman who reads the account of the manner in which she tormented him thinks she deserved to have had some mechanical contrivance attached to her shoulders, which should box her ears at every scolding word she uttered, it seems to be overlooked that great *original* injustice was done to her. We take great delight in being the first who has ever said a humane word for the *in*judicious Mrs. Hooker. Mated, but not united, to that angelic intellect and that meek spirit, — taken as a servant rather than as a wife, — she felt the degradation of her position keenly; and, there being no possibility of equality between them, she, in spiritual self-defence, established in the household the despotism of caprice and the tyranny of the tongue.

His marriage compelled Hooker to resign his fellowship at Oxford; and he accepted a small parish in the diocese of Lincoln. Here, about a year afterwards, he was visited by his two former pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer. It was sufficient for Mrs. Hooker to know that they were scholars, and that they revered her husband. She accordingly at once set in motion certain petty feminine modes of annoyance, to indicate that her husband

was her servant, and that his friends were unwelcome guests. As soon as they were fairly engaged in a conversation, recalling and living over the quiet joys of their college life, the amiable lady that Mr. Hooker had married to be his nurse called him sharply to come and rock the cradle. His friends were all but turned out of the house. Cranmer, in parting with him, said: "Good tutor, I am sorry that your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." "My dear George," was Hooker's answer, "if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labor — as indeed I do daily — to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace." Is it not to be supposed that John Calvin, if placed in similar circumstances, would have shown a little more of the ancient Adam? Would it not have been somewhat dangerous for Catherine, wife of Martin Luther, to have screamed to her husband to come and rock the cradle while he was discoursing with Melancthon on the insufficiency of works?

One result of this visit of his pupils was that Sandys, whose father was Archbishop of York, warmly represented to that dignitary of the Church the scandal of allowing such a combination of the saint and sage as Richard Hooker to be buried in a small country parsonage; and the mastership of the Temple falling vacant at this time, the Archbishop used his influence with the judges and benchers, and in March, 1585, obtained the place for Hooker. But this promotion was destined to give him new disquiets rather than diminish old ones. The lecturer who preached the evening sermons at the Temple was Walter Travers, — an able, learned, and resolute theologian, who preferred the Presbyterian form of church government to the Episcopal, and who, in his theological belief, agreed with the Puritans. It soon came to be noted that the sermon by Hooker in the morning disagreed, both as to doctrine and discipline, with the sermon delivered by his subaltern in the evening; and it was wittily said that the "forenoon sermon spake Canterbury and the afternoon Geneva." This difference soon engaged public attention. Canterbury stepped in, and prohibited Geneva from preaching. Travers appealed unsuccessfully to the Privy Council, and then his friends privately printed his petition. Hooker felt himself compelled to answer it. As the controversy refers to deep mysteries of religion, still vehemently debated, it would be impertinent to venture a judgment on the relative merits of the disputants; but it may be said that the reasoning of Hooker, when the discussion does not turn on the meaning of authoritative Scripture texts, insinuates itself with more subtile cogency into the natural heart and brain, and is incomparably more human and humane than the reasoning of his antagonist. A fine intellectual contempt steals out in Hooker's rejoinder to the charges of Travers in regard to some minor ceremonies, for which the Puritans, in their natural jealousy of everything that seemed popish, had, perhaps, an irrational horror, and to which the Churchmen were apt to give an equally irrational importance. Hooker quietly refers "to other exceptions, so like these, as but to name I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them." One retort has acquired deserved celebrity: "Your next argument consists of railing and reasons. To your railing I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows."

It was unfortunate for Hooker's logic that it was supported by the arm of power. Travers had the great advantage of being persecuted; and his numerous friends in the Temple found ways to make Hooker so uncomfortable that he wished himself back in his secluded parish, with nobody to torment him but his wife. He was a great con-

troversialist, as far as reason enters into controversies; but the passions which turn controversies into contentions, and edge arguments with invectives, were foreign to his serenely capacious intellect and peaceable disposition. As he brooded over the condition of the Church, and the disputes raging within it, he more and more felt the necessity of surveying the whole controversy from a higher ground, in larger relations, and in a more Christian spirit. At present the dispute raged within, and had not rent the Church. The Puritans were not dissenters, attacking the Church from without, but reformers, attempting to alter its constitution from within. The idea occurred to Hooker, that a treatise might be written, demonstrating "the power of the Church to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose obedience to them, as upon her children," and written with sufficient comprehensiveness of thought and learning to convince the reason of his opponents, and with sufficient comprehensiveness of love to engage their affections. This idea ripened into the "Ecclesiastical Polity," which he began at the Temple; but he found that the theological atmosphere of the place, though it stimulated the mental, was ungenial to the loving qualities he intended to embody in his treatise; and he accordingly begged the Archbishop to transfer him to some quiet parsonage, where he might think in peace. Accordingly, in 1591, he received the Rectory of Boscum; and afterwards, in 1595, the Queen, who seems to have held him in great respect, presented him with the living of Bourne, where he remained until his death, which occurred in the year 1600, in his forty-sixth year. In 1594 four books of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" were published, and a fifth in 1597; the others not till after his death. Walton gives a most beautiful picture of him in his parsonage, illustrating Hooker's own maxim, "that the life of a pious clergyman was visible rhetoric." His humility, benevolence, self-denial, devotion to his duties, the innocent wisdom which marked his whole intercourse with his parishioners, and his fasting and mortifications, are all set forth in Walton's blandest diction. The most surprising item in this list of perfections is the last; for how, with "the clownish and silly" Mrs. Hooker always snarling and snapping below, while he was looking into the empyrean of ideas from the summits of his intellect, he needed any more of the discipline of mortification, it would puzzle the most resolute ascetic to tell. That amiable lady, as soon as she understood that her husband was opposed to the Puritans, seems to have joined them; spite, and the desire to plague him, appearing to inspire her with an unwonted interest in theology, though we have no record of her theological genius, except the apparently erroneous report that, after Hooker's death, she destroyed or mutilated some of his manuscripts. In Keble's Preface to his edition of Hooker's Works will be found an elaborate account of the publication of the last three books of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," and an examination and approximate settlement of the question regarding their authenticity and completeness.

Hooker's nature was essentially an intellectual nature; and the wonder of his mental biography is the celerity and certainty with which he transmuted knowledge and experience into intelligence. It may be a fancy, but we think it can be detected, in an occasional uncharacteristic tartness of expression, that he had carried up even Mrs. Hooker into the region of his intellect, and dissolved her termagant tongue into a fine spiritual essence of gentle sarcasm. Not only did his vast learning pass, as successively acquired, from memory into faculty, but the daily beauty of his life left its finest and last result in his brain. His patience, humility, disinterestedness, self-denial, his pious and humane sentiments, every resistance to temptation, every benevolent act, every holy prayer, were by some subtile chemistry turned into thought, and gave his intel-

lect an upward lift, increasing the range of its vision, and bringing it into closer proximity with great ideas. We cannot read a page of his writings, without feeling the presence of this spiritual power in conception, statement, and argument. And this moral excellence which has thus become moral intelligence, this holiness which is in perfect union with reason, this spirit of love which can not only feel but see, gives a softness, richness, sweetness, and warmth to his thinking, quite as peculiar to it as its dignity, amplitude, and elevation.

As a result of this deep, silent, and rapid growth of nature, this holding in his intelligence all the results of his emotional and moral life, he attaches our sympathies as we follow the stream of his arguments; for we feel that he has *communed* with all the principles he *communicates*, and knows by direct perception the spiritual realities he announces. His intellect, accordingly, does not act by flashes of insight; "but his soul has *sight*" of eternal verities, and directs at them a clear, steady, divining gaze. He has no lucky thoughts; everything is earned; he knows what he knows in all its multitudinous relations, and cannot be surprised by sudden objections, convicting him of oversight of even the minutest applications of any principle he holds in his calm, strong grasp. And as a controversialist he has the immense advantage of descending into the field of controversy from a height above it, and commanding it, while his opponents are wrangling with minds on a level with it. The great difficulty in the man of thought is to connect his thought with life; and half the literature of theology and morals is therefore mere satire, simply exhibiting the immense, unbridged, ironic gulf that yawns, wide as that between Lazarus and Dives, between truth and duty, on the one hand, and the actual affairs and conduct of the world on the other. But Hooker, one of the loftiest of thinkers, was also one of the most practical. His shining idea, away up in the heaven of Contemplation, sends its rays of light and warmth in a thousand directions upon the earth, illuminating palace and cottage, piercing into the crevices and corners of concrete existence, relating the high with the low, austere obligation with feeble performance, and showing the obscure tendencies of imperfect institutions to realize divine laws.

This capacious soul was lodged in one of the feeblest of bodies. Physiologists are never weary of telling us that masculine health is necessary to the vigor of the mind; but the vast mental strength of Hooker was independent of his physical constitution. His appearance in the pulpit conveyed no idea of a great man. Small in stature, with a low voice, using no gesture, never moving his person or lifting his eyes from his sermon, he seemed the very impersonation of clerical incapacity and dulness; but soon the thoughtful listener found his mind fascinated by the automaton speaker; a still, devout ecstasy breathed from the pallid lips; the profoundest thought and the most extensive learning found calm expression in the low accents; and, more surprising still, the somewhat rude mother-tongue of Englishmen was heard for the first time from the lips of a master of prose composition, demonstrating its capacity for all the purposes of the most refined and most enlarged philosophic thought. Indeed, the serene might of Hooker's soul is perhaps most obviously perceived in his style, — in the easy power with which he wields and bends to his purpose a language not yet trained into a ready vehicle of philosophical expression. It is doubtful if any English writer since his time has shown equal power in the construction of long sentences, — those sentences in which the thought, and the atmosphere of the thought, and the modifications of the thought, are all included in one sweeping period, which gathers clause after clause as it rolls melodiously on to its foreseen conclusion, and having the general gravity and grandeur of its modulated movement pervaded by an inexpressibly sweet undertone of individual sentiment. And the

strength is free from every fretful and morbid quality which commonly taints the performances of a strong mind lodged in a sickly body. It is as serene, wholesome, and comprehensive as it is powerful.

The Ecclesiastical Polity is the great theological work of the Elizabethan Age. Pope Clement, having said to Cardinal Allen and Dr. Stapleton, English Roman Catholics at Rome, that he had never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author, they replied that a poor, obscure English priest had written a work on Church Polity, which, if he should read, would change his opinion. At the conclusion of the first book, the Pope is said to have delivered this judgment: "There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for his understanding. This man indeed deserves the name of an author; his books will get reverence from age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that, if the rest be like this, they shall last until the last fire consume all learning."

But it must be admitted that the rest, however great their merits, are not "like this." The first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity is not only the best, but it is that in which Hooker's mind is most effectually brought into relations with all thinking minds, and that in virtue of which he takes his high place in the history of literature and philosophy. The theologians he opposed insisted that a definite scheme of Church polity was revealed in the Scriptures, and was obligatory on Christians. This, of course, reduced the controversy into a mere wrangle about the meaning of certain texts; and as this mode of disputation does not make any call upon the higher mental and spiritual powers, it has always been popular among theologians, giving everybody a chance in the textual and logical skirmish, and conducing to that anarchy of opinions which is not without its charm to the stoutest champion of authority, if he has in him the belligerent instinct. But Hooker, constitutionally averse to controversy, and looking at it, not as an end, but a means, had that aching for order which characterizes a peaceable spirit, and that demand for fundamental ideas which characterizes a great mind. Accordingly, in the first book, he mounts above the controversy before entering into it, and surveys the whole question of law, from the one eternal, divine law to the laws which are in force among men. He makes the laws which God has written in the reason of man divine laws, as well as those he has supernaturally revealed in the Scriptures; and especially he enforces the somewhat startling principle, that law is variable or invariable, not according to the source from which it emanates, but according to the matter to which it refers. If the matter be changeable, be mutable, the law must participate in the mutability of that which it was designed to regulate; and this principle, he insists, is independent of the fact whether the law originated in God or in the divinely constituted reason of man. There are some laws which God has written in the reason of man which are immutable; there are some laws supernaturally revealed in Scripture which are mutable. In the first case, no circumstances can justify their violation; in the other, circumstances necessitate a change. The bearing of this principle on the right of the Church of England to command rules and ceremonies which might not have been commanded by Scripture is plain. Even if the principle were denied by his opponents, it could be properly denied only by being confuted; and to confute it exacted the lifting up of the controversy into the region of ideas.

But it is not so much in the conception and application of one principle as in the exhibition of many principles harmoniously related, that Hooker's largeness of comprehension is shown. No other great logician is so free from logical fanaticism. His mind gravitates to truth; and therefore limits and guards the application of single *truths*, detecting that fine point where many

principles unite in forming wisdom, and refusing to be pushed too far in any one direction. He has his hands on the reins of a hundred wild horses, unaccustomed to exercise their strength and fleetness in joint effort; but the moment they feel the might of his meekness, they all sedately obey the directing power which sends them in orderly motion to a common goal. The central idea of his book is law. Even God, he contends, "works not only according to his own *will*, but the *counsel* of his own will," — according "to the *order* which he before all ages hath set down for himself to do all things by." A self-conscious, personal, working, divine reason is therefore at the heart of things, and infinite *power* and infinite *love* are identical with infinite *intelligence*. Hooker's breadth of mind is evinced in his refusing, unlike most theologians, to emphasize and detach any one of these divine perfections, whether it be power, or love, or intelligence. Intelligence is *in* power and love; power and love are *in* intelligence.

It would be impossible, in our short space, to trace the descent of Hooker's central idea of law to its applications to men and states. The law which the angels obey, the law of nature, the law which binds man as an individual, the law which binds him as member of a politic community, the law which binds him as a member of a religious community, the law which binds nations in their mutual relations, — all are exhibited with a force and clearness of vision, a mastery of ethical and political philosophy, a power of dealing with relative as well as absolute truth, and a sagacity of practical observation, which are remarkable both in their separate excellence and their exquisite combination. To this comprehensive treatise Agassiz the naturalist, Story the jurist, Webster the statesman, Garrison the reformer, could all go for principles, and for applications of principles. He appreciates, beyond any other thinker who has taken his stand on the Higher Law, but who still believes in the binding force of the laws of men, the difficulty of making an individual, to whom that law is revealed through reason, a member of a politic or religious *community;* and he admits that the best men, individually, are often those who are apt to be most unmanageable in their relations to state and church. The argument he addresses to such minds, though it may not be conclusive, is probably the best that has ever been framed, for it is presented in relations with all that he has previously said in regard to the binding force of the divine law.

Of this divine law, — the law which angels obey, the law of love; the law which binds in virtue of its power to allure and attract, and which weds obligation to ecstasy, — of this law he thus speaks in language which seems touched with a consecrating radiance: —

"But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the footstool to the throne of God, and, leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and divine creatures: touching angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontentments, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon, but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever doth dwell: as in number and order they are huge, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them, such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself, being to set down the perfect idea of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray and wish for more than only that here it might be with us as with them it is in heaven. God, which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels: for, beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excel-

lency they all adore him; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave inseparably forever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness maketh them unwearіable, and even insatiable, in their longing to do by all means all manner of good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men: in the countenance of whose nature, looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves; even as upward, in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled. . . . . Angelical actions may, therefore, be reduced unto these three general kinds: first, most delectable love, arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only to spirits that are pure; secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend; thirdly, imitation, bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace."

And though the concluding passage of the first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity has been a thousand times quoted, it would be unjust to Hooker not to cite the sentence which most perfectly embodies his soul:—

"Wherefore, that here we may briefly end: of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and their joy."

In concluding these essays on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, which for many months have appeared with more or less regularity in this magazine, let us pass rapidly in review the writers to whom they have referred. And first for the dramatists, whose works — in our day on the dissecting-tables of criticism, but in their own all alive with intellect and passion — made the theatres of Elizabeth and James rock and roar with the clamors or plaudits of a mob, too excited to be analytic. Of these professors of the science of human nature we have attempted to portray the fiery imagination that flames through the fustian and animal fierceness of Marlowe; the bluff, arrogant, and outspoken Jonson, with his solid understanding, caustic humor, delicate fancy, and undeviating belief in Ben; the close observation and teeming mother-wit which found vent in the limpid verse of Heywood; Middleton's sardonic sagacity, and Marston's envenomed satire; the suffering and the soaring and singing cheer, the beggary and the benignity, so quaintly united in Dekkar's vagrant life and sunny genius; Webster's bewildering terror, and Chapman's haughty aspiration; the subtile sentiment of Beaumont; the fertile, flashing, and ebullient spirit of Fletcher; the easy dignity of Massinger's thinking, and the sonorous majesty of his style; the fastidious elegance and melting tenderness of Ford; and the one-souled, "myriad-minded" Shakespeare, who is transcendently beyond them all.

Then, recurring to the undramatic poets, we have endeavored to catch a glimpse of the Fairy Land of Spenser's celestialized imagination; and to touch lightly on the characteristics of the poets who preceded and followed him; on the sternly serious and ungenial creativeness of Sackville; the pensive thoughtfulness and tender fancy of "well-languaged" Daniel; the enthusiastic expansiveness of description and pure, bright, and vigorous diction of Drayton; the sententious sharpness of Hall; the clear imaginative insight and dialectic felicity of Davies; the metaphysical voluptuousness and witty unreason of Donne; the genial, thoughtful, well-proportioned soul of Wotton; the fantastic devoutness of Herbert;

and the coarsely frenzied commonplaces of Warner,

"Who stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian" — mud!

Again, in Sidney we have striven to exhibit genius and goodness as expressed in behavior; in Raleigh, genius and audacity as expressed in insatiable, though somewhat equivocal, activity of arm and brain; in Bacon, the beneficence and the autocracy of an intellect whose comprehensiveness needed no celebration; and in Hooker, the passage of holiness into intelligence, and the spirit of love into the power of reason.

And in attempting to delineate so many diverse individualities, we have been painfully conscious of another and more difficult audience than that of the readers of this magazine. The imperial intellects — the Bacons, Hookers, Shakespeares, and Spensers, the men who on earth are as much alive now as they were two hundred years ago — are, of course, in their assured intellectual dominion, blandly careless of the judgments of individuals; but there is a large class of writers, whose genius we have considered, who have mostly passed away from the protecting admiration and affectionate memory of general readers. As we more or less roughly handled these, as we felt the pulse of life throbbing in every time-stained and dust-covered volume, — dust out of which Man was originally made, and to which Man, as author, is commonly so sure to return, — the books resumed their original form of men, became personal forces to resent impeachments of their honor, or misconceptions of their genius; and a troop of spirits stalked from the neglected pages to confront their irreverent critic. There they were, — ominous or contemptuous judges of the person who assumed to be their judge; on the faces of some, sarcastic denial; on others, tender reproaches; on others, benevolent pity; on others, serenely beautiful indifference or disdain. "Who taught you," their looks seemed to say, "to deliver dogmatic judgments on us? What know you of our birth, culture, passions, temptations, struggles, excuses, purposes, two hundred years ago? What right have you to blame? What qualifications have you to praise? Let us abide in our earthly oblivion, — in our immortal life. It is sufficient that our works demonstrated on earth the inextinguishable vitality of the souls that glowed within us; and, for the rest, we have long passed to the only infallible, the Almighty, critic and judge of works and of men!"

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

II.

A groundless Supposition.

LET us suppose that in some town there are from twelve to fifty women who desire to associate themselves in housekeeping, for the double purpose *of lessening their current expenses* and *of employing their time profitably in a given direction*, their husbands being willing that they should try the experiment. How shall they go to work?

Preliminaries of Co-operative Housekeeping.

The first step will be to hold a meeting of those interested, and, after some one has called the meeting to order and stated the general object that has brought them together, namely, the hope of devising a better system of housewifery than the expensive and unsatisfactory one now prevailing, — one of the housekeepers present should

be elected to the chair, and another chosen as secretary; and the remainder of this meeting, as well as every subsequent one, should be conducted according to strict parliamentary rules.

It should next be moved and seconded, that an organizing committee of not less than twelve housekeepers, be chosen for the purpose of drawing up a constitution and by-laws for the proposed Co-operative Housekeeping Association, and of preparing the working-plans for its different departments. If this motion be approved, and the committee chosen, all the business possible to the preliminary meeting will be over, and it may be adjourned.

The burden of the whole undertaking now falls upon the organizing committee. Its first work, after electing its chairman and secretary, will be to draw up a constitution and by-laws; and this, fortunately, has lately been rendered very easy by the publication of a work on "Co-operative Stores," which gives the latest and best result of the movement in England and Germany. In this may be found a model for the constitution of a Co-operative Store Society, which, with a few additions and alterations, would serve perfectly, it seems to me, for the organization of an association of co-operative housekeepers.

The Author attempts a Constitution.

Should such a body as this organizing committee ever come into being, I suppose, of course, that they will all provide themselves with copies of this work,* and, after studying it thoroughly, will draw up their plan for themselves. But as I regard their future existence as highly problematical, lest co-operative housekeeping should never boast even a "paper constitution," I will give here, in small type, my own modification of the one set forth in the book, with explanatory remarks, many of which also are copied.

* It is published by Leypoldt and Holt, New York, and sold for fifty cents, paper cover.

Article I. — *General Objects.*

The Co-operative Housekeepers' Society of —— has for its object to furnish the households of its members, for cash on delivery, with the necessaries of life, unadulterated and of good quality, and accurately prepared, both as to food and clothing, for immediate use and consumption, and from the profits of this sale to accumulate capital for each individual housekeeper or her family.

Explanation of Article I.

Several general and indispensable principles are embodied in this declaration.

1st. That the association is to sell only to its "members." This excludes trade with outsiders (which would complicate the business indefinitely) and in consequence induces more housekeepers to become regular members.

2d. No goods or meals being delivered except for "cash," the pernicious credit system of our present domestic economy, by which good and trustworthy customers are made (through overcharging) to pay the bad debts of the unthrifty and dishonest, is swept away; and, moreover, a check is put upon the inevitable extravagance which the credit system fosters by postponing the day of settlement.

3d. The article sold being of "good quality," every housekeeper would be sure of getting her money's worth.

4th. As they would be "accurately prepared for immediate household use and consumption," she would be saved all the expense and house-room of separate cooking and washing conveniences; all the waste of ignorant and unprincipled servants and sewing-women; all the dust, steam, and smell from the kitchen, and all the fatigue and worry of mind occasioned by having the thousand details of our elaborate modern housekeeping and dress to remember and provide for.

5th. As all the clear "profit" on the goods the housekeeper buys is to be paid back to her, — and this profit is about a third on everything consumed by her household, — even if she take no active part whatever in the executive

duties of the association, she will, by merely being a member, receive again $300 from every $900 she lays out. Now it costs hundreds of town and city families of moderate means for food, kitchen fuel, and servants' wages from $900 to $1,000 a year; nor can a woman dress with mere neatness in these times for less than $200 a year. Then, under our present system, about $1,200 a year passes through the hands of those among us who live with what is called moderation and economy. But in co-operative housekeeping a third of this sum would be saved, and we should have as much for $800, and get it more easily and comfortably, than we do now for $1,200. If, however, the co-operative housekeeper were qualified to fill one of the offices of the association, and chose to do so, then, beside her dividend of profit, she would have also the salary of her office; both salary and dividend, remember, being clear gain, since her expenses are provided for along with those of her husband and children.

Reasons for the Associations selling at retail Prices, instead of at Cost.

Since the association would, of course, buy everything at wholesale, like any other store, it may be asked why, instead of buying at the usual retail prices, and receiving back again the third that constitutes retail profit, the housekeepers should not simply pay to the association the cost price of their family food and clothing, — as the saving in the end would be about the same. I answer, because in Germany and England both systems have been tried, and the one proposed has been found by far the most successful. It gives greater zeal and interest to the co-operator to feel that, without the trouble of thinking about it as an economy, a little comfortable sum is accumulating for him or her which, at the end of the quarter or the year, can either be used for some household comfort or invested in some of the enterprises for the benefit of the association that, as in Rochdale, would very soon make their appearance in connection with it.

To the five general principles of the first article of our constitution should be added two others of hardly less importance which I will embody in the second article.

Article II. — *Salaries and Wages.*

The Co-operative Housekeeper's Society of —— will accept no voluntary labor, but will, as far as possible, fill its offices with its own members or their female relatives and friends, at *fixed salaries;* and these salaries, as well as the wages of all its clerks and servants, shall be the same as would be paid to men holding similar positions.

Reasons for Article II.

It is one of the cherished dogmas of the modern lady, that she must not do anything for pay; and this miserable prejudice of senseless conventionality is at this moment the worst obstacle in the way of feminine talent and energy. Let the co-operative housekeepers demolish it forever, by declaring that it is just as necessary and just as honorable for a wife to earn money as it is for her husband; let them, moreover, resolve that time and skill is what they will pay for, and not sex, and the age will soon see what efforts women can make after excellence when there is hope of a just reward for it. Then alone shall we begin to walk in self-respect, and the poor, wronged workwoman throughout the world to raise her drooping head.

Article III. — *Admission.*

Any housekeeper may be received as a member, and all members shall be in equal relation to the society.

Reasons for Article III.

Women being at present essentially aristocrats, many may demur to this article as tending to introduce into their companionship those who are not "of their own set." But, in the first place, co-operative housekeeping, being intended largely to supplant the retail trade, must succeed, if it succeed at all, on sound business principles; and, in

business, social distinctions are not recognized. Money is money, whether it come from the poor or the rich; and if a mechanic's wife wishes to be a co-operative housekeeper, though she may buy less and simpler food and clothing than a broker's or a lawyer's wife, yet, if she pay as punctually for it, she has as good a business standing in the association as they. In the second place, co-operative housekeepers, even if rich and cultivated ladies, will find themselves largely in need of the practical assistance of the middle and lower classes of women, — of the former for matrons, dress-makers, confectioners, etc., and of the latter for servants. Now it is often and justly urged in apology for the low wages given to women, that they do not, as a rule, know their trades and occupations well, and will not take pains to master them, simply because none of them expect to "work for a living" longer than the time between girlhood and marriage. To get skilful servants and workwomen then, it is necessary to make them feel that their occupation is not the business of a few months or years, but their life-long vocation, which, the better they understood and practised, the higher would be their pay and their importance; and of course there is no way of doing this, except by making it possible for them to continue it after marriage, instead of giving it up, as they now must do, in order to cook, wash, and sew for their husbands and families. Admitting them into the association as co-operative housekeepers, however, would solve the whole problem; for then their cooking, washing, and sewing would all be done for them as for the richer members, leaving them free to give to the association their working hours, and their skill in that special branch of household duty to which they had devoted themselves in their unmarried years. But, after all, the amount of the admission fee, like the pew-rents of our churches, will decide the character of each co-operative association. Birds of a feather have never hitherto found any difficulty in flocking together quite exclusively; and all that would arrange itself, like the different quarters of a city, without the necessity of invidious clauses in the constitution.

ARTICLE IV. — *Resignation.*

A housekeeper may resign her membership after the third settlement subsequent to her written notice of intention to resign. An immediate resignation may be accepted by a vote of the society, either in case of sudden removal, or in case of some violation of the housekeeper's obligations to the society, or in case there is some other housekeeper who is ready to become a member, and assume all the rights and obligations of the one resigning.

REMARKS ON ARTICLE IV.

The first clause of this article is necessary in general, in order to prevent housekeepers from suddenly and unexpectedly resigning, and thus withdrawing their share of stock when the association may be unprepared for it. The second clause modifies this somewhat, by making it, in peculiar cases, depend upon the vote of the society. The reason why a housekeeper who wishes an immediate resignation cannot transfer her stock to any but a new member coming in is, that if she transferred it to a member already holding a share, the latter would then have two, and the regulations concerning the amount to be held by each, and the dividends to be declared on the stock, would be impracticable; and one of the first principles of the society, which requires that there shall be an equality among members in their representation by votes, would be overturned.

ARTICLE V. — *Payments.*

Each housekeeper shall pay the sum of $ 10 per week, till the payments amount to a *share* of $ 100. The first payment shall be made on entering the society.*

ARTICLE VI. — *Balancing Accounts.*

A balancing of accounts shall take place four times per annum, on the first Saturday after the end of the quarter.

* This may be thought too large a weekly payment, and the share also may be excessive. Of course, the organizing committee would make its own recommendation in this matter.

ARTICLE VII. — *Distribution of Profits.*

The profits, as ascertained on balancing the books, shall be divided into two parts as follows: I. (Say 2) per cent on the amount of all the capital standing to the credit of each housekeeper at the last quarterly settlement shall be credited to such housekeeper's account. If the profits are not large enough to admit of 2 per cent quarterly (which is of course 8 per cent per annum) being thus credited, there shall be a credit given of such smaller percentage as will consume the entire profits. II. If, after crediting 2 per cent on the capital of each housekeeper as ascertained at the last quarterly settlement, any portion of the profits shall remain undisposed of, such remaining portion shall be credited to all the housekeepers in proportion to the amount of each housekeeper's purchases during the quarter in which said profits were accumulated.

ARTICLE VIII. — *Apportionment of Losses.*

If, on balancing the books, loss shall appear to have occurred, it shall be charged to all the housekeepers equally; and if such charge shall make the balance standing to the credit of any person less than the amount required for permanent share of stock ($100), she shall at once begin weekly payments in the same manner as a new member, and shall continue them until the balance to her credit shall equal the amount required for a permanent share of stock ($100).

ARTICLE IX. — *Returns.*

Whenever a housekeeper's share has doubled itself, and reached the amount of $200, its holder shall receive, three months after the settlement next ensuing, the sum of $100. When a housekeeper resigns, not transferring her stock to a new member, the full amount of her stock shall be paid to her, if her resignation was caused by any urgent necessity; but if otherwise, 25 per cent of her stock shall be retained to the society's capital.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLES.

Several of these provisions, it will be seen, have special reference to guarding the permanent capital of the association from diminution. Consisting, as it does only of the hundred-dollar admission fees of its members, it is so small (for an association of fifty families being only $5,000) that these precautions will commend themselves to the good sense of everybody. The seventh and ninth articles, containing the rules for the disposal of the profits of the association, provide that no money shall be paid over to the co-operative housekeeper until her dividend equals the amount of her share ($100). This is in accordance with the expressed object of the society as laid down in the last clause of Article I., "to accumulate capital for each housekeeper out of the profits of the business." If the dividends were paid over to the housekeeper in small sums as fast as they came in, she would be likely to spend them, as she went along, in gratification of her needs or fancy. Whereas, receiving them always in sums of not less than $100 would dispose her to turn them towards the formation of a steady capital, to be invested for her own support in old age, or for the benefit of her husband and children, should they survive her.

WHAT MIGHT BE AVOIDED IF HOUSEKEEPERS THUS "ACCUMULATED CAPITAL."

How often do we see women who have lived for years in liberal comfort and wedded state — the mistresses of pleasant homes, whose varied range of floors and apartments made them little worlds in themselves, and with the assured and dignified position in society that nothing but "one's own house" can give — suddenly stripped by widowhood of all their ample surroundings, and portioned off into one room, or at the most two, in some son or daughter's house, there to live as a supernumerary all the rest of their days. No doubt these grandmothers, saintly and subdued, often exercise a precious influence on all the members of the families they live with. But it is none the less hard for them; and if women could save and invest all the profits on the supplies and clothing consumed by their families that now slip through their fingers into

the pockets of the retailers, thousands of lavish housekeepers who are marching straight to such a life-end as this would be spared its deprivations and humiliations. In my opinion, a woman that has once had a house of her own, in which she has borne and reared children, regulated servants, and played her part in society, should never be thrown out of it into the corner of somebody's else family except from choice, and I wonder that women are not oftener apprehensive of this than they seem to be.

It may be said, that as men furnish all the means for our housewifery, so, if we are able to save anything, it ought properly to return to them. This is the doctrine of the old Roman law in regard to the *peculium*, or savings of the slave from the allowance made him by his master. In law it belonged to the latter, because it was his in the first place, and the slave was his also; hence he could at any time resume it. And, in my opinion, this would be tenable ground in regard to the savings of co-operative housekeepers; if men insisted upon our giving such savings to them we could not help ourselves. But this is so opposed to the indulgent American spirit toward women, that it is more than probable they would pass a law making such savings by any housekeeper her own. Of course, the contrary action would crush all independence of enterprise among us, and thus injure masculine business interests as well as feminine. But, this aside, would it not be almost an amusement to the men to see how women would go to work? I think there would then be no lack of something to talk about every day at the table between the husband and his wife and daughters, or in society between the gentlemen and ladies who now are so often at a loss for some common interest upon which to interchange ideas and experiences.

ARTICLE X. — *The Council.*

The highest authority of the Co-operative Housekeepers' Society of —— shall be a COUNCIL of all the male heads of the families whose housekeepers are members of the society. The Council shall be called by sending a printed notice to each of its members, four weeks after the second and fourth quarterly settlements of each year.

ARTICLE XI. — *Privileges of the Council.*

The Council shall have absolute power of veto in all the moneyed transactions of the society. It shall hold its meetings in the presence of the co-operative housekeepers or of their chief officers. It may choose from its own number certain auditors for each half-yearly settlement of accounts; but these gentlemen, before reporting, must lay their statements before the executive committee * for correction and verification. The Council may not elect or displace any officer or employee of the society, but it may pass votes of approbation or censure upon the regulations of the different departments or their divisions. Finally, it shall be the highest tribunal for cases of difficulty, inextricable by the other governing bodies of the society, and from its decision there shall be no appeal.

ARTICLE XII. — *The Convention.*

The Convention shall consist of the whole body of co-operating housekeepers. It shall be called by sending printed notices eight days beforehand to all the co-operative housekeepers, which shall contain the hour and date of the meeting and a statement of the matters to be discussed. In the Convention, every housekeeper present has a vote, and a majority of votes decides a measure.

ARTICLE XIII. — *Executive Committee.*

The Convention shall intrust the management of affairs for a year to an executive committee of not less than twelve housekeepers chosen by ballot from its own number.

ARTICLE XIV. — *Matters requiring the Action of the Convention.*

The Convention shall deliberate over amendments or alterations of the constitution; allotment of profits and losses; number of divisions in the different departments; investments of capital; receipts and expenditures of more than $500; unperformed contracts; amount and conditions of loans received; the cautions to be observed by

* See Art. XIII.

the treasurers; and indemnification of the members of the committee for all trouble.

ARTICLE XV. — *Privileges of the Convention.*

The Convention has supreme control of the business, subject to the veto of the Council, and, except in extraordinary cases, is the highest tribunal for all complaints. It chooses, for the first and third quarterly settlement of accounts, certain auditors, who must lay their reports before the executive committee before presenting them to the Convention.

ARTICLE XVI. — *Committee and Officers.*

One half of the members of the executive committee shall constitute a quorum, and a majority of votes shall decide. It shall choose a president and vice-president. It shall be the president's duty to call a meeting of the committee at least once every month, and, in addition, as often as any three members may desire it.

ARTICLE XVII. — *When Conventions are to be called.*

The executive committee shall issue the call for the Convention, and the president of the executive committee shall preside. The call must be within three weeks after the close of the last settlement, and as often besides as twenty-five ordinary members, or five members of the committee, shall express a desire for such meetings.

ARTICLE XVIII. — *Boards of Directresses.*

The executive committee shall choose three boards of directresses corresponding to the three principal divisions of co-operative housekeeping. These boards shall severally consist of four directresses, — two to be chosen from the executive committee, and two from the Convention; and this choice shall be subject to the approval of the Convention.* The first two shall be called, respectively, Directress and Vice-directress, and the last two Assistant-directresses.

ARTICLE XIX. — *Functions of Directresses, and Functions reserved to Committee.*

The committee shall intrust to the boards of directresses the practical management of the different departments of co-operative housekeeping, but shall reserve to itself the final decision in, 1. The expulsion of housekeepers, which shall require a unanimous vote; 2. Receipts and expenditures of over $250; 3. Unfulfilled contracts; and, 4. The methods of keeping the books of the society.

ARTICLE XX. — *Further Functions of the Committee.*

The executive committee shall exercise superintendence over the boards of directresses, and decide all appeals from them. It can at any time institute an investigation of all business operations, and is empowered to remove directresses from office, subject to the decision of a convention *to be immediately called*, and to appoint members from its own body for the occasional performance of current business. In the decision of matters not herein mentioned the committee shall take no part.

ARTICLE XXI. — *Special Duties of Directresses.*

The boards of directresses shall meet twice a week in the counting-room of their several departments, and shall decide, by majority of votes, on the receiving and distribution of goods, on all receipts and expenditures arising, not already determined or brought before the convention and committee; on the admission of housekeepers, and the carrying out the details of their respective departments, whether by themselves or by persons appointed by them for the purpose; subject, however, in case of the higher officers, to the decision of the executive committee.

ARTICLE XXII. — *Legal Signature of the Association.*

The legal signature of the association shall consist of the signatures of the Directress and Vice-directress, or of one of these with that of one of the Assistant-directresses.

REMARKS ON THE GOVERNING ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

In regard to Article X., some feminine readers may wonder why I have placed the husbands of the co-operative housekeepers as the highest authority of the whole society. For one thing, because it is perfectly evident that, in this world at least, "the man is the head of the woman," and will probably continue so for some time to come.

* I have imitated this manner of choosing the directresses from the constitution of the Co-operative Store Society. But I am doubtful as to whether the directresses should go out annually with the executive committee.

Being our governors, no such enterprise as co-operative housekeeping could be started or sustained without their sympathy and consent; and as they have now the power of veto on our housekeeping arrangements by virtue of being also our bread-winners, so, as their funds alone would sustain co-operative housekeeping, they should have the same power there. We should simply have to trust, as we do now, that our reasonableness and good judgment and study to please them would, in general, be such as to shield us from blame and opposition; and as "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," we should be much more likely to find out the best and cheapest ways of doing everything than we are now, when each must experiment upon the whole range of housewifely duties for herself.

But, beside these, I will admit, rather slavish and material grounds, there is a higher that would influence me, even if these did not exist. It is that I believe all human undertakings would be much more perfect if the direct judgment and energy of both sexes were brought to bear upon them. This, of course, is not the opinion of men; for they ask our advice and assistance in nothing but what they hate to do themselves, — i. e. religious and charitable work. But I should be sorry to have women repeat what I am sure is their mistake. Everybody knows how much sweeter and easier it is to do something for the opposite sex than it is for one's own; and co-operative housekeepers, by having the direct masculine influence present in their undertaking through the half-yearly investigation of their husbands, would act with greater zeal, energy, and accuracy, give way to fewer jealousies among themselves, and take much more genuine pleasure in their work, than if they alone were the sole arbiters of it.

Remarks on certain Provisions of Articles XVIII. and XIX.

It may be thought, that, to allow the executive committee, which consists of only twelve members, to expel housekeepers by unanimous vote, is a function that only belongs to the Convention, or whole body of housekeepers. But a housekeeper who ceases to pay cash for everything she daily receives violates the vital business principle of the society, besides entailing upon it the risk, in the end, of her not paying at all. She ought, then, if upon reminder she does not pay up at once, to be expelled at once. But, as the Convention only sits quarterly, this could not be the case if expulsion were left with it. This power, then, properly resides with the executive committee, which can at any time be convened with ease; and, by Article XV., the expelled housekeeper can appeal to the Convention, at its next sitting, for readmission. For similar reasons, it is proper that the directresses, though only four in number, should be able to admit housekeepers as members of the co-operative society; for if they wish to enter immediately, to wait three months for a sitting of the Convention would entail loss both on the housekeeper and on the society.

The Working Plan of Co-operative Housekeeping must originate with the Housekeepers themselves.

At this point ends all the help that the organizing committee of our housekeeping association can gain from the book on co-operative stores. The fundamental principles of co-operation have been laid down for us by a successful masculine experience of twenty-five years; but its application to housewifery we must develop for ourselves. To prepare the working plans of the different departments of the association, then, will be the hardest task of the committee; but, if the hardest, also the most creditable, since it will be all their own.

The race being considered as one great family, and woman the mistress of its home, what more beneficent enterprise can be imagined than one which seeks to organize that home so

perfectly, that not alone the few in its drawing-rooms, but also the many in its garrets and cellars, will be clothed, fed, and sheltered in the manner most conducive to their moral and intellectual progress? For, while observation of the rich shows that superfluity and satiety make men unprincipled and women worthless, the study of the criminal classes proves that physical comfort and well-being have, of themselves, a vast influence in predisposing both sexes to virtue. The body must be satisfied before the mind and soul can rise above it into free and vigorous action; and when we think of the intellectual and artistic and moral wealth of which mere bodily need and suffering have probably deprived the world, it ought to be enough for women, even if no higher good were to be attained by co-operative housekeeping, that it would enable them to give to so much larger proportion of their fellow-beings at least physical comfort, cleanliness, and health. And, formidable though the undertaking looks, it really simplifies very rapidly when one begins to examine into it. I believe I could choose from my acquaintance an organizing committee of able and experienced housekeepers, who, in a few weeks or months, could produce almost perfect working plans for co-operative housekeeping. But, as in the case of the constitution, lest no organizing committee should ever exist, I will, without attempting details that could only be decided upon in consultation, give a rough sketch of the manner in which I suppose the organizing committee would proceed, and of the working plans which they would probably suggest.

Natural Divisions of Co-operative Housekeeping.

Our households contain three departments at least in which co-operation is possible and desirable, — the Kitchen, the Laundry, and the Sewing-room. Our greatest trouble being, that we try to do too many different *kinds* of things, and our next greatest, the inefficiency, insubordination, and fickleness of our servants, the ruling idea of co-operative housekeeping — the aim and end, indeed, of the whole movement — should be, The Division and Organization of Feminine Labor, as men have everywhere divided and organized, and, in consequence, control theirs.

Corresponding Divisions of the Organizing Committee.

To this end the organizing committee must recommend the association to consolidate its twenty-five or fifty kitchens and laundries into one central establishment, and all its sewing interests into another. The committee will then divide itself into three smaller bodies, corresponding to the three departments of co-operative housekeeping, and assign each of its members to that one wherein her special taste and skill would most naturally place her. The duties of these minor committees will now be to gain, from all possible sources, the information necessary for the organization of each division of their several departments, and to prepare their reports accordingly.

Working Plan of the Co-operative Laundry.

It is evident that the committee on the Co-operative Laundry will have the easiest task of the three, since all it will have to do will be to copy just what it has before it in the establishments of that kind which already exist for individual profit.

Working Plan of the Co-operative Sewing-Room or Clothing-House.

As for the Co-operative Sewing-room, so many women of means and position have, of late years, been in the habit of organizing and sustaining sewing-circles, and of acting as saleswomen and waiters at promiscuously crowded fairs, that the wonder is, not that they *should* co-operate in clothing themselves and their families, but that they have not long ago done so. A co-operative sewing-room or clothing-house would be

in effect a dry-goods store, owned on shares by the customers, instead of by one or several individuals, officered throughout by ladies, and where all the piece-goods sold could be made up into the desired garments more tastefully, perfectly, and at least as cheaply, as they can now be done at home.

Should the association consist of no more than twelve families, three rooms would perhaps afford all the accommodation necessary for the above purposes, namely, a salesroom, a fitting-room, and a work-room. But I am so convinced that if in any community it were known that twelve responsible housekeepers were actually about to take the plunge into co-operative sewing their numbers would rapidly swell to fifty at least, that I shall sketch a plan for a sewing-house suitable for supplying the yearly clothing of two hundred persons, since the mistresses, servants, children, and infants of fifty families would probably count up to that number, to say nothing of the gentlemen's shirts and their mending.

Arrangement of the Building.

It should occupy, it seems to me, a good-sized building as follows: on the first floor should be the counting-room, salesroom, consulting-room, and fitting-room; on the second floor should be the working-rooms; and on the third a dining-room (with dumb-waiter), a gymnasium, and a reading-room: all of these being so connected that they could be thrown open in one suite, when the co-operative housekeepers wished to give their workwomen a ball. The two lower floors should each have a comfortable dressing-room, with lounges, easy-chairs, and toilet conveniences; and not only health, but beauty and cheerfulness, should be consulted in the arrangement of the whole establishment.

Meals and Health Regulations of the Workwomen.

The meals of these latter should be sent them from the co-operative kitchen, and laid upon a plain but well-appointed table. During working hours they should be required to dress in some modification of the gymnastic costume adopted by Dr. Dio Lewis for the pupils of his boarding-school, — a dress which can very easily be made as pretty and coquettish and *modest* as any, and which, not having the weight or pressure of corset and crinoline, leaves the circulation unimpeded, and therefore lessens very much the fatigue of working. Being loose, and short also, it would permit them, once or twice a day, to take a little exercise in the gymnasium. In my opinion, this latter should be insisted on as a condition of their employment; for constant sewing, as we all know, is the most killing of all feminine employments to youth, health, and spirits. As a class, sewing-women grow prematurely old, both in face and figure. Their chances of marrying favorably seem as few as those of the schoolmistresses in the ranks above them. Hand-sewing predisposes them to lung diseases, and machine-sewing to affections more pitiable still; and their pay for it all is miserable, — a shame to the whole race, since all its clothing and adorning come through their defrauded fingers. It is high time that the free and favored of the sex — the women who have comfortable homes provided for them by their husbands or fathers — should feel a solicitude for these victims of the needle, and should take active measures for their relief. Benevolent associations cannot reach them, for they are too numerous. Nothing can reach them, save some device of profitable co-operative action, which shall bring the whole moneyed and employing class among women into direct and responsible relations with the whole employed or industrial class.

Business Hours and Working Hours.

As the custom of our co-operative housekeeping establishment, by our constitution, is limited to members, it would be no object to keep the salesroom open from morning until night

for the convenience of every chance buyer that came along. Women, like cats, love their ease and their own comfortable and peculiar belongings; and to many, as I confess to myself, the greatest objection to co-operative housekeeping would be that, in case one held an office in the clothing-house or kitchen, one would be obliged to leave home at a stated minute, and for a stated time, every day. If co-operation could begin, as it eventually will, with the young girls just leaving school, it would not be so great a hardship in after life, as the habit of going out daily at a particular time is already formed. But to many of us, with our unsystematic habits and our national disinclination to facing the weather, the loss of our present freedom of choice as to what we shall do from hour to hour would be irksome in the extreme. Of course, however, in an organization, this must be done; and the only way to manage it is to limit our hours of business strictly to three, — say from nine to twelve, or from ten to one in the morning, — which is just about the time every woman now expects to devote to her household duties. All orders then would be received, sales made, business transacted, and garments fitted within those hours, after which the rooms on the first floor should be closed, and the officers at liberty to return to their families. I should further recommend that every officer be allowed to have an assistant, in case she desired it, chosen and paid by herself (but subject to the approval of the board of directresses), who could take her place in absence or illness, and also fill it temporarily in case of her resignation; and, for the rest, we must only hope that the excitement and interest of working together, and the solid satisfaction, now so often missed, of having something to show for every day, would compensate the housekeepers for the matutinal bore of having to be punctual and unfailing at their offices.

The hours for the workwomen, I hope, would not exceed eight. No man or woman should be so overworked that he or she will not have time and strength every day for a little self-culture and social culture. If women, by means of co-operative housekeeping, should "go into business," as the phrase is, and begin making and saving money, I trust they may be preserved from that greed and fury of selfishness, that unholy eagerness to grasp more than a fair share of the comforts and luxuries of life, that in all ages have made men so willing to grind down their fellow-creatures into starvation of body and brutishness of mind, that they may reap the fruits of their prolonged and unrequited toil. Indeed, is not the typical American gentleman himself rather a melancholy object, — with his intense and unremitting devotion to dollars and cents, which leaves him no time for reading, drawing, or music, none for the love and study of out-door nature, none for communion with himself or with his fellows, so that every night he is tired to death with his day's work, and hates society because the faculties which properly come into play in company are in him wholly undeveloped? "Society?" In this country there is none. Boys and girls meet together, dance and flirt until they are married, and that is all there is of it.

Stock in Trade of the Co-operative Clothing-House.

The goods of the co-operative sewing-rooms must, of course, be bought at wholesale; and at first, while the capital is small, investment will be made only in the few standard kinds more or less of which every family uses, — such as shirtings, nainsooks, jaconets, linen and flannels for underclothing, and for dresses, black silks and black alpacas, white *piqués* and white alpacas, linsey-woolsey, thibets, calicoes, lawns, and a few plaids for children. Numbered dress-linings should be kept ready cut and basted, so that when a customer buys a gown in the salesroom, she can go to the fitting-room and have the lining, corresponding to her size, shaped to her

figure at once. The dress-makers and seamstresses who have been hitherto employed by the co-operative housekeepers should be consulted, and if possible taken into the service and membership of the association, so they may not lose, but rather gain, by the new order of things. As there will be rich women and old-established housekeepers in town who will not, and farmers' wives in the country who cannot, give up their private kitchens and laundries, but who would probably take great interest in a co-operative clothing-house, the constitution might provide for admission to partial membership, thus allowing each housekeeper to choose what branch of co-operation is to herself most convenient.

Number of Officers and Employees in the Co-operative Sewing-Rooms.

Of course the four directresses stand first, charged with the functions specially allotted to them by Article XXI. of the constitution. The post of the directress and vice-directress should be on the first floor, that they may receive business calls and answer business letters in the counting-room, and also keep a general eye upon the salesroom. The other officers of this floor will be a book-keeper and a cashier for the counting-room, buyers and saleswomen for the salesroom, a costume-artist for the consulting-room, and a dress-maker for the fitting-room. All of these, excepting the latter, should be chosen from among the co-operating housekeepers themselves, or from their widowed and unmarried relatives and friends; for remember, it was as a means of enabling "*ladies*" in a perfectly unobjectionable way to carry on the retail trade, that co-operative housekeeping was at first proposed.

The post of the two assistant directresses should be on the second floor. One of them will superintend the dress-making and the other the plain-sewing department. In the former, I suppose, there would be two dress-cutters, — one for women and one for young girls and children; and, in the latter, two plain-sewing cutters, — one for boys' and men's shirts and one for women's and children's underclothing. The fitting and shaping of all dresses, cloaks, etc. would be done in the fitting-room down stairs, by one or two accomplished dress-makers, who also could oversee the work-rooms after the officers had retired for the day. How many trimmers, embroiderers, seamstresses, and machines would be needed I can form no idea; for ladies are so fond of sewing, that probably many of them would choose, after their garments were cut out, to take them home and make them themselves; though it is to be hoped that this would disappear more and more, since, as I have said elsewhere, the true function for educated women is the superintendence and organization of manual labor, not the doing it themselves.* Finally, when the establishment was complete, it would include many minor departments, each of which would be superintended by its own lady officer, — such as a baby-clothing department, a fancy-work department, a tailoring department for boys' clothes, a cuff and collar department, where, too, not only these, but lace waists, lace sets, and all the "airy nothings" could be made up, a millinery department, and a hair-dressing department. Gloves and shoes, if not made, should be kept in the salesroom as part of the regular stock; and, in short, a perfect co-operative clothing-house should be one wherein a woman might enter, so far as dress was concerned, a fright, and come out a beauty.

Function of the Costume-Artist.

As the idea of this officer is a favorite one with me, in closing my remarks about this branch of co-operation I should like to enlarge upon it a little.

* This need not exclude us, however, from the higher kinds of artistic sewing, which require fancy and invention, and, indeed, might not unworthily employ genius, such as the embroidering of stuffs in rich designs for altar-cloths, vestments, girdles, jackets, etc.

All women know, by irritating experience, the countless days and hours we spend in wandering from shop to shop to find things a few cents cheaper or just a shade prettier, — the indescribable small tortures of doubt and anxiety we suffer in long balancing between what is more or less becoming, or better or poorer economy, — the exasperating regrets that rend us when we find (as in five cases out of ten we do find) that we have made a mistake. Now, all this could be saved if we could go to a person for advice, who, from talent, study, and experience, knew better what we wanted than we do ourselves. Some women possess the special instinct for, and insight into, dress that others enjoy as regards cooking. Its combinations and results are as much a matter of course to them as are those of his formulæ to the mathematician. With unerring judgment they select the right stuffs, the right shapes, and the right colors; the effect they see in their mind's eye they reproduce to the eyes of others, and it is delicious and satisfying in proportion as with the boldness of originality they unite the refinement and taste diffused by culture through the educated classes of society. Such women I would make Costume-Artists, for they in truth possess, in this direction, the creative quality of genius. They use their talents now only for themselves, and within very narrow and conventional limits, while the comprehensive glance they are very apt to give one from head to foot is enough to make them dreaded by the whole circle of their acquaintance. But let one utilize this glance; convert it from an involuntary mental comparison between what one is and what one ought to be, into a kindly professional summing up and decision of what one *can* be, and dress for most of us would become a very different matter.

The post of the costume-artist would be in the consulting-room, on the first floor of the co-operative clothing-house, whither whoever wanted a dress could go, if she chose, and be advised as to the fabric she had best select for her purpose, and in what mode it should be made and trimmed. But as every woman might not care, or in every case be able to afford, to pay for the finished artistic touch or "air" in dress, the costume-artist, as such, need have no regular salary, but should ask so much for every consultation. Thus the establishment would avoid the mistake made by fashionable dress-makers who irritate their customers by overcharging them for the "trimmings," instead of having it understood that a consultation-fee of from three to fifty dollars, according to the brain-work required in designing a dress, will be charged to begin with. There is no fear but that the costume-artist would make a handsome income, when we consider the need women have of dress to heighten their charms and to palliate their defects, and the little knowledge or instinct that many of them possess for the successful accomplishment of these results.

Why Dress is not a Fine Art, and how it may become so.

For the whole subject of the æsthetics of dress is in a crude, and in some respects positively savage, state among us. What, for instance, does the clerk who urges the stuff upon the buyer, or the dress-maker who cuts and trims it, know about that harmony of texture, color, and form which should subsist between the wearer and her robe? What about the grace of outline which should control its fashion? the effectiveness of inline and crossline which should guide its ornamentation, and manifold other subtile considerations? Nothing; and therefore nothing could better repay the co-operative housekeepers than to offer inducements and facilities to those two or three in every circle who are distinguished for taste and elegance in dress to make a study of the whole matter, with a view to elevating it into one of the finer arts, instead of perpetuating the coarse, often vulgar, apology for beauty and fitness that it is at present.

The imperfect adaptation by women of the means of dress to its true ends is a never-failing subject of complaint and ridicule against us by the other sex; but it is not surprising that the fashions are so often grotesque, exaggerated, inconvenient, and even physically and morally injurious, when it is known who sets them. Not the ladies of the French Court, not even the "queens of the *demi-monde*" that the newspapers so love to talk about, design the things that destroy our peace; but French and German men, in the employ of the manufacturers, and for their benefit make water-color drawings of every novelty and extravagance that comes into their heads, and send them, with the new stuffs and trimmings that another set of men have invented, to the Parisian *modistes*, who, in conjunction with their rich patronesses, the court ladies and courtesans, contrive to modify them into something wearable, but still absurd enough, as a suffering sex can testify. Toilets at once healthful, suitable, and beautiful for women of every age, of every grade of means and position, and on every occasion, will never be attempted nor so much as dreamed of, until cultivated ladies, uniting that special talent for dress which is one of the most belied and abused of the feminine attributes to an accurate knowledge of the structure and requirements of the feminine physique, a fine perception of the ideal possibilities of all its types, and a historical and artistic mastery of all the resources for its adornment, shall make the attiring of their fellow-women their special vocation. One or two such costume-artists in every co-operative sewing-room would in the end effect an entire revolution in the whole idea of fashion; for within certain limits every woman would have a fashion of her own. Such distressing anomalies as blond hair smoothed and pomatumed as it was twenty years ago, and dark hair curled and frizzed as it is now, with a thousand others equally melancholy, would disappear, and every assemblage of women, instead of presenting a monotony at once bizarre and wearisome, would afford the variety and beauty that now is only attempted at a fancy ball.

The Co-operative Kitchen.

Beneficent and important as co-operative sewing-rooms would be to all of us, however, to my view, they are secondary in dignity and usefulness to the Co-operative Kitchen, since good, abundant, and varied food, accurately cooked and freshly served, lies at the very foundation of family health and happiness, and doubtless has an incalculable influence both on physical perfection and intellectual activity. Probably the easiest way for the co-operative housekeepers to organize their kitchen would be to send for Professor Blot, and place themselves under his direction. Failing in this, the committee on the co-operative kitchen must have recourse to hotels, restaurants, bakeries, and provision stores, and from these will, no doubt, be able to judge what kind and how large a building will be needed, whether the kitchen can be combined with the laundry, and what its stoves, ranges, ovens, boilers, general arrangement, and accompanying cellars and storerooms must be. These large establishments will also enable the committee to report on the number of divisions, officers, assistants, servants, carts, and horses that would be necessary. For the method of conveying the meals *hot* and *on time* to the different families of the association they will probably have to go to France or Italy, where cook-shops have long been an institution, — though whether it would be quite fair to take from a hundred Yankee wits the delicious chance of inventing a Universal Heat-generating Air-tight Family Dinner-Box I do not know. How many of the co-operative housekeepers would choose to be connected with the kitchen of course themselves alone could decide. Obviously it must have a superintendent, a treasurer, a book-keeper; a caterer to contract with butchers, gardeners, farmers, and wholesale dealers; a stewardess to keep the storerooms and cellars and give out the supplies;

and an artist-cook or chiefess with her assistants, a confectioner, a pastry-cook, and a baker, to preside over their preparation. As all of these would be positions of peculiar trust and responsibility, demanding superior judgment, ability, and information, as the salaries connected with them would be large, and the persons filling them necessarily of great weight and consideration in the community, I cannot imagine any woman, except from indolence, ill health, or a preference for some other employment, unwilling to accept of either of these offices. Regarding cookery, I believe that, like dress, it will never be what it can and ought to become, until women of social and intellectual culture make it the business of their lives, and, with thoughts unfettered by other household cares, devote themselves, like lesser providences, to its benign necromancy. Being one of the great original functions of woman, like clothes-making and infant-rearing, there is no doubt that she has a special gift or instinct for it; while the superior keenness of her senses and fastidiousness of her taste must fit her peculiarly for all its finer and more complicated triumphs. All the Paris letters lately have mentioned Sophie, cook of the late Dr. Véron of Paris, — only a woman, and probably an uneducated woman at that. Nevertheless, she is said to be "the most consummate culinary artist of the day; looking down with unspeakable contempt on Baron Brisse, and even on Rossini and Alexander Dumas. Ministers, bankers, artists, men of letters, paid obsequious court to this divinity of the kitchen, who ruled despotically over her master's household and dining-room, and who had made it a law that no more than fourteen guests should ever sit together at the doctor's table."* If such is her success, what an artist was lost to the world in the New England housekeeper I attempted to describe. Delicate to etherealness, accurate to mathematical severity, she might have wrought marvels indeed, had she been initiated into the mysteries of the modern cuisine. Therefore, above all things, let the co-operative housekeepers appoint one of their number, at a liberal salary, to the office of cook-in-chief. If possible, let them afford her every advantage of gastronomical education, such as go through the great French *chefs*, who learn sauces from one master, *entrées* from another, confection from a third, and so on. If the co-operative kitchen should ever become universal, we shall probably see American ladies by dozens going out to Paris to study under just such artists as the great Sophie above mentioned, and then returning home to benefit the whole country with their accomplishments. It is a well-known fact that no nation in the world has such a variety and abundance of the best food that Nature gives as we ourselves. She teems with such bounty to her adopted children that it has often seemed to me a misnomer to call our country "Fatherland," — *Mother*-land she is for the whole earth, with her broad lap of plenty sloping from the Rocky Mountains down to the very Atlantic shore, as if inviting the hungry nations to come over to it and be fed. What feasts fit for the immortals might grace every table, if we only knew how to turn our treasures to the best advantage, — and to think that millions of us live on salt pork, sour or saleratus bread, and horrible heavy pies!*

* Paris Correspondent of The Nation, October 24.

What Action should follow the Reports of the Organizing Committee.

When the co-operative housekeepers have heard the reports of their various committees, have adopted their constitution and decided upon their working plans, they should call the Council of their husbands, and submit the whole to them for approval or final amendment. These gentlemen must also decide whether they will advance the funds wherewith to start the enterprise, or whether, like the Rochdale Pioneers, their wives shall save up small sums

* This is the ordinary farmers' diet even in New England!

from their current expenses, — say ten dollars a month each, — until a capital is accumulated sufficient for their purposes.

The last step of all will be, immediately after the ratification of the constitution by the higher powers, to proceed to the elections under it of the executive committee, the board of directresses, and the officers and agents of the different departments. All the persons elected, who do not perfectly understand the duties to which they are assigned, will have to qualify themselves for them as thoroughly as possible; and it would be better to spend *two years* in fitting every officer perfectly to her post, than to attempt so great a revolution with any chance of failure.

THE AUTHOR INTRENCHES HERSELF.

Here, now, dear friends and fellow-sufferers in housewifery, ends my plan for your and my relief. Excepting one, I will freely admit any criticism you may pass upon it. It is vague, sketchy, unpractical, extravagant, — any adjective you choose. But what can you expect of a single mind? Like the German in the story, I might as well attempt to evolve a camel out of my inner consciousness as to construct even a tolerable plan of anything so complicated as housekeeping for a whole community must be. Every single clause of the constitution, every detail of every department, would have to be discussed in committee, submitted to the Convention, carried before the Council, perhaps sent back again, and, after all, could not be said to be fairly decided until it had been put into practice and tested by experience. But, in making out my plan, I have consulted nobody, and, in truth, I submit it only to provoke your minds to action. One only charge against the conception I will not suffer, — that it is *impossible*. I will not consent that this first-born bantling of my brain be murdered before it has had a chance to live. Two things only can make co-operative housekeeping impossible: —

1st. That women cannot work together.

2d. That men will not let them, or, at least, will not encourage them to do so.

The first does not trouble me. Let the world slander as it will, I know that the frivolous, the violent, the obstinate, the mean, the malicious, constitute but a small minority of the sex. The great mass of women have both Christianity and common sense, and these are the only two influences needed to make any human corporation work smoothly and successfully. As for the second, that men will not promote it, here, indeed, is room for fears. Had men ever done anything directly for the happiness and development of women, one might hope that they would set forward this. But they will probably distrust or laugh at it, and women, accustomed to take them for God and Bible both, will accept the sneer or the doubt with unquestioning faith, will not so much as attempt to reflect, to reason, and to arrive at an independent judgment even about what is so intensely their own concern as this of housewifery. Well, be it so. Perhaps my baby must die; but none the less for this shall I in two or three more numbers of the Atlantic go on to tell the world what might have been the consequences could she have become there a Living Power.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

I.

WATCHMAN, what of the night?—
Storm and thunder and rain,
Lights that waver and wane,
Leaving the watch-fires unlit.
Only the balefires are bright,
And the flash of the lamps now and then
From a palace where spoilers sit,
Trampling the children of men.

II.

Prophet, what of the night?—
I stand by the verge of the sea,
Banished, uncomforted, free,
Hearing the noise of the waves
And sudden flashes that smite
Some man's tyrannous head,
Thundering, heard among graves
That hide the hosts of his dead.

III.

Mourners, what of the night?—
All night through without sleep
We weep, and we weep, and we weep.
Who shall give us our sons?
Beaks of raven and kite,
Mouths of wolf and of hound,
Give us them back whom the guns
Shot for you dead on the ground.

IV.

Dead men, what of the night?—
Cannon, and scaffold, and sword,
Horror of gibbet and cord,
Mowed us as sheaves for the grave,
Mowed us down for the night.
We do not grudge or repent,
Freely to freedom we gave
Pledges, till life should be spent.

V.

Statesman, what of the night?—
The night will last me my time.
The gold on a crown or a crime
Looks well enough yet by the lamps.
Have we not fingers to write,
Lips to swear at a need?
Then, when danger decamps,
Bury the word with the deed.

VI.

Warrior, what of the night?—
  Whether it be not or be
  Night is as one thing to me.
I for one, at the least,
Ask not of dews if they blight,
  Ask not of flames if they slay,
Ask not of prince or of priest
  How long ere we put them away.

VII.

Master, what of the night?—
  Child, night is not at all
  Anywhere, fallen or to fall,
Save in our star-stricken eyes.
Forth of our eyes it takes flight,
  Look we but once nor before
Nor behind us, but straight on the skies;
  Night is not then any more.

VIII.

Exile, what of the night?—
  The tides and the hours run out,
  The seasons of death and of doubt,
The night-watches bitter and sore.
In the quicksands leftward and right
  My feet sink down under me;
But I know the scents of the shore
  And the broad-blown breaths of the sea.

IX.

Captives, what of the night?—
  It rains outside overhead,
  Always, a rain that is red,
And our faces are soiled with the rain.
Here, in the seasons' despite,
  Day-time and night-time are one,
Till the curse of the kings and the chain
Break, and their toils be undone.

X.

Christian, what of the night?—
  I cannot tell; I am blind,
  I halt and hearken behind.
If haply the hours will go back
And return to the dear dead light,
  To the watch-fires and stars that of old
Shone where the sky now is black,
  Glowed where the earth now is cold.

XI.

High-priest, what of the night? —
  The night is horrible here
  With haggard faces and fear,
Blood, and the burning of fire.
Mine eyes are emptied of sight,
  Mine hands are full of the dust,
If the God of my faith be a liar,
  Who is it that I shall trust?

XII.

Princes, what of the night? —
  Night with pestilent breath
  Feeds us, children of death,
Clothes us close with her gloom.
Rapine and famine and fright
  Crouch at our feet and are fed;
Earth where we pass is a tomb,
  Life where we triumph is dead.

XIII.

Martyrs, what of the night? —
  Nay, is it night with you yet?
  We, for our part, we forget
What night was, if it were.
The loud red mouths of the fight
  Are silent and shut where we are.
In our eyes the tempestuous air
  Shines as the face of a star.

XIV.

England, what of the night? —
  Night is for slumber and sleep,
  Warm, no season to weep;
Let me alone till the day.
Sleep would I still if I might,
  Who have slept for two hundred years.
Once I had honor, they say;
  But slumber is sweeter than tears.

XV.

France, what of the night? —
  Night is the prostitute's noon,
  Kissed and drugged till she swoon,
Spat upon, trod upon, whored.
With blood-red rose-garlands dight,
  Round me reels in the dance
Death, my savior, my lord,
  Crowned; there is no more France.

XVI.

Italy, what of the night?—
Ah, child, child, it is long!
Moonbeam and starbeam and song
Leave it dumb now and dark.
Yet I perceive on the height
Eastward, not now very far,
A song too loud for the lark,
A light too strong for a star.

XVII.

Germany, what of the night?—
Long has it lulled me with dreams;
Now at midwatch, as it seems,
Light is brought back to mine eyes,
And the mastery of old and the might
Lives in the joints of mine hands,
Steadies my limbs as they rise,
Strengthens my foot as it stands.

XVIII.

Europe, what of the night?—
Ask of heaven, and the sea,
And my babes on the bosom of me,
Nations of mine, but ungrown.
There is one who shall surely requite
All that endure or that err:
She can answer alone;
Ask not of me, but of her.

XIX.

Liberty, what of the night?—
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white
With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.

A DAY AT A CONSULATE.

AN American consulate is a veritable Mirza's Hill, where human life, in its various phases, with its sharps and flats, its tragedy and comedy, passes in continuous though informal review. Lexically it is a commercial agency, but practically it is that and a great deal more; in an accommodated sense, it is a police-station, a criminal court, despatch agency, bank of deposit, reading-room, post-office, — in fine, a general depository, or sort of *omniana*, where from time to time you may find everything, from a love-letter to a Saratoga trunk, or from a sailor's tarpauling to a lady's *trousseau*.

So, too, a consul is supposed to be a commercial agent; but in fact, and of necessity, he is everything by turns, and nothing long. What with debentures, invoices, protests, legalizations, and the rest of that category, his official duties are sufficiently numerous, and often perplexing; but his unofficial services, which never figure in the despatches, are still more multiform and multiplied. He conducts trials, in which he is at once advocate, judge, and jury. He draws up a legal instrument as a notary, signs it as a witness, and legalizes it as a consul. Now he is engaged in the humble vocation of an interpreter, or *valet de place*, and, presto! he is discharging the functions of a minister extraordinary. Now he is looking after the stray baggage of some unfortunate tourist, and anon he is deciding cases involving, not only the property and personal liberty, but even the lives, of his countrymen.

Then, too, as the recognized agent of Uncle Sam, — that benevolent old gentleman, with a great, capacious pocket full of double-eagles, — he is regarded as a sort of special providence to the whole tribe of improvident scapegraces. If some peripatetic vagabond, or seedy nobleman, or political refugee, is out of funds, and minus credit, especially if he can lay claim to a nationality that has figured in some war of independence, no matter how remote, he calls for aid upon the United States Consul. If one of his countrywomen contemplates marriage, she consults the consular oracle. If she is married and wishes she were not, or if she is not married when in all conscience she ought to be, she confides the terrible secret to the consul. If a male child is born of American parentage, the consul is forthwith notified of the happy event, and thereupon issues a certificate of United States citizenship. Should one of his countrymen conclude that "it is not good for man to be alone," the consul may solemnize the rites of matrimony; or, should he die intestate, the latter becomes, by virtue of his office, the executor or administrator of his personal estate.

I should have considered the foregoing an exaggerated statement of the case, if I had not recently had occasion to pass a day at one of the principal Italian consulates, of which I propose to furnish a brief record from notes taken upon the spot. Having ordered a small box of sundries sent to my address by steamer from Marseilles, I called at the consulate to ascertain its whereabouts and to inquire for letters. Antonio, the messenger, soon arrived with the mail. By way of parenthesis we may say, that Antonio is a fixture of the office, having been connected with it for the last twenty years. He speaks four or five different languages, and yet is in blissful ignorance of his own age and surname. He knows that everybody calls him Antonio, and that's all he knows about it. He is slightly at fault sometimes with his languages, as he exclaimed, on coming into the office, and glancing at the stove to see if it were drawing well, "The stufa pulls fust-rate."

This struck me as being rather extraordinary, as one of the peculiarities of an Italian fireplace is, as Dickens has

it, that "everything goes up the chimney except the smoke."

"How about the box, Antonio?"

"All right, Signore."

Though, to the best of my knowledge, it contained nothing dutiable, still, as I had been totally oblivious of the fact that the custom-house "Cerberus loves a sop," I anticipated some difficulty on that score, and inquired, with a little nervous anxiety, "How did you get it through, Antonio?".

"Why, sir, I told 'em it was only a little tapioca for the consul, who has the dyspepsy."

"*Birbante!*" exclaimed that worthy functionary with considerable fervor, as he wheeled around upon his tripod, "how dared you tell them that?"

"Why, you know, Signore Console, it is right to lie for my *padrone;* so I told 'em a lie in order to be honest."

"A very singular idea of honesty, certainly!" rejoined the consul, his severe aspect relaxing, notwithstanding his evident displeasure, into an involuntary smile. And yet not so singular either, when we consider the moral possibilities of a *régime* under which pious brigands, baptized with sacrilegious rites in human blood, can repeat with sanctimonious airs the Ave Maria over the mutilated corpses of their foully murdered victims. It was only an efflorescence of Machiavelianism, — a rather original statement of the old dogma, that "the end justifies the means," enunciated and illustrated by an ignorant Italian porter.

I might have read the now crestfallen messenger a homily on veracity, but for the entrance of an honest-looking peasant, who wished to procure the consular legalization to some paper that he evidently deemed of considerable importance. As a preliminary, it was necessary that he should be sworn. The consul, after explaining the nature of an oath, requested him to raise his right hand. This he positively refused to do, until fully assured that, whatever other terrible consequences might follow, he would probably not fall down dead, as did Ananias and Sapphira, in the event of his failing to tell the truth. It soon became further evident that he was superstitious to the last degree, and in this respect he is probably a fair representative of his class. As from believing too much we end by believing too little, so the natural rebound of superstition is infidelity. This is eminently true of the religious metamorphosis which is now taking place in Italy.

"What is your creed?" I inquired, a few days since, of a professor in one of the universities.

"Credo in Dio e buon vino," (I believe in God and good wine.)

It is to be feared that, among the more intelligent classes, Epicurus has more disciples than Jesus.

Meanwhile the consul had been despatching the mail that lay upon his desk.

There was a note from the mayor, enclosing an invitation to attend, on the following Sabbath, a military review in the morning and a grand ball in the evening; which, as the consul is a Protestant clergyman, seemed rather incongruous.

There was a letter in a feminine hand, in which the consul is informed that velvets and human hair are frightfully high in the United States, that she understands they are both very cheap in Italy, and that she will consider herself under lasting obligations if he will do her the favor of sending a quantity for herself and several of her lady friends, provided he can do so without the payment of the duties, — the velvets, no doubt, because the duty is so high; and the hair, I suppose, on the ground of its being second-hand.

There is one in Italian, from a youth of belligerent proclivities, who proposes enlistment in the United States Army on condition that his expenses are paid to the United States and he is guaranteed a commission.

There is another in French, from a Hungarian refugee, who is desirous of emigrating to America. He is confident that the United States government

will provide him with transportation, but, in case that he is mistaken, he has no doubt but that the consul will advance the money for the expenses of himself and family, consisting of a wife and seven children, begging him to accept in advance his most distinguished consideration and hearty thanks. The consul is reluctantly compelled to decline this modest request, which would take the greater part of his salary for a year, notwithstanding the assurance that every cent will be refunded on the establishment of the applicant in some lucrative employment. This is a fair specimen of that shabby-genteel way of begging — borrowing without the slightest intention of paying — which is so common on the Continent, even among those who lay claim to rank and respectability.

There is a note from a representative of Young America abroad, hailing from the insane hospital. It appears that the previous evening he had been mixing up claret and champagne with something stronger at a *café*, until, laboring under the illusion that he had been transformed into a Flying Dutchman, he attempted to execute a pirouette upon a marble-topped table, to the no little detriment of wine-glasses and queen's-ware, and to the utter amazement of the more sober *habitués* of the establishment. As the proprietor interfered, Young America, whose blood was now fully up, brought one of his fists in rather violent collision with the right eye of that worthy individual, which did not dispose him to see this affair in the most favorable light. The natural consequence of all this was a polite invitation, on the part of a couple of policemen, to accompany them to the guard-house. But as the belligerent youth exhibited some rather extraordinary symptoms which excited suspicions of temporary insanity, he was subsequently transferred to the ward for the insane in the hospital, where, after being divested of every article of his own wardrobe under protest, he was furnished with a wooden spoon, a soup-dish of the same material, a narrow cot-bed, and a coarse linen shirt. He besought the consul to come at once, and extricate him, if possible, from this most embarrassing situation; though it was very evident from the tenor of his note, either that he had not recovered from the effect of last night's potations, or else was really insane. The only account he could give of this ill-starred adventure, in connection with the singular proceedings on the part of the authorities, was, that, having been arrested whilst laboring under that peculiar mental phenomenon denominated double consciousness, upon the false charge of having committed an assault and battery upon the Virgin Mary, he was fully satisfied that he was the victim of a most atrocious conspiracy. Poor fellow! he is the representative of an unfortunately large class of American youth, who, like mountain torrents, live too fast to live long.

Then there is another note of a very different character. It is from an American sailor in prison, charged with the murder of a shipmate on board an Italian brig. He pleads his innocence, begs the consul to intercede with the authorities in his behalf, and, in the postscript, requests him to send him any letters from his poor mother, and, if possible, a little tobacco. Thus do the comedy and tragedy of human life go hand in hand.

A consumptive invalid writes from one of the principal hotels, making inquiries relative to less expensively furnished apartments, and then jocularly adds that he can hardly afford to die at an Italian hotel. In truth, so superstitious are the Italians with regard to death, that, when a traveller dies, his friends are expected to indemnify the landlord for the expenses of thoroughly renovating the apartment occupied by the deceased; and the bill too often contains the following item for renewing the furniture, scraping, papering and frescoing the walls: —

"*Indemnité pour réfaction des meubles, et de la chambre occupé par le defunct*, — £100 sterling."

So, too, in private families, upon the death of a member of the household the friends of the deceased immediately desert the apartment, sometimes even before life is extinct; seldom, if ever, attending the funeral, whilst the apartment is either thoroughly renovated, as indicated above, or, if possible, is exchanged for another. Besides these, there were sundry notes relating to matters of minor importance, — to a stray Murray or Harper, that had gone sight-seeing on its own account; to a truant opera-glass, that was playing "hide and go to seek" among the *palchi* of the theatre, or had found another proprietor; to sundry trunks that were making excursions in one direction whilst their owners were travelling in another, or else to prime Havanas, that in a most provoking manner had found their way into the capacious pockets of custom-house officials, and were doubtless rapidly disappearing in volumes of smoke.

"Sprechen sie deutch?"

"No, Signore."

"Parla l' italiano?"

"Si, si."

These questions were hastily ejaculated by an extraordinary-looking individual, who, striding into the office like an English grenadier, announced himself as a Russian ex-captain from Montenegro, just returning from the Paris Exposition, and unfortunately out of funds. His singular appearance, no less than his manner, attracted my attention, — a swarthy complexion, dark hair and eyes; an enormous mustache hanging down on either side of a sufficiently large mouth; dark blue Turkish trousers; an ex-white tunic, reaching down below the knees, and embroidered with gold lace; skull-cap, or fez; a silk sash with a leathern holster, minus the pistols; and a riding-whip of undressed chamois, minus the horse, which he had pawned, as he said, to pay his expenses to Paris.

He showed a scar upon his right wrist, and another upon his left thumb, that he had received, according to his own account, in the war of '57, with the Turks; spoke of the *entente cordiale* existing between Russia and the United States, and then came to the main point in hand, namely, money.

"Have you been to see the Russian Consul?"

He slightly colored, and stammered, "Yes." His manner excited suspicion.

"Bring me a note from your consul, and, if it is satisfactory, I will do something for you."

"No! impossible! I ask you only for twenty francs, and that's not worth writing a note about."

The consul's suspicions were confirmed, and, having made up his mind to give nothing, to repeated solicitations he resolutely said "No." The ex-captain's countenance assumed a portentous longitude. Rising from his seat, he began to pace the floor, growing more and more excited all the while, until he resembled nothing so much as a polar bear in a menagerie.

"Say ten francs, then."

"No, not without the note."

"Five francs."

"No."

"Per l' amore di Dio, solamente cinque franchi," and then, in the midst of a passionate invocation to the Holy Virgin and all the saints, he went down upon one knee, gold lace and all, grasped fervently one of the consul's hands in both of his, and carried it passionately in the direction of his lips. Now, of all things in this transitory world there is nothing more transitory than a kiss; and yet it is not altogether objectionable on that account, provided it is tendered by the lips of beauty or of love. But in this particular instance the consul very prudently declined the proffered favor, and, resolutely withdrawing his hand, executed a flank movement, which very naturally resulted in a change of base on the part of the suppliant captain. The two stood eying each other rather awkwardly for a moment, when the latter, gathering up his fez and riding-whip, started for the door, and, growling an adieu, disappeared like a thunder-cloud.

Footsteps were now heard in the hall,

with a regular Anglo-Saxon accent, the heels being brought down with an emphasis that denoted energy and a will. It proved to be the captain of an American brig.

"Consul, there 's been a row on board."

"What now?"

"Two of my men have nearly killed the mate."

The captain then, with some minuteness of detail, gave an account of the bloody affray. He warmed up as he proceeded, until he so far forgot himself as to indulge in some "percussion English," as he apologetically styled it; and though he spoke of the uniform good treatment and moral influence exercised on board, it must have been patent to the most casual observer, that in the discipline of seamen he had very little faith in moral suasion, and was better versed in the "Fool's Litany" than the Apostles' Creed.

"Where are the seamen?" inquired the consul.

"In the other office."

The "men" were now brought in, accompanied by two policemen in uniform. They gazed doggedly upon the floor and said nothing, though their bloodshot eyes and blood-stained shirts spoke volumes. Then followed the examination and cross-examination, when it appeared that the motive for committing this deadly assault was, as one of the sailors characteristically expressed it, cruel treatment, hard work, and "poor grub." As the result of the examination, the seamen were remanded to prison.

The captain subsequently related a number of amusing passages in his own experience at sea, and, among others, how Captain Semmes, on his return from England to the United States, after the destruction of the Alabama, came on board his vessel at Havana under the assumed name of John Smith; and that, although his manner attracted considerable attention, he never suspected he was carrying contraband of war until his arrival at Matamoras.

"Signor Console, I pray you tell me what this is for!" exclaimed an Italian shop-keeper, as he entered the office, accompanied by a boy carrying a patent clothes-wringer. "I have had this in my establishment for nearly a year, and I should like to know certainly what it is."

"Why, that 's for drying clothes."

"*Per Bacco!*"

"What did you think it was?"

A shrug of the shoulders was the only response, but it afterward appeared that he had been trying to sell it to the artists as a great improvement in photography.

The boy, we may add, by way of supplement, was a very necessary part of the transaction. A gentleman in Italy, going to market with a market-basket on his arm, would run great risk of being mistaken for a porter. Even the humblest artisan would lose caste if he could not afford to keep a servant to carry his tools. If a mason comes to adjust your bell-rope, or a glazier to repair a broken pane, he is accompanied by the inevitable boy. The consul related, in this connection, that on the previous day a poor woman, who had formerly been a *signora*, but was now reduced to extreme destitution, called at his residence to beg for broken victuals and cast-off clothing, but who at the same time, as a saving clause to her respectability, was accompanied by an old family servant to carry them home to her desolate garret.

There was a rustling of silks, and, a moment after, a lady who had evidently seen better days was ushered into the office, and announced as Signora B——.

"A veritable countess," whispered the consul in a scarcely audible aside. It soon appeared from the conversation that she was one of that unfortunate class of our countrywomen who have bartered wealth for a title. Her personal appearance was by no means prepossessing, but in her youth she had been an heiress with a hundred thousand in her own right, in the shape of a Southern plantation, with its chattels real and personal, upon which she herself was the only encumbrance. During

a European tour she had met and married an Italian count, who proved, as is generally the case with such fortune-hunters, a worthless adventurer, and who, after having squandered a large portion of her property, had abandoned her in the most heartless manner. Since then she had been married *de facto*, if not *de jure*, several times, and had led an altogether irregular life. In a state of society where so much latitude is allowed to the marriage relation, her character was not decidedly compromised; but it had reached that equivocal stage, when the more severe censors of social morality thought it prudent to subject it to a sort of informal quarantine.

After the usual civilities her conversation turned upon her domestic infelicity, of which she made no secret, and which appeared to have become hopelessly chronic. From any other standpoint than that of her present disreputable life, her story of domestic wrongs — though related, as witches say their prayers, backwards — would have been sufficiently touching.

As it was, the consul, desirous of terminating an interview which had already become not a little embarrassing, intimated that he had no disposition to interfere in domestic controversies.

"It is your duty, as an officer of the government, to do so," she exclaimed, with much fervor.

"I will consult my consular instructions," he replied, in a vein of quiet humor; "and, in case I find this duty imposed upon me, I will not shrink from its performance."

"I 'll have justice," she continued, not in the least disconcerted by the last remark, — "I 'll have justice, or I 'll — *non mangerà piu pane*."

Under the surface of this mild but expressive form of denunciation so common among Italians, — "He shall eat no more bread," — there lurks a terrible significance, which contemplates nothing less than a forcible divorce of soul and body.

"That would be a most remarkable change of venue, certainly," rather soliloquized than said the *genius loci;* "and yet I am not sure but that she would be more likely to procure justice in that court than any other."

"What court?" she inquired rather abruptly, and slightly coloring.

"Heaven's Chancery."

The entrance of a party of American tourists interrupted this awkward interview, and changed the current of conversation. Presently there was heard the heavy discharge of cannon in the direction of the harbor, which fell upon the ear in slow and measured pulsations.

"An American man-of-war!" cried Antonio, who was ever on the *qui vive* for the old flag.

"Papa," chimed in a childish treble, between two successive discharges, "why do they make such a fuss over men-of-war? Is it because they kill people?" But as papa only sat in a fit of abstraction, beating the devil's tattoo upon a writing-desk, the poor child turned her eyes, full of interrogation-points, first upon one and then another of the company, but there was no response.

The silence was ominous. Let us consult Victor Hugo!

"That 's a fine picture you have there, Consul," observed a rather titanic specimen of feminine humanity, pointing at the same time to an indifferent copy of Titian's Assumption of the Virgin. "As we are thinking some of investing in the fine arts, I would like to know the name of the artist."

Other considerations aside, you would naturally have taken the fair author of the preceding remark, whom we shall designate as Madame Malaprop, to be a lady of considerable importance, judging from the size of her chignon, and the profusion of jewelry and other gimcracks with which her person was adorned. You could not say that she was positively attractive, but then, like Miss Crawley, she had a balance at her banker's, which, with all her drawbacks, would have made her beloved and respected anywhere.

"I am unable to give you the name

of the artist," the consul replied, after some hesitation, "but the painting evidently belongs to the Venetian school."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, applying her eye-glass, and observing it again with the air of a *connoisseur*. "O, I see! the schoolmarm is having prayers with the scholars," — doubtless led into this very innocent, though rather ludicrous, mistake, by the devout attitude of the Virgin, enveloped in an aureola of cherub faces in the act of adoration.

There was a very significant silence, which really began to grow embarrassing, when she again commenced and continued in a strain that could have reflected credit upon Don Eraclio in the Raggiatore, which, if the truth must be told, was much more amusing than edifying.

Madame Malaprop evidently belonged to that worthy, but nevertheless to be commiserated class, whose intelligence has not kept pace with their acquisition of wealth. Her former husband had the good or ill fortune to strike oil, which had rather served, however, for the enlightenment of others than of himself and family. When apparently just ready to enter upon the enjoyment of his suddenly acquired wealth, he fell ill and died. The buxom widow, who was by no means a proper person to grieve over what she termed "a merciful dispensation of Providence," resigned herself without a murmur. Shortly after she consoled herself with another husband, though we are bound to add, by way of extenuation, that he was an unusually small one, which she doubtless considered a very plausible excuse for marrying so soon.

He was a dapper little gentleman of apparently her own age. His hair and whiskers were of the most formal cut; his linen was unexceptionable, and even Beau Brummel could not have objected to the tie of his cravat. There was withal a certain stiffness in his manner decidedly suggestive of the tincture of ramrods, whilst his slender proportions reminded one constantly of Philetus and his leaden sandals. Either he was easily disconcerted or slightly absent-minded, for he had a most singular fashion of looking for his spectacles when they were upon his nose. There was one other striking feature in the appearance of this eccentric personage. His hair was quite gray for about one half of its natural length, whilst the remaining half appeared to be of no very decided color, — whether from the effect of disappointed love, domestic infelicity, or from a failure in his supply of hair-restorative, we are unable to decide. If two persons would ride the same horse, as Dogberry would say, one of them must ride behind; and so with this amiable couple, though it was very evident that it was the husband who occupied this rather unenviable position. He rarely ventured to more than echo the oracular utterances of his titanic spouse, unless he occasionally presumed to modestly suggest a modification of their plans, when she would abruptly interpose her *sic volo*, and then there would be an energetic fumbling in waistcoat pockets for a pair of lost spectacles, and that was the end of the matter.

Madame Malaprop and her husband were evidently in quest of a social position. In such cases, a season at Saratoga or the grand tour of Europe is the Pons Asinorum on the other side of which many worthy but mistaken people expect to find respectability and position in society.

At this moment an American officer in full uniform entered the consulate, and announced the arrival in port of the C——, a United States man-of-war, stating, at the same time, that the captain's gig was at the consul's disposal whenever it suited his pleasure or convenience to pay his official visit.

"I will go at once," the latter replied; and fifteen minutes later the consular salute of seven guns announced his arrival on board. And now follow the official calls, official dinners, official excursions, and official shopping, in which the consul, who is expected to officiate in a variety of capacities, will have a most excellent opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of his talent, no less

than the quality of his hospitality. Meanwhile the *locum tenens* exercises a little brief authority. Just as we were on the point of leaving, a whole ship's crew, having been paid off and discharged, came into the office in a body, and, being in various stages of intoxication, made themselves as variously disagreeable. Shortly after, several policemen brought in an American seaman, who, having succeeded, whilst under the influence of liquor, in getting upon the roof of a six-story house, minus everything but his shirt, was amusing himself by dancing a sailor's jig, to the great consternation of the spectators below. And thus ended a day, such as we saw it, at an American consulate.

It was with a feeling of relief that we strolled out into the public square. The day was superb, such a one as is not to be found outside of "Paradise or Italy." The old cathedral with its black-and-white marble front, with its colossal lions of fierce and forbidding aspect flanking the side entrances, with its spiral columns and antique sculpture, constituted an admirable background to as quaint and varied a picture as is to be found anywhere in Europe. There were priests with their long black cassocks, cocked hats, and silver shoe-buckles; Turks with their white turbans and baggy trousers; Bersaglieri sporting their flowing crests of cocks' feathers; marines with their broad blue shirt-collars and glazed tarpaulings set jauntily upon their heads; gens-d'armes who might be taken for major-generals in full dress, — great strapping fellows, strutting about in showy uniforms, that poor peasant-women may have an opportunity of laboring in the fields. Then, too, there were monks with coarse brown cowls, bare feet, and skull-caps, in all the odor of sanctity, which, if my olfactories do not deceive me, is certainly not a very agreeable one; nurses with jaunty white caps, caressing babies swaddled like Egyptian mummies, or coquetting gayly with soldiers; and everywhere the inevitable *cavour*, — a cigar that makes up in length what it lacks in body and flavor.

Here a cabman is despatching a dish of *ministrone*, whilst another is asleep upon his box, his horses nodding alternately to the pavement. There a cripple hobbles about on crutches, with a portable variety-stand suspended from his neck, containing — I was about to give an inventory, though I see no good reason for advertising his goods — but his quick and practised glance has detected my apparent interest in his wares, and so, bearing down upon me with his crazy-looking craft, he shouts out in auctioneer style, "Tre per un franco!" at the same time shuffling a package of cards, among which I noticed the photograph of Booth, which he sold as President Lincoln's, along with those of some theatre actresses, *in pieno costume d' Eva.* There goes a dandy officer with laced waist and delicate kids, bedizened with gold lace and redolent of lavender, leading a poodle, — a fair representative of those drawing-room heroes whose theatre of conquest has ever been the hearts of foolish, faithless women, who from time immemorial have had a *penchant* for fine feathers and brass buttons, — knightly heroes who fence with a fan, or charge with a parasol, as they cry, —

"To arms! to arms! so they be woman's."

And then the numerous street cries, pitched upon every possible and impossible key from A sharp to X flat, — this is Bedlam run mad. As a climax to the discord of sounds, earthly and unearthly, several donkeys commenced braying in lusty style for the further edification of the passers-by.

Now there is infinite pathos, as well as irresistible laughter, in the braying of a donkey. It ranges all the way from high tragedy to low comedy or broad farce. There is in its incipiency the subdued neighings of unbridled love. Then there comes a solemn protest against the hardship and abuse of centuries. Then it culminates in a climax of despair, — in utter abandonment to grief like that of a mother for her first-born. It seems as if some lost spirit had taken up its temporary abode in

that unpromising tenement, and would wail out an infinite despair were it not for the imperfection of the instrument. And then there is an anti-climax; beginning with a sort of inarticulate running commentary on the "Vanity of Vanities," and ending in a reckless devil-may-care, as if it were reconciling itself to its hard lot, and saying, after all a little provender would be very acceptable, though it may be somewhat transitory.

We continue our stroll down to the sea-shore. What a sky and sea! Who can paint the dissolving views of such a landscape, ever varying, ever changing! Should an artist succeed in catching the golden glories and imperial splendors of yonder sunset, and transferring them to canvas, no one would dream that the picture could have its counterpart in reality. The quaint old city with its semicircular sweep, its towers and palaces and gardens, is beginning to bathe itself in shadow. The gayly decorated villas with their grated windows, dilapidated gateways, and faded frescos, each a sort of compromise between a prison and a palace, have just enough of ruin and decay attaching to them to give them a flavor of romance and poetry. The valley beyond, with its unfading mantle of green in the presence of eternal snows; the antique well-sweeps; the little garden lodges, from which is kept up a perfect fusillade against the little songsters that would otherwise fill the orange-groves and olive-orchards with the melody of their song, now saddened into singular harmony with the pensive music of the monastery bells. You look away to where the Mediterranean rolls her liquid emerald, now dark with shadow or resplendent with light, as it reflects the ever-changing aspect of the sky, or else kindles in the sunlight, — a sea of glass and gold and glory. Here the clouds nestle in the valleys, or conceal the summits of the mountains so that they appear like truncated cones; yonder they lift and betray the snow-clad peaks, bathed in sunlight and pure as heaven. In the clear morning light, villas and villages gleamed with a white radiance through the crystalline atmosphere. Now, a blue haze slumbers upon the sides and summits of the distant mountains, investing them with all the inexpressible charm of a veiled beauty. And still your eye wanders away to the vanishing point of the fading landscape, until it finds repose in the "bridal of sea and sky."

Italia! thou art Paradise without the angels. And yet if Momus had given us a charter of fault-finding as large as the wind, we could not find it in our heart to chide thee, though one of thine own poets has sung that the straightest thing in all thy fair domains is the leaning tower of Pisa: —

> "Oggi giorno ogni cosa è storta in guisa
> Che la piu dritta è il campanile de Pisa."

A GOTHIC CAPITAL.

WHEN the time was come for building the Valerian Way, almost due eastward from Rome, across the mountains to the Adriatic, if we do not know precisely the measures by which it was brought about, we may guess pretty confidently what was *not* done. It is hardly likely that a *senatûs-consultum* was lobbied through, granting peculiar privileges to "The Grand Central Trans-Apennine, Tyrrhene, and Adriatic Valerian Way Company," with right of way through the Volscian reservations, and liberal grants of the public domain. It does not seem probable that the money-changers' shops along the Via Sacra were filled with parchments and charts representing the importance of the enterprise: "The Valerian Way a Necessity!" "Growth of the Adriatic Slope!" "Need of more Direct Communication with Illyricum, Epirus, and the East!"—showing the superiority of the proposed route over the Flaminian and the Appian, for directness, facility of construction, gentle gradients, and freedom from obstruction by snow;—and finally demonstrating that its stock (which was nearly all taken) could hardly pay the holder less than twenty per cent, while its bonds (of which a limited number "are for sale here") were a really safer investment than city lots fronting on the Forum, or olive-orchards among the Tiburtine hills. This would have been a more enlightened way of doing it; but the Consul Valerius went about it with a more soldier-like directness. Having determined that the deepest notch in the mountain range was cut by that pass, straight beyond Lake Fucino, which is now called *La Forca Caruso*, he sent forth his simple mandate, and forthwith the grand thoroughfare began to ascend the steeps with sinuous *tourniquets*, to twist through the bleak summits of the Apennines, and to find its way downward, on the opposite slope, to the Adrian wave.

Through this pass, along this route, I trudged alone, towards evening, late in March. Not a trace is left of the pavement of broad, smooth stones with which the Consul covered it; not a fragment of the columns marking the increasing distances from the Golden Milestone in the Forum; and through a principal highway of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies the deep snow which buried the road was broken only by the sharp hoofs of an occasional mule. If the "overseer of highways" of old times was able to keep clear through the winter this road, which almost in April was thus buried, our Pacific Railroad companies might be glad to revive his system as a lost art. It is said that out of such a Roman road-master a Romish saint once happened to be made. The broken milestone, which showed only part of his title of *custoS. VIA Rum*, was taken for a sepulchral inscription, and *Saint Viar* was thereupon canonized. If the good man had been in charge of this particular line, much might be said for his claims to the honors, at least, of martyrdom.

From Popoli, the first town beyond the pass, the road descends, at first rapidly, through a narrow valley; and not until its forty miles of distance to the sea are nearly accomplished do the enclosing mountains recede enough to suffer the torrent, which the road has followed, to disport itself over a sandy plain of no great width, before it is at rest in the Adriatic. Just where this broader opening is entered, salient into it like the bastion of a fort a single mountain springs forward and upward, detached almost from the rugged mass, wearing on its very summit, for a mural crown, the provincial capital, Chieti. Up its steep sides—so steep that the battlements which enclose the city are not half so rigorous a limit to its expansion as is the abrupt plunge of the mountain-sides from the city walls—twists and zigzags a broad road, with

splendid engineering, to reach the town with hardly a sharper grade than that over which a horse may trot easily. As I plodded up the circuitous ascent, a squadron of a hundred brilliant Neapolitan lancers came winding down from far above, their red and white pennons fluttering and their weapons sparkling in the afternoon sun, — a long-drawn column as they marched by twos, beautiful to look upon, and their graceful captain quite charming as he returned my salute, but worthless in use, as no doubt this very squadron may have shown itself against Garibaldi a few weeks later. As the summit was neared, a turn in the road brought suddenly into view a vast blue expanse, whose edge was very near; and, looking backward from this first and glorious view of the Sea of Hadria, the majestic range of the Apennines, now quite left behind, presented itself in a *coup d'œil* more magnificent than any that I know of, excepting the views of the Alps from Turin and from certain points in Lombardy. From the stupendous mass of La Maiella, near the left of the scene, the great chain of snowy peaks stretched away for fifty miles to the northwest, until the tall pyramid of Monte Corno — well deserving its commoner name of The Great Rock of Italy (*Gran Sasso d' Italia*), and shooting its slender point more than ten thousand feet above the blue sea so near its base — hides all meaner summits from sight; while all over their lower slopes, and sprinkling the valleys which opened here and there among them, innumerable white towns and villages dotted the green. From Genoa around to Pæstum (what may be farther than Pæstum I cannot say) there is no such view of the Apennines as this from beyond them.

From this hill-city, next morning, by a three-hours' walk I reached the very shore of the sea, where the odd little walled and bastioned town of Pescara bestrides the shallow river at its mouth. From this point the route was to follow closely the unbending shore to Ravenna. The mountains, crowding with their huge bulk upon the sea, — not sheer cliffs, as sometimes along the Gulf of Genoa, but rugged and broken, and sending down at frequent intervals terrific torrents from their snowy reservoirs, — would suffer a highway almost as well along their summits as a half-mile inland from the water's edge.

This coast-road, therefore, is the only means of communication between this part of the later Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and its capital, or with the rest of the kingdom and the rest of the world, unless two or three such snow-buried mule-tracks as I had just traced over the mountains, or the open sea at hand, should be reckoned as travelled roads. Nor did the Bourbon-Farnese government fail to recognize the primary importance of the road. The exceedingly minute and accurate map of the Cavaliere Marzolla, of the royal topographical bureau, which was my *vade-mecum*, distinguishes this by a strong red line as one of the highest rank, — a *Strada Regia Postale*. Yet of all the violent streams which tear across the road between Pescara and the Pontifical frontier, — streams which after a rain, and especially at the season of this journey, are swollen to such torrents as to be absolutely impassable by anything without wings, — not more than one or two have anything resembling a bridge. At such times, therefore, all communication with the rest of the world is suspended, whatever necessity for it may exist, even for ten or twelve days together.

Near the gate of exit from Pescara an advantageous bargain with the owner of an open wagon gave me half the seat, of which the other part had already been engaged for five miles' distance. The elegant Neapolitan officer who soon appeared to take the other place was apparently not overjoyed at the company of a tramp with his knapsack. But that universal passport to a friendly interest — *Civis Americanus sum* — instantly conciliated his military dignity, and we were not only friends, but confidants, as long as we were together. We forded a broad, shallow stream, jolting over its

stony bottom. "Why don't they make bridges?" I asked. Shrugging his shoulders, "*Non si sa!* — Nobody knows!" he answered, at the same time giving me a look and smile which, while unseen by the driver, who might have reported it at the next police station, said plainly enough to me, "Everybody knows." Then he must know about my strange travels, alone, and in such humble guise. Had I been at Rome? So had he — "in the '48"; but not then (looking down at his uniform) as a Neapolitan officer: "*Faceva la guerra sul conto mio*, — I was making war on my own account," — was making war, that is, under that same Garibaldi for whose coming into what they called "*the* kingdom" king and subjects were looking so anxiously, and who *came*, sure enough, only six weeks after this, and was not very stoutly opposed. No wonder either, if his Sicilian Majesty's forces were made up of such as my gentlemanly friend here, or of those unsafe men of whom they arrested two hundred, the newspapers said, in this same army of the Abruzzi only a few weeks before.

Less agreeable was the ride in a rude two-wheeled cart with some stolid clods of peasants, with which the day's walk was further varied. So long as wheels were available, the question of crossing rivers was easily solved. But in the afternoon I reached; alone and on foot, a flood of portentous width, without bridge, ferry, or ford apparent, — the river Tordino. Within reach was no man nor habitation; beyond was a humble house or two. No resource presented itself but that of the captive Hebrews by the rivers of Babylon, — to sit down and weep. But fortunately there came up just then an indigene, in similar case, who leisurely commenced baring his feet and pulling up the garment which was nearest like trousers, sending forth meanwhile one or two vigorous shouts. A speedy result was seen on the opposite bank, in the descent to the water of a muscular native, who proceeded by devious ways to wade across to us, and put himself into an attitude to be mounted. This done, the legs of his passenger well twisted around his neck, he cautiously retraced the perilous path he had come by, the bare feet of the rider dipping at times in the flood that came breast-high, and returned for his next fare. Three or four of these torrents, before the line of the Papal States was reached, could be crossed only in this extraordinary fashion; — this on a royal post-road of the first class, and the sole connection of these provinces with the capital. The streams north of the Tronto are not different in character from these; yet on crossing that frontier into the territories of what I had been accustomed, until I was in "the kingdom," to regard as the meanest of European despotisms, I found all admirably bridged; some indeed with trestle-work, which presents less surface of resistance to the flood, but several more solidly, and all *well*. It may not be unreasonable to attribute this, and some other like phenomena of difference which one observes in comparing the Trans-Apennine provinces of the two powers, not so much to the greater beneficence as to the greater weakness of the priestly administration. In these Adriatic possessions of the Holy See there has always been a semblance of local autonomy, of provincial life, which the priestly administration was not strong enough to extinguish as the royal and Bourbon has done, and which does therefore some few things like these for the provinces, in spite of the central government.

It was growing dark as I entered the town of Giulia Nuova, set upon a hill a mile back from the highway. It was necessary to ask for the "inn" the guide-book mentioned; but the person accosted could only say that there was no such thing, but that a certain good woman was wont to entertain strangers in her private house for a consideration, — and to this he led the way. Seeing that this town of three thousand people close to the frontier was just then crowded with fifteen hundred

Neapolitan soldiers, no one, not even the respectable old lady who was glad to give me lodging, had much room to spare. There were no barracks; there was in her little house, she said, but one spare room besides the one she gave me; and in the other, for more than a year past, she had had two soldiers quartered, for whom she never had received a farthing, and never should; and as long as I could listen by the dim lamplight she recounted the various enormities of the rough fellows, who soon came stumbling in to bed. A new significance and value came then upon that half-forgotten and uncared-for article of our Constitution which provides that "No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner."

Part of the next morning's walk was in the casual company of a gendarme off duty. He, too, like his superior who had ridden with me yesterday, had his questions to ask, — some of them about that great name with which Italy has rung loudly several times since, but which then was not so well known in Southern Italy but that its semivowels were commonly twisted into "Gallibaldi." He, too, had seen service "in the '48." He was at Velletri, where Garibaldi, sallying southward from Rome, had come upon the Neapolitan army for restoring the Pope, and served them shortly as Neapolitans seem always to be served in fight; and where this worthy fellow had received a bullet-wound, of which he showed with much complacency the scar — in the back of his neck! At noon, crossing the bridge of boats over the Tronto, I entered once more the States of the Church, whose frontier I had passed on my southward course at Terracina. Almost instantly the change already adverted to was not only obvious, but striking. The road was charming, though very hot. Not only were villages frequent, but the hillsides were sprinkled with gentlemen's country-seats, many of them elegant, and sometimes approaching the stately splendor of the villas with which Rome and Naples are surrounded. Orange-gardens loaded the air with their exquisite perfume, while the half-tropical effect of the near scenery, and of the sun's ardent brilliancy, was heightened by the vistas often opened up by some short valley of the snowy mountains at the left. There was no more borrowing the aid of a cart, or of the friendly shoulders of a *contadino*, to cross the mountain streams, — all were well bridged; while everything in the appearance of the country and of the people showed a difference so decided that it might almost be called a contrast with all that was visible south of the frontier.

So, after a day or two of walking and wagon-riding along this pleasant coast, I climbed the steep from which there shone afar the goal of so many other pilgrimages, the holy city of Loreto. It was doubtless rather curiosity than veneration which had made me look forward with some earnestness of desire to this visit; yet it was a disappointment that it should be so difficult to arouse an enthusiasm of whatever kind, even in the sanctuary itself, which, if its walls did not in very truth enclose the sublime events of the Annunciation and the Incarnation, has yet been for many centuries the object of the ardent faith, the reverent pilgrimage, and the sacrificial offerings of monarchs and pontiffs, and of their subjects by tens of millions.

Facing a broad piazza upon the utmost height of the hill city, flanked by a stately palace and a convent in the magnificent style which marks the date when the Papacy, though in the decline of its strength, was efflorescing in corruption, stands in like profuse splendor the church of the Santa Casa; and within the church, small, black, and dingy, yet at once the centre and the cause of this assemblage of church, palace, and city, the Holy House itself. Black, I have said; yet of its outer surface no one can speak but by conjecture or inference; for though you face the sanctuary, in whatever of the

four arms of the cruciform church you stand, if only you look inward from the entrance (for the House is at the intersection of them all), yet so closely incased is it in a glittering crust of sculptured marble, that the undevout visitor may well forget the doubtful miracle within for the sure marvels which are outside. The architecture of Bramante, and the patient sculpture of such as John of Bologna and Sansovino, and whatever there was greatest in their art through the first full third of the *cinque-cento*, have hidden from sight the simple structure of Judæan shepherds, while they represent in work almost divine the events of which the House itself was witness, or the wonderful passages of its own later history. That history, too, in minute detail, including the migration from Nazareth to the coast of Dalmatia, and at last, in 1295, to the spot where it now stands, is inscribed on stone tablets in various parts of the church, in different languages, that pilgrims might be built up in the faith that brought them here ; yet the only languages that considerable search discovered were English, Welsh, and what purported to be *Scotch*. How justly this last is published as a language distinct from the English may be judged from the heading: "*The Storie of the Marvellous Flyttynge of y^e^ Holy House of Our Ladye of Loretò.*"

Within, a simple curiosity, not sharpened by faith, is soon sated. A mere cell, or cabin, of rough, irregular brick, less than twenty-eight feet long, not half so high, and narrower still than its height, is black and grimy with the smoke of six centuries' incense. A single door gives entrance to humanity; one window, to all the light but what is furnished by the silver lamps that hang burning night and day before the shrine. Over a little altar is one, perhaps the most famous one, of those hideous images in black wood of which St. Luke, evangelist, physician, and sculptor, has the unenviable credit, which have been deemed the most precious treasures of more than one Italian town; and to no one of which can this Lady and Child, of half life size, be reckoned inferior, whether in ugliness of feature or in splendor of vestment. But whatever be one's incredulity in respect to the cabin and the doll, there is no room to doubt the genuineness of the jewels that adorn the one, or of the treasures, in the form of votive offerings, that fill the other; nor, better yet, of the wide vista over land and sea which the declining sun was touching with a more splendid glory when I left the shrine of superstition, and looked forth from the lofty ramparts of the town.

Charming, but with something other than a true Italian beauty, is the region over which I looked that evening from the walls of Loreto, and through which I walked in the cool and cloudy morning: *Il Giardino d' Italia*, as others call it than those who live there ; *La Marca*, — the March, or Marquisate, of Ancona. Undulating, and to a degree of irregularity sometimes that one should almost say mountainous, it is yet under high and thorough cultivation to the tops of its highest hills ; while hills and vales and the winding roads and lanes are dotted or shaded by the young foliage of innumerable trees, which would alone have served to dispel the illusion to which I was tempted, to fancy myself in the Massachusetts valley of the Connecticut River. Almond-trees were blossoming in peachy fragrance ; blue violets peeped from the grass along the road ; un-Yankee boys in white smocks and caps, from the crowns of which hung gay colored tassels, looked up from their work, and helped to show that this was not New England : but, among them all, the eighteen miles seemed to have been no long walk, when at one o'clock I passed by the town of Ancona, — by houses, on the landward side, in whose walls were imbedded Austrian cannon-balls, fired in its twenty-six days' bombardment in 1849, when revolution was suppressed for the Pope's benefit, — around to the only entrance of the town, where its north wall joins the

port. Along the little strand, within the town, beside which my road led, were many squads of soldiers hard at drill. These, too, were Austrians; there were fifteen hundred of them here, besides those of other nativity; their flag was not the Emperor's, however, but the Pope's. They were recent volunteers, whom the annexation of the Æmilian provinces, just north, and the threatening movements of "the bloody Piedmontese" upon the receding Papal frontier, had lately impelled to the defence of the few remaining jewels of the tiara. A crowd of young officers of these same dark green fellows spent the next morning, being Sunday, at their breakfast in my hotel, with such enthusiasm of champagne and warlike clamor as to belie the name of the *Albergo della Pace*. It was only a few weeks later that these same blooming fields through which I had just walked were reddened by the blood of the hirelings who were now exercising or carousing about me; when Lamoricière had collected his twenty thousand mercenaries about that very hill of Castel Fidardo, which I had looked at with its little village on its crest, only to be overwhelmed and routed by Cialdini, and to see this stronghold of Ancona pass for the last time from the hands of the Roman pontiff.

Perhaps this Mount of Ancona, in a nook or "elbow" (*ancōn*) of whose northern base nestles the town, may be set down as the exact point where the Apennine range, pushing down from the northwest, fairly strikes the sea, and from which it presses against the sea, with its lofty side along all that coast over which I had come. From here to the north, the coast road no longer has to struggle for a narrow footing under the base of steep mountains. If it still keeps close to the shore, it is only because the shore is straight, and is the shortest line between the towns upon it. As I set out at noon in the lumbering diligence, the mountains at once receded on the left, and, instead, a range of low, monotonous hills accompanied us at a little distance. At no more rapid rate, including frequent stoppages, than if I had been afoot, the melancholy vehicle trundled along through the afternoon and all the dismal night. Past Sinigallia, where the gloomy palace frowned over the road, where John-Mary Mastai-Ferretti began that life which he was to end, perhaps, as the last Pope with temporal dominion, and, at all events, after a reign surpassed in duration even now by not more than five of the successors of Peter; past Fano, with its triumphal arch of Augustus; after night had fallen, through Pesaro, and suffering long delay at the post-station of La Cattolica, which marked for the time the extent of Piedmontese aggression, and where the gray Sardinian uniform looked pleasantly once more under the light of the lanterns by which we were inspected; and in full daylight to Rimini, having accomplished sixty miles in seventeen hours of painful travel. Here were thousands of the new invaders from Cisalpine Gaul, who had crossed the Rubicon but a few miles back, and had passed into Rimini over a noble Roman bridge, and under a magnificent Augustan arch of triumph, on their way toward the Rome at which they arrived, but who were now busy in building great modern earthworks, as if they meant only to keep what they had got. From the ramparts, looking westward, there meets the eye, conspicuous across the plain, a dozen miles off, a long black cliff, the highest, apparently, in sight, its upper outline broken against the sky with towers, its summit and sides streaked all over with snow, which is all the territory of the Republic of San Marino, with its army of forty men, and its population of seven thousand.

If the country was now flat and uninteresting, yet even in such a region the late torment of the diligence was not better than freedom and independence on foot. So in two or three hours next morning I reached the little stream which even now is called *Il Rubicone*, flowing "ruddy" with clay between high banks, and spanned by a wooden

bridge, it may be at the very spot where Cæsar, on his way from Ravenna to seize the important fortress of Rimini, made that plunge upon which the fate of the world was to turn. The sea was near enough to the road, but hidden behind low mounds of sand. There were two or three little towns; Cervia, surrounded by a turreted wall, a square city of a couple of thousand people, through which, in its precise centre, the highway passes, broad and clean, and just three minutes' walk from gate to gate. Then, for ten or twelve miles, the road skirts the *Pineta*, — the grove of umbrella pines stretching along the sea in a narrow belt of wilderness. But at last the Pineta falls into the rear; the land spreads out into an utterly desolate low marsh, without house, stick, or stone to break its monotony, out of the midst of which rises, in solemn isolation, three or four miles before the gates of Ravenna are reached, and quite as far from the sea, the noble basilica of *San Apollinare in Classe*, — stupendous monument of that Gothic empire and that Arian heresy which came near to universal sway over the souls and bodies of Christendom, and of which Ravenna was the Rome, the glorious metropolis and capital. In this character alone, aside from all other claims, this lonely, half-deserted city, within the ample circuit of whose walls are streets overgrown with weeds and lined with vacant palaces, could never fail to excite the reverent enthusiasm of any one to whom ecclesiastical or simply historical antiquities are of interest, if only he should place himself within the circle of its attraction. Yet this is not all; for before the Goths Ravenna was great; and after orthodoxy had restored the unity of the Western Church, it needed many centuries of combined natural and ecclesiastical and political causes to reduce it from a splendid rank among the cities of Christendom. Before Venice rose upon the islands that cluster about the head of the Adriatic, but a few miles to the northward, Ravenna was Venice. This inland town, from which the sea is distant by seven miles of dreary marsh, sat like Venice upon its clustered islands; the sea, as in those of Venice, was

> "In its broad, its narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing";

countless bridges maintained communication between its isolated quarters; like Venice, its walls were impregnable and unattainable by the strong defence of the lagunes that encompassed it; while all the wealth of the East, that afterwards built the palaces of Venice, flowed into its lap, to be distributed by its merchants over all Western Europe. When Rome was shaking under the successive shocks of Northern invasion, the degenerate Cæsars fled hither to establish the still splendid court of the Western Empire. But her greatest magnificence was under the sway of that extraordinary people, that blue-eyed, fair-haired race whose name is a synonyme for savage brutality, who yet conquered the conquerors of the world, and who from this capital, which they made to rival in splendor the city of Constantine itself, exercised a dominion reaching from the mouths of the Danube to the extremity of the Italian peninsula, and to the Pillars of Hercules and the Bay of Biscay. In that grand process which never ceases, however imperceptible to our vision, by which the mountains are being brought low and the valleys exalted, the Alps and the Apennines have been robbed of their substance to raise these miles upon miles of firm land from the bottom of the sea. No natural landmark points the successive stages of this vast but silent and constant change; only the names which faithful tradition has kept impressed upon the local topography serve to show how gradually the Adriatic retreated from the steps of the throne of its queen. When Rome was a republic, and Ravenna a town in its province of Cisalpine Gaul, the ships of Alexandria and Joppa discharged their cargoes in her very streets. Two miles from her walls, the lonely church of *Sta. Maria in Porto* shows by its name that at some early time, which

cannot be fixed, the harbor had retired so far from the city which had been built upon it; and the square light-house, which then had guided the mariner to his destination, was many centuries ago turned from its ludicrous inutility to pious uses as the bell-tower of the church. At nearly twice that distance from the gates there is nothing but the name of the magnificent church of San Apollinare (*in Classe*) to show that its site was once that of the suburb where the imperial "Fleet" lay moored; while between it and the sea are now four miles of black and dreary moorland, or of

> "Ravenna's immemorial wood,
> Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er."

Thus, when the queenly city had been abandoned by her handmaid the sea, her commercial greatness fled to upstart Venice, or was shared by Venice with Genoa and Pisa; while, the Gothic sceptre having passed from the giant arm of Theodoric to successors as puny as the latest Cæsars, imperial power and ecclesiastical primacy were transported to the Rome which had so lately lost them, or went wandering and divided to Saxony or Franconia, to Paris or Aix-la-Chapelle. But though her dominion is long ago departed from her, Rome herself has not to-day such monuments of the period from Constantine to the death of Justinian, a space of two centuries and a half, as Ravenna possesses in unimpaired magnificence. Compare these dates, for example, of all existing works in mosaic, up to the time last named: in Rome, at Sta. Sabina, but almost wholly destroyed, A. D. 425; part of the mosaics at Sta. Maria Maggiore, 432; SS. Cosmo and Damian, 530; — at Ravenna, at the tomb of Galla Placidia, 440; at San Giovanni in Fonte, 451; at San Vitale, 547; at Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, 553; at San Apollinare in Classe, 567; and at San Apollinare Nuovo, 570; while the superiority of these to the few Roman works is far greater in extent and splendor than in mere number. Something, perhaps, of this inequality is due to the fact that the returning power and wealth of the Roman episcopate made possible a lavishness of reparation and improvement which left little but the name to many a venerable relic of the earlier centuries, while deserted and declining Ravenna had hardly the vigor even to destroy; but it cannot be doubted that the period in question was that which came nearest to a total eclipse of Roman splendor, and during which the heretical supremacy and the barbarian invasions that were oppressing her were building her Trans-Apennine rival into a gorgeous seat of empire.

Of all the monuments of that schismatic faith and that barbaric empire, hardly one is more impressive than this lonely basilica of San Apollinare in that dismal moorland, which was once the busy suburb of the Fleet. More than thirteen hundred years ago, the thin, flat bricks — as Roman in their shape and the fashion of their putting together as if they had not been laid by those Goths whose name imports all that is brutal and destructive — rose into its arcaded sides and clerestory, and its lofty circular campanile. Within, it is green now with damp and mould, and its lower chapels swamped in water. No worshipper kneels before its altar; a sickly looking priest or two, caring for the unused utensils of church service, is the only living thing to be seen by the visitor, except the spiritual life of thirteen centuries ago, petrified into the deathless colors that cover the great tribune and the spandrels of the arch before it. Here, with reverent boldness, the sacerdotal artist has essayed the wonderful scene of the Transfiguration. From the apex of the half-dome which roofs the tribune, the hand of the Almighty, issuing from the clouds, points to the head of Christ, in the centre of a great gemmed cross just below. Above the cross are the Greek letters IXΘYC; near its arms the Alpha and Omega; and at its foot the words *Salus Mundi*. Resting on clouds on either side of the cross, and pointing to it, are the figures of Moses and Elias, their names inserted near them

in strong Roman characters. Below, on the green earth (and how brilliantly and perennially green that landscape is, after these thirteen centuries, no one who has seen it can ever forget), the apostles Peter, James, and John gaze upwards in the guise of sheep, surrounded by flowers and rocks and pines and cypresses. Below the cross is the saint under whose invocation the church is dedicated, in his ancient archbishop's robes, his arms raised in the act of preaching, his congregation symbolized by a flock of sheep surrounding him. Near by, upon another wall of the presbytery, the great mystery of the Atonement appears under its several Hebrew types, — the sacrifices of Abel, Melchizedek, and Abraham. Above the arch of the tribune, upon the broad wall which looks down the nave, are still other and various subjects, — archangels, evangelists, symbols of Christian faith and hope, and the cities of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, with processions of believers, typified, as before, by flocks of sheep issuing from the open gates.

Such are the themes which, in representations splendid in color and colossal in grandeur, are spread over the whole surface of that altar-end of this deserted church, which alone has preserved its treasures to this day. But if we enter the silent city, its almost vacant streets offer still richer jewels to our gaze. Here is that other church of the same name (San Apollinare *Nuovo*), which, yet half a century earlier, the great Theodoric himself built as the metropolitan cathedral of the Arian world, — that church which might have been today what St. Peter's is, had Clovis, instead of Alaric the Visigoth, while its walls were rising, fallen upon the plain of Poitiers, and the world become a universal Gothic empire, and Arian heresy become Catholic orthodoxy. Not merely the extremity of this "Church of the Golden Roof," but the walls of its nave from end to end, and up to the gilded ceiling itself, are covered with these pictures in stone whose colors never fade. On one side a single gigantic composition shows the city of Ravenna of that day, in which are conspicuous the structures which still remain to us; opposite, that suburb of the Fleet, with harbor and ships, which now is vanished, — ships, city, and port; both rising from the round arches of the nave, which rest on columns borrowed by the Gothic king from that Constantinople to which he owed so slight an allegiance, up to the windows of the clerestory; while every space between those windows, and above them to the roof, contains its separate subject.

If it is thought strange that a period of Gothic domination should be commemorated by such structures as these, how much more marvellous is it that the most gorgeous work of Christian art, though far from being the greatest of the earlier centuries, should have been going steadily on through precisely those years when the struggle of Barbarian and Byzantine for final domination had burst out afresh, and was raging with a fury unknown in the first invasions, and when Ravenna itself, as well as Rome, was held alternately by the contending hosts! Yet such was the eventful infancy of San Vitale. It is rarely that the date of so ancient a work can be determined so precisely as may that of this singular structure from the marks it bears upon itself. The most brilliant of all historical records in the mosaics covering the chair and tribune, and representing the consecration of the church, fix the time of that event as nearly as may be at the year 547. On opposite walls stand the Emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora, "whose vices were not incompatible with devotion," attended, the former by the consecrating archbishop St. Maximian and a splendid retinue of courtiers and officers, the other by a train of ladies from the Byzantine court, all in such vivid distinctness of costume and feature that one does not think of questioning their likeness, while the identity of every principal figure is established by the bold lettering of a name near it. As the disreputable actress turned empress and devotee died in

548, the limit for the completion of the church is fixed at once. For its commencement this strange, Oriental-looking octagon could have been suggested by no other than that magnificent temple which the same Emperor had begun at Constantinople in 532, and six years later had dedicated to the Eternal Wisdom; even as San Vitale itself, after two centuries and a half, suggested to Charlemagne the ideal which that greater than Justinian executed in the octagon "Chapelle" that gave a name to his capital and afforded himself a sepulchre. Nothing, therefore, seems so probable as that, when Belisarius had recovered the Gothic capital in 539 for his imperial master, he should at once have begun, a votive offering for his success, the gorgeous monument which eight years later was completed. Rarely, in any age, have the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting (if that may be called so which uses only fragments of colored stone as the vehicle of its expression) combined to make so splendid a memorial of triumph or devotion. Unlike as it is in shape to the basilica or the later church, yet the analogy to the nave, aisles, and side-chapels of the latter is closely maintained. Above the two tiers of circular arches, resting on superb monolithic columns of Grecian marbles whose capitals are cunningly undercut with vine-work and reticulation and strange devices, bespeaking far more the vigorous play of a young and growing art than the decline and corruption of an old art, rises a clerestory and a dome; while such parts of the inner fabric as are not covered with costly marbles and sculptures blaze with the profuse and varied pictures of the workers in mosaic, as bright and clear and perfect in color, as well as design, as on the day when St. Maximian first read there the prayers of consecration. It would be a wearisome task to reproduce from note-books a catalogue of all the subjects that glitter on the walls of San Vitale, or of any one of the greater churches of Ravenna; a sufficient idea of their character and diversity has already been given by examples. Whatever external splendor these structures may have (and some of them are extremely imposing) is in spite of the simplicity of their material; for this, upon that great alluvial plain, where not so much as a pebble can be found, is almost uniformly the broad, flat, Roman brick, an inch and a half in thickness. But the most distant quarries have contributed their wealth to the adornment of their interiors; while these mosaics, which glitter in such vast extent upon their inner walls, whether their subjects be historical, symbolical, or dramatic, are not merely inestimable studies of the costume and the whole life of the fifth century, but as works of art are immensely superior, in color, in action, in expression, and even in composition, to those of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elsewhere in Italy.

If it had been attempted to give a summary of the attractions of this Gothic capital to a student of early Christian art, it would still be incomplete. Overreaching in antiquity the final Gothic conquest, the mausoleum built by a Roman empress, who had also been a queen of the Goths, as her own sepulchre and that of an emperor who was her brother, and another who was her son, is on some accounts of singular value. Constructed at least before the death of Galla Placidia in 450, it is with a single exception, also at Ravenna, the sole example remaining in Italy of the *Memoriæ* or funeral chapels which once covered the country like the Santons' tombs in Turkey, the origin of which may be traced, if not to Byzantium itself, to the sepulchral cells of the Catacombs, and which seem to have given place long ago to the mortuary chapels that were annexed to churches and cathedrals. Its three imperial tombs are, perhaps, the earliest specimens of Byzantine sculpture now remaining; the mosaics which cover its cupola are not only peculiarly beautiful, but constitute, with the strict harmony of its architecture and its sculpture, what has been called by

one of the most philosophical writers on Christian Art (Lord Lindsay) "by far the most perfect and interesting example" of the early Byzantine symbolism. Yet this monument, too, the sepulchre of a Gothic queen and of that Roman Emperor who diverted himself with cock-fights behind the walls and ditches of Ravenna while Alaric was taking Rome, helps to remind one of those barbarians under whose rule Ravenna was at its greatest. "Barbarians" the world has agreed to call them, and to name "Gothic" whatever is base, brutal, unspiritual, and wantonly destructive. Perhaps the world's nomenclature might have been different, had the fortune of war been other than it was with Belisarius in the East and Clovis in the West. *Les vaincus*, like *les absens*, *ont toujours tort.* Looking back these thirteen hundred years, through the false medium of a literature made by the victors, it is yet not hard to see that these barbarians had in them much of all in the world at that time that was good, that was generous, that was liberal, that protected and promoted art, learning, jurisprudence, and religion. The Code of Justinian, in which culminated twelve centuries of Roman juridical learning and a national life devoted in some measure to the arts of peace, is no more remarkable monument of enlightened legislation than that Visigothic code which was struck out by these Teutonic organizers, before Justinian's century, in the ferment of incessant campaigning and amid the daily clash of arms. Under the undisputed dominion of the East Goths, Saint Benedict, who was a heretic to them, was suffered to found on the Monte Cassino that monastery which was for centuries the very fountain-head of all manner of learning, and Cassiodorus established, in his graceful retirement at Squillace from the office of prime minister of the Gothic Empire, the first great library in Italy; while the monarchs themselves invited from all the world whoever excelled in art or science, and promoted the cultivation of science and the arts among their own subjects by a liberal system of rewards. Dio Cassius could no better express the wisdom and refinement of these barbarian rulers than by comparing them favorably with the Greeks themselves. Accustomed, wherever they were subject to orthodox rule, to the relentless persecution by which orthodoxy was sure to vindicate itself, no sooner did these gentle barbarians establish their own domination than they showed to those who had "despitefully used them and persecuted them" the new virtue of full toleration for differences of religious opinion; so that during the great Theodoric's reign of thirty-three years it was said that no Italian Catholic had adopted, either from compulsion or choice, the religion of his monarch. Then, first and last in all the centuries from the time of Constantine almost to our day, did a Christian government protect even the Jew from the superstitious or avaricious fury of the mob, and, by a refined justice which only our latest American statutes have expressed, levied upon the community responsible for the outrages a proper compensation for the injuries inflicted. What a different Europe it might have been, had barbarism like that controlled it for the past thousand years!

"But surely the Goths and Vandals pillaged Rome?" — *Capture* Rome no doubt they did. So have British troops in our day taken Pekin and Delhi and Magdala, and, not long ago, Washington. But when we read how our cousins plundered and sacked and desecrated temples, and destroyed public monuments, and call them Goths and Vandals, we do the barbarians a wrong. Their enemies have told their story; yet their enemies have recorded that Alaric protected the churches of Rome, and all who might take refuge in them, and the consecrated vessels, even in the fury of a capture by assault; and that even the public edifices suffered rather from the inevitable damage of the occasion than from wanton destructiveness. Augustine compares the moderation of the heretics with the

wanton barbarity of the Romans themselves in the wars of Marius and Sylla, as each party in turn gained possession of the imperial city; and a later historian confidently affirms that the ravages of these barbarians were less destructive than those of Charles V., "a Catholic prince, who styled himself Emperor of the Romans." Orthodox piety had already suffered the monuments of paganism to fall to decay; and it was reserved for the Gothic Theodoric to protect by positive edict, by the appointment of an efficient architectural commission, and the appropriation of large annual revenues, the public edifices, the statues, whatever was valuable for antiquity or art, from the ravages of time and the depredations of Roman citizens. As Rome grew rich and great again, her own princes completed the ruin of her most glorious monuments, content to see their own evil work charged upon the Goths who were their betters; so that, in a stronger sense than Pasquin meant it, may it be said in Pasquin's words, "Quod *non* fecerunt barbari, fecere Barberini."

It was pleasant to visit now, at the centre of that imperial power of Theodore, the fabric which the hero built for his final resting-place, as if conscious that those who should come after him would be unworthy to make his sepulchre. Beyond the noise of the then busy city, in the midst of fruitful fields a mile without its gates, "upon the sides of the north," as if the conqueror would return at least so far toward the birthplace of his nation, he built his tomb in his lifetime of massive blocks of Istrian limestone, brought from beyond the sea into this land of clay and bricks. Long ago a pious fervor has expelled and scattered the remains of the great heretic who protected the worship of his Catholic subjects, and the sepulchre is now a chapel of the orthodox *Santa Maria della Rotonda.* The sole remaining example, except the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, of the Funeral Chapels of the earlier ages, it rises in two stories, an equal-sided decagon, from a base which, although lately uncovered by excavation, is left by the unceasing rise of the land several feet below the general level. Each of its ten sides is occupied by a round recessed arch, of which the members are curiously notched and fitted into each other; and around the whole runs a continuous moulding through the imposts of all the arches, which brought at once to recollection a similar feature in the Terracina palace. But crowning the structure, as if to exhibit to the feebler races who should come after, and who should use the name of "Goth" in scorn or derision, a feat beyond their power to imitate, the mighty architect has placed a roof which the resources of nineteenth-century engineering might be inadequate to construct; — one single block from the Istrian coast, forty feet in its diameter, a rounded dome above and concave vault within, its thickness varying from four feet at the centre to something less at the edges, and its weight two hundred tons. A mountain covered the grave of Theodoric, as a river flowed over that of Alaric. Equidistant about the side of this mass are twelve projections pierced with holes, which the peasants of the neighborhood have called by the names of the twelve apostles, as if they had once furnished support to their statues; but no statue could have stood upon their downward-sloping tops. Perhaps the great architect left them there to aid our imagination to the method by which this mass of two hundred tons was moved to its position. There, at all events, it stands, and has stood these thirteen centuries and a half, as firm and level as when the Gothic builder lowered it to its place, defying time, defying the puny assaults of modern men. Orthodox fanaticism has availed only to desecrate the tomb and scatter the kingly ashes. No feebler force than the lightning of heaven has rent in two parts, which yet remain unmoved in their places, the work of that hero whose empire was at least coextensive with Charlemagne's, and whose glory deserves to be no less.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

DEAR MAMMA:—

I fear you are a little impatient to know why it was that Jean Baptiste and I were married and off to Paris six weeks before the time fixed for our wedding, according to your latest advices. I also fear you were not quite satisfied with the little letter I sent you the morning we were married. I do not remember one word of that letter, but I know it was too short to contain any proper explanation of the affair. I assure you, my dear mamma, that it was impossible for me to be any more explicit then. I do believe that no other girl was ever hurried as I was that morning and the night before.

Only seventeen hours before the wedding actually took place Jean Baptiste came to my school-room in a buggy, and called me out. He said that a friend of the family had lately died in Paris, leaving him a large legacy,—quite a little fortune, in fact; that his father had just received intelligence to that effect through the Atlantic Cable Telegraph; that this rendered it necessary for us to start for France immediately, instead of waiting till August, as we had intended; and that it had been decided, in family council, that the wedding should come off quietly *next morning at eight o'clock*, so that he and I, and his father and mother, who were to accompany us, could take the 9.15 train eastward.

"Dismiss your school," said he, "if it costs you half a year's salary, and get into the buggy, and come with me. Father and mother wish to explain to you our relation to this man who has just died in Paris. Father and he were engaged together in a curious affair a great many years ago, which laid the foundations of both their fortunes. Father thinks you ought to know all about it before we are married, and I quite agree with him. There is nothing criminal nor disgraceful in it, and if there were, it all happened long before I was born, so I know it will make no difference with your willingness to marry me. I will therefore improve the time while father is enlightening you with this scrap of family history by driving around to the school authorities, and telling them all about the matter."

So saying, my lord and master elect handed me into his buggy, after I had dismissed my wondering pupils, drove home with me, and turned me over to his father and mother, who received me with a degree of kindness that ought to have put me at my ease. But I was so dazed that I could not, and did not, make any objection to being married at such short notice, nor plead for even one day's delay, but sat helplessly repeating to myself, "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock,—to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

Father Moran said, that, in his early youth, he and his friend, who had just died in Paris, had been engaged together in a somewhat extraordinary adventure which he thought ought to be related to me before I united myself irrevocably with a member of his family. The story, he said, had been confided to many of his friends, and was now no secret. Still he preferred that I should hear it from his own lips before Jean Baptiste and I were married, so that it might not appear that any important fact in the history of the family had been concealed from me. He then proceeded to give me an outline of his early history. Since that time he and Mother Moran have returned to the subject so freely and so frequently, that every incident and every situation in the story is impressed upon my memory as distinctly and vividly, I verily believe, as it is upon theirs.

I have been greatly aided, no doubt, in following the narrative, by my own knowledge, acquired while I was teaching in Canada, of the topography and

the local habits and traditions of the neighborhood where Father Moran met with his main adventure.

Father and Mother Moran and Jean Baptiste all think that I ought to write to you a full account of the matter. Father Moran, especially, desires me to do so. He says that if I neglect it ten days, you will, in the mean time, hear from some source that I am married to the son of a reformed brigand or some such character.

I have promised to put the whole story into this letter, and I shall do so if I can find an envelope in Paris large enough to contain it. I have also promised — and I renew the promise to you, mamma — not to draw upon my imagination any more than my nature absolutely requires.

Before I begin this long story, let me finish what I started to write about my wedding.

When I got away from Father and Mother Moran, it was almost five o'clock. I was to be married early next morning to the best-dressed man in St. Louis, and I had no clothes fit to be worn at a drayman's wedding.

In my despair I went straight to my dress-maker, who had already undertaken to get up my wedding finery, but had not as yet put a stitch in it, and told her my story with tears in my eyes. As soon as my deplorable situation was known in the shop, I commanded the sympathy of the whole establishment. When the regular hours for work were past, the good dress-maker and her dear girls, together with four angels from another establishment, took me in hand; and it is but simple justice to say that they presented me at the altar next morning in unexceptionable attire, and with my trunks packed as became a bride starting upon her wedding tour.

We were quietly married at eight o'clock (no cards), and started immediately for Paris, and here we are.

Now for Father Moran's story: —

Edward Moran was born in Massachusetts, and is doubtless related to the Morans of Springfield. His parents removed to Lower Canada while he was a baby. His father was a physician, and a poor man his life long. His mother died when he was twelve years old. At fourteen he was articled — whatever that may mean — to an architect in Montreal. Shortly after that his father died, leaving less than property enough to pay his debts.

It would have gone hard with poor Edward in his poverty and his orphanage, if the architect and his lady had not been kind and generous people. They pretended that his services were worth more than his instruction, and made that their pretext for forcing upon him what money and other things he needed. When he was twenty-one, and no longer a student or apprentice, or whatever he had been, the good architect, who was an Englishman, and whose name was Nevins, as I ought to have told you before, gave him fifty pounds. [Fifty pounds in Canada equal two hundred dollars. The Canadians count their money the same as the English do theirs, but their pounds, shillings, and pence are only about four fifths as valuable as the *£*, *s.*, and *d.* sterling. At least, it was so when I was in Canada. From this time forth even unto the end of this letter, I shall reduce every sum I am called upon to mention into rational dollars and cents, so that you can have some notion whether the sum be worth mentioning or not.] Mrs. Nevins gave him several valuable presents, which she called keepsakes, and an honest motherly kiss; and little Nellie Nevins cried till her eyes were very red when he went away. Mr. Nevins had procured for him a job, or order, or contract, or whatever else an architect would call it, to plan and superintend the erection of a big house above Brockville in Upper Canada, and immediately opposite the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence.

Of course Edward was very much in love with Nellie Nevins. She must have been a splendid girl, she is such a superb old lady. He not only loved her very desperately, but felt quite sure that she loved him. But he was quite

penniless, and was, or thought he was, a pensioner on her father's bounty; so it seemed to him that every principle of honor and gratitude conspired to close his lips, and he and Nellie parted without coming to any understanding in words. The true state of the case was nevertheless plain enough to all concerned, including Nellie's good father and mother.

Young Moran went to his new field of labor with a vague notion, not reasonable enough to be called an idea, nor definite enough to be called a wish, but still an ever-present lurking fancy, of making some sudden and signal display of genius, or achieving some grand stroke of fortune before his image should quite fade out of Nellie's tender heart. His aspirations were vague and dreamy, and mixed up with his little love affair, as the heroic tendencies of very young people always are. They found, however, some expression, I verily believe, in the work he had in hand, — a gentleman's dwelling, built on a generous and costly scale. I well remember how proudly, and yet how tenderly, it crowned its hill when I saw it, and was never tired of gazing at it, more than twenty years after the young lover and dreamer had built it, and into it some of his lofty day-dreams. His nature was not sordid, but his imagination frequently revelled in gorgeous visions of wealth; and many of his ground-plans of life were laid out for a solid foundation of gold and silver. His aspirations, I feel sure, would not have taken this form, poor as he was, if his imagination had not been fired by stories of hidden treasures among the islands.

No better hiding-place could have been found. The Thousand Islands are not extravagantly named. There are, it is said, more than fifteen hundred islands in the group. They vary in size from a mere point of rock to several hundred acres. The St. Lawrence here abandons the solemn *rôle* of a deep, broad river, and frolics madly about among the islands in a perplexing maze of narrow, devious channels, some of them mere rivulets. It was one of the mysteries of my Canadian days, not yet cleared up, how the pilots ever find their way through this labyrinth of waters.

Moran was protected by his pure love for Nellie from running into any excesses which would make him unworthy of her. He was, at the same time, driven by his utter loneliness and his hardy, adventurous spirit into much rough company. A knot of hard-drinking, story-telling cronies who assembled nightly at the Tripe and Trotters tavern had a special attraction for him, though he never joined in their drunken orgies.

Here he heard the story of O'Donnel, the smuggler, *par excellence*, of the Thousand Islands.

This worthy, it seemed, was a native of Kingston, Upper Canada. His mother was a wretched creature who hung around the soldiers' barracks at Fort Henry, near that city. He was awfully deformed, there being such an inequality in the length of his legs and the height of his shoulders as to produce a constant distortion of his countenance, when walking or even standing. When he was sitting, or lying quite still, however, his features were said to have been singularly regular and *spirituelle*, and to have worn a sad and stern expression. His mother, whose name he bore, died when he was a mere lad. From his infancy to his early manhood he fought a battle without a truce with the world for his daily bread. His manner was surly and unsocial. He was a miser from his boyhood and a misanthrope from his cradle. When he was about twenty-two years of age he established himself on one of the Thousand Islands, situated about midway between the shores of the river, far away from the route pursued by vessels of any considerable burden, washed on every side by swift narrow channels and fierce eddies, containing about an acre and a half of rocky soil, and approachable only by crooked and unfrequented channels. This delectable retreat soon came to be known as Smuggler's Island, for reasons that will presently appear.

O'Donnel was strong and resolute, as many deformed men are. He was a skilful trapper and hunter, but was chiefly renowned as a smuggler. In Moran's day many anecdotes were afloat of the cunning and prowess with which he, time and time again, baffled the custom-house officers. In the summer he transported his goods across the river in a large light canoe. In the winter he used for the same purpose a light sleigh, drawn by powerful and fleet horses, some of them almost as celebrated as he was. Winter and summer alike, his route of transit was only known to himself. He confined his traffic to valuable articles having but little weight or bulk, so that he needed no assistance. Many of the islands were wooded with large forest trees and a dense growth of what the natives called underbrush. O'Donnel was reputed to have made himself familiar with many secure hiding-places, tortuous channels, and blind forest paths which no other man could find or trace, but which were plain to him in the darkest night. There was something weird and uncanny, it was said, in the suddenness and unaccountableness of his appearances and disappearances.

Thus he flourished some twenty years. Toward the latter part of his career he seemed a little more amenable to the influences of civilization, and a little more attentive to his own comfort. He built himself a decent "shanty," and, what astonished the people still more, he invested over one hundred thousand dollars in lands. This last operation, however, exhibited him in the character of an ordinary human being so much that he soon became disgusted with it. Just before his death he sold all his lands for cash, some of them at a small sacrifice, but most of them at a considerable profit.

After his haunt was revealed, it became the settled policy of the revenue officers to make a descent upon Smuggler's Island once in about three months. These raids never resulted in the discovery of any contraband goods, but were continued from mere force of habit, which, in such cases, is, I believe, called official routine.

One morning just before dawn, the period of the day always chosen for these visits, a party of three officers landed suddenly and silently on Smuggler's Island, as they had done many times before. They first explored the island outside of the cabin, as was their settled practice. They then entered the shanty in the old unceremonious way, and found the smuggler dead. He had evidently been dead as much as a week. Wretched outcast as he was, he was rich; and so his remains were taken to the main shore and buried in consecrated soil.

Speculation was now rife as to the disposition of his money. He had no family. No man had ever owned him as his son, nor had his paternity ever been distinctly charged upon any man. Nothing was known, nor could anything be learned, of the early history or family connections of his mother. Who was she? Whence came she? Was O'Donnel her family name, or the name of some deserted husband? or had she assumed it, as most of her class assume some name other than that by which they were known in the days of their purity? These questions had gone down into the wretched woman's grave unanswered, and the clay of the Potter's Field had closed over them forever. It was morally certain that no rightful heir would ever appear to claim the smuggler's treasures. They must go to the government, unless a will should be found.

But these treasures, — where were they? Every cranny of the shanty was searched, every inch of Smuggler's Island was examined, and all the islands immediately surrounding it were carefully explored, under the supervision of two magistrates; but no money, and not a scrap of paper, was found. Unofficial treasure-hunters, alone and in parties, kept up the search for years, but to no purpose.

The smuggler's land sales just before his death rendered it certain that he had left over one hundred thousand

dollars. This was probably only a small part of his riches; for smuggling was then very profitable, and parsimony never fails to lay up money. O'Donnel had been a most successful and enterprising smuggler, and a life-long, self-denying miser. Somewhere along the shores or among the islands there was hidden a treasure well worth the finding. These facts and many others, and not a few fancies in the same connection, did Moran hear discussed nightly at the Tripe and Trotters.

These wild stories about this hidden hoard conspired with his poverty, which stood like a lion in the path between him and his love, to fill his musings by day and his dreams by night with gold, gold, gold, until at last the future of his fancy was as bright and rich with treasure as it was sunny and musical with love, or sublime with high achievements.

It was then about ten years since the smuggler's death. During the last six years of that time Smuggler's Island had been occupied by a French Canadian named Jean Baptiste Boisvert.

Of course you foresee that this is the man for whom my Jean Baptiste was named. I beg you to treat the name a little more respectfully than you did in your last letter. Please don't write it "J. B." any more, as if I was married to Joey Bagstock or James Buchanan. I 'm sure I can't comprehend your objections to the name. John the Baptist was the greatest of all the prophets. His character, I think, stands high above that of the patriarch Joseph, after whom your only son is called — Joe. At any rate, the Baptist did not lose his raiment of camels' hair as Joseph appears to have lost all the coats he ever had.

This Jean Baptiste Boisvert was generally called simply Baptiste, or, as it was oftener pronounced, "Batteese."

He was tall, lean, sinewy, brown, hawk-eyed, and hook-nosed. His inner man was a queer compound of shrewdness and simplicity, fierce passion and easy good-nature. He was totally illiterate. He seemed to understand most that was said to him in English, but his efforts to convey his ideas in our language consisted in gesticulations, shrugs, and grimaces, with a little broken — nay, crushed and pulverized — English, the performance being generally more entertaining than intelligible. He drank pretty freely among boon companions, but was never known to get drunk, in the sense of being weakened or muddled. The only effect which liquor seemed to have upon him was to improve his English. Under the inspiration of whiskey, he would arrange his limited stock of English words into combinations which no uninspired man would ever venture upon. His grand independence of all the rules of English syntax on such occasions made him far more easily understood than when, under other circumstances, he tried to conform his speech to what he supposed were the laws of the language.

We have just such a case here. An octogenarian French gentleman, who was an *attaché* to the French Embassy at Washington in the days of President John Adams, and who still dresses like the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and wears his hair in a *queue*, frequently visits us here at our hotel. He *will* try to talk English. At first his anxiety to be precise and correct renders him painfully helpless, with his small stock of English words; but when he has sipped away half a dozen glasses of Father Moran's good wine, then — to quote the strong language of an American medical student who also visits us — "old pig-tail slings English, regardless of Lindley Murray and all his works."

As it was evident that Baptiste had plenty of money, and as he lived on Smuggler's Island, the people thereabouts concluded that he was a smuggler, as his predecessor had been. The revenue officers shared the popular belief, and spent much valuable time laying snares and setting traps for Baptiste and his smuggled goods. They visited Smuggler's Island as regularly as they had done in the days of O'Don-

nel, and with as little success in the way of finding contraband goods. In other respects their visits were now more satisfactory than in the days of the miser, for Baptiste always met them with great cordiality, invariably persuaded them to take breakfast with him, and, as he was an excellent cook and a generous host, never failed to send them away in the best of humor.

His long-continued impunity from detection gave him a reputation among the people and at the custom-house for almost superhuman shrewdness. The official and the public mind, having taken up the theory that he was a smuggler, steadily refused to regard his case from any other point of view. To take a new departure, and to say, "This fellow can't be caught smuggling because he don't smuggle," would have been a mode of reasoning far too simple and elementary for these sagacious officers and profound people. Baptiste rather encouraged his questionable reputation than otherwise.

He was good-natured to a rare degree, but under strong provocation had more than once proved himself an ugly customer in a fight. There was one curious peculiarity about his fighting. After one desperate and damaging onset, which was sure to upset his antagonist, — or half a dozen antagonists, if so many stood in his way, — he always ran away with the speed of a greyhound to his canoe, escaped with all possible expedition to his island, and there secluded himself two or three days. *Nobody ever pursued him.* It was generally understood that, cornered and cut off from all retreat, he would be an uncommonly dangerous man; for his strength and agility were incredible, and he always carried in his belt a heavy hunting-knife. This weapon, however, he was never known to draw upon a human being, except in the single instance which I shall relate by and by. When I have added that he was occasionally subject to violent attacks of hypochondria, which, while they lasted, threw a glamour of gloom over every object he looked upon, and made every sound, even that of his own voice, seem hollow and sepulchral, you have the portrait of Jean Baptiste Boisvert as well as I can paint it.

Moran first became acquainted with Baptiste in this wise. He happened one day into a store in the neighborhood which had just been opened by a newly arrived Scotchman from Dumfries. Baptiste was there, and had been trying to sell a pack of beaver-skins to the new merchant. Beaver fur was at that time very valuable, and not very scarce in Canada. Every country merchant dealt in it as a matter of course. Indeed, it was regarded almost as a legal tender.

Sandy with his broad Scotch, and Baptiste with his execrable English, had each reduced the other to a condition bordering on lunacy. When Moran entered the store, Baptiste was tying up his bundle, and muttering to himself.

"Sacre bleu!" said he. "Zat man not onderstan no French, and he know not some English. How sal somebody wiz heem, vat you call make bargain, by tonder! eh?"

This he said as if to himself, but without lowering his tones, for he fully believed that the merchant could not understand anything he could say. The latter, however, took him up warmly.

"Hoot, mon," said he, "gin your French be like your Ennglish, ye canna parlevoo for the twa hurdies of a frogue, nor e'en whustle to a French dogue to ony pourpose."

Baptiste, who understood nothing of this, shrugged his shoulders, took up his pack of skins, and started for the door. Moran called him back in French, and offered to interpret for him.

With his aid the Frenchman and Scotchman soon came to a satisfactory understanding.

After that Moran and Baptiste frequently met, and soon became quite intimate. They were a queerly assorted pair, but their friendship grew and strengthened apace. Each found in the other a sort of supplement to his

own character. Baptiste was volatile, quick of resource and fertile in expedients, but singularly wanting in persistence, except when some powerful passion dragged him steadily on. Moran, on the other hand, was clear-headed, slow but sure in his mental processes, and, though a dreamer of wild young dreams, he was none the less a man of firm purpose and unyielding decision of character. They were both generous fellows, and capable of strong friendship; and so it happened that they became constant companions during their hours of leisure, and the firmest and truest of friends.

It was not long until Baptiste invited Moran to visit him at his home on Smuggler's Island. The time fixed for the visit was one Saturday evening, late in the fall. Moran was to stay all night at the shanty, and return to the main-land in the morning. At the appointed hour Baptiste appeared with his canoe. Moran entered it boldly, but was immediately afterwards aware of no little trepidation. It was a birch-bark canoe such as you have seen described many times. Moran had been a distinguished member of a boat-club in Montreal, but this craft showed such a determined tendency to escape from beneath its burden, and was withal so slippery on the water, that he began to lose faith in the law of gravitation the moment after he set his foot in it. Baptiste, however, held the restless vessel firmly until his passenger was seated near the bow. He then stepped lightly aboard, and pushed off with as much unconcern as though he had been navigating a raft. He apologized to Moran for the clumsiness of his craft, said it was his canoe for carrying loads, answered that purpose very well, but was not to be compared to his hunting canoe, which, unfortunately, would not carry two men, unless they were both experienced canoe-men.

"Zat leetle canoe," said he, "ees so light, zat, when somebody shoot from heem, he mose shoot right over ze bow, so,"—taking aim with his paddle. "Eef he shoot ziz vay,"—taking aim again in another direction,—"ze canoe vill spill ze man, before ze shot sall get out of ze fusil,—vat you call gone."

"You must excuse me from hunting in that canoe until I get over being nervous in this," said Moran in French.

Moran's French always recalled Baptiste from his raids against the King's English. So he went on extolling his little canoe in French. He gave several instances of its extraordinary buoyancy and sea-worthiness; also its remarkable tendency to upset with inexperienced navigators.

He dwelt with special unction upon the case of an old lake sailor, who swore that he could manage any craft that ever floated, but was ignominiously upset before he had fairly got clear of the shore with the little canoe; and who excused his mishap by averring, with many fearful imprecations, that he had careened the craft by carelessly shifting his tobacco from his starboard cheek to the port side of his face.

When they had landed upon Smuggler's Island, and entered the shanty, they found a great wood-fire blazing upon the hearth. This had been kindled by Baptiste before he started for his guest, and so built up with green logs that it was sure not to burn down before he returned. Its warmth was right welcome that cold November evening.

The shanty was built of logs "scored and hewed,"—i. e. chipped with a common axe, and partially smoothed with a broad-axe inside. The interstices between the logs were first stopped with strips of white cedar, then "chinked," or calked with moss, and plastered, or "pointed" with "mud,"—i. e. clay tempered with sand,—a kind of mortar formerly much used by the common people in Canada. The roof, which was also the ceiling, was nearly flat, and was composed of "troughs,"—that is, logs split in halves, and hollowed out, so that each piece resembles a great slab of bark. These were disposed in two layers, so that the upper layer battened the lower. This form of roof is quite waterproof and very dura-

ble. Only the better class of shanties boast such roofs. The inferior sort are covered with bark. The floor of rough plank was well fitted, or "jointed," and securely fastened to the "sleepers" below with wooden pins. There was but one room, and only two small windows. The great feature of the establishment was the fireplace, which occupied at least one third of the north wall. It consisted of a fire-back of rough stones laid up in mud, built into an opening left in the side of the building for that purpose. It was flush with the inside face of the wall, and extended back, out of doors, some four feet. Above the stone fire-back the chimney was carried up entirely outside of the shanty, and was built of strips of cedar, laid up cob-house fashion, and thickly daubed inside and out with "mud."

> Should you ask me how I happen
> To be so well versed in building,
> Roofing, flooring, warming shanties,
> I would answer, I would tell you:
> The first Winter I taught school in
> The primeval, hyperborean
> Backwoods of the New Dominion;
> I and my Canadian pupils
> Housed were we in such a shanty.
> Only the great generous fireplace
> Was not there, — was sadly wanting.
> And its place was meanly taken
> By a dingy stove of iron,
> Redolent of heat and headache.

Baptiste's domicile was furnished with a rough pine table, three stools, a big chest banded with hoop-iron and fastened with a padlock. A few cheap religious prints hung on the walls, also a large assortment of guns, powder-horns, and other hunting implements. Bedstead there was none; but there was, instead, a big pile of skins and blankets in one corner.

Into another corner there were fitted four triangular shelves, upon which rested the culinary resources of the establishment, also a plentiful supply of pipes and tobacco.

Baptiste was, as I have before remarked, a good cook and a generous host. He soon prepared a savory supper, to which his guest did ample justice.

After supper the two friends smoked and talked until bedtime. Their conversation consisted of ordinary neighborhood gossip, seasoned by a few marvellous hunting-stories on the part of Baptiste, and a demonstration by the young architect that the defunct smuggler could have erected a comfortable stone house on the site of the shanty for less than the cost of that rude structure, inasmuch as the logs of which the shanty was built had to be brought some distance, and at considerable expense, while the materials for a good stone house were to be found in great abundance on the island.

After this they retired each to a liberal pile of skins and blankets, and slept soundly till daylight.

The next morning turned out to be windy and rainy, and miserably cold withal, and Moran was easily persuaded to spend the Sunday on the island.

After breakfast Baptiste amused his guest by showing him some astonishing tricks with playing-cards.

Of these he had a large and various assortment in his big chest. Being unable to while away the solitude of his home with books, he had by long practice acquired astonishing dexterity and skill in manipulating cards. He explained each trick to Moran after he had exhibited it. Some of them involved intricate mathematical calculations, others consisted merely in rapid and dexterous handling; but the most numerous and bewildering of his feats were due solely to his ability *to distinguish the cards by their backs.* Moran was naturally astonished at this faculty, but Baptiste made light of it.

"Ze gamblur," said he, "he mark ze carte so, and so, and so; but zat ees vat you call clomsy. Ze pack of carte, he ees all make on von big sheet, and zen cut in pieces. Ze back of von carte not vill like ze back of anozer carte be never. You mose look close at ze back of von carte and remember heem, zen anozer and anozer. 'T is ver' easy. You can learn eet to make queek in two, tree year."

"I should think," said Moran in French, "you might win all the money you chose at cards."

"So I might," said Baptiste in the same language, "but what good would it do me? What good does a gambler's money ever do him? My father used to say, 'It is more comfortable to pick up red-hot pennies bare-handed, than to win cool guineas at play.' My father was right. I have seen a few gamblers, and I know he was right.

"No," continued Baptiste, after musing awhile, "I am not a gambler, thank God, nor a smuggler neither, though the stupid people think I am. Bah! the sots! Where do they think I sell my smuggled goods? I never go away, except sometimes to Brockville, and once in a great while to Kingston, and there the custom-house officers stick to me like my shadow. No, messieurs, I am obliged to you, no smuggling for me. It would fatigue me too much. Still, you must not tell the people that I am not a great smuggler. They would not believe you if you did. Besides, it is convenient for me to be thought a smuggler. While the people and the officers are looking out for my smuggled goods, they are blind to my real faults. I have enough of them, God knows."

The day wore away with smoking, drowsy talk, and downright napping. In short, the two bachelors spent the Sunday as unprotected males are apt to do.

After supper, when they were once more seated before the big fire, Baptiste suddenly exclaimed: "Eet ees not von beet — by tonder! — use to have a man for your fren, or be hees fren, if you can't trose heem. My boy, tell me your leetle story, zen I sall to you tell eet mine. You begeen, for yours sall be moche, — not so longer as mine."

Moran readily complied, and frankly and modestly related his short and simple annals. He approached the subject of his passion for Nellie Nevins reluctantly. But he felt sure that the rough, uncultivated man before him was as pure-minded and chivalrous of heart as the proudest chevalier of them all. The sacred name of Nellie Nevins he knew would rest in the memory of this semi-barbarian as free from evil associations as in his own. Besides, he was anxious, not merely to have, but to deserve, Baptiste's entire confidence. So he made full confession of his hopeless love, hopeless because of his poverty.

"Ma foi!" said Baptiste, in his mother-tongue, "you have but little to look back upon. You are all the more free to look forward. At your age my story was even shorter than yours. For I was then living with my father and mother, and had no cares.

"My father, after whom I am named, and his brother Cyril, were first voyageurs, and afterwards traders, — factors they called them, — in the service of the Northwest Company of fur-traders. When that company was swallowed up by the Hudson Bay Company my father returned to his native village, about twelve miles from Montreal, bought a house in the village, and a farm near it, married, and became a quiet citizen. He had money enough to make his family comfortable and respectable, and, being a prudent, sober man, his property increased to the day of his death. My father and mother had but two children, — myself and my sister Marie, two years younger.

"About ten years after my father left the fur trade, my uncle Cyril also came out of the woods, and settled in our village. He, too, married, and his wife was a dear good woman. They had no children. A yellow devil possessed my uncle. He was rich; but the more gold he had the more he toiled and schemed for gold. Give him a chance to do a good deed which cost no money, and he was a good man. He would sit up all night, and many nights, with a sick neighbor. Once, when a feeble old man was attacked by a big bully, my uncle defended him so bravely and so stoutly that every one applauded him, and the bully never showed his face in the village again. Another time, when a fire was raging in our village, he rushed into the very flames, and rescued a little girl who would have been burned in her bed but for him.

That little girl was afterwards my wife. She loved and trusted my uncle, in spite of his avarice, as long as she lived. My sister, too, always defended him. She said his love of gold was a disease rather than a fault; and that he ought to be pitied and not blamed for it. These two girls could, either of them, persuade him to give a little money for a good object, when no one else could get a *sou* out of him.

"At twenty-two I was married to a dear good girl, — the same that my uncle had saved from the fire. My sister was betrothed to an excellent young man, and we were all happy. My father and mother had never been taught, and cared nothing for learning. There was no school in our village. We had two villages in one parish. The parish school was in the other village, and more than four miles from us. So I never went to school, and know nothing. But my good aunt had persuaded my father to send Marie to a convent-school, and she was quite a scholar. So was my wife.

"Now comes the miserable part of my story: —

"There came to our village a terrible fever. No one who was taken down with it recovered. More than half the people in our village were swept away by it. First my mother died, then my aunt, then my father was taken down at my uncle's house, where he happened to be; and, in four days from the time he took to his bed, he died there. My wife and my sister were worn out with watching and grief, and, two days after my father's death, they died, both in one hour. Then, in the midst of my wild grief, I was summoned to my uncle's to hear the reading of my father's will. I went. My uncle, a villanous little notary, and I, were there together. No one else was about the house. The notary produced a big parchment, which he said was my father's last will. He explained to me, before he commenced reading it, that, two days before my father's death, while I was away at Montreal to buy medicine, my father had sent for him; that he came and drew this will at my father's request, and after his dictation; and that my uncle was not present when the will was drawn, and had not yet been informed of its contents. The will, he said, was witnessed by my wife and my sister and another person, whose name I had never heard before. He then read the will. It left all my father's property to my uncle to dispose of as he pleased, except a miserable little tract of cedar swamp, which my father had lately bought to get fencing-timber from. This was willed to me. The will then went on to say that my father had full confidence in his brother that he would treat his children justly, and provide for them better than they could provide for themselves.

"I did not believe that my father had ever made or intended to make such a will, nor that my wife and sister had ever signed it as witnesses, knowing what it meant, and I do not now believe they did. I was mad with grief and rage. I denounced my uncle and the notary as forgers, swindlers, robbers, and every other evil thing I could think of. My uncle coolly said: 'Nephew, you are not well; you had better go to bed.' The little notary took a pinch of snuff, and smiled a wicked smile. This so inflamed me, that I seized my uncle and the notary each by the throat, and rapped their heads together till they saw twenty thousand stars. I then became frightened at my own violence, as I always do when I hurt a man, and ran away and hid myself in my swamp, and stayed there two days and two nights with nothing to eat.

"While I was there, the Devil, who is ever at the elbow of an angry man, put a miserable scheme of vengeance in my head, which it took me nearly a year to execute. It was a wretched fraud, as you will say when you hear it; yet I swear to you, Moran, that, during all the time I was planning and carrying out that sneaking business, I never once thought I was doing wrong.

"I sometimes have a curious disorder which is not sickness. The doctors call it a disease of the nerves, and

give it a long name which I cannot speak. When this trouble is upon me, everything looks blue and strange. The fire burns blue on the hearth. The air seems full of smoke, every sound seems to come from an empty barrel. Even my own voice sounds like the voice of another man, and a very surly fellow at that. I can think well enough, and talk and act like other men; but it all seems like the thinking, talking, and acting of another man. When I am very bad, my own thoughts and words sometimes take me by surprise, as if another man had said something I had never before thought of.

"The first, worst, and longest attack of this kind that I ever had came upon me while I was hiding, shivering, and starving in the swamp, and lasted until I had been some two months on this island. Perhaps it was this that prevented me from seeing as I now see the wrong I was doing.

"I went straight from my swamp to my uncle, told him that I had been mad with grief and surprise at the reading of the will; that I had since thought the matter over, and was satisfied that my father had done what was best for me, and what would have been best for my poor sister if she had lived; that my wife and sister, who were wiser than I, and who had always loved and trusted him, my uncle, had, no doubt, thought my father was disposing of his property wisely and well when they signed the will as witnesses. I begged my uncle to forget what had passed, to excuse my conduct to the good notary, and be my friend.

"This he readily undertook to do, and from that time forward, as long as I stayed there, we seemed to be friends. Heaven forgive me; I stayed at his house, and ate his bread — execrable black bread — most of the time.

"My father had given me some money, a good team of horses, a wagon, and some other things, when I was married. My mother also had left a little property, which had come to me, so that I was able to go and come, and work and play, as I pleased.

"When I was hiding in the swamp, I discovered a black pool there, which seemed to gather in water from every direction, and to have no outlet. It was very deep and cold.

"Coarse salt was then very cheap at Montreal. The ships that came from England for lumber and ashes used to come ballasted with salt. I brought a wagon-load of coarse gray salt from the city in the night, and salted the pool. I brought three other loads, and hid them near it. Why did I do this? I had heard, when I was a little boy, of the discovery of a salt spring somewhere, and how rich men with piles of money had come to buy it.

"By some means the deer found my salted pool, and came to it in great numbers, so that the ground around it was beaten like a path with their feet.

"I took three men, one at a time, and showed them the pool and the deer-tracks, and let them taste the salted water. I charged each of them not to tell any one of my salt-spring, — told them I had carried some of the water to Montreal, and had learned from one who knew all about such things that it was very valuable for the manufacture of salt. Of course the news spread fast, that I had discovered a salt-spring of great value in my swamp.

"Soon people from Montreal and other places began to visit this new wonder. One evening an old gentleman who wore spectacles, and spoke no French, and a young fellow who carried a note-book in which he often wrote with a pencil, and who jabbered all the time in French almost as bad as my English, came to our village, and stopped at the little tavern there. They inquired for me. I was sent for, and came. The youngster told me that they desired to visit and test my salt-spring. He said that the old gentleman was a scientific man, and that he himself was the editor of a newspaper in Montreal. I told them I should be happy to wait upon them next morning, and show them the spring.

"All this time, remember, if you please, there was a continual buzzing in my head, everything looked blue and

dismal, every sound seemed hollow and sad, and, worse than all, I seemed to have within me two minds at the same time, — one thinking and planning as usual; and the other looking on, criticising, mocking. The doctors may say what they please, I believe I was possessed by a devil. I went to my swamp that night, and was obliged to hide myself until three hunters had each killed a deer and carried it away. Toward morning the coast was clear, and I succeeded in putting three big sacks of salt into the pool unobserved.

"I conducted the two gentlemen to the swamp. They had come out from the city in a light wagon, and had brought with them a small filter and a brass kettle. The old gentleman fixed the filter so that the water would run from it into the kettle. We then built a brisk fire under the kettle, and the old gentleman commenced filtering the water, first measuring it carefully with a quart measure. The black water came from the filter clear and beautiful. After we had filtered and boiled down I don't know how many quarts, we let the filter run dry, and kept up a slow fire under the kettle until the thick brine in it was dried down into about a quarter of a pound of salt. I was astonished to see that the salt in the kettle was very much finer and whiter than the coarse gray salt I had put into the pool.

"An old, red-nosed Yankee who loafed about our village, and who had been a schoolmaster before he became a common drunkard, plucked my sleeve, and led me aside when I had returned with the two salt-hunters to the little tavern.

"'Baptiste,' said he, 'if you know what is good for your salt-spring, you will set up that little editor with some money.'

"'I 'm afraid, Uncle Dan,' said I, — everybody called him Uncle Dan, — 'I 'm afraid it will offend him to offer him money.'

"'You 're greener than cabbage,' said Uncle Dan. 'Here, you fellow with the note-book, come here.'

"The young gentleman came to us, and asked Uncle Dan what he wanted.

"'This young man,' said Uncle Dan, 'knows nothing about the newspaper business. Of course you found his spring all right, and a big thing. Now, how much will a first-rate puff cost? He is n't rich unless his spring turns out to be a fortune. Do the fair thing by him, and I 'll warrant he 'll do the fair thing by you.'

"'I should think,' said the young gentleman, 'that ten pounds ($ 40) would be about right.'

"I paid him the money before Uncle Dan had time to ask him to take less, as I saw he was about to do.

"I then gave Uncle Dan a glass of whiskey, the young gentleman gave him another, and everything was satisfactory.

"A day or two afterwards a flaming account of my salt-spring appeared in one of the Montreal newspapers. Uncle Dan read and translated it to me, and borrowed twenty-five shillings ($ 5) of me.

"Then people began to offer to buy my swamp of me. I always answered: 'You do not offer me enough; besides, I intend to sell to my uncle, if he wants to buy.'

"At last a gentleman from Vermont offered me five thousand pounds ($ 20,000). I answered him as I had answered the others, and then went to my uncle and said: —

"'Uncle, a Yankee has offered me five thousand pounds for my land. Give me forty-five hundred pounds ($ 18,000) for it. I will take the money, and go away, and see what I can do with it. Everything here reminds me of my dead. I shall go mad if I stay here.'

"All this was true. If you want to have a lie believed, always tell as much truth with it as you can; or, better still, keep the lie out of sight altogether. The truth is so much stronger than a lie, that I believe the Devil always tells the truth when he can make it answer his purpose by any means.

"'You speak wisely,' said my uncle; 'but how am I to get forty-five hundred pounds?'

"'Bah!' said I, 'that is a bagatelle for you, uncle.'

"'I am going to Montreal to-morrow,' said he, 'and I will see if I can get the money. If I can, I will take the property.'

"He went to the city the next day; and, the day after, we went to the notary. My uncle became the owner of the swamp, and I went to Montreal with my money.

"I knew that my fraud would not be discovered at once, so I loitered several days at Montreal. I intended to go to New Orleans, where I had a cousin who was doing well. Before I got ready to leave I heard that my uncle had sold the swamp to the Yankee for six thousand pounds ($24,000).

"My miserable trick was, after all, played at the expense of an innocent man. My uncle had made a cool fifteen hundred pounds ($6,000) out of the punishment which I had sneaked and lied so much to prepare for him. I became disgusted with myself. I changed my plans, and resolved to push straight West into the great wilderness, and hide myself among the savages.

"When I had come as far as here I said to myself, Where can a man hide better than in these islands? There is no proof against me. I am in no danger of being pursued and arrested. My uncle can never make any one believe that I defrauded him as he defrauded the Yankee. His reputation for sharpness is too good for that. I have no one to please but myself. These islands are some of them wild and lonely enough for the greatest wretch alive. I will stay here awhile, at any rate. I found this shanty not claimed by any one, and took possession of it. I have been here and hereabouts ever since. A banker at Kingston pays me some interest on my money. That and what I can make by hunting and trapping is more than I can use here. I have added more than five hundred pounds ($2,000) to the money I brought from Montreal. I have never heard from my uncle since I came here. I am as happy here as I should be anywhere, and so I stay. The people think I am a great smuggler, like poor O'Donnel, and the custom-house officers watch me and visit me, as they did him. But I never smuggle, as I told you this morning. That is my story. When you have reached my age, you will have a happier story than mine, for you are not a wild man like me. Whether you win all you seek or not, you will always know what you are doing, and will, at least, try to do it like a man."

At the conclusion of Baptiste's long recital, the two friends refilled and relighted their pipes, which had long been cold and empty, and fell into a desultory conversation concerning the departed smuggler, O'Donnel. Moran's superior knowledge of the English language had enabled him to pick up more of the traditions afloat upon that subject than had ever come to the ears of Baptiste. After they had discussed the affairs of the dead smuggler about an hour, Baptiste went lazily to the big chest, remarking as he went: "Dees big box, — I found heem here ven I come here. I 'm s'pose O'Donnel mose forgot to hide heem before he die."

He then removed a large and varied assortment of bachelor's dry goods, groceries, hardware, hats, caps, boots, and shoes, throwing them in wild confusion on the floor, until the chest seemed quite empty. He then stuck the point of his hunting-knife deep into what appeared to be the bottom of the chest, lifted it up, and disclosed the fact that the chest had a false, or, more properly speaking, a double bottom. The false bottom fitted so closely to the true one, that there was no room for anything a quarter of an inch thick between them. The removal of the false bottom brought to light an old yellow half-sheet of foolscap paper.

Baptiste took this up, and handed it to Moran, saying in French, "Read me these two words, if they are words."

Moran instantly read the words point-

ed out to him. They were "shanty" and "money."

"I suspected as much," said Baptiste.

Moran sat down, and diligently scanned the paper, which had on one side what appeared to be three diagrams. The other side was blank. The diagrams were drawn apparently with a blunt lead-pencil. The two words above mentioned were inscribed in rude imitation of printed letters, evidently with the same implement, one at each end of one of the diagrams.

One of the diagrams seemed to represent a crooked and intricate route among islands, — the smaller islands being fully outlined, and the larger ones being represented only by so much of their coast lines as lay along the supposed route. This diagram, Baptiste said, indicated, in his opinion, the route by which O'Donnel had transported his goods from shore to shore during the season of navigation. Baptiste felt sure that he had found and traced it.

The second diagram corresponded with the one above described, except that the supposed route sometimes went across the islands. Baptiste surmised that this represented the track by which the smuggler had transported his goods in sleighs when the river was closed with ice. He was sure he had traced it. The road across the islands, he said, was still visible by its effect on the vegetation to one who observed it closely. He said it came ashore at each end across a narrow channel, where so much of the sleigh-track as was visible from the main-land could be hidden in two minutes by covering it with snow.

The third diagram seemed to have been made purposely obscure. It consisted of a long and crooked series of small circles of uniform size placed at uniform distances. All the circles except the first and last had dotted lines across them, running in the general direction of the series. The first and last circles, having no dotted lines across them, were marked respectively "money" and "shanty."

This diagram Baptiste called a string of devil's beads, and said it had baffled him completely. If it was intended to represent islands, it showed them all of one size and shape, and at uniform distances from each other, which made it impossible to follow it among the real islands of the group, varying as they did in size, shape, and position.

"Besides," said Baptiste, "you cannot tell which way to start. There are three islands, any one of which may be meant by the little circle next to the one marked 'shanty.' I fear we shall never find our way from 'shanty' to 'money.'"

So saying he replaced the paper on the bottom of the chest, put the false bottom over it, tumbled his miscellaneous stores back into the chest, and locked it. While he was doing this he explained to Moran that it was only a little over two years since he had found the false bottom and the paper under it. He said that a ball of shoemaker's wax had found its way down to this board, and had stuck to it. In his efforts to remove the wax he had started the board from its place, and had so discovered it to be a false bottom. Upon removing it, he had found under it this paper, and nothing else.

It was now more than an hour after midnight. The two men retired to their couches, Baptiste to sleep, Moran to dream, but not to sleep. The Frenchman's strange story, and the enigmatical diagram, kept his mind in a constant ferment of wild fancies, until daylight, and long afterwards.

Some two months afterwards, when the river was bridged with thick ice, Moran met Baptiste at the Tripe and Trotters, where he was an occasional, though not a frequent visitor.

It was Saturday evening, and a goodly company were there. Baptiste drank pretty freely, and became quite lively and chatty. About ten o'clock he went to the bar to pay his reckoning, also his compliments to the landlady, preparatory to going home. The landlady was a blooming English widow of about thirty-five.

"W'y do you come so seldom, and leave so hearly, Mr. Batteese?" said the landlady.

"Eh, Madame?" said Baptiste with an interrogative grimace.

"W'y don't you come hoffner and stay longer?" said the landlady, repeating her question, so as to make it more easily understood.

This time Baptiste caught her meaning, and, not wishing to be outdone in civility, he laid his hand upon his heart in a very impressive manner, saying, "O Madame, eef I vill come here ver moche, and ver long stay, I sall ruin ze Tripe and Trottair. I sall like von leetle dog all ze time follow you roun', and — vat you call — quarrel wiz every zhontilman zat vill say two, tree word to you."

The landlady, who was not at all averse to Baptiste, laughed at his strangely worded compliment, called him a hodd fish, and cordially shook hands with him as he bade her good night.

He then started towards the door, but paused on his way to look at a game of cards which was in progress.

Two young men, sons of rich parents, had foolishly come into this rough company, and, more foolishly still, had allowed themselves to be drawn into a game of cards with two strangers, who were professional gamblers. It was this game which Baptiste stopped to look at. The gamblers were fleecing the young men unmercifully, the victims being by this time excited and reckless. One of the gamblers favored Baptiste with a malignant scowl. Baptiste shrugged his shoulders, and stepped on lightly towards the door; as he was about to raise the latch, he seemed to change his mind. He paused, and an ashy pallor overspread his swarthy countenance; he walked back to the card-table with unusual deliberation, and addressed the gamblers in a tone so low and soft that, judging from it alone, one would have thought he was asking a favor.

"Zhontilmen," said he, "you are dam two swindleurs. You are robbing the bigad *yong* men. Your carte every von of heem he is marrrk." One of the gamblers — a big, truculent bully — sprang to his feet with a great oath, put himself in a scientific attitude, and struck a quick, powerful blow at Baptiste. The latter avoided the blow by springing lightly aside, and then greatly astonished the gambler by seizing him with both hands, raising him high above his head, and dashing him to the floor with a force that threatened the integrity of bones and floor alike. He then turned upon the other gambler, for it was his habit on such occasions to pay his respects briefly to every one who stood opposed to him before he ran away. The other gambler, who was a spry little man, had retreated into a corner. When the enraged Frenchman turned upon him, he quickly drew from his vest pocket a very small pistol, and fired.

Baptiste staggered, but did not quite fall. Instantly he stood firm upon his feet again, and then for the first and last time did he draw the big hunting-knife upon a human being. With this weapon in hand he sprang upon the little gambler like a wounded tiger. A dozen strong hands interposed to save the little reptile from being cut in pieces; as it was he lost his left ear, and a thin slice off his left cheek, besides receiving a severe flesh wound in his left shoulder, — all from one half-arrested sweep of the big knife. Baptiste then staggered back into the arms of Moran, who was one of those who had interfered to prevent him from killing the gambler. He was now quite faint, and was carried to a bed in a room just back of the bar. Fortunately, there was a surgeon at hand, — a seedy, drunken, but skilful man, who haunted the Tripe and Trotters nightly. Him the landlady seized by main force, dragged him behind the bar, and showered upon his head copious libations of cold water, which had already done duty in the way of rinsing glasses.

"Now, Doctor," said she, "do your best, and your scores for the last 'alf-year, and the next, too, you may consider paid."

Thus refreshed and incited, the surgeon examined and dressed Baptiste's wound promptly and skilfully. The ball had entered his right breast obliquely, had glanced around outside of the ribs, and was found lodged in the muscles of the back, whence it was easily extracted.

Everybody's attention having been given exclusively to Baptiste, until it was ascertained that he was not dangerously wounded, the gamblers had been permitted to steal away. When their absence was at last noticed, search was made for them far up and down the road that ran along the river-bank, and upon another road which ran back northward from the river. When daylight came, the blood-stained tracks of the wounded gambler showed that he and his fellow had wallowed through the snow-drifts to the ice, and then made the best of their way through the islands to the New York shore.

It was well for them that they escaped, for, if they had fallen into the hands of the crowd at the Tripe and Trotters, they would have been roughly handled.

In about a week Baptiste was well enough to go to his cabin; but when he got there he over-exerted himself providing firewood for his big chimney, and was taken down with a fever. He had good medical attendance, and the people thereabouts were very kind to him. Moran was with him every hour that he could spare from his work.

The fever was very severe, and lingered long. It was early in May when Baptiste was well enough to take his seat in his hunting-canoe, and then he was too weak for long voyages or hard toil of any kind.

About the 10th of May, Moran put the finishing stroke to the building he had undertaken to plan and superintend, and was ready to go and seek his fortune elsewhere.

He went to Smuggler's Island, intending to make a long farewell visit. He arrived there in the evening, and found Baptiste much improved in health since he had last seen him, but still feeble and languid, compared with his former self.

They were sitting outside the shanty, smoking their pipes, and fighting mosquitoes, after sunset, when Baptiste, having mused a little while, said: "Moran, you remember the turning-point in my fever last winter, — the time that the doctor called the crisis, when I lay senseless so many hours?"

"Yes. I was here then."

"Well, I had a strange dream then. I dreamed that I had spread out before me that diagram — as you call it — with a word at each end of it. I thought the little circles grew and grew, and changed their shapes, until they became islands, many of them well known to me. Then I saw that the dotted lines were made of little stumps of bushes, cut off with a knife about an inch from the ground. Beside every little stump there lay a little flat pebble, such as they find on the shores of Lake Ontario, and in some places along the river-banks."

"That was a very strange dream."

"It will not seem so strange when I tell you that I had often seen some of these little stumps and pebbles on two of the islands near here, where I get firewood. I suppose that in my deep sleep, when all manner of memories were mingling in my brain, the old yellow paper and the little stumps and pebbles happened to stumble against each other, and each took its proper place beside the other, as would have been the case at any other time if I had happened to think of both in the same hour."

"Do you think there is anything in the dream?" said Moran, anxiously.

"I don't know whether there is any money in it or not, but I have found the lines of stumps and pebbles across three islands, corresponding to the dotted lines across the three circles nearest the one marked "shanty." If you had not come here this evening, I should have gone after you to-morrow morning. Will you come and help me find out whether that diagram, as you call it, tells the truth or a lie?"

"Certainly I will," said Moran with a good deal of excitement, "if it takes two months to decide the question."

"It may take longer than that," said Baptiste; "for if the island, 'money,' happen to be a large island, we may have to hunt there a long time. You remember there is no dotted line on that island."

Baptiste seemed tired of the subject, and abruptly forced the conversation into another channel, whereupon Moran fell into the habit, for the first time in his life, of being inattentive to his friend's remarks, and answering them at cross purposes.

They retired at an unusually early hour, but Moran could get no sleep until after daylight.

Then he fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the landlady of the Tripe and Trotters, Baptiste, and himself were pitching golden quoits about three feet in diameter at little stumps about an inch high, for an immense pile of bank-notes of the denomination of one hundred pounds each. At the conclusion of the game, while the landlady was putting away the quoits in her snuff-box, and the bishop and Baptiste were each lighting his pipe with one of the bank-notes, he awoke with the sun shining in his eyes.

After breakfast the two friends freighted the big canoe with provisions for three days, including a good supply of tobacco. They also took with them two spades, two axes, a rifle, a shot-gun, a good supply of ammunition, and two pairs of blankets. Thus armed and equipped they set out upon their voyage of discovery.

Baptiste steered directly for the island he had last explored. They landed, and Baptiste pointed out the line of little stumps and pebbles, reaching straight across the island.

"Zis trail," said he, "ees more as plain as a vagon road. I vas an idiot eet not for find wizout ze dream. My poor fazer vould eet find in von minute, and follow heem on ze ron, so vould mine oncle. Von dronk Indian scout vould find heem and follow heem in ze dark."

"Every man to his trade," said Moran in French. "You and I were not educated for trail-hunters."

"You have reason," replied Baptiste. "Now you go back, if you please, and bring the canoe around to this place. I must save my strength, or the doctor will be feeding me on bitter bark again."

All that and the next day they toiled upon this trail. The little stumps were rotten, and many of them gone altogether. The flat pebbles, being unlike the little stones that belonged on the islands, were very noticeable when visible; but most of them were covered with dead leaves, and had to be dug up. The sun was still visible, on the afternoon of the third day, when they reached the island indicated by the circle marked "money." To their great relief, it turned out to be a small island, thinly wooded. It was situated only about thirty rods from the south bank of the river, but was hidden from the main-land by a long and densely wooded island.

Baptiste took his spade, and examined the soil of the island at various points.

"Here are," said he, "about five inches of black mould below the leaves, and under that there is gravel. We must find a place where the mould is gone, or thin, or mixed with gravel. There is no use hunting among the roots of the big trees, for they were here before O'Donnel's great-grandmother was born; but if we find a root that has been cut, we must see what that means."

They then went systematically to work, examining the ground with the points of their spades, commencing at the west end of the island, and thoroughly testing the ground, clear across the island as they advanced eastward.

They had thus examined perhaps one tenth of the surface of the island, when it became too dark to work. Then they built a fire. Baptiste made some

excellent soup, seasoned with all manner of weeds, it is true, but so proportioned and harmonized as to produce a very agreeable and appetizing flavor. This, with the cold meat and bread which they had brought with them, afforded them a good supper. After supper they lighted their pipes, and talked an hour or more upon every subject but treasure-hunting. Baptiste then wrapped his blanket around him, and lay down for the night. Moran essayed to follow his example, but no sooner had he stretched himself upon the ground than he arose hastily, and went and lay down in another place.

"Vat 's ze mattair?" said Baptiste.

"There were some little stones or something under my blanket," said Moran.

"Leetle stones, eh? — leetle stones," said Baptiste, springing up and pawing away the dead leaves where Moran had first lain down, "vat beezness leetle stones have ope here among ze leaves, for deesturb zhontilmen's rest, eh?"

He pursued his investigations in silence for a few minutes after the above remark. Moran looked on, and felt humiliated by the thought that he ought to have been as well aware as Baptiste that gravel above the vegetable mould was not the normal condition of the soil. Baptiste next fetched his spade, and marked off a rectangular space about six feet long and two and a half feet wide.

"Dig here," said he to Moran, "if you would rather dig than sleep. I must rest."

So saying, he wrapped himself in his blanket again, and was soon sound asleep.

Moran mended the fire so that it would afford him some light, and then fell to digging with a will. The spade was a new implement to him, and he did not make very satisfactory progress. But towards morning, having penetrated the gravel to the depth of about five feet, and having blistered his hands and lamed his shoulders, and being on the point of climbing out of his pit to rest, his spade struck something which returned a wooden sound. He renewed his efforts with redoubled energy, and with no sense of pain or weariness left in him. In less than an hour he had laid bare the top, and most of the sides and ends, of a chest, which seemed to be a fac-simile of Baptiste's big chest in the shanty, padlock and all.

He then awoke Baptiste, who yawned and stretched himself at least two minutes without intermission, and then took a brand, and went down into the pit, and examined the old rusty padlock. He tried it with the key of his own chest, but to no purpose. He then fetched his powder-horn, and deftly filled the old lock with powder. He then lighted a small bit of "punk" (a kind of rotten wood which takes fire from the merest spark, and then burns very slowly). He put the punk into the keyhole so that when nearly consumed it would fall into the lock and ignite the powder, sprang lightly out of the pit, and retired several paces, taking Moran with him to await results. In about two minutes there was an explosion, which blew the old padlock into fragments.

"Now open ze ole box, and see vat you have find," said Baptiste. "I mose sleep von more leetle hour. I am no more good for something after I vas seek."

So saying, he retired to his blanket once more, and was almost instantly asleep.

Moran, without stopping to decide, at that time, which he ought to admire most in the Frenchman, his grand indifference to the contents of the chest or his generous confidence in him, proceeded to open the chest, and examine its contents as well as he could by the light he had. He saw that there was in one end of the chest a considerable pile of silver coins, and in the other a much larger hoard of gold coins. He had no very clear notion how much money there was, but he had seen and counted money enough to know that there was not one hundred thousand dollars, — the amount which the smuggler was reputed

to have realized by his land sales. It was with a feeling of deep disappointment that he reflected that he and Baptiste would find no difficulty in carrying away this whole hoard of gold and silver. He sat and mused some time on the strange adventure in which he was engaged. The result of his cogitations was that the gold and silver in the chest did not constitute the sum total of the treasures left by the deceased smuggler, and that it would be childish to leave the island without further search. He was aroused from his reveries by the twittering of the early birds, and the appearance of daylight in the east. He then set about removing the coin from the chest. He wrapped it carefully in one of his blankets. He then sat down, and, being very drowsy and tired, he fell asleep, and of course nodded himself awake again instantly. But the momentary slumber had done the business. In his brief sojourn in dreamland the box he had just rifled metamorphosed itself into its fac-simile in the shanty, with the false bottom full in view. All that he remembered of his dream when he awoke was that same false bottom. He rushed to the canoe, seized one of the axes, returned to the pit, and split the apparent bottom of the chest into narrow slits so that it was easily removed, although it had been very carefully fitted in. The board thus ruthlessly reduced to kindlings turned out to be a false bottom, and beneath it there lay a very handsome deposit of notes of the Bank of England, in a perfect state of preservation. Of these Moran speedily took possession. He did not stop to count them, but could readily see that they were far more valuable than the hoard of coin. He put them with the coin, and resolved to emulate the generous confidence of his sleeping friend. So he wrapped himself in his remaining blanket, and composed his weary limbs to rest, well knowing that Baptiste would be awake hours before he would.

When he awoke it was afternoon. Baptiste had dragged the canoe ashore, and had turned it over the pit which contained the chest, having first so arranged the fresh earth which Moran had thrown out of the pit, that it was all hidden by the big canoe.

A kettle of savory soup was seething over the fire, and the last remaining frâgments of bread and cold meat were laid out on a piece of white birch-bark.

Moran's first business was to appease his keen appetite. This done, he examined the blanket in which he had wrapped the exhumed treasures. He found the money just as he had left it.

"You are a better scholar than I am," said Baptiste; "count this money, if you please. Let us each take half of it, and be gone from here before we starve to death, with money enough to buy a month's provision for an army."

"But that is not fair," said Moran. "I am not entitled to half the money. I have done hardly anything towards finding it."

"You can take it," said Baptiste, "or put it back in the old box, just as you please; I shall only take half of it."

Thus overruled, Moran proceeded with all possible expedition to count the money and divide it. There was four hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and it was nearly dark when Moran had finished counting and dividing it.

When this was done, Baptiste said, with an air of great seriousness, "Moran, zis money — belong not he to ze roy — vat you call ze — ze keeng?"

"What king?" said Moran in French, a little impatiently. "This island is in the State of New York. The Yankees can probably take care of themselves."

"True," said Baptiste, in a musing tone in French. "This money was no doubt buried here by a British subject. We find it in Yankee soil. If it were known that we had found it, there would be a dispute about it between the United States and Great Britain. Let us suppose that the Yankees win, — then it must be settled whether it belongs to the general government or

the State of New York. On the contrary, if the British should win, then there would be a dispute between England and Upper Canada about it. We had better keep our little secret and our little money, and let the big-wigs drink their wine in peace."

"What do you propose to do, now you have so much money?" said Moran.

"I shall go to Paris," said Baptiste. "I will employ masters, and learn to read and write the beautiful French language in its purity. In a word, I will become a Frenchman. I must leave here at once. If I stay here, I shall meet that little wretch who tried to shoot me. He will again try to kill me. If he fails, I shall kill him. There is murder in that little scoundrel's face. He is a much worse man than the big gambler who was with him. He and I will be safer with the sea between us."

The two friends went to Montreal. There Baptiste so disguised himself that there was no danger of his being recognized.

He found, upon inquiry, that his uncle was in good health, was married again, and had two children. With Moran's assistance, he made diligent inquiry for the Yankee who had purchased his swamp. He found that this unfortunate was living in Boston, and was worth half a million, notwithstanding his unlucky salt speculation. Baptiste, however, insisted upon remitting to him the amount he had paid for the salted pool, with legal interest carefully computed. He also caused Moran to prepare for publication a statement of the fraud he had practised in the matter of the salt-spring, the reparation he had made to the purchaser, and the fact that his uncle was not at all implicated in the fraud. This he insisted was due to his uncle's innocent children, if not to himself. This statement was to be published after his departure for France. He then employed a competent French teacher, and set out for Europe by the first ship that left Montreal.

Of course, he and Moran arranged to correspond regularly and frequently.

As for Moran he went to the house of Mr. Nevins upon his arrival at Montreal. Baptiste had strongly advised him to confide to his old instructor and benefactor the whole story of the treasure he had found, and after much hesitation and reflection he had concluded to do so.

When Moran arrived at Mr. Nevins's house, he found the old gentleman in his working-room, the garret of a tall house. Mrs. Nevins and Nellie were out shopping. The old architect met his late pupil with unaffected cordiality. Moran had made up his mind not to delay his disclosures an hour, lest his resolution to make them should be weakened. So he dashed into the subject at once, and greatly astonished his old master by a circumstantial narrative of his treasure-hunting and its result.

"I congratulate you most sincerely," said Mr. Nevins, when Moran had finished his story. "You are one of the few young men I know not liable to be spoiled by such a piece of fortune, and you must guard yourself well against giddiness, my friend. Your course is far more difficult than it would have been if you had remained dependent upon your profession for your bread.

"But," said Moran, "ought I to keep this money? There can never be found an heir of O'Donnel, that is morally certain; but has the government no claim?"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Nevins. "The very sensible remarks of your French friend upon that subject ought to set your patriotic scruples at rest. To show you that I have no doubt of your right to this money, I will gladly accept a loan of a thousand pounds of it for such time as it will be convenient for you to spare it. I have an opportunity to use that sum very profitably, and I can give you the best of security."

"You are welcome to five times that sum, and I will not hear of security," said Moran. "I owe all that I am to

you. But for your generosity I should have been obliged to surrender my articles and go into service very soon after my father's death."

"You are always perfectly absurd upon that little subject," said Mr. Nevins. "Your poor father paid for your articles upon the reasonable hypothesis that you would develop the usual degree of stupidity, and give the average amount of trouble. How did the facts turn out? In less than two years you had mastered the theory of our profession, and had become an excellent draughtsman. From that time forward I made money out of you all the time. I could hardly have procured at any price the valuable and faithful service you rendered me. I hope that my wife and I would have had the grace to treat you kindly, if you had been ordinarily or even uncommonly stupid. Your own professional knowledge must teach you that you earned more than you received during the last five years you were with me. I will borrow one thousand pounds of you, and no more, if you will lend it to me. I will waive giving security if you insist upon it, and I will hear no more of your being under obligation to me. As for this treasure trove of yours, I think you will do well not to publish it at present. Of course I shall tell Mrs. Nevins of your good fortune, but we had better say nothing to Nellie about it. Young girls find it hard to be burdened with a secret. I hear the ladies down stairs. Let us go down to them. They will be very glad to see you."

About six months after the above conversation Mr. Moran and Nellie Nevins were married. They made an extended wedding tour in Europe. At Paris Moran renewed his intimacy with Baptiste, who had mastered the mysteries of reading and writing, was a diligent student of French literature, and was by fits and starts an enthusiastic amateur chemist.

My Jean Baptiste was born in Paris. Baptiste was his godfather and always promised to make him his heir.

When Mr. and Mrs. Moran returned to Montreal, the severe climate seemed to irritate the lady's lungs, and they removed to St. Louis, where they have ever since resided. Mr. Moran is, as you know, very wealthy. He purchased a large tract of land when he first went to St. Louis, which is now in the best part of the city.

Father Moran has looked over my version of his story. He is pleased to say that I have been quite as conscientious and faithful to the facts of the case as was Mr. Abbott in his Life of Napoleon. He thinks I have not done full justice to the characters of Baptiste and Mr. and Mrs. Nevins. We must be critical, or we are nothing, here in Paris.

Jean Baptiste thinks I had better not attempt to describe the great exposition of last year in this brief note. He advises me to defer that task till I have time to write a good long letter. He sends his dutiful respects to you. Father and Mother Moran also salute you, and bid me add that we shall visit you, and take you to St. Louis with us, if you will go, upon our return to America next fall.

Dearest mamma, adieu.

ELEANOR MORAN.

PARIS, July 20.

To MRS. W. H. WILMAN, Lowell, Mass.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

I SUPPOSE that both the beginning and the end of most things are clouded or unnoticed. With a good index or two, I could probably look up some excellent quotations to this effect. Somebody says, for instance, that epic poems are like a bass-relief frieze, at one end of which you see a man's leg, without any body, and at the other end the head of a ram, who has no hind legs nor tail. By an index, I say, — or at worst by a line to "Notes and Queries," — nay, by stopping Fred as he drives down Lincoln Street in his buggy, we could find out who said this if we cared. But fortunately we do not care; for the remark is not only true of epics, but of most things in life, if they ever achieve importance. The meteor goes flaring across the sky, and you see it; but when you come to compare notes as to where it began to be visible, why, none of you happened to be looking; and when you inquire where it ended, why, it blew up into such little bits that none of you saw. Most human transactions have this meteoric quality.

So it happens that the horrible "Middle Passage," as men called it, — the slave-trade from Africa to America, which had, in the three centuries of its endurance, caused such untold suffering to such myriads of men, women, and children, — came to what seemed its end so gently and simply, in the midst, indeed, of such a day-dawn of brighter light for the world than the world had ever known before, that it proved that the world's great audience was not even looking on at the *dénouement* of the play. The audience would have said that it knew what the end was to be. Indeed, the audience was a little tired of that play, and had been looking up its cloaks and canes, that it might go and see another spectacle. For myself, I know I was not looking on, — I was looking at quite a different performance, — and I first knew that the curtain was down from a little word of dear Old Abe's in one of his last messages. In 1863 he had announced that the right-of-search treaty had been carried into execution, and expressed the belief that, for American citizens, "that inhuman and vicious traffic had been brought to an end." Before he died he was happy enough to be able to announce that no slave had for a year been brought from Africa to America. There was nothing, I think, which he had more at heart, and no success of which he was more proud. That set me to look up the history of its last decline; and two or three years have brought along the documentary returns, — reports written by hard-working men, who are dying in the horrid climate of the Western African bays and harbors so that this trade may come to an end. When I found the last return of the year 1864, it seemed to me that the crime of crimes had come to its end in a fitting way. The usual blank was filled out just as it used to be in the horrid days when perhaps a hundred of slaving vessels slipped through. Commodore Wilmot, of the English navy, had this same long blank to fill; but, thank God, he had not so much to put into it. And see what is the record of obscurity in which the horror of horrors seemed to end.

ENCLOSURE II. IN NO. 151.

Return of Vessels which are said to have escaped with Slaves from the West Coast of Africa between January 1 *and December* 31, 1864.

Date of sailing from Port.	Name of Vessel.	Nation.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Cargo.	Place where Slaves were shipped.	Date of Shipment.	Remarks.
Unknown.	Unknown.	Unknown.	Brig.	Unknown.	Unknown.	600 Slaves.	Moauda.	1864. Jan. 28.	This vessel has never been heard of since. Being in a very leaky state at the time of shipment, she is supposed to have foundered at sea.

Is not that a weird bit of history? This unknown vessel, on a devil's errand, foundering in the ocean, carried with her, as it seemed, the end of the story. Eighteen months after, another vessel, a little brigantine, slipped the blockade, but she arrived in Cuba only to be arrested there. The last "successful" slaver, so far, as yet reported, — the last slaver who ran every human blockade, — is the unknown man of an unknown nation, who with these unknown blacks slipped out from Mo-auda on the 28th of January, 1864, and foundered in an unknown sea. Fit inscription is Commodore Wilmot's record for the end!

Now it happens, courtly reader, — if indeed you exist, — always an inquiry so curious to the writer, — it happens that this writer has a personal interest in seeing that iniquity thoroughly ended. If the usual hyperbole of expression may be allowed, the blood in these veins, — namely, in the veins and even the arteries which pass through the fingers which drive this pencil over the blue lines of this writing-book, — is blood which, according to the hyperbole, flowed in the veins of John Hawkins, English seaman, born about 1520, died at sea 1595, who invented and set in being the English slave-trade. A great sailor and a brave man, and I hope my boys may show some of the traits that made him so; but I have always wished he had not stumbled on that Guinea trade, and had not initiated this business. Let us hope he did it more kindly than his successors, — as, in fact, I believe he did.

You will find it said in the books, that Queen Elizabeth expressed her disgust at the seizure of the men whom this John Hawkins took captive in Africa in his first voyage, and that he promised her that he would do so no more. But I can find no original authority which says she did so, and I do not believe it. If she did, it was as she said a good many other things, and she concealed her disgust pretty well afterwards, while he did the same thing again and again, — and when she made him knight for doing this and other things in the same line. For when, years after, she made him a knight, the crest her heralds permitted him to wear is this, as they state it in their funny slang: —

"CREST, upon his Helm, a wreath argent and azure, — a Demi-*Moor* in his proper color, bound and captive, with annulets on his arms and ears or; mantelled gules, doubled argent."

That was the public cognizance of this brave gentleman and true knight, — a black man captive in chains. I am afraid that meant something. Well for me, his descendant, I can have no crest, because in heraldry clergymen bear none; but I have told my anti-slavery relations, that, if my children cut this crest on their seal-rings, I will bid them add the motto, "Am I not a man and a brother?" That is the way they must amalgamate the blood which they draw from Beecher and from Hawkins.

No, we must not try to figure off anything from what Hawkins was. He set in operation the English and American slave-trade. The origin of the trade itself was in the Portuguese and Spanish commerce. Clarkson studied up the subject with care, and from him I take the dates and figures.

As early as 1503 a few slaves had been sent from the Portuguese settlements in Africa into the Spanish colonies in America. In 1511 Ferdinand V., king of Spain, permitted them to be carried in great numbers. But he must have been ignorant of the piratical way in which the Portuguese had procured them. He could have known nothing of their treatment in bondage, nor could he have considered these transportations as a regular trade. After his death, a proposal was made by Bartholomew de Las Casas, bishop of Chiapa, to Cardinal Ximenes, who governed Spain till Charles V. came to the throne, for the establishment of a regular system of commerce in the persons of the native Africans. The object of Las Casas, as everybody knows, was to save the American Indians from

the cruel treatment which he had witnessed when he lived among them. He had undertaken a voyage to the Court of Spain in their behalf. It is difficult to reconcile this proposal with his humane and charitable spirit. But I suppose he believed that a code of laws would soon be established in favor of both Africans and the natives, and he thought that, as he was going back to live in the country of their slavery, he could see that the laws were executed. The Cardinal, however, refused the proposal. Ximenes, therefore, is to be considered as one of the first great friends of the Africans, after the partial beginning of the trade. He judged it unlawful to consign innocent people to slavery, and also very inconsistent to deliver the inhabitants of one country from a state of misery by plunging into it those of another.

After the death of Ximenes the Emperor Charles V. encouraged the trade. In 1517 he granted a patent to one of his Flemish favorites, containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand Africans into America. But he lived long enough to repent of this inconsiderate act; for in 1542 he made a code of laws for the better protection of the unfortunate Indians in his foreign dominions, and ordered all slaves on his American islands to be made free. This order was executed, and manumission took place in Hispaniola and on the continent; but on the return of Gasca to Spain, and the retiring of Charles to a monastery, slavery was revived.

So much does religion gain when emperors retire into monasteries. Observe, dear reader, that, when Charles V. steps into his convent, John Hawkins happens to be stepping out of his obscurity; the old woman goes in, as in the weather-glass, and the fresh young Englishman, then thirty-six years old, not afraid of storms, steps out. And many things follow.

Hawkins had made divers voyages to the Canaries, and there by his good and upright dealing had grown in love and favor with the people, and learned, among other things, that negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola, and that store of negroes might easily be had on the coast of Guinea. So, in brief, says Hakluyt's old record. And he resolved to make trial thereof, and communicated with worshipful friends in London, whose names I could communicate to you, only you might find your own and your next friend's among them, and there is not at best a great deal in a name. Three ships were provided, and "Mr. Hawkins" went as "general" of the three. They sailed October, 1562. They touched at Teneriffe, and "thence he passed to Sierra Leone, upon the coast of Guinea, which place by the people of the country is called Tagaim, where he stayed some good time, and got into his possession, partly by the sword and partly by other means, to the number of three hundred negroes at least, besides other merchandises which the country yieldeth. We must do better by Sierra Leone before we are done with it. With this prey he sailed over the ocean sea unto the island of Hispaniola, and arrived first at the port of Isabella; and there he had reasonable utterance of his English commodities, as also of some part of his negroes, trusting the Spaniards no further than that by his own strength he was able still to master them. At Monte Christi he made vent of the whole number of his negroes, for which he received in those three places, by way of exchange, such quantity of merchandise that he did not only lade his own three ships with hides, ginger, sugars, and some quantity of pearls, but he freighted also the other hulks with hides and other like commodities, which he sent into Spain. And thus leaving the island, he returned and disembogued, passing out by the islands of the Caycos, without further entering into the bay of Mexico in this his first voyage to the West India. And so with prosperous success and much gain to himself and the aforesaid adventurers, he came home, and arriveth in the month of September, 1563."

Thus encouraged, Hawkins and his friends fitted out a larger fleet, and he

sailed again October 18, 1564. Observe, for convenience of memory, that this barbarism lasted just three hundred years. He crossed the ocean with his first slaves in the early part of 1564. In January, 1864, that brig "Unknown" sailed with Mr. "Unknown" in command, and sank in an unknown sea. Names are not much, as I said; perhaps "Unknown" is that brig's best name. Hawkins began — shall we confess it? — in the Solomon, — fit tribute to the wisdom of the time. The second, alas! was a larger fleet, and his flag-ship a larger vessel, and her name — shall we confess it? — was the name of names. The successful African admiral sailed there on his prosperous venture, in the Jesus! Fit tribute to the religion of the time! The Solomon and the Tiger and the Swallow were the others; the Swallow, alas! the smallest of them all.

We cannot stop to trace these voyages, nor is it a History of the Middle Passage that I am writing. I am only dealing with the first of it and the last of it, the beginning and the end. There is rather a comfort to the carnal mind, and perhaps to the uncarnal, to know that, when Hawkins came home from his third voyage, he wrote that, "If all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage should be perfectly and throughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great time as he that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs." Alas! alas! how unconscious was the blunt seaman's prophecy! martyrs, indeed! Did all the other martyrs from the beginning suffer a tithe or a tithe's tithe of the anguish which in those voyages of his he set in motion? He talks in this way only of his own miseries and those of his crew. There is not in his journals, nor in the writing of any man of his time, so far as I know, one word of feeling for the slaves whom they carried over. But with that wretched three hundred who went over in the Solomon, and the larger part who followed in the larger fleets, there began such a horrible procession of misery as the world never saw beside, — of which you and I, dear reader, are seeing the last traces only in this day.

I dare not try to count the numbers. Nobody dares. Nor would it make any difference if I did. Beyond a very narrow range, dear reader, numbers do not affect your sensibilities nor any man's. I tell you that one hundred thousand people were killed in the earthquake in Peru, and you are sorry; if I tell you that ten thousand people were killed, and I can give you some little account how one of them suffered, you are much more sorry; if I tell you that one hundred were killed, and that I saw them killed, and heard their cries as they died, and have here the orphan of one whom I brought home with me, you begin for the first time to feel that it was indeed a terror of terrors; and if there were only five killed, if those five were your own Dick and Fanny and Frank, and the rest, why there is a sorrow that you will carry with you to your grave. So I will not persecute you with the numbers. There were three hundred years of it; the first three ships that sailed carried, as we saw, three hundred slaves; and the last that sailed carried one hundred and fifty-two, of whom one hundred and forty-nine lived to reach Cuba and to be set free. Many and many a ship, in the three hundred years between, was loaded with a thousand and more of the poor wretches. Buxton's estimate in 1830 was that the Christian slave-trade — *Christian*, good God! — that the Christian slave-trade then carried one hundred and fifty thousand slaves across every year, or started with them; that the Mahometan slave-trade of Eastern Africa took fifty thousand more. This was long after the trade had been pronounced piracy by all the commercial nations, and even after England and America had vessels on the African coast to arrest it. What it had been before no statistics pretend to tell. In 1753 the then new town of Liverpool employed one hundred and one vessels in the trade. Those vessels that year took thirty thousand slaves to the British col-

onies; and the estimate of that year was that London, Bristol, and Liverpool took one hundred thousand. The estimate on this side was the same, — that the American colonies of England received one hundred thousand slaves in a year. Besides these, there were the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese American colonies to be supplied. Bonezet's computation is, that thirty per cent of all these died on the passage or in acclimation. Then the cruelties of the system of slavery, and the opening up of new lands, kept up a steady demand for them, so that I do not see that we can escape the inference that for much of the last century the number of negroes annually brought across by the African slave-trade was as great as is now the number of emigrants from Europe to North America, namely, between three hundred and four hundred thousand every year. In the preceding century the English alone carried from Africa to America three hundred thousand slaves; and the Spanish and Portuguese trade must have been very much larger.

Sad enough it is, that our old friend Robinson Crusoe tried his hand at it. And a pity that all the undertakers for it could not have had just his measure of success. After he had carried on profitably for a year or two his plantation in the Brazils, some of his neighbors came to him and told him they had been musing very much upon what he had discoursed with them of the last night, and they came to make a secret proposal to him; and, after enjoining him to secrecy, they told him that they had a mind to fit out a ship to go to Guinea; that they all had plantations as well as he, and were straitened for nothing so much as servants; that it was a trade that could not be carried on, because they could not publicly sell the negroes when they came home, so they desired to make but one voyage, to bring the negroes on shore privately, and divide them among their own plantations. And, in a word, the question was, whether he would go their supercargo in the ship, to manage the trading part upon the coast of Guinea; and they offered him that he should have an equal share of the negroes, without providing any part of the stock. The plan was, you see, that they should smuggle in these negroes, and not pay the high prices which they would have to pay if they bought from the government contractor.

Is it not a singular thing, that a writer as conscientious as Defoe, describing a person whom he represents as being before his death a thoroughly penitent Christian man, like Robinson Crusoe, never once drops a hint that, in twenty-six years of his island imprisonment, he ever thought of anything wrong in this project of seizing and selling men? Robinson Crusoe abases himself to the dust because he had wanted to grow rich too fast; but it seems never to have occurred to him, or to the writer who created him, that there was anything wrong in the method by which he was to do it. Fortunately for him and for us, that terrible southeast gale struck him, stranded him on his island, and the three hundred Congoes he was going for were left to live and die in their homes.

Of the horrible horrors of the trade, which thus carried, in three hundred years, more than fifty million Africans from one hemisphere to another, from home to the most bitter slavery, it is a pity to have to speak. What it was before it became the subject of inquiry will only be known to you and me when, with the sensitive sight and hearing of life unencumbered with these bodies, we see as we are seen and know as we are known. But after the "regulation" of the trade began, the space between the decks of a slave-trader was but two feet six inches high. Within that space as many men were packed as could lie side by side on their backs upon the floor. Before they were driven on board they were branded on the breast; then they were handcuffed in couples, and so made the voyages two and two, unless, indeed, one died or was killed. When they were on board, the handcuffs were fastened by a ring to long

chains which ran along or athwart the vessel. Constantly it happened that men killed their neighbors, that they might have air and room. Constantly it happened that when a couple were brought on deck, one dead, one living, that the dead body might be thrown over, the living man leaped with him into the sea, it was so much better to die than live. Once and again it happened that they were thrown over by masters who hoped to recover insurance without the pains of carrying them across. Witness upon witness testifies that force had often to be used to compel them to receive their wretched food. Little wonder, indeed, that in such voyages untold numbers of them died before they reached the wretched shores to which they were destined.

Of such agonies, yet untold to you and me, Mr. Babbage, in his Bridgewater treatise, has stated one of the records which he suggests as the compensation, or part of the compensation, of the man who orders it. "No motion," he says, "is ever obliterated. The momentary waves, raised by the passing breeze, apparently born but to die on the spot which saw their birth, leave behind them an endless progeny, which, reviving with diminished energy in other seas, visiting a thousand shores, reflected from each, and perhaps again partially concentrated, will pursue their ceaseless course till ocean be itself annihilated.

"The soul of the negro — whose fettered body, surviving the living charnel-house of his infected prison, was thrown into the sea to lighten the ship, that his Christian master might escape the limited justice at length assigned by civilized man to crimes whose profit had long gilded their atrocity — will need, at the last great day of human account, no living witness of his earthly agony. When man and all his race shall have disappeared from the face of our planet, ask every particle of air still floating over the unpeopled earth, and it will record the cruel mandate of the tyrant. Interrogate every wave which breaks unimpeded on ten thousand desolate shores, and it will give evidence of the last gurgle of the waters which closed over the head of his dying victim."

Of all this the end must come, in a world ruled by a good God, though the end come more slowly than you or I would have fancied. And from the beginning, as you saw in Ximenes's exertions, there has been steady protest against it. Our protest here in Massachusetts was made promptly and fairly; but, as all men know, our shipping-merchants could not, for a hundred years, stand true against temptation. In 1646 the General Court of Massachusetts passed this manly vote: "November 4. The General Court — conceiving themselves bound by the first opportunity to bear witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing, as also to prescribe such timely redress for what is past, and such a law for the future as may sufficiently deter all others belonging to us to have to do in such vile and most odious courses, justly abhorred of all good and just men — do order that the negro interpreter, with others unlawfully taken, be, by the first opportunity (at the charge of the country for the present), sent to his native country of Guinea, and a letter with him of the indignation of the Court thereabouts, and justice hereof, desiring our honored Governor would please to put this order in execution."

So one poor fellow, at least, got safe home again, — or somewhere where it seemed to him like home.

But a century had to work on. Robinson Crusoe on the Island of Despair, — a hundred and one slave-traders in a year sailing out of Liverpool, — no man dares say how many from Spanish ports and French and Portuguese, — make the history of that century. The beginning of the end is about a hundred years ago. Anthony Benezet's "Caution to Great Britain relative to Enslaved Negroes" was published in 1767.

All along, indeed, the Quakers of this country and those of England had been true in bearing their testimony. In 1776 Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence, in what Mr. Bancroft

calls his indictment against George III., this specification: —

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, — violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare — the opprobrium of infidel powers — is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce."

In fact, Virginia and other Colonies had steadily attempted to repress the trade, but had been overruled by the king's veto. Congress had already declared the slave-trade piracy. Mr. Cary estimates that before 1770 about two hundred thousand had been imported into the old thirteen Colonies; and he says that if the slaves of the British Islands had been as well treated as the slaves in the thirteen Colonies, their numbers would have reached seventeen millions before 1850; and, on the other hand, that if the slaves in the thirteen Colonies and the United States had experienced as hard treatment as their fellows on the English islands, their numbers in 1850 would not have been more than one hundred and fifty thousand. At the period of the peace public opinion was steadily set against the slave traffic, North and South, in America. It was the cotton culture, introduced afterwards, which gave it, for us, any new vitality. The Constitution of the United States, in 1787, prohibited the introduction of slaves into the United States after the year 1808. Meanwhile in England Clarkson, in 1785, won the prize offered at Cambridge for an Essay on the Slave-Trade. The fact that the prize was offered shows that attention had been then arrested by its horrors. From this moment he was enlisted, heart and soul, in the attack on the system; and he lived to see it branded by the legislation of almost all the world. The conservative force of the immense plantation interests was against them; but they won their great victory in 1807, when British ports, British vessels, and British subjects were forbidden to lend to the trade any sort of complicity.

But legislation, alas! in a finite world, is one thing, and execution is another. In face of some assertions to the contrary, I believe that on this side the prohibition of the importation of slaves was steadily maintained, until the Wanderer and her companion, under Lamar's patronage, ran two small cargoes into Florida just before the Rebellion. (Note, in passing, if you please, that the main-mast of the Wanderer is now the flag-staff from which floats the flag of liberty over that "Union" Park where Sunday after Sunday it is my place humbly to proclaim the Truth which has sent the Wanderer to her place, and the flag-staff to its place as well.) It soon became the interest of Virginia and the Northern Slave States to cut off the foreign market for Louisiana and the other States, which were using up slave life as a part of the raw material in making sugar and cotton. But the market in the islands and in South America only increased with the increasing demands for tropical commodities. An organized fleet of cruisers was eventually put on the African coast. But we know what blockade-running is, when there is a coast of three or four thousand miles to guard. Then diplomacy had to step in and block the wheels. There came up all that matter about the right of search. All the world recognized the slave-trade as piracy. O yes, horrible piracy! But how shall we find out if that wicked-looking little schooner which has just run up the river, with no apparent purpose under heaven but to get slaves, is a slave-trader or no? Find that out, says diplomacy, at your peril! If there are slaves on board, seize her, and welcome. But if there are none, interfere with the Stars and Stripes, or the Tricolor, or the Pillars of Hercules floating at her mast-head,

at your peril! "Might we not have a right of visit?" said somebody, I think a Frenchman. Much good did the "visit" do. A smiling captain received you on deck, and gave you a glass of wine. "Shall we go down stairs, Captain, and see what you have there?" "I will see you hanged first!" says your smiling friend. Actually, it was not till Abraham Lincoln got the helm that we settled this tomfoolery. At his instance a treaty was at once made, which the English government had offered handsomely before, giving to specified ships on each side — being in fact the slave blockading squadrons of each power — the right of search of vessels suspected in slaving. That treaty was one of the last nails in the coffin.

But I am in advance of my story. Thanks to red tape and national jealousy, and to general indifference and to human fatuity, and to the navies of the world being otherwise occupied, and to what is everybody's business being nobody's business, and to all other conceivable motives, the trade grew and prospered for years on years after the prohibitory legislation. None the less, however, was its doom sealed. Prohibitory legislation can do what you choose, if you mean to make it, and will hold on grimly. By the time that slavery was abolished in the English dominions, the English government kept a strong squadron on the lookout; and whenever we had anything but a Democratic administration here, we kept a weak squadron on the lookout. Sierra Leone and Liberia got established, and so much of the coast was safe. Only small, swift vessels could be used for the traffic. The old days of stately merchantmen of seven hundred or one thousand tons taking over their dying cargoes were at an end. But the crowding and the suffering were only the more terrible; and as the risk became greater the estimate was made, that, if the trader saved one cargo out of three, he made money. As lately as 1830, as I have said above, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand slaves were taken every year in the "Christian" trade. His estimate seems to be fairly made on fair grounds.

I suppose, however, that the publication of that book was the drop-scene before the fourth act. From that time the net grew tighter and tighter. I know no more thrilling reading than the annual blue-books of Parliament, in which the officers England put on duty in the disheartening and sickly service of that Western Coast tell of the new success they got each year in drawing up its cords. And at the last the great combatants, really, were the government of England, determined that this thing should end, and the administration of James Buchanan and the rest, passively determined that the thing should outlast their time. A swarm of pawns on the board, with one white queen watching her chance, and one black queen bidding her stand off at her peril. Have you never seen the change in such a game of chess, when, of a sudden, the black queen trips and falls? The men who had played our game thought they knew a better play, and moved up Beauregard and Jeff Davis to take the place for them of "the old concern." Bad play for them, as it proved! Abe Lincoln had many other things to do, but he did not neglect this thing. "Right-of-search treaty first," said he and Mr. Seward. And right-of-search treaty we had, — Jeff Davis and the rest, who had blocked it in the Senate for thirty years, and would have blocked it for thirty centuries, being now far away. "Catch us some slave-traders next"; and one and another "highly respectable gentleman" found himself in the hands of United States marshals. Lots of money to get him off, influential friends, and so on; but Abe Lincoln is at the helm, and some district attorneys and some marshals he had named at the fore. Then came act fifth and last.

As the game had gone, New York was the great centre where the slave-traders of the world bought their vessels. Havana was the great centre

where they laid their plans. Boston, New Bedford, New London, Cadiz, Barcelona, the Western Islands, and I know not where else, were the minor places in the operation. The voyages were arranged at Havana, the ships were partly fitted in New York, thence they slipped to sea, picked up the rest of their equipment and the right papers elsewhere if New York would not answer, and brought up on the Western Coast. I have seen the record which Mr. Archibald, the English Consul and Commissioner in New York, kept of one hundred and seventy-one of these vessels in three years' time. His secret agents boarded them in New York Harbor, and described them for him in detail, even down to the brand of cigars which the captain had in his cabin. Mr. Archibald sent the description to the Admiralty, and they to the Coast. "Let me go below," said an English officer, on board a slaver in one of the African rivers. "You go at your peril," said the captain, brave in the perfectly regular papers he had, in the Stars and Stripes over his head, in the new coat of paint he had taken at the Western Islands, and in the fact, perhaps, that, though he sailed a bark, he was now a brig. "You go below at your peril." "I will take the risk," said the Englishman; went below, and found all the slave-fittings, casks, cooking-stove, handcuffs, and the rest, and of course seized the vessel. The outwitted captain, white with rage, swore between his clenched teeth, "You would not have known me but for your bloody English Counsel in New York." Almost every man of the projectors was known to the English government through this steady secret service. But they all ran riot till Mr. Lincoln came in, and then one fine day one Gordon was arrested for slave-trading, another day he was tried, and another he was hanged!

Yes, my friend, he was hanged. I know about what is called the sacredness of human life. For my part, I believe a man's life is as sacred as his liberty, and no more so. And I believe when his country requires either his life or his liberty she may use it, if she takes the responsibility. In this case, I am very glad my country took this responsibility. Whatever Gordon's life may have been worth to him or to his friends, I think this country put it to a very good use when she hanged him. A storm of protest was made against his death. Twenty-five thousand people petitioned Abraham Lincoln to spare that man's life, and Abraham Lincoln refused. Gordon was hanged. And all through the little ports and big ports of the United States it was known that a slave-trader had been hanged. And, when that was known, the American slave-trade ended. All up and down little African rivers that you never heard the names of it was known that an American slave-trader had been hanged; and cowardly pirates trembled, and brave seamen cheered, when they heard it. Mothers of children thanked such gods as they knew how to thank; and slaves shut up in barracoons, waiting for their voyage, got signal that something had happened which was to give them freedom. That something was that Gordon was hanged. So far that little candle threw its beams.

I am told, and I believe, that when that poor wretch was under sentence of death, his "friends" kept him in liquor to the moment of his death, — so anxious were they lest he should complicate some of them by a confession. And when he was dead they celebrated his death in the last great orgy of the slave-trade, — in one drunken feast they held together, — so rejoiced were they that they had escaped his testimony. Such is the honor among thieves!

The demand still continued. The Brazilian trade was at an end. But Cuba and Porto Rico used up men and women enough to support a very active trade, if the vessels could slip through. I do not dare to say how many men were caged on the African coast in the years 1864 and 1865, waiting for a chance when they might be shipped to

the islands. It has required the Spanish revolution of October, and the new Junta there, to proclaim the end of Spanish slavery!

But every report of the next year, from every quarter, speaks of the healthy influence of the execution of Gordon and the imprisonment of the other traders convicted. From that moment to this the American flag has been free from that old stain. Since the blockade we have been able to send back our squadron to the Coast. We have a mixed commission of English and American judges to examine any slavers who may be brought in, but there is nothing for them to do. As I prepare these sheets for the press the New York Herald announces that the Dunbarton, blockade-runner, has escaped from New York, and gone to the Western Coast for a cargo of slaves. I inquire of an official friend, and find he knows the Dunbarton and all her history. She sailed from New York for Quebec, arrived there, and is now plying between Quebec and Pictou as the City of Quebec, in the hands of most reputable people. Once a year the mixed courts report that they have nothing to adjudicate. The squadrons watch and watch; snap up a little rascal here and another there; but the last voyage, which none of them have arrested, is still the Unknown's voyage to the Unknown, when an Unknown captain carried those Unknown negroes to the bottom of an Unknown sea.

Let us rejoice that that misery seems to be over. We made John Hawkins a knight, at the hands of our gracious Queen Elizabeth, for starting the traffic for Englishmen. Has Victoria, more gracious, no honor in store for Wilmot and Edmonstone and the rest of them who have ended it? A demi-Moor with gold chains was the knightly crest of the one. Let our new baronets have for crests a bird let loose, or a Moor unchained, — were it only in token of the resolution with which, for sixty years, England has determined these poor wretches should be free.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Our Branch and its Tributaries; being a History of the Work of the N. W. Sanitary Commission. By MRS. SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewell. 1868.

THE time is still far distant when it will be possible to write a complete and philosophical history of the people's war of 1861–1865.

When the hour arrives, the coming historian will find the largest and most important theme ever offered, in so brief a period of time, to the student of human progress.

Civilization in America has, of late years, thrown aside so much of the cumbrous and superstitious trappings by which its march is dignified and impeded in older countries, that it begins to look autochthonous. At any rate, it is more rapidly developing a new type than seemed possible a quarter of a century ago.

We have at last had an American President and an American generalissimo. There could not be imagined a more exact personification of the American Demos in all its patience, integrity, wise good-nature, untiring energy, simplicity, and perfect faith in its own manifest destiny, than Abraham Lincoln; and General Grant, an American to the core, is no more like General Washington than he is like the Duke of Wellington, while certainly inferior to neither in military capacity.

Whenever an American Aristophanes arrives, we may be sure that his satire will not be directed against the People, as represented by its first citizen during the war with our Sparta; and that he will find the leather-dresser who succeeded him as head

of our commonwealth, after having gained immortal victories in the field, as tempting a theme for his panegyric as the tanner Cleon was for the wrathful sarcasm of the Athenian.

The People has been made odious and ludicrous long enough, both by poets and historians; but in this country the lion is beginning at last to paint his own picture. The true hero of the civil war, whence we are slowly emerging, is the American People; and by the side of that People will stand, in future history and poetry, those two heroic shapes, — as they will seem through the mist of years, — the great martyr-magistrate and the great soldier, who were so distinctly stamped with the popular impress. Meantime, although it is too soon to sing the great epic or reproduce the great drama, collections are rapidly making of materials for the work which will one day be written.

The artist is indeed likely to be embarrassed with the riches rapidly accumulating. But that will be his affair. Meantime we do not regret this almost daily contribution of local histories, biographies, reports, and every kind of official and unofficial documents. The people, having done in the field so thoroughly the work which it was so loftily defied to do, having proved the enormous strength of a nationality the very existence of which was denounced as a delusion, and, having destroyed a vile institution which had been so long preying upon its vitals, does wisely to preserve every possible memorial of the late struggle for life.

And no more important lessons in American civilization have been given by the war than those which relate to the origin, organization, and working of the United States Sanitary Commission. Even this, as a whole, has not yet been presented. The admirable general History of the Commission, however, by Charles J. Stillé, is already a noble contribution to that great end, and is in itself an attractive, philosophical, and important work. The more this institution is studied, the more legitimate will seem the admiration and the sympathy with which we have all of us instinctively regarded it from the beginning.

Out of a few feeble societies of ladies to make Havelocks and jellies, — such as sprang up spontaneously all over the country during the first few months of the war, but which, through want of organization, manifested only how great was the national sympathy with the cause and the men who were fighting for it, and how little sympathy and energy could do unless with order and combination, — out of these slight beginnings soon sprang forth one of the noblest and most intelligent charities ever known to mankind. We are accused in this country of a tendency to glorify our own deeds. Perhaps the charge may be just. Self-assertion is the natural, although not very lovely, characteristic of all vigorous and progressive peoples; but we are not sure that those nations from whom we receive the sharpest criticism on our failing in this regard are absolutely overburdened with bashfulness, when alluding to their own achievements.

Nevertheless, we are convinced that there are many things which we do not over-praise. When the history of the war is written, after the mists of passion, prejudice, and party, which now obscure the clearest eyesight, shall have passed away, the world will find out that there was a good deal more than superfluous and unmeaning carnage in our "wicked, causeless, miserable, and hopeless war," as it used to be called by the fine folk of Europe, who played the part of statesmen and critics of our proceedings during those four prodigious years. Perhaps a war, in which a people cheerfully spent four thousand million dollars and half a million lives, in order to preserve its national existence, and to destroy the most abominable institution that, since the Holy Office, has existed among men, and triumphantly accomplished both purposes, will seem to later generations not so wicked, causeless, and hopeless after all. It will probably be thought as intelligible, praiseworthy, and successful an enterprise as the Crimean war will seem to posterity, after the Russians are comfortably established in Constantinople.

It was something to prove beyond all peradventure that, in 1789, a confederacy made by corporations was exchanged for a nation founded by a people; that it was Washington and Franklin and Hamilton who made a nation at the close of the last century, not Jefferson Davis in the middle of this, according to the enthusiastic Mr. Gladstone.

And without further allusion to the picturesque and terrible campaigns, dreadful marches, brilliant assaults, fearful reverses, disappointments, and sufferings through which the American People accomplished its destiny, displaying, we believe, as much courage and endurance as often has been exhibited in history, let us throw a glance

upon the vast Samaritanism which that people organized on a scale never imagined before. For the Sanitary Commission, which grew out of such trifling beginnings to be a symmetrical institution, stretching over quarter of a continent, disbursing more than thirty millions of money, and moving, as it were, steadily on a parallel course to the government, never interfering with it, but constantly rendering it invaluable aid, — such an institution originated, supplied, and kept in constant working by voluntary charity alone, would be impossible except in a democracy. Voluntary organization to aid vast armies and to follow constantly on their path could scarcely be permitted by any government except where the army was the people and the people was king.

And the immense generosity which we firmly believe to be a prominent American characteristic was aided in this great enterprise by the practical, straightforward energy which is another gift of this nation.

There was plenty of dismal experience to warn us at the outset of the war. The death in nine months of three quarters of all the British troops sent out in the first expedition to the Crimea — although a fleet laden with luxuries for them was lying before their eyes, but kept from them by an impassable barrier of tape — was enough in itself to prove that Red Tape was not infallible.

We have no disposition to join without qualification in the shallow sneers against official routine. But where popular volunteer organization comes to the side of an overburdened popular government, even although administered with the vision and energy of a Stanton, it cannot but add much to the general efficiency.

We yield to none in admiration for the heroine whose name is a household word wherever intelligent benevolence and energetic female sympathy are revered; but we firmly believe that there have been hundreds of Florence Nightingales in the late war, whose names will never be heard beyond the precincts of their own townships.

Sometimes one is almost in doubt whether the men or the women did the most in carrying this war to its fortunate conclusion. In the words of Mrs. E. P. Teale, secretary of the Aid Society at Allen's Grove, Wisconsin, "every loyal soldier was regarded as a brother." And if proof is wanted of the universality of this sentiment, we need look no further than to the excellent work, the title of which is prefixed to this article.

We learn from Mrs. Henshaw's History of the Northwest Branch of the Commission that thirty-five thousand women were regularly employed in working for this Commission; that the "Home" at Cairo, which was nothing more nor less than a monster hotel, kept free of all charge, for soldiers going to the front or returning on furlough or invalided from the seat of war, entertained some two hundred thousand of them from first to last; and that it was impossible for the armies to advance so far into the enemy's country, whether in the famous march of Sherman, or among the precipitous and perilous mountain passes which led to the beleaguered Chattanooga, but that the women were not there too, in charge of the locomotive hospitals, the supplies, medicines, and innumerable wants of soldiers suffering in march, battle, or siege. When it is recollected that all this work and all these expenses were voluntary, and that the Sanitary at last did so much that it was supposed to be doing nothing at all, and that thousands of men, stamped all over with the Sanitary, with its mark on their shirts, sheets, mattresses, food, medicine, often denied having received anything whatever from the Commission, simply because its benefits came to be considered like the blessings of light and air, — unrecognized because unpaid for, — we are enabled to form some notion of the vast field of operation covered by the Commission, and the intellectual energy which directed and accomplished so much.

It is a ghastly but heroic indication of the practical sagacity of the "Sanitary," when we find, for example, the enormous preparation made beforehand in the dark and bloody spring days of 1862 to relieve the men who *were to be wounded* in the coming battle of Corinth. The battle came even sooner than foreseen, for Sidney Johnston, as we all know, moved out of Corinth before Grant should be joined at Shiloh by the deliberate Buel. We have all shuddered at the carnage by which the victory at the end of those two days' desperate fighting was purchased; but when twenty thousand dead and wounded national soldiers and rebels lay upon the field on that April night, there stood the Commission with its efficient, peripatetic hospital, its supplies, its surgeons, its nurses, ready for the fearful but necessary work, and, to the honor of our humanity, to know no difference between Confederate or National soldier, but to do its best to relieve the wants of all.

The work of Mrs. Henshaw deserves earnest praise. She has shown facility and grace in narrative, with thorough and conscientious arrangement of her materials. From the nature of the work, it was inevitable that much space should be allowed to local details, which give it great interest in the regions for which it was especially designed; but the general reader will find in it a very attractive and instructive episode in the great history of which the American people will never be weary. Her story is lively; many of the anecdotes are good, and she has skill in portraiture. Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Bickerdyke, the venerable Thomas Maddy, are all very lifelike.

The figure of the ancient gray-haired Maddy, standing among the hotel touters at the railroad-station, as they bawled, "This way to the National or the Spread-Eagle," and so on, and securing a couple of dozen weary soldiers at a time, shouldering their knapsacks, and "arming them," as he called it, along the muddy road to the gratuitous and excellent hotel called the Sanitary's "Home," is almost pathetic.

A reader of poetry, too, was Maddy, and familiar with Sanscrit; for from that tongue must have come "the sentiment expressed by the poet," to which as he tells us he always tried to act up, "Never use the hasher way when love will do the steed," — a noble sentiment doubtless, for Maddy could act up to no other, but quite unintelligible to the general public.

Gentle, refined, courageous, energetic Mrs. Porter is a very attractive picture; but of all the characters, strong-minded, boisterous Mrs. Bickerdyke "has our warm heart." This amazing woman might have been a corps-commander, certainly a quartermaster-general, and she is very vividly portrayed. Notwithstanding that she is still alive, and we trust in health, she is as real and lifelike a personage as any character in Shakespeare or Dickens.

From the moment when she makes her first appearance at midnight on the battle-field after the victory of Fort Donelson, looking about among the slain with a lantern, to save, if possible, some sufferers that might not be quite dead, and seeming to an officer looking out from his tent like a will-o'-the-wisp flitting over the ghastly scene, — from that moment to the end of the book we find her always sympathetic, courageous, noisy, patriotic, of irrepressible energy, and with superhuman power of work.

Improvising upon one occasion a gigantic laundry, and ordering from a startled but obedient colonel a detail of soldiers to act as washerwomen, she saves, in a couple of days, we should be afraid to say how many thousand shirts and sheets and other linen to the "Sanitary," which had been doomed to the fire because steeped in blood from the battle-field. At Memphis she shuts up herself alone for several days in a small-pox hospital, that she may work there with her own hands, and see with her own eyes that it is thoroughly purified. When the laconic order is given to "Rush forward anti-scorbutics for General Grant's army," Mrs. Bickerdyke scours the territory of half a dozen States, and sweeps off thousands of bushels of onions, potatoes, and pickles; doing battle as bravely with the scurvy as "the boys" — so she invariably calls the soldiers — ever fought the Rebels. On occasions she even mounts the pulpit in one church after another, and thunders forth the need of onions in tones to wake the dead.

"It is a shame for you," she preached, "to live here in idleness and comfort, while the boys are dying for vegetables. Get together your potatoes and onions, and send them to the Sanitary Commission."

"Did you do that?" inquired Mrs. Porter with mild surprise, on Mrs. Bickerdyke's return.

"Yes, I did," she said; "I made a fool of myself"; but she added, softening, "I would do it again for the boys."

When milk and eggs are wanted in greater quantity and freshness than at the time can be supplied, this heroine makes a raid from Memphis beyond St. Louis, escorted by a body-guard of several hundred cripples, — not a man of them but had lost a leg or an arm in the battles, — harries the country-side for a time, and returns followed by hundreds of cows, and thousands of hens and chickens, most willingly contributed by the patriotic farmers, who would rather brave the wrath of Forrest than resist the black-mail of Mother Bickerdyke.

But her crowning exploit was to order back to the wharf a government steamer in full career for Texas; and this story is so well told, that we shall let Mrs. Henshaw repeat it in her own words.

"An incident occurred at Louisville so characteristic of Mrs. Bickerdyke, that it ought not to be omitted. She was Mrs. Bickerdyke to the last. Some of the troops

were about starting for Texas, and word came that at that distant outpost scurvy was making fearful ravages. Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke desired to forward, under care of the men just leaving, a quantity of anti-scorbutics. The captain of the boat promised that, if the articles were on the wharf by a certain hour, he would take them. As the boat was not to break bulk between Louisville and Texas, it was a golden opportunity.

"It was Sunday, and raining furiously. Through the pelting storm went about Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Bickerdyke, to find teams which should carry the potatoes to the boat. With the utmost difficulty wagons were found, loaded, and hurried off. The driver was urged to drive rapidly, which he did as well as he could amid the rain and mud. When they came within sight of the river he suddenly slackened his pace. 'Why don't you go on?' remonstrated Mrs. Porter. 'It's of no use,' he replied; 'the boat is gone.' With dismay Mrs. Porter looked, and there, true enough, was the steamer rapidly retreating. The hour set was not quite passed, but the captain felt sure that so many obstacles could not be overcome, and the boat had put off. 'It shall come back,' said Mrs. Bickerdyke, decidedly.

"The boat was in the stream; in the driving rain sat the two resolute women; behind them were the potatoes, which had cost so much labor and exposure. Mrs. Bickerdyke rose to her feet and beckoned. The conscious captain stood observing. With the air of an empress she beckoned again. The boat evidently slackened its speed. Again she beckoned still more emphatically. The boat rounded to, and, in response to what had now become a volley of signals, actually returned and took on the potatoes. The next morning a caricature was posted up in the streets of Louisville, representing a woman ordering about a government steamer with a wave of her hand. The picture was obtained by Mrs. Porter, and forwarded to Mr. Blatchford at Chicago."

In conclusion, we congratulate Mrs. Henshaw for her animated and faithful narrative of a noble and important enterprise.

We would add, that the volume is beautifully published, and as a specimen of typography is an honor to Chicago.

The proof-reader has occasionally forgotten his duty, and has let such indifferent spelling as "irrefragible" and "incontestible" on a single page (245) escape him.

We would also suggest to Mrs. Henshaw that there are no such words as "tireless" and "mentality," and we would implore her on our bended knees not to call a soldier in the national armies a "federal." It used to be bad enough to bear this from the London Times.

The Tragedian; an Essay on the Histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth. By THOMAS R. GOULD. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 16mo. pp. 190.

THE elder Booth — the father of the distinguished tragedian now so popular in all American theatres — had a certain strangeness of character which discriminated him from all other actors, and almost lifted him out of the operation of the conventional rules which properly regulate ordinary life. More than any other English performer of whom we possess an authentic record, he was of "imagination all compact." His real existence was passed in an ideal region of thought, character, and passion; and, however feeble he may have been, considered simply as Mr. Booth, there could be no question of his greatness, considered as Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, or Lear. To the student of Shakespeare his acting was the most suggestive of all interpretative criticisms of the poet by whose genius he had been magnetized. Through his imagination he instinctively divined that Shakespeare's world represented the possibilities of life rather than its actualities; into this ideal region of existence his mind as instinctively mounted; and the essentially poetic element in Shakespeare's characters was therefore never absent from his personations. By his imagination, also, he passed into the spiritual depths of a complex Shakespearean creation; grasped the unity which harmonized all the varieties of its manifestation; realized, indeed, the imagined individual so completely that his own individuality seemed to melt into it and be absorbed. Other tragedians appeared, in comparison with him, to deduce the character from the text, and then to act the deduction; his hold was ever on the vital fact, and he thus conceived what others inferred, reproduced what others deduced, ensouled and embodied what others merely played. Shakespeare's words, too, were so domesticated in his mind, so associated

with the character they expressed, that in uttering them he did not seem to remember, but to originate. All the peculiarities of a man who speaks under the pressure of impassioned imagination were visible in his acting. The rapid and varied gesture, indicating or shaping each one of the throng of contending images rushing in upon his mind; the gleam and glow of eye and cheek, as words struggled impatiently for utterance in his throat, hinting the physical impotence of the organ to keep up with the swift pace of the soul's passion, — these, and scores of other things lying between what may be perfectly expressed and what is in itself inexpressible, created a positive illusion in the audience. Perhaps this illusion was most complete in those passages which people are commonly educated to treat as general reflections, entirely independent of the characters by whom they are uttered. Booth always gave these as individual experiences, flashing out, in the most natural way, from the minds of the characters in the varying positions in which they were placed. Thus nothing can be more general, more impersonal, as ordinarily conceived, than Macbeth's series of questions to the doctor, beginning,

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

The passage is so stereotyped in all memories as the authorized expression of a troubled conscience, that even the most careful actors are apt to give it as a detached didactic reflection, rather than as an intense dramatic experience. As Booth gave it, the general truth was all swallowed up in the perception of its vital, individual application to the condition of Macbeth's mind at the time it was uttered. Macbeth, it will be remembered, is in a flurry of action and meditation, of resolute purpose and agonized remorse: —

"Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. — Give me mine armor. —
How does your patient, doctor?
"*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest."

Nobody that ever witnessed it can forget the convulsive eagerness with which Booth rushed to the doctor with the imploring demand,

"Cure her of that!"

And then came, in a strange, wild blending of hope and despair,

"Canst thou not minister to a *mind* diseased?"

The auditor felt at once that it was Macbeth's own mind, and not the mind of humanity in general, that prompted the question. The next line,

"*Pluck* from the *memory* a *rooted* sorrow?"

was accompanied by a tearing gesture of both hands over his brow, as though there might possibly be some physical, external means of extracting the baleful memory which he felt was rooted in his own moral being.

"Raze out the *written* troubles of the *brain?*"

His gesture in this line was indescribably pathetic, — a motion of the fingers over the forehead, as if to erase the "characters of blood" therein inscribed. Then came the tremendous lines, —

"And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That *weighs* upon the heart?"

It would be impossible to describe the gesture and accent which gave reality to the "stuffed bosom," and especially to the suggestion of Alps on Andes piled, in the terrible enunciation of the simple expression "weighs." The whole cumulative, remorseful reaction of Macbeth's crimes was condensed, as it were, in a word.

This imaginative realization of character in all its moods, and in all the situations in which it might be placed, extended to the minutest particulars. Booth vitalized every image, allusion, almost every word, of the text. In his acting, as in Shakespeare's writing, nothing was dead and didactic, and nothing was merely passionate. Shakespeare always blends the emotional with the mental elements of his characters, so that they speak as individual natures, and not as mere qualities of individual natures. The smiting efficiency of their expression in moments of excitement is owing to the fact that they are impassioned, and not simply passionate; that their whole intellectual and moral being is kindled into the greatest possible energy, and fused into the most indissoluble unity, so that thought in them is quickened by the very rush of rage or rapture which, in ordinary persons, extinguishes mental action. Passion in Shakespeare is thus thoroughly "intellectualized," and his great characters never appear so great in mind as when their thoughts and imaginations are pushed out, as it were, by the pressure of the emotional forces hungering for expression at the centre of their natures. Booth understood this both by instinct and intuition. The most impas-

sioned of actors, he was the least passionate. You could almost see the workings of his mind in his face, as the swift thought shaped itself under the stimulus of the swift feeling. The result was, that his expression under strong excitement was electric and electrifying. The imaginative element in it satisfied the sense of beauty as well as the sense of power, for it was the passion of a poet, and not merely the fury of an unimaginative man in a rage. Most people complain that when they are in a passion they do not know what to say, and are therefore compelled to rely on such stereotyped terms of profanity or abuse as chance to spring to their lips. Shakespeare's men never so well know what to say as when they are in a white heat of passion, for Shakespeare lends them his own intellect and imagination to help them out. And in Shakespeare, the greater the character the greater the poet. As Romeo is a lover, we are all ready to admit him to be a poet; but Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, are as much greater poets than Romeo as they are much greater men. Shakespeare enlarges the imagination of his characters in just the proportion that he enlarges the other qualities and faculties of their natures; and Booth was greatest in the poet's greatest parts. He did not make so many "points" as other actors, because he properly pointed the entire expression of the person he embodied. He illuminated the whole text as his mind moved along its lines, and showed, if any actor ever could, that Shakespeare does *not*, from the mere surplus stores of his own mind, overload his personages with needless richness of thought and imagination. Their opulence of nature is what makes them Shakespearian men and women. They are really natives, not of England, or Scotland, or Denmark, or Italy, or Africa, but of Shakespeare-land; and it was in that land that Booth seemed to pass his imaginative existence.

The thoroughness with which his whole nature was impregnated with Shakespearian ideas of dramatic character was palpably manifest when he performed in the plays of more prosaic dramatists. "The Stranger" is, of all worthless dramas that keep the stage, the most detestable in its combination of morbidness with mediocrity. There is not a ray of imaginative relief in all its many scenes of maudlin wretchedness. It is pathetic as the sight of a man run over in the street is pathetic. Nothing is lifted into the world of art. When Booth acted the principal character, he unconsciously idealized it; made it indeed what Kotzebue would have made it, had he possessed sufficient sentiment and imagination to perceive its possibilities. To Reuben Glenroy, an essentially prosaic character as conceived by Colman, he imparted dignity, tenderness, thoughtfulness, and a certain illusory imaginative charm. In Sir Edward Mortimer he followed Godwin the novelist rather than Colman the playwright, and put into certain scenes an intensity of imaginative passion which would have startled Godwin himself. In passages of Sir Giles Overreach and of Luke he carried Massinger almost up into the lower region of Shakespeare's own mind. In truth, whatever was the character that Booth acted, he instinctively made of it a work of art. Merely prosaic grief, or rage, or suffering did not suit his genius, and did not suit his voice. He performed in many poor plays, but we do not remember of him any poor performance. Kotzebue, Colman, Maturin, Shiel, could not drag him down from his pride or height of place. He "builded better than *they* knew."

The volume which has betrayed us into these extended, but still incomplete, remarks is the production of Thomas R. Gould, a sculptor whose ideal busts of "Imogen" and "Michael Angelo," and whose portrait busts of Governor Andrew and the elder Booth, rightly rank among American works of art. Mr. Gould knew Mr. Booth personally, witnessed his performances through a dozen successive engagements, and took notes of his action, gesture, and tones in special passages. His volume is introduced by a carefully written general essay on the genius of Booth, in which he is compared with Garrick and Edmund Kean, and pronounced their superior. Then follows an estimate of him in eighteen of his different characters, illustrated by references to the elusive beauties of his acting, its subtilty, grace, and constant suggestion of imaginative insight, as well as to its more obvious characteristics of grandeur, massiveness, and energy. The most extended of these suggestive and eloquent essays are on Richard III., Hamlet, Shylock, Iago, Othello, Macbeth, and Lear. They are elaborately written, in a style which is equally terse and glowing, and give continual evidence that the author's admiration of the actor is based on his intense appreciation of the poet. The following description of Booth's person and voice is a heightened representation of what

many persons will remember as substantially true: —

"In person Mr. Booth was short, spare, and muscular; with a head and face of antique beauty; dark hair; blue eyes; a neck and chest of ample but symmetrical mould; a step and movement elastic, assured, kingly. His face was pale, with that healthy pallor which is one sign of a magnetic brain. Throughout this brief, close-knit, imperial figure Nature had planted or diffused her most vital organic forces, and made it the capable servant of the commanding mind that descended into and possessed it in every fibre.

"The airy condensation of his temperament found fullest expression in his voice. Sound and capacious lungs, a vascular and fibrous throat, clearness and amplitude in the interior mouth and nasal passages, formed its physical basis. Words are weak, but the truth of those we shall employ, in an endeavor to suggest that voice, will be felt by multitudes who have been thrilled by its living tones. Deep, massive, resonant, many-stringed, changeful, vast in volume, of marvellous flexibility and range; delivering with ease, and power of instant and total interchange, trumpet-tones, bell-tones, tones like the 'sound of many waters,' like the muffled and confluent 'roar of bleak-grown pines.'

"But no analogies in art or nature, and especially no indication of its organic structure and physical conditions, could reveal the inner secret of its charm. This charm lay in the mind, of which his voice was the organ; a 'most miraculous organ,' under the sway of a thoroughly informing mind. The chest voice became a fountain of passion and emotion. The head register gave the 'clear, silver, icy, keen, awakening tones' of the pure intellect. And as the imagination stands with its beautiful and comforting face between heart and brain, and marries them with a benediction, giving glow to the thoughts and form to the emotions, so there arose in this intuitive actor a third element of voice, hard to define, but of a fusing, blending, kindling quality, which we may name the imaginative, which appeared now in some single word, now with the full diapason of tones in some memorable sentence, and which distinguished him as an incomparable speaker of the English tongue. That voice was guided by a method which defied the set rules of elocution. It transcended music. It 'brought airs from heaven and blasts from hell.' It struggled and smothered in the pent fires of passion, or darted from them as in tongues of flame. It was 'the earthquake voice of victory.' It was, on occasion, full of tears and heart-break. Free as a fountain, it took the form and pressure of the conduit thought; and, expressive beyond known parallel in voice of man, it suggested more than it expressed."

In the comparison of Booth with Edmund Kean, Mr. Gould, after referring to Macaulay's remark, that Kean transformed himself into Shylock, Iago, and Othello, says: —

"We think, not that Kean transformed himself into Shylock, Iago, and Othello, but that the actor transformed those characters respectively into Edmund Kean; that is, that he took just those words, and lines, and points, and passages, in the character he was to represent, which he found suited to his genius, and gave them with electric force. His method was limitary. It was analytic and passionate; not, in the highest sense, intellectual and imaginative.

"Our final authority is Hazlitt, who has given, in his work on the 'English Stage,' by far the most thorough exposition of Kean's powers. Hazlitt learnt him by heart. He delved him to the root, and let in on his merits and defects the irradiating and the 'insolent light' of a searching criticism. He says, with fine hyperbole, that to see Kean at his best in Othello 'was one of the consolations of the human mind'; yet is constrained to admit, even in his notice of this play, that 'Kean lacked — imagination.'

"Now this power Booth possessed of a subtile kind, and in magnificent measure. It lent a weird expressiveness to his voice. It atmosphered his most terrific performances with beauty. Booth took up Kean at his best, and carried him further. Booth was Kean, *plus* the higher imagination. Kean was the intense individual; Booth, the type *in* the intense individual. To see Booth in his best mood was *not* 'like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning,' in which a blinding glare alternates with the fearful suspense of darkness; but rather like reading him by the sunlight of a summer's day, a light which casts deep shadows, gives play to glorious harmonies of color, and shows all objects in vivid life and true relation."

There are a number of passages in the criticism of Booth "as transformed into" Macbeth and Lear, which we would like to

quote had we space. It is exceedingly difficult, by a description of an actor's method of uttering certain lines, to do much more than to recall to the reader's memory what he has once actually witnessed; but Mr. Gould puts into his description so much clearness of perception, enthusiasm of feeling, and vividness of phrase, that the difficulty is relatively overcome. Certainly by the thousands of persons still living who remember Booth as the source of the greatest satisfaction and delight they ever experienced in a theatre, this keenly appreciative and loving tribute to his genius will be warmly welcomed.

On the Stratification of Language. Sir Robert Rede's Lecture, delivered in the Senate House, before the University of Cambridge, on Friday, May 29, 1868. By MAX MÜLLER, M. A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, Hon. Doctor of Laws in the University of Cambridge, London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1868. 8vo. pp. 44.

THIS is but a brief essay, an hour's discourse, or pamphlet of less than fifty large-type pages; but the name of its distinguished author, and the circumstances of its delivery as a lecture before one of the great English universities, naturally draw our attention toward it, and lead us to expect to find in it new light upon one of the most engaging subjects of the day, — the historical study of language. Its title, too, is quaintly inviting, and hints at fresh and inciting aspects of familiar truth. Nor will it, in truth, altogether disappoint the reader. Müller's style is, in general, truly admirable, often tinged with a poetic quality, almost always exhibiting a fervor of thought and wealth of illustration which are akin with genius, and bear witness of a nature and a training wherein the Muses have had their share. His father was an esteemed poet, and he himself began his literary, even his linguistic career in verse. With these advantages, and upborne by the solid structure of German research, to whose chief results it was his good fortune to attract the attention of the English public, he has done, and is doing, a valuable work for linguistic science. But for a master in the science, for the founder of a school, he lacks some of the essential qualifications. He is inconsequent; his views not seldom exclude one another; he tarries in the vague, and loves a degree of imaginative dimness better than the full light of practical reality; logical connection of thought, closeness of method, and cogency of arguments are not the distinguishing characteristics of his works; there is not a volume he has written which is not disappointing, which does not seem less than we have a right to expect from its author; and the pamphlet now before us falls, upon the whole, below the ordinary level of his productions. Even its style partakes of the inferiority, and is sometimes feeble, sometimes labored and turgid. To call a dictionary an "herbarium of the linguistic flora of England," to speak of words as "welded together into an indistinguishable mass through the intense heat of thought, and by the constant hammering of the tongue," or of agglutinative language as "clinging with its *roots* to the underlying stratum of isolation," passes the bounds of picturesqueness, and verges on the grotesque. These, it is true, would be insignificant blemishes if the lecture abounded in new truths, or in novel and striking combinations of truths already known. But it is, on the contrary, notably deficient in point; and, what is yet worse, if it commanded the continuous attention of its hearers, and made an appreciable effect upon their opinions, we fear that it left them with more wrong views than right ones. Thus, nearly at the outset, the author conveys the impression that an undue amount of attention has been hitherto paid to studies in Indo-European and Semitic language, and that linguistic scholars need to be recalled by him to the examination of other families of tongues, since the two former furnish too scanty evidence to generalize from; while, in fact, men have simply paid their first and fullest attention to what lay nearest them, and was richest in instruction, and have been taking into account the rest of the material as fast as they could gather and master it. Much worse, he pronounces those two families themselves of so exceptional, and even monstrous, a character as to be peculiarly unfitted to instruct us respecting language in general; he styles them "only two historical concentrations of wild unbounded speech," — a phrase which needs a few pages of exposition to make it intelligible; he maintains that, unlike other tongues, they were "fixed and petrified," at their earliest known stage of development, by literary influences: as if such a thing were practicable in any language, or had ever taken place in these; as if literary

culture had done aught but put on record here and there a single phase of speech, more or less ancient, leaving the great mass of dialects to run their course as freely as if letters had never been invented. All this part of our author's discussion shows, in our view, a very radical misapprehension of the bearing of literature upon the growth of language. In treating briefly of the forces which underlie this growth, he states the two main opposing views, the conventional and the vegetative, that which makes the consenting action of language-speakers the spring of movement, and that which ascribes an organic and prolific life to language itself pronounces them both almost absurd, and yet intimates that no other and better view has been found to supersede them. If he is so hopelessly in the dark as to a matter of such fundamental importance, he should give up the office of lecturer on language until further study and deeper reflection have brought him enlightenment. By a course of loose and easy etymologizing, he finds that "neuter, denominative, causative, passive verbs, optatives and futures, gerundives, adjectives, and substantives, all are formed by one and the same process, by means of one and the same root," namely, the root *ya*, "to go." It will doubtless be long before the details of word derivation are so well understood that we can tell which of these various classes are truly thus produced; and meanwhile their uncritical and wholesale explanation can only breed distrust in modern etymological methods. Professor Müller has found one man, Herrn Scherer, who almost understands his theory of the joint and mutual action of "phonetic decay" and "dialectic growth" in language; whether any one will ever come nearer to it may be doubted; and the fault will be in the theory, not in those who endeavor to approach its comprehension. Much of the latter part of the lecture is taken up with a rather aimless and inconclusive inquiry into the relationship of Indo-European and Semitic language, in the course of which he makes the statement that those who reject it do so because they have laid down as an axiom that the families cannot be related. No sensible philologist, we presume, is guilty of so gross a prejudgment of the case; he only criticises the evidences offered and the methods of their derivation, holding his opinion meanwhile in reserve; and a sound criticism has insured thus far the rejection, at least provisionally, of the alleged evidences. Müller would have done better if, instead of seeming to encourage Chalmers and Edkins in their work of comparing Chinese roots with those of other great families, he had seriously warned them that the task is one which neither they nor perhaps any other scholars at present are prepared to deal with; that, before it can be profitably attempted, the science of language needs to make no little progress. He quite mistakes the needful tone of advice when he says, at the end: "I do not defend haste or inaccuracy; I only say, we must venture on, and not imagine that, all is done, and that nothing remains to conquer in our science." Or can it be that such vain imaginings, such complacent and monstrous overvaluation of the little that has yet been accomplished in linguistics, should threaten to possess the minds of Cambridge scholars?

A Christmas Carol in Prose: Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By CHARLES DICKENS. With illustrations drawn by S. Eytinge, Jr., and engraved by A. V. S. Anthony. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869.

THERE is not, in all literature, a book more thoroughly saturated with the spirit of its subject than Dickens's "Christmas Carol," and there is no book about Christmas that can be counted its peer. To follow old Scrooge through the ordeal of loving discipline whereby the ghosts arouse his heart is to be warmed in every fibre of mind and body with the gentle, bountiful, ardent, affectionate Christmas glow. Read at any season of the year, this genial story never fails to quicken the impulses of tender and thoughtful charity. Read at the season of the Christian festival, its pure, ennobling influence is felt to be stronger and sweeter than ever. As you turn its magical pages, you hear the midnight moaning of the winter wind, the soft rustle of the falling snow, the rattle of the hail on naked branch and window-pane, and the far-off tumult of tempest-smitten seas; but also there comes a vision of snug and cosey rooms, close-curtained from night and storm, wherein the lights burn brightly, and the sound of merry music mingles with the sound of merrier laughter, and all is warmth and kindness and happy content, and, looking on these pictures, you feel the full reality of cold and want and sorrow as contrasted with warmth and comfort, and recognize anew the sacred duty of striving,

by all possible means, to give to every human being a cheerful home and a happy fireside. The sanctity of that duty is the moral of Christmas, and of the "Christmas Carol." That such a book should find an enduring place in the affectionate admiration of mankind is an inevitable result of the highest moral and mental excellence. Conceived in a mood of large human sympathy, and expressed in a delicately fanciful yet admirably simple form of art, it addresses alike the unlettered and the cultivated, it touches the humblest as well as the highest order of mind, and it satisfies every rational standard of taste. So truly is this work an inspiration, that the thought about its art is always an afterthought. So faithfully and entirely does it give voice to the universal Christmas sentiment, that it seems the perfect reflex of every reader's ideas and feelings thereupon. There are a few other books of this kind in the world, — in which Genius does, at once and forever, what ambling Talent had always been vainly trying to do, — and these make up the small body of literature which is "for all time." In the embellishment of these literary treasures, therefore, there is a wise economy and an obvious beneficence; and the publishers of this edition have made a most sagacious and kindly choice of their principal Christmas book for the present season. Their "Illustrated Edition of Dickens's Christmas Carol" comes betimes with the first snow; and its beautiful pages will assuredly, and very speedily, be lit up by a ruddy glow from many a Christmas hearth throughout the land. The book is a royal octavo, containing one hundred and twelve pages, printed from large, neat, clear-faced type, on satin-surfaced paper, delicately tinted with the color of cream. It was printed at the University Press by Messrs. Welch, Bigelow, & Co., and is an enduring emblem of their skill and taste, affording as it does the best of proof that they have done their work with heart as well as hand. Its illustrations — thirty-six in number — are from the poetic pencil of Eytinge; and the engraving has been done by Anthony. These pictures, of course, constitute the novel feature of the book. A few of them are little head and tail pieces, which may briefly be dismissed as simple, neat, and appropriate. Twenty of them, however, are full-page drawings, while five smaller ones are captions for the five chapters of the story. Viewed altogether, they form the best effort and fullest expression that the public has yet seen of Eytinge's genius. They show the heartiest possible sympathy with the spirit of the "Christmas Carol," and a comprehensive and acute perception as well of its scenic ideals as of its character portraits. They have not only the merit of being true to the book, but the merit of representing the artist's individual thought and feeling in respect to its momentous themes, — love, happiness, charity, sorrow, bereavement, the shocking aspects of vice and squalor, the bitterness of death, and the solemn consolations of religion. He has put his nature into his work, and it therefore has an independent and abiding life. How deep and delicate are his perceptions of the melancholy side of things may be seen in such drawings as that which depicts the miserable Scrooge, crouching on his own grave, at the feet of the Spirit, and that which shows poor Bob Cratchit kneeling at the bedside, and mourning over Tiny Tim. The pictures of Scrooge, gazing with faltering terror on the covered corpse upon the despoiled bed, and of Want and Ignorance, typified by the wretched children that are seen to wallow in a city gutter, have a kindred significance. In striking contrast with these, and expressive of as quick a sympathy with common joys as with common sorrows, are the sketches of domestic scenes, at the humble home of Bob Cratchit, — a character, by the way, that the artist has intuitively realized and reproduced from a mere hint in the story. The sentiment, the family characteristics, and the minute elaboration of accurate detail, in these Cratchit pictures, are conspicuous and admirable. No intelligent observer can miss or fail to like them. The life of the drawings, too, is abundant. In looking on Bob's face you may hear his question, "Why, where 's our Martha?" as clearly as if his living voice sounded in your ears. This quality is evident again in the character-portrait entitled "On 'Change," wherein three representative moneyed men are commenting, in a repulsive vein of hard, gross selfishness, on the death of their fellow money-grubber. This is one of the boldest and best of the illustrations. Kindred with it in force of character are the sketches of the philanthropists soliciting Scrooge's charity, and the foul old thieves haggling over their plunder from the miser's bed of death. Loathsome depravity of body and mind has seldom been so well denoted as in the faces in this latter drawing. Here, again, the artist has

built upon a mere hint, except in the reproduction of the accessories of the dismal scene. The habit of close and constant observation of actual life, as well as of human nature, is evinced in such work as this, — a habit clearly natural to this artist, and as clearly strengthened by long, careful, and cherished communion with the works of Dickens. Perfect distinctness is one of the great virtues of those works, and that virtue reappears in these pictures. Every individual has been clearly conceived by the artist. There is but one Scrooge, even in the sketches which so hilariously illustrate his wonderful transformation. There is but one Bob Cratchit, whether carrying his little child along the wintry street, or sitting at his Christmas dinner, or bending beside the bare, cold, lonely bed of death, or staggering backward from the frisky presence of his regenerated employer. This vivid clearness of execution shows the essential control of intellect over fancy, — always a characteristic of the true artist. Fancy has none the less its full play in these drawings, and a genial heart beats under them, prompt alike to pity and to enjoy. The appreciative observer will also perceive, with cordial relish, their frequent poetic mood. One of them illustrates the single phrase, "They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel," and is a very vivid reproduction of the mystical, awesome presence of darkness on the waters. The moon looks dimly through the clouds. The light-house lamp is shining over the dark line of distant coast. On speeds the vessel, guided by the firm hand of the resolute helmsman, with whom, as you gaze, you seem to feel the rush of the night-wind and hear the sob and plash of the wintry waves. The artist who labors thus does not labor in vain. Mr. Eytinge is the best of the illustrators of Dickens, and it is his right that this fact should be distinctly stated. His work in this instance has received the heartiest co-operation of the best of American engravers; for Mr. Anthony is not a mere copyist of lines, but an engraver who, in a kindred mood with the artist, preserves the spirit no less than the form, and who has won his highest and amplest success in this beautiful Christmas book.

Tablets. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 208.

This volume is divided into two parts: one containing a series of essays marked "Practical"; the other, a series of essays marked "Speculative." Taken together they give a fair impression of the author's character and philosophy of life. They are open to ridicule, provided the critic is disposed to think that difference from himself is the proper test of the ridiculous; but if he enters into the spirit of the writer, and condescends to take Mr. Alcott's point of view, he will find his mind in contact with another intelligence of singular freshness, serenity, sweetness, and originality. Mr. Alcott is an idealist by disposition as well as by conviction. Ideas do not merely claim his assent, they suffice for his existence. He seeks them as other persons seek fortune, social position, or fame. To him they are all in all, — the nutriment, comfort, exaltation, consolation of life. Over every essay in the volume there breathes an atmosphere of composure and satisfaction, as if the writer had found the one thing or the many things needful for a reasonable being's existence. His faith in high thinking is unshakable, unmarred by the slightest fretfulness, or impatience, or combativeness, or greed of sympathy, or anger at not being recognized. He seems to have continual experience of

> "That content surpassing wealth,
> The sage in meditation found,
> And walked with inward glory crowned."

This character of Mr. Alcott is impressed on his writings, and lends them a certain beneficent charm, even when we are inclined to question the truth or the novelty of his opinions. His amenity of manner is a kind of genius in itself, and in his essays on "The Garden," "Recreation," "Friendship," "Culture," "Books," and "Counsels," it is specially apparent. In these, also, two things are displayed which go far to make up the happiness of life, namely, fellowship with nature, and the power of connecting high thoughts with lowly objects.

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